



# THE SPECTATOR.

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A NEW EDITION,

REPRODUCING THE ORIGINAL TEXT, BOTH AS FIRST ISSUED  
AND AS CORRECTED BY ITS AUTHORS

*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND INDEX*

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## INTRODUCTION

WHEN Richard Steele, in number 555 of his *Spectator*, signed its last paper and named those who had most helped him 'to keep up the spirit of so long and approved a performance, he gave chief honour to one who had on his page, as in his heart, no name but Friend. This was 'the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the Preface 'and concluding Leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued 'Friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings 'which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time 'or other publish a work, written by us both, which should bear the name of THE 'MONUMENT, in Memory of our Friendship.' Why he refers to such a wish, his next words show. The seven volumes of the *Spectator*, then complete, were to his mind The Monument, and of the Friendship it commemorates he wrote, 'I heartily wish what I 'have done here were as honorary to that sacred name as learning, wit, and humanity 'render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his.' So wrote Steele, and the *Spectator* will bear witness how religiously his friendship was returned. In number 453, when, paraphrasing David's Hymn on Gratitude, the 'rising soul' of Addison surveyed the mercies of his God, was it not Steele whom he felt near to him at the Mercy-seat as he wrote

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful Friend  
Has doubled all my store?

The *Spectator*, Steele-and-Addison's *Spectator*, is a monument befitting the most memorable friendship in our history. Steele was its projector, founder, editor, and he was writer of that part of it which took the widest grasp upon the hearts of men. His sympathies were with all England. Defoe and he, with eyes upon the future, were the truest leaders of their time. It was the firm hand of his friend Steele that helped Addison up to the place in literature which became him. It was Steele who caused the nice critical taste which Addison might have spent only in accordance with the fleeting fashions of his time to be inspired with all Addison's religious earnestness, and to be enlivened with the free play of that sportive humour, delicately whimsical and gaily wise, which made his conversation the delight of the few men with whom he sat at ease. It was Steele who drew his friend towards the days to come, and made his gifts the wealth of a whole people. Steele said in one of the later numbers of his *Spectator*, No 532, to which he prefixed a motto that assigned to himself only the part of whetstone to the wit of others, 'I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a 'person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other means.' There were those who argued that he was too careless of his own fame in unselfish labour for the exaltation of his friend, and, no doubt, his rare generosity of temper has been often misinterpreted. But for that Addison is not answerable. And why should Steele have defined his own merits? He knew his countrymen, and was in too genuine accord with the spirit of a time then distant but now come, to doubt that, when he was dead, his whole life's work would speak truth for him to posterity.

The friendship of which this work is the monument remained unbroken from boyhood until death. Addison and Steele were schoolboys together at the Charterhouse. Addison was a dean's son, and a private boarder, Steele, fatherless, and a boy on the foundation. They were of like age. The register of Steele's baptism, corroborated by the entry made on his admission to the Charterhouse (which also implies that he was baptized on the day of his birth) is March 12, 1671, Old Style, New Style, 1672. Addison was born on May-day, 1672. Thus there was a difference of only seven weeks.

Steele's father according to the register, also named Richard, was an attorney in Dublin.<sup>1</sup> Steele seems to draw from experience—although he is not writing as of himself or bound to any truth of personal detail—when in No. 181 of the *Tatler* he speaks of his father as having died when he was not quite five years of age, and of his mother as 'a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit.' The first Duke of Ormond is referred to by Steele in his Dedication to the *Lying Lover* as the patron of his infancy, and it was by this nobleman that a place was found for him, when in his thirteenth year, among the foundation boys at the Charterhouse, where he first met with Joseph Addison, who was at school at Lichfield in 1683-4-5, went to the Charterhouse in 1686, and left in 1687, when he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford. Steele went to Oxford two years later, matriculating at Christ Church, March 13, 1689-90, the year in which Addison was elected a Deny of Magdalene. A letter of introduction from Steele, dated April 2, 1711, refers to the administration of the will of 'my uncle Gascoigne, to whose bounty I owe a liberal education. This only representative of the family ties into which Steele was born, an 'uncle' whose surname is not that of Steele's mother before marriage, appears, therefore, to have died just before or at the time when the *Spectator* undertook to publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning, and—Addison here speaking for him—looked forward to 'leaving his country, when he was summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that he had not lived in vain.' To Steele's warm heart Addison's friendship stood for all home blessings he had missed. The sister's playful grace, the brother's love, the mother's sympathy and simple faith in God, the father's guidance, where were these for Steele, if not in his friend Addison?

Addison's father was a dean, his mother was the sister of a bishop, and his ambition as a schoolboy, or his father's ambition for him, was only that he should be one day a prosperous and pious dignitary of the Church. But there was in him, as in Steele, the genius which shaped their lives to its own uses, and made them both what they are to us now. Joseph Addison was born into a home which the steadfast labour of his father, Lancelot, had made prosperous and happy. Lancelot Addison had earned success. His father, Joseph's grandfather, had been also a clergyman, but he was one of those Westminster clergy of whose simplicity and poverty many a joke has been made. Lancelot got his education as a poor child in the Appleby Grammar School, but he made as own way when at College, was too avowed a Royalist to satisfy the Commonwealth, and got for his zeal, at the Restoration, small reward in a chaplaincy to the garrison at Dunkirk. This was changed, for the worse, to a position of the same sort at Tangier, where he remained eight years. He lost that office by misadventure, and would have been left destitute if Mr. Joseph Williamson had not given him a living of £120 a year at Milston in Wiltshire. Upon this Lancelot Addison married Jane Gulstone, who was the daughter of a Doctor of Divinity, and whose brother became Bishop of Bristol. In the little Wiltshire parsonage Joseph Addison and his younger brothers and sisters were born. The essayist was named Joseph after his father's patron, afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson, a friend high in office. While the children grew, the father worked. He showed his ability and loyalty in books on West Barbary, and Mahomet, and the State of the Jews, and he became one of the King's chaplains in ordinary at a time when his patron Joseph Williamson was Secretary of State. Joseph Addison was then but three years old. Soon afterwards the busy father became Archdeacon of Salisbury, and he was made Dean of Lichfield in 1683, when his boy Joseph had reached the

<sup>1</sup> Not counsellor at law or secretary to the Duke of Ormond. This has been ascertained by Mr. W. H. Wills, who is about to publish in *All the Year Round* some of those results of a long special study, which it is the hope of his friends that he may have health and leisure to mature into a biography, as fitting as the honour due to Richard Steele.

age of 11. When Archdeacon of Salisbury, the Rev Lancelot Addison sent Joseph to school at Salisbury, and when his father became Dean of Lichfield, Joseph was sent to school at Lichfield, as before said, in the years 1683-4-5. And then he was sent as a private pupil to the Charterhouse. The friendship he there formed with Steele was ratified by the approval of the Dean. The desolate boy with the warm heart, bright intellect, and noble aspirations, was earned home by his friend, at holiday times, into the Lichfield Deanery, where, Steele wrote afterwards to Congreve in a Dedication of the *Drummer*, 'were things of this nature to be exposed to public view, I could show under the Dean's own hand, in the warmest terms, his blessing on the friendship between his son and me, nor had he a child who did not prefer me in the first place of kindness and esteem, as their father loved me like one of them.' Addison had two brothers, of whom one traded and became Governor of Fort George in India, and the other became, like himself, a Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford. Of his three sisters two died young, the other married twice, her first husband being a French refugee minister who became a Prebendary of Westminster. Of this sister of Addison's, Swift said she was 'a sort of wit, very like him.' 'I was not fond of her.'

In the latter years of the seventeenth century, when Steele and Addison were students at Oxford, most English writers were submissive to the new strength of the critical genius of France. But the English nation had then newly accomplished the great Revolution that secured its liberties, was thinking for itself, and calling forth the energies of writers who spoke for the people and looked to the people for approval and support. A new period was then opening, of popular influence on English literature. They were the young days of the influence now full grown, then slowly getting strength and winning the best minds away from an imported Latin style adapted to the taste of patrons who sought credit for nice critical discrimination. In 1690 Addison had been three years, Steele one year, at Oxford. Boileau was then living, fifty-four years old, and Western Europe was submissive to his sway as the great monarch of literary criticism. Boileau was still living when Steele published his *Tatler*, and died in the year of the establishment of the *Spectator*. Boileau, a true-hearted man, of genius and sense, advanced his countrymen from the nice weighing of words by the Precieuses and the grammarians, and by the French Academy, child of the intercourse between those ladies and gentlemen. He brought ridicule on the inane politeness of a style then in its decrepitude, and bade the writers of his time find models in the Latin writers who, like Virgil and Horace, had brought natural thought and speech to their perfection. In the preceding labour for the rectifying of the language, preference had been given to French words of Latin origin. French being one of those languages in which Latin is the chief constituent, this was but a far following of the desire to make it run pure from its source. If the English critics who, in Charles the Second's time, submitted to French law, had seen its spirit, instead of paying blind obedience to the letter, they also would have looked back to the chief source of their language. Finding this to be not Latin but Saxon, they would have sought to give it strength and harmony, by doing then what, in the course of nature, we have learnt again to do, now that the patronage of literature has gone from the cultivated noble who appreciates in much accordance with the fashion of his time, and passed into the holding of the English people. Addison and Steele lived in the transition time between these periods. They were born into one of them and—Steele immediately, Addison through Steele's influence upon him—they were trusty guides into the other. Thus the *Spectator* is not merely the best example of their skill. It represents also, perhaps best represents, a wholesome Revolution in our Literature. The essential character of English Literature was no more changed than characters of Englishmen were altered by the Declaration of Right which Prince William of Orange had accepted with the English Crown, when Addison had lately left and Steele was leaving Charterhouse for Oxford. Yet change there was, and Steele saw to the heart of it, even in his College days.

Oxford in times not long past, had inclined to faith in divine right of kings. Addison's father, a church dignitary who had been a Royalist during the Civil War, laid stress upon obedience to authority in Church and State. When modern literature was discussed or studied at Oxford there would be the strongest disposition to maintain the

commonly accepted authority of French critics, who were really men of great ability, correcting bad taste in their predecessors, and conciliating scholars by their own devout acceptance of the purest Latin authors as the types of a good style or proper method in the treatment of a subject. Young Addison found nothing new to him in the temper of his University, and was influenced, as in his youth every one must and should be, by the prevalent tone of opinion in cultivated men. But he had, and felt that he had, wit and genius of his own. His sensitive mind was simply and thoroughly religious, generous in its instincts, and strengthened in its nobler part by close communion with the mind of his friend Steele. May we not think of the two friends together in a College chamber, Addison of slender frame, with features wanting neither in dignity nor in refinement, Steele of robust make, with the radiant 'short face' of the *Spectator*, by right of which he claimed for that worthy his admission to the Ugly Club. Addison reads Dryden, in praise of whom he wrote his earliest known verse, or reads endeavours of his own, which his friend Steele warmly applauds. They dream together of the future, Addison sage, but speculative, and Steele practical, if rash. Each is disposed to find God in the ways of life, and both avoid that outward show of irreligion, which, after the recent Civil Wars, remains yet common in the country, as reaction from an ostentatious piety which laid on burdens of restraint, a natural reaction which had been intensified by the base influence of a profligate King. Addison, bred among the preachers, has a little of the preacher's abstract tone, when talk between the friends draws them at times into direct expression of the sacred sense of life which made them one. Apart also from the mere accidents of his childhood, a speculative turn in Addison is naturally stronger than in Steele. He relishes analysis of thought. Steele came as a boy from the rough world of shame and sorrow, his great, kindly heart is most open to the realities of life, the state and prospects of his country, direct personal sympathies, actual wrongs, actual remedies. Addison is sensitive, and has among strangers the reserve of speech and aspect which will pass often for coldness and pride, but is, indeed, the shape taken by modesty in thoughtful men whose instinct it is to speculate and analyze, and who become self-conscious, not through conceit, but because they cannot help turning their speculations also on themselves. Steele wholly comes out of himself as his heart hastens to meet his friend. He lives in his surroundings and, in friendly intercourse, fixes his whole thought on the worth of his companion. Never abating a jot of his ideal of a true and perfect life, or ceasing to uphold the good because he cannot live to the full height of his own argument, he is too frank to conceal the least or greatest of his own shortcomings. Delight and strength of a friendship like that between Steele and Addison are to be found, as many find them, in the charm and use of a compact where characters differ so much that one lays open as it were a fresh world to the other, and each draws from the other aid of forces which the friendship makes his own. But the deep foundations of this friendship were laid in the religious earnestness that was alike in both, and in religious earnestness are laid also the foundations of this book, its Monument.

Both Addison and Steele wrote verse at College. From each of them we have a poem written at nearly the same age, Addison's in April, 1694, Steele's early in 1695. Addison drew from literature a metrical 'Account of the Greatest English Poets.' Steele drew from life the grief of England at the death of William's Queen, which happened on the 28th of December, 1694.

Addison, writing in that year, and at the age of about 23, for a College friend,

A short account of all the Muse possess,  
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's tunes  
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,

was so far under the influence of French critical authority, as accepted by most cultivators of polite literature at Oxford and wherever authority was much respected, that from 'An Account of the Greatest English Poets' he omitted Shakespeare. Of Chaucer he then knew no better than to say, what might have been said in France, that

—age has rusted what the Poet writ  
Worn out his language, and obscured his wit  
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,  
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain

Oh! Spenser next warm'd with poetic rage,  
In ancient tales amused a barbarous age,  
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,  
Can charm an understanding age no more

It cost Addison some trouble to break loose from the critical cobweb of an age of periwigs and patches, that accounted itself 'understanding,' and the grand epoch of our Elizabethan literature, 'barbarous.' Rivier, one of its critics, had said, that 'in the neighing of an horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and may I say, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of 'Shakespeare.' Addison, with a genius of his own helped to free movement by the sympathies of Steele, did break through the cobwebs of the critics, but he carried off a little of their web upon his wings. We see it when in the *Spectator* he meets the prejudices of an 'understanding age' and partly justifies his own, by finding reason for his admiration of *Clara Chase* and the *Rubis in the Wood*, in their great similarity to works of Virgil. We see it also in some of the criticisms which accompany his admirable working out of the resolve to justify his true natural admiration of the poetry of Milton, by showing that *Paradise Lost* as planned after the manner of the ancients, and supreme even in its obedience to the laws of Aristotle. In his *Spectator* papers on Imagination he but half escapes from the conventions of his time, which detested the wildness of a mountain pass, thought Salisbury Plain one of the finest prospects in England, planned parks with circles and straight lines of trees, despised our old cathedrals for their 'Gothic art, and saw perfection in the Roman architecture, and the round dome of St Paul's. Yet in these and all such papers of his we find that Addison had broken through the weaker prejudices of the day opposing them with sound natural thought of his own. Among cultivated readers, lesser moulders of opinion, there can be no doubt that his genius was only the more serviceable in amendment of the tastes of his own time, for friendly understanding and a partial sharing of ideas for which it gave itself no little credit.

It is noticeable, however, that in his Account of the Greatest English Poets, young Addison gave a fifth part of the piece to expression of the admiration he felt even then for Milton. That his appreciation became critical, and, although limited, based on a sense of poetry which brought him near to Milton, Addison proved in the *Spectator* by his eighteen Saturday papers upon *Paradise Lost*. But it was from the religious side that he first entered into the perception of its grandeur. His sympathy with its high purpose caused him to prize, in the same pages that commended *Paradise Lost* to his countrymen, another 'epic, Blackmore's *Creation*, a dull metrical treatise against atheism as a work which deserved to be looked upon as 'one of the most useful and 'noble productions of our English verse.' The reader, he added, of a piece which shared certainly with Salisbury Plain the charms of stateliness and extent of space, 'the reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of 'poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the 'imagination.' The same strong sympathy with Blackmore's purpose in it blinded Dr Johnson also to the failure of this poem, which is Blackmore's best. From its religious side, then, it may be that Addison, when a student at Oxford, first took his impressions of the poetry of Milton. At Oxford he accepted the opinion of France on Milton's art, but honestly declared, in spite of that, unchecked enthusiasm

Whatever his pen describes I more than see,  
Whilst every verse, arrayed in majesty,  
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,  
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.

This chief place among English poets Addison assigned to Milton, with his mind fresh from the influences of a father who had openly contemned the Commonwealth, and by whom he had been trained so to regard Milton's service of it that of this he wrote

Oh, had the Poet ne'er profaned his pen,  
To tarnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,  
His other works might have deserved applause!  
But now the tragic age can't support the cause.  
While the clear current, tho' serene and bright,  
Betrays a bottom eddies to the sight

If we turn now to the verse written by Steele in his young Oxford days and within twelve months of the date of Addison's lines upon English poets, we have what Steele called 'The Procession'. It is the procession of those who followed to the grave the good Queen Mary, dead of small-pox, at the age of 32. Steele shared his friend Addison's delight in Milton, and had not, indeed, got beyond the sixth number of the *Tatler* before he compared the natural beauty and innocence of Milton's Adam and Eve with Dryden's treatment of their love. But the one man for whom Steele felt most enthusiasm was not to be sought through books, he was a living moulder of the future of the nation. Eagerly intent upon King William, the hero of the Revolution that secured our liberties, the young patriot found in him also the hero of his verse. Keen sense of the realities about him into which Steele had been born, spoke through the very first lines of this poem:

The days of man are doom'd to pain and strife,  
Quiet and ease are foreign to our life,  
No satisfaction is, below, sincere,  
Pleasure itself has something that's severe.

Britain had rejoiced in the high fortune of King William, and now a mourning world attended his wife to the tomb. The poor were her first and deepest mourners, poor from many causes, and then Steele pictured with warm sympathy, from a form of human suffering. Among those mourning poor were mothers who, in the despair of want, would have stabbed infants sobbing for their food,

But in the thought they stopp'd, their looks they tore,  
Threw down the steel, and cruelly forbore  
The innocents their parents' love forgive,  
Smile at their fate, nor know they are to live.

To the mysteries of such distress the dead queen penetrated, by her 'cunning to be good'. After the poor marched the House of Commons in the funeral procession. Steele gave only two lines to it:

With dread concern, the awful Senate came,  
Their grief as all their passions, is the same  
The next Assembly dissipates our fears,  
The stately, mourning throng of British Peers.

A factious intemperance then characterized debates of the Commons, while the House of Lords stood in the front of the Revolution, and secured the permanency of its best issues. Steele describes, as they pass, Ormond, Somers, Villars, who leads the horse of the dead queen, that 'heaves into big sighs when he would neigh'—the verse has in it crudity as well as warmth of youth—and then follow the funeral chariot, the jewelled mourners, and the ladies of the court,

Their clouded beauties speak man's gaudy strife,  
The glittering miseries of human life.

I yet see, Steele adds, this queen passing to her coronation in the place whither she now is carried to her grave. On the way, through acclamations of her people, to receive her crown,

She unconcerned and careless all the while  
Rewards their loud applauses with a smile,  
With easy Majesty and humble State  
Smiles at the trifling Power, and knows its date.

But now

What hands commit the beautiful, good, and just,  
The dearer part of William, to the dust?  
In her his vital heat, his glory lies  
In her the Monarch lived, in her he dies.

\* \* \* \* \*  
No form of state makes the Great Man forego  
The task due to her love and to his woe  
Since his kind frame can't the large suffering bear  
In pity to his People, he's not here  
For to the mighty loss we now receive  
The next affliction were to see him grieve.

If we look from these serious strains of their youth to the literary expression of the rarer side of character in the two friends we find Addison sheltering his taste for playful writing behind a Roman Wall of his own making. For among his Latin poems in the *Oxford Muse Anglicana* are eighty or ninety lines of resonant Latin verse upon 'Mælinæ Gesticulationes, or the Puppet-show'. Steele, taking life as he found it, and expressing mirth in his own way of conversation, wrote an English comedy, and took the word of a College friend that it was successful. There were two paths in life then open to an English writer. One was the smooth and level way of patronage, the other a rough up-hill track for men who struggled in the service of the people. The way of patronage was honourable. The age had been made so very discerning by the Romans and the French that a true understanding of the beauties of literature was confined to the select few who had been taught what to admire. Fine writing was beyond the rude appreciation of the multitude. It is, therefore, the reading public been much larger than it was, men of fastidious taste, who paid as much deference to polite opinion as Addison did in his youth, could have expected only audience fit but few, and would have been without encouragement to the pursuit of letters unless patronage rewarded merit. The other way had charms only for the stout-hearted pioneer who forsook where the road was to be made that now is the great highway of our literature. Addison went out into the world by the way of his name, Steele by the way of ours.

Addison, after the campaign of 1695, offered to the King the homage of a paper of verses on the capture of Namur, and presented them through Sir John Somers, then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. To Lord Somers he sent with them a flattering dedication addressed to Somers who was esteemed a man of taste, was not unwilling to 'receive the present of a muse unknown'. He asked Addison to call upon him, and became his patron. Charles Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, came and met himself, shone also among the statesmen who were known patrons of letters. Also to him, who was a prince of patrons 'fed with soft dedication all day long, Addison introduced himself. To him, in 1697, as it was part of his public fame to be a Latin scholar, Addison, also a skilful Latinist, addressed in Latin, a paper of verses on the Peace of Ryswick. With Somers and Montagu for patrons, the young man of genius who wished to thrive might fully commit himself to the service of the Church, for which he had been bred by his father, but Addison's tact and refinement promised to be serviceable to the State, and so it was that, as Steele tells us, Montagu made Addison a lawyer. His arguments were founded upon the general pravity and corruption of men of business, who wanted 'liberal education'. And I remember, as if I had read the letter yesterday, that my Lord 'ended with a compliment, that, however he might be represented as no friend to the Church, he never would do it any other injury than keeping Mr Addison out of it'. To the good offices of Montagu and Somers, Addison was indebted, therefore, in 1699, for a travelling allowance of £300 a-year. The grant was for his support while qualifying himself on the continent by study of modern languages, and otherwise, for diplomatic service. It dropped at the King's death, in the spring of 1702, and Addison was cast upon his own resources, but he threw, and lived to become an Under-Secretary of State in days that made Prior an Ambassador, and rewarded with official incomes Congreve, Rowe, Hughes, Philips, Stupney, and others. Throughout his honourable career prudence dictated to Addison more or less of dependence on the friendship of the strong. An honest friend of the popular cause, he was more ready to sell than give his pen to it, although the utmost reward would at no time have tempted him to throw his conscience into the bargain. The good word of Halifax obtained him from Godolphin, in 1704, the Government order for a poem on the Battle of Blenheim, with immediate earnest of payment for it in the office of a Commissioner of Appeal in the Exchequer worth £200 a-year. For this substantial reason Addison wrote the *Campaign*, and upon its success, he obtained the further reward of an Irish Under-Secretaryship.

The *Campaign* is not a great poem. Remains of *Campaigns* would not have made Addison's name, what it now is, a household word among his countrymen. The 'Remarks on several Parts of Italy, &c.', in which Addison followed up the success of his *Campaign* with notes of foreign travel, represent him visiting Italy as 'Virgil's Italy,' the land of the great writers in Latin, and finding scenery or customs of the people eloquent of them at every turn. He crammed his pages with quotation from Virgil and



According to the second title of this book it is 'an Argument, proving that no Principles but these of Reason are sufficient to make a Great Man.' It is addressed to Lord Cutts in a dedication dated from the Tower-Yard, March 23, 1701, and is in four chapters of which the first treats of the heroism of the ancient world, the second of man with his Creator, by the Bible Story and the Life and Death of Christ, the third defines the Christian as set forth by the character and teaching of St. Paul, applying the definition practically to the daily life of Steele's own time. In the last chapter he descends from the consideration of those bright incentives to a higher life, and treats of the ordinary passions and interests of men—the common springs of action (of which, he says, the chief are Fame and Conscience) which he declares to be best used and improved when joined with religion, and here all culminates in a final strain of patriotism, closing with the character of King William, 'that of a glorious captain and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man.' This was the character of William which, when, in days of meagre public sense, Steele quoted it years afterwards in the *St. James's*, he broke off painfully and abruptly with a

—Faint Hum, et ingens

Gloria

Steele's *Christian Hero* obtained many readers. Its fifth edition was appended to the first collection of the *Tatler* into volumes, at the time of the establishment of the *Spectator*. The old bent of the English mind was strong in Steele, and he gave most unostentatiously a lively wit to the true service of religion, without having spoken or written to the last day of his life a word of mere religious cant. One officer thrust a duel on him for his zeal in seeking to make peace between him and another comrade. Steele, as an officer, then, or soon afterwards, made a Captain of Fusiliers, could not refuse to fight, but stood on the defensive, yet in parrying thrust his sword pierced his antagonist, and the danger in which he lay quickened that abiding detestation of the practice of duelling, which caused Steele to attack it in his plays, in his *Tatler*, in his *Spectator*, with persistent energy.

Of the *Christian Hero* his companions felt, and he himself saw, that the book was too didactic. It was in deed plain truth out of Steele's heart, but an air of superiority, freely allowed only to the professional man teaching rules of his own art, belongs to a too didactic manner. Nothing is more repugnant to Steele's nature than the sense of this. He had defined the Christian as 'one who is always a benefactor, with the mean of a recreation.' And that was his own character, which was, to a fault, more ready to give than to receive more prompt to ascribe honour to others than to claim it for himself. To right himself, Steele wrote a light-hearted comedy, *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, but at the core even of this lay the great earnestness of his censure against the mockery and mummery of grief that should be revered, and he blended with this, in the character of Lawyer Puzzle, a protest against mockery of truth and justice by the intricacies of the law. The liveliness of this comedy made Steele popular with the wits, and the inevitable touches of the author's patriotism brought on him also the notice of the Whigs. Party men might, perhaps, already feel something of the unbending independence that was in Steele himself, as in this play he made old Lord Brumpton teach it to his son

'But be thou honest, firm, impartial,

I let neither love, nor hate, nor faction move thee

Distinguish words from things, and men from crimes'

King William, perhaps, had he lived, could fairly have recognized in Steele the social form of that sound mind which in Defoe was solitary. In a later day it was to Steele a proud recollection that his name, to be provided for, 'was in the last table-book ever worn' by the glorious and immortal William III.

The *Funeral*, first acted with great success in 1702, was followed in the next year by *The Tender Husband*, to which Addison contributed some touches, for which Addison wrote a Prologue and which Steele dedicated to Addison, who would 'be surprised,' he said, 'in the midst of a dull and familiar conversation, with an address which bears so distant an air as a public dedication.' Addison and his friend were then thirty-one years old. Close friends when boys, they are close friends now in the prime of manhood. It was after they had blended wits over the writing of this comedy that Steele expressed his wish for a work, written by both, which should serve as THE MONUMENT to their most

happy friendship When Addison and Steele were amused together with the writing of this comedy, Addison, having lost his immediate prospect of political employment, and his salary too, by King William's death in the preceding year, had come home from his travels On his way home he had received, at Amsterdam, news of his father's death As his father's eldest son, he had, on his return to England, family affairs to arrange, and probably some money to receive Though attached to a party that lost power at the accession of Queen Anne, and waiting for new employment, Addison,—who had declined the Duke of Somerset's over-condescending offer of a hundred a year and all expenses as travelling tutor to his son, the Marquis of Hertford—was able, while lodging in a garret in the Haymarket, to associate in London with the men by whose friendship he hoped to rise, and was, with Steele admitted into the select society of wits, and men of fashion who affected wit and took wits for their comrades, in the Kitcat Club When in 1704 Marlborough's victory at Blenheim revived the Whig influence, the suggestion of Halifax to Lord Treasurer Godolphin caused Addison to be applied to for his poem of the *Campaign* It was after the appearance of this poem that Steele's play was printed, with the dedication to his friend, in which he said, 'I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life At the same time I make the town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of this comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far surpassed my opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper memorial of an inviolable Friendship I should not offer it to you as such, had I not been very careful to avoid every thing that might look ill-natured, immoral, or prejudicial to what the better part of mankind hold sacred and honourable'

This was the common ground between the friends Collier's *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage* had been published in 1698, it attacked a real evil, if not always in the right way and Congreve's reply to it had been a failure Steele's comedies with all their gaiety and humour were wholly free from the garnish of oaths and unwholesome expletives which his contemporaries seemed to think essential to stage emphasis Each comedy of his was based on seriousness, as all sound English wit has been since there have been writers in England The gay manner did not conceal all the earnest thoughts that might jar with the humour of the town, and thus Steele was able to elum, by right of his third play, 'the honour of being the only English dramatist who had had a piece damned for its piety'

This was the *Living Lover*, produced in 1704, an adaptation from Corneille in which we must allow that Steele's earnestness in upholding truth and right did excuse him to spoil the comedy The play was afterwards re-adapted by Foote as the *Liar*, and in its last form, with another change or two, has been revived lately with great success It is worth while to note how Steele dealt with the story of this piece Its original is a play by Alarcon, which Corneille at first supposed to have been a play by Lope de Vega Alarcon, or, to give him his full style, Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza, was a Mexican-born Spaniard of a noble family which had distinguished itself in Mexico from the time of the conquest, and took its name of Alarcon from a village in New Castile The poet was a humpbacked dwarf, a thorough, but rather laughty, Spanish gentleman, poet and wit, who wrote in an unusually pure Spanish style, a man of the world, too, who came to Spain in or about the year 1622, and held the very well-paid office of reporter to the Royal Council of the Indies When Alarcon, in 1634, was chosen by the Court to write a festival drama, and, at the same time, publishing the second part of his dramatic works, vehemently reclaimed plays for which, under disguised names, some of his contemporaries had taken credit to themselves, there was an angry combination against him in which Lope de Vega, Gongora, and Quevedo were found taking part All that Alarcon wrote was thoroughly his own, but editors of the 17th century boldly passed over his claims to honour, and distributed his best works among plays of other famous writers, chiefly those of Rojas and Lope de Vega This was what deceived Corneille, and caused him to believe and say that Alarcon's *la Verdad sospechosa*, on which, in 1642, he founded his *Metteur*, was a work of Lope de Vega's Afterwards Corneille learnt how there had been in this matter lying among editors He gave to Alarcon the honour due, and thenceforth it is chiefly by this play that Alarcon has been remembered out of Spain In Spain, when in 1852 Don Juan Hartzembusch edited Alarcon's comedies for the Biblioteca de Autores Españoles, he had to remark on the unjust neglect of that good author in

Spain also, where the poets and men of letters had long wished in vain for a complete edition of his works. Lope de Vega, it may be added, was really the author of a sequel to *la Verdad sospechosa*, which Corneille adapted also as a sequel to his *Menteur*, but it was even poorer than such sequels usually are.

The *Lying Lover* in Alarcón's play is a Don García fresh from his studies in Salamanca, and Steele's Latine first appears there as a Tristan, the gracioso of old Spanish comedy. The two ladies are a Jacinta and Lucrecia. Alarcón has in his light and graceful play no less than three heavy fathers, of a Spanish type, one of whom, the father of Lucrecia, brings about Don García's punishment by threatening to kill him if he will not marry his daughter, and so the Liar is punished for his romancing by a marriage with the girl he does not care for, and not marrying the girl he loves.

Corneille was merciful, and in the fifth act bred in his *Menteur* a new fancy for Lucrecia, so that the marriage at cross purposes was rather agreeable to him.

Steele, in adapting the *Menteur* as his *Lying Lover*, altered the close in sharp accordance with that 'just regard to a reforming age' which caused him (adapting a line in his 'Procession then unprinted') to write in his Prologue to it, 'Pleasure must still have 'something that's severe.' Having translated Corneille's translations of García and Tristan (Dorante and Cliton) into Young Bookwit and Latine, he transformed the servant into a college friend, numming as servant because, since 'a prating servant is necessary in intrigues, the two had 'erst lots who should be the other's footman for the 'present expedition. Then he adapted the French couplets into pleasant prose comedy, giving with a light touch the romancing of fests of war and of an entertainment on the river, but at last he turned desperately serious, and sent his Young Bookwit to Newgate on a charge of killing the gentleman—here called Lovemore—who was at last to win the hand of the lady whom the Liar loved. In his last act, opening in Newgate, Steele started with blank verse, and although Lovemore of course was not dead, and Young Bookwit got at last more than a shadow of a promise of the other lady in reward for his repentance, the changes in construction of the play took it beyond the bounds of comedy, and were, in fact, excellent morality but not good art. And this is what Steele means when he says that he had his play damned for its piety.

With that strong regard for the drama which cannot well be wanting to the man who has an artist's vivid sense of life, Steele never withdrew his good will from the players, never neglected to praise a good play, and, I may add, took every fair occasion of suggesting to the town the subtlety of Shakespeare's genius. But he now ceased to write comedies, until towards the close of his life he produced with a remarkable success his other play, the *Conscious Lovers*. And of that, by the way, Fielding made his Parson Adams say that *Cato* and the *Conscious Lovers* were the only plays he ever heard of, fit for a Christian to read, 'and, I must own, in the latter there are some things almost solemn enough 'for a sermon.'

Perhaps it was about this time that Addison wrote his comedy of the *Drummer*, which had been long in his possession when Steele, who had become a partner in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, drew it from obscurity, suggested a few changes in it, and produced it—not openly as Addison's—upon the stage. The published edition of it was recommended also by a preface from Steele in which he says that he liked this author's play the better 'for the want of those studied similes and repetitions which we, who have 'writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that 'has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have 'condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he before the writing of it been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts 'of the play by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed 'that the scenes were drawn after Molière's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of 'humour ran through the whole. I do not question but the reader will discover this, and 'see many beauties that escaped the audience, the touches being too delicate for every 'taste in a popular assembly. My brother-sharers (in the Drury Lane patent) 'were of 'opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not 'strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the 'approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has 'given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good actions as ever I saw on the

'stage Addison's comedy was not produced till 1715, the year after his unsuccessful attempt to revive the *Spectator*, which produced what is called the eighth volume of that work. The play, not known to be his, was so ill spoken of that he kept the authorship a secret to the last, and Tickell omitted it from the collection of his patron's works. But Steele knew what was due to his friend, and in 1722 manfully republished the piece as Addison's, with a dedication to Congreve and censure of Tickell for suppressing it. If it be true that the *Drummer* made no figure on the stage though excellently acted, 'when 'I observe this,' said Steele, 'I say a much harder thing of the stage than of the comedy. Addison's *Drummer* is a gentleman who, to forward his suit to a soldier's widow, masquerades as the drumbeating ghost of her husband in her country house, and terrifies a self-confident, free-thinking town exquisite, another suitor, who believes himself brought face to face with the spirit world, in which he professes that he don't believe. 'For my part, 'child, I have made myself easy in those points.' The character of the free-thinking exquisite is drawn from life without exaggeration, but with more than a touch of the bitter contempt Addison felt for the atheistic covecomb, with whom he was too ready to confound the sincere questioner of orthodox opinion. The only passages of his in the *Spectator* that border on intolerance are those in which he deals with the free-thinker, but it should not be forgotten that the commonest type of free-thinker in Queen Anne's time was not a thoughtful man who battled openly with doubt and made an independent search for truth, but an idler who repudiated thought and formed his character upon tradition of the court of Charles the Second. And throughout the *Spectator* we may find a Christian under-tone in Addison's intolerance of infidelity, which is entirely wanting when the moralist is Eustace Budgell. Two or three persons in the comedy of the *Drummer* give opportunity for good character-painting in the actor, and on a healthy stage before an audience able to discriminate light touches of humour and to enjoy unstrained although well-marked expression of varieties of character, the *Drummer* would not fail to be a welcome entertainment.

But our sketch now stands at the year 1705, when Steele had ceased for a time to write comedies. Addison's *Campaign* had brought him fame, and perhaps helped him to pay, as he now did, his College debts with interest. His *Remarks on Italy*, now published, were, as Tickell says 'at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers,' and his *Drummer* probably was written and locked in his desk. There were now such days of intercourse as Steele looked back to when with undying friendship he wrote in the preface to that edition of the *Drummer* produced by him after Addison's death. 'He was above 'all men in that talent we call humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have 'often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the 'pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Cæcilius, who 'had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than 'any other man ever possessed.' And again in the same Preface, Steele dwelt upon 'that smiling mirth, that delicate satire and genteel raillery, which appeared in Mr Addison when he was free from that remarkable bashfulness which is a cloak that hides and 'muffles merit, and his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed. Addison had the self-consciousness of a sensitive and speculative mind. Thus, with a shy manner among those with whom he was not intimate, passed for cold self-assertion. The 'little 'senate' of his intimate friends was drawn to him by its knowledge of the real warmth of his nature. And his friendships, like his religion, influenced his judgment. His geniality that wore a philosophic cloak before the world, caused him to abandon himself in the *Spectator*, even more unreservedly than Steele would have done, to iterated efforts for the help of a friend like Ambrose Philips of whom Lord Macaulay has it that he gave his name to the class of literature called 'ramby-ramby. Addison's quietness with strangers was against a rapid widening of his circle of familiar friends, and must have made the great-hearted friendship of Steele as much to him as his could be to Steele. In very truth it 'doubled all his store. Steele's heart was open to enjoyment of all kindly intercourse with men. In after years as expression of thought in the literature of nations gained freedom and sincerity, two types of literature were formed from the types of mind which Addison and Steele may be said to have in some measure represented. Each sought advance towards a better light, one part by dwelling on the individual duties and

responsibilities of man, and his relation to the infinite, the other by especial study of man's social ties and liberties, and his relation to the commonwealth of which he is a member. Goethe, for instance, inclined to one study, Schiller to the other, and every free mind will incline probably to one or other of these centres of opinion. Addison was a cold politician because he was most himself when analyzing principles of thought, and humours, passions, duties of the individual. Steele, on the contrary, braved rum for his convictions as a politician, because his social nature turned his earnestness into concern for the well-being of his country, and he lived in times when it was not yet certain that the newly-secured liberties were also finally secured. The party was strong that desired to re-establish ancient tyrannies, and the Queen herself was hardly on the side of freedom.

In 1706, the date of the union between England and Scotland, Whig influence had been strengthened by the elections of the preceding year, and Addison was, early in 1706, made Under Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory, who was superseded before the end of the year by Marlborough's son-in-law, the Earl of Sunderland, a Whig under whom Addison, of course, remained in office and who was, thenceforth, his active patron. In the same year the opera of *Rosamond* was produced, with Addison's libretto. It was but the third, or indeed the second, year of operas in England, for we can hardly reckon as forming a year of opera the Italian intermezzi and interludes of singing and dancing, performed under Clayton's direction, at York Buildings, in 1703. In 1705, Clayton's *Arsinoë*, adapted and translated from the Italian, was produced at Drury Lane. Buononcini's *Camilla* was given at the house in the Haymarket, and sung in two languages, the heroine's part being in English and the hero's in Italian. Thomas Clayton, a second-rate musician, but a man with literary tastes, who had been introducer of the opera to London, argued that the words of an opera should be not only English, but the best of English, and that English music ought to illustrate good home-grown literature. Addison and Steele agreed heartily in this. Addison was persuaded to write words for an opera by Clayton—his *Rosamond*—and Steele was persuaded afterwards to speculate in some sort of partnership with Clayton's efforts to set English poetry to music in the entertainments at York Buildings, though his friend Hughes warned him candidly that Clayton was not much of a musician. *Rosamond* was a failure of Clayton's and not a success of Addison's. There is poor jesting got by the poet from a comie Sir Trusty, who keeps Rosamond's bower, and his scolding wife. But there is a happy compliment to Marlborough in giving to King Henry a vision at Woodstock of the glory to come for England, and in a scenic realization of it by the rising of Blenheim Palace, the nation's gift to Marlborough, upon the scene of the Fair Rosamond story. Indeed there can be no doubt that it was for the sake of the scene at Woodstock, and the opportunity thus to be made, that Rosamond was chosen for the subject of the opera. Addison made Queen Eleanor give Rosamond a narcotic instead of a poison, and thus he achieved the desired happy ending to an opera.

	Believe your Rosamond alive
King	O happy day! O pleasing view!
	My Queen forgives—
Queen	—My lord is true
King	No more I'll change
Queen	No more I'll grieve
Both	But ever thus united live

That is to say, for three days, the extent of the life of the opera. But the literary Under-Secretary had saved his political dignity with the stage tribute to Marlborough, which backed the eloquent praise in the *Campaign*.

In May, 1707, Steele received the office of Gazetteer, until then worth £60, but presently endowed by Harley with a salary of £300 a year. At about the same time he was made one of the gentlemen ushers to Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark. In the same year Steele married. Of his most private life before this date little is known. He had been married to a lady from Barbadoes, who died in a few months. From days referred to in the *Christian Hero* he derived a daughter of whom he took fatherly care. In 1707 Steele, aged about 35, married Miss (or, as ladies come of age were then called, Mrs.) Mary Scurlock, aged 29. It was a marriage of affection on both sides. Steele had from his

first wife an estate in Barbadoes, which produced, after payment of the interest on its encumbrances, £670 a year. His appointment as Gazetteer, less the £45 tax on it, was worth £255 a year, and his appointment on the Prince Consort's household another hundred. Thus the income upon which Steele married was rather more than a thousand a year, and Miss Scurlock's mother had an estate of about £330 a year. Mary Scurlock had been a friend of Steele's first wife, for before marriage she recalls Steele to her mother's mind by saying, 'It is the survivor of the person to whose funeral I went in my illness.' 'Let us make our regards to each other,' Steele wrote just before marriage, 'mutual and unchangeable, that whilst the world around us is enchanted with the false satisfactions of arrogant desires, our persons may be shrines to each other, and sacred to conjugal faith, unreserved confidence, and heavenly society.'

There remains also a prayer written by Steele before first taking the sacrament with his wife, after marriage. There are also letters and little notes written by Steele to his wife, treasured by her love, and printed by a remorseless antiquary, blind to the sentence in one of the first of them. 'I beg of you to shew my letters to no one living, but let us be contented with one another's thoughts upon our words and actions, without the intervention of other people, who cannot judge of so delicate a circumstance as the commerce between man and wife. But they are printed, for the frivolous to laugh at and the wise to honour. They show that even in his most thoughtless or most anxious moments the social wit, the busy patriot, remembered his 'dear Prue,' and was her lover to the end. Soon after marriage, Steele took his wife to a boarding-school in the suburbs, where they saw a young lady for whom Steele showed an affection that caused Mrs Steele to ask whether she was not his daughter. He said that she was. 'Then, said Mrs Steele, 'I beg she may be mine too'. Thenceforth she lived in their home as Miss Ousley, and was treated as a daughter by Steele's wife. Surely this was a woman who deserved the love that never swerved from her. True husband and true friend, he playfully called Addison her rival. In the *Spectator* there is a paper of Steele's (No 142) representing some of his own love-letters as telling what a man said and should be able to say of his wife after forty years of marriage. Seven years after marriage he signs himself, 'Yours more than you can imagine or I express'. He dedicates to her a volume of the *Lady's Library*, and writes of her ministrations to him 'if there are such beings as guardian angels, thus are they employed. I will no more believe one of them more good in its inclinations than I can conceive it more charming in its form than my wife. In the year before her death he was signing his letters with 'God bless you!' and 'Dear Prue, eternally yours'. That Steele made it a duty of his literary life to contend against the frivolous and vicious ridicule of the ties of marriage common in his day, and to maintain their sacred honour and their happiness, readers of the *Spectator* cannot fail to find.

Steele, on his marriage in 1707, took a house in Bury Street, St James's, and in the following year went to a house at Hampton, which he called in jest the Hovel. Addison had lent him a thousand pounds for costs of furnishing and other immediate needs. This was repaid within a year, and when, at the same time, his wife's mother was proposing a settlement of her money beneficial to himself, Steele replied that he was far from desiring, if he should survive his wife, 'to turn the current of the estate out of the channel it would have been in had I never come into the family'. Liberal always of his own to others, he was sometimes without a guinea, and perplexed by debt. But he defrauded no man. When he followed his Prue to the grave he was in no man's debt, though he left all his countrymen his debtors, and he left more than their mother's fortune to his two surviving children. One died of consumption a year afterwards, the other married one of the Welsh Judges, afterwards Lord Trevor.

The friendship—equal friendship—between Steele and Addison was as unbroken as the love between Steele and his wife. Petty tales may have been invented or misread. In days of malicious personality Steele braved the worst of party spite, and little enough even slander found to throw against him. Nobody in their life-time doubted the equal strength and sincerity of the relationship between the two friends. Steele was no follower of Addison's. Throughout life he went his own way, leading rather than following, first as a playwright, first in conception and execution of the scheme of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, following his own sense of duty against Addison's sense of expediency in passing from the *Guardian* to the *Englishman*, and so to energetic movement upon peril-

ous paths as a political writer, whose whole heart was with what he took to be the people's cause.

When Swift had been writing to Addison that he thought Steele 'the vilest of mankind' in writing of this to Swift Steele complained that the *Lacertine*,—in which Swift had a busy hand,—and Addison had bridled him in point of politeness, adding, 'This was ill hinted both in relation to him and me. I know no party but the truth of the question is what I will support as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.' Mr John Forster whose keen insight into the essentials of literature has led him to write an essay upon each of the two great founders of the latest period of English literature Defoe and Steele, points out in his masterly essay upon Steele that Swift denies having spoken of Steele as hindered by his friend and does so in a way that frankly admits Steele's right to be jealous of the imputation. Mr Forster just adds that throughout Swift's intimate speech to Selkirk, 'whether his humour be sarcastic or polite the friendship of Steele and Addison is for ever suggesting some annoyance to himself, some mortification, so we regret, but never once the doubt that it was no intimate and sincere, or that into it entered anything inconsistent with a perfect equality. Six months after Addison's death Steele wrote (in No 12 of the *Theatre*, and I am again quoting facts cited by Mr Forster) 'that there never was a more strict friendship than between himself and Addison, nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing, the one waited and stemmed the torrent while the other too often plunged into it, but though they thus lived for some years past shunning each other, they still preserved the most sincere concern for their mutual welfare, and when they met they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other. As to the substance or worth of what thus divided them Steele only adds the significant expression of his hope that, if his family is the worse, his country may be the better, for the mortification he has undergone.

Such, then was the friendship of which the *Spectator* is the abiding Monument. The *Spectator* was a modified continuation of the *Tatler*, and the *Tatler* was suggested by a portion of Defoe's *Reliander*. The *Spectator* belongs to the first days of a period when the people at large extend their reading power into departments of knowledge formerly unsought by them, and their favour is found generally to be more desirable than that of the most princely patron. This period should date from the day in 1703 when the key turned upon Defoe in Newgate the year of the production of Steele's *Tender Husband*; and the time when Addison is in Holland on the way home from his continental travels. Defoe was then forty-two years old, Addison and Steele being about eleven years younger.

In the following year, 1704, the year of blenheim—Defoe issued, on the 19th of February, No 1 of 'A Weekly Review of the Affairs of France. Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of *Non-Resisters* and *Petty-Statesmen*, of all Sides, and in the introductory sketch of its plan said 'After our Serious Matters are over, we shall at the end of every Paper, Present you with a little Diversion, as anything occurs to make the World Merry, and whether Friend or Foe, one Party or another, if anything happens so scandalous as to require in open Reproof the World may meet with it there. Here is the first little Diversion, the germ of *Tatlers* and *Spectators* which in after years amused and edified the town.

### *Mercure Scandale*

or,

*ADVICE from the Scandalous CLUB*

*Translated out of French*

This Society is a Corporation long since established in *Paris*, and we cannot comply with our Advices from *Paris*, without entertaining the World with every thing we meet with from that Country.

And, tho' Corresponding with the Queen's Enemies is prohibited, yet since the Matter

'will be so honest, as only to tell the World of what every body will own to be scandalous, we reckon we shall be welcome

'This Corporation has been set up some months, and open d their first Sessions about last *Bartholomew* Fair, but having not yet obtain d a Patent, they have never, till now, made their Resolves publick

'The Business of this Society is to censure the Actions of Men, not of Partics, and in particular, those Actions which are made publick so by their Authors, as to be, in their own Nature, an Appeal to the general Approbation

'They do not design to expose Persons but things, and of them, none but such as more than ordinarily deserve it, they who would not be censur d by this Assembly, are desir d to act with caution enough, not to fall under their Hands, for they resolve to treat Vice, and Villanous Actions, with the utmost Severity

'The First considerable Matter that came before this Society, was about *Bartholomew* Fair, but the Debates being long, they were at last adjourned to the next Fair, when we suppose it will be decided, so being not willing to trouble the World with anything twice over, we refer that to next *August*

'On the 10th of September last, there was a long Hearing, before the Club, of a Fellow that said he had kill d the Duke of *Bavaria* Now is *David* punish d the Man that said he had kill d King *Saul*, whether it was so or no, twas thought this Fellow ought to be delivered up to Justice, tho the Duke of *Bavaria* was alive

'Upon the whole, twas voted a scandalous Thing, that News-Writers should kill Kings and Princes, and bring them to life again at pleasure, and to make an Example of this Fellow, he was dismiss d, upon Condition he should go to the Queen's-bench once a Day, and bear Toller, his Brother of the Friendly, company two hours for fourteen Days together, which cruel Punishment was executed with the utmost Severity

'The Club has had a great deal of trouble about the News-Writers, who have been continually brought before them for their ridiculous Stories, and imposing upon Mankind, and tho the Proceedings have been pretty tedious, we must give you the trouble of a few of them in our next

The addition to the heading, 'Translated out of French, appears only in No 1, and the first title *Mercurie Scandale* (adopted from a French book published about 1681) having been much criticized for its grammar and on other grounds, is dropped in No 18 Thenceforth Defoe's pleasant comment upon passing folios appeared under the single head of 'Advice from the Scandalous Club Still the verbal Critics exercised their wits upon the title 'We have been so often on the Defence of our Title, says Defoe, in No 38, that the world begins to think Our Society wants Employment

'If Scandalous must signify nothing but Personal Scandal, respecting the Subject of which it is predicated, we desire those gentlemen to answer for us how *Post-Man* or *Post-Boy* can signify a News-Paper, the Post Man or Post Boy being in all my reading properly and strictly applicable, not to the Paper, but to the Person bringing or carrying the News? Mercury also is if I understand it, by a Transmutation of Meaning, from a God turned into a Book—From hence our Club thinks they have not fair Play, in being deny d the Privilege of making an Allegory as well as other People' In No 46 Defoe made in one change more, a whimsical half concession of a syllable, by putting a sign of contraction in its place, and thenceforth calling this part of his Review, Advice from the Scandal Club Nothing can be more evident than the family likeness between this forefather of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* and its more familiar descendants Here is a trick of voice common to all, and some papers of Defoe's might have been written for the *Spectator* The little allegory, for instance, in No 45, which tells of a desponding young Lady brought before the Society, as found by Rosamond's Pond in the Park in a strange condition, taken by the mob for a lunatic and whose clothes were all out of fashion, but whose face, when it was seen, astonished the whole society by its extraordinary sweetness and majesty She told how she had been brought to despair, and her name proved to be—Modesty In letters, questions, and comments also which might be taken from Defoe's Monthly Supplementury Journal to the Advice from the Scandal Club, we catch a likeness to the spirit of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* now and then exert Some censured Defoe for not confining himself to the weightier part of his purpose in establishing the *Review* He replied, in the Introduction to his first Monthly Supple-



ment, that many men 'care but for a little reading at a time,' and said, 'thus we wheedle them in, if it may be allow'd that Expression, to the Knowledge of the World, who rather than take more Pains, would be content with their Ignorance, and search 'into nothing.'

Single-minded, quick-witted, and prompt to act on the first suggestion of a higher point of usefulness to which he might attain, Steele saw the mind of the people ready for a new sort of relation to its writers, and he followed the lead of Defoe.<sup>1</sup> But though he turned from the more frivolous temper of the enfeebled playhouse audience, to commune in free air with the country at large, he took fresh care for the restraint of his deep earnestness within the bounds of a cheerful, unpretending influence. Drop by drop it should fall, and its strength lie in its persistence. He would bring what wit he had out of the playhouse, and speak his mind, like Defoe, to the people themselves every post-day. But he would affect no pedantry of moralizing, he would appeal to no passions, he would profess himself only 'a Tattler.' Might he not use, he thought, modestly distrustful of the charm of his own mind some of the news obtained by virtue of the office of Gazetteer Hacky had given him, to bring weight and acceptance to that writing of his which he valued only for the use to which it could be put. For, as he himself truly says in the *Tattler*, 'wit, if a man had it, unless it be directed to some useful end, is but a wanton, frivolous quality, and that one should value himself upon in this kind is that he had some honourable intention in it.'

Swift, not then a deserter to the Tones, was a friend of Steele's, who, when the first *Tattler* appeared had been amusing the town at the expense of John Partridge, astrologer and almanac-maker, with 'Predictions for the year 1708, professing to be written by Isaac Bickerstaff Esq.' The first prediction was of the death of Partridge, 'on the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a rigging fever.' Swift answered himself, and also published in due time 'The Accomplishment of the first of Mr Bickerstaff's Predictions being an account of the death of Mr Partridge, the almanack-maker, upon the 29th instant.' Other wits kept up the joke, and, in his next year's almanac (that for 1709), Partridge advertised that, 'whereas it has been industriously given out by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. and others, to prevent the sale of this year's almanack, that John Partridge is dead, this may inform all his loving countrymen that he is still living, in health and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.' Steele gave additional lightness to the touch of his *Tattler*, which first appeared on the 12th of April, 1709, by writing in the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, and carrying on the jest, that was to his serious mind a blow dealt against prevailing superstition. Referring in his first *Tattler* to this advertisement of Partridge's, he said of it, 'I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead, and if he has any shame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance. For though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear and perform their animal functions, yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his art is gone, the man is gone.' To Steele indeed, the truth was absolute, that a man is but what he can do.

In this spirit, then, Steele began the *Tattler*, simply considering that his paper was to be published 'for the use of the good people of England,' and professing at the outset that he was an author writing for the public, who expected from the public payment for his work, and that he preferred this course to gambling for the patronage of men in office. Having pleasantly shown the sordid spirit that underlies the mountebank's sublime professions of disinterestedness, 'we have a contempt,' he says, 'for such paltry bratterers, and have therefore all along informed the public that we intend to give them our advices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our incubations come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain that many other schemes have been proposed to me, as a friend offered to show me in a treatise he had writ, which he called, "The whole Art of Life, or, The Introduction to

<sup>1</sup> There is adopted here, and in some paragraphs of the preceding narrative, the account given in the Introduction to *English Writers* of the relation of the *Spectator* and of Steele and Addison to the period of popular influence on English literature. The purpose of that Introduction was only to explain the division of the whole work into periods but even in such a sketch the place of the *Spectator* is so important that there was much to be said that, when it has to be told by the same person, can only be repeated in an Introduction to the work itself.

'Great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards' But being a novice at all manner of play, 'I declined the offer'

Addison took these cards, and played an honest game with them successfully When, at the end of 1708, the Earl of Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, lost his secretaryship, Addison lost his place as under-secretary, but he did not object to go to Ireland as chief secretary to Lord Wharton, the new Lord-lieutenant, an active party man, a leader on the turf with reputation for indulgence after business hours according to the fashion of the court of Charles II Lord Wharton took to Ireland Chayton to write him musical entertainments, and a train of parasites of quality He was a great borough-monger, and is said at one critical time to have returned thirty members He had no difficulty, therefore, in finding Addison a seat, and made him in that year, 1709, M P for Malmesbury Addison only once attempted to speak in the House of Commons, and then, embarrassed by encouraging applause that welcomed him, he stammered and sat down But when, having laid his political cards down for a time, and at ease in his own home, pen in hand, he brought his sound mind and quick humour to the aid of his friend Steele, he came with him into direct relation with the English people Addison never gave posterity a chance of knowing what was in him till, following Steele's lead, he wrote those papers in *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, wherein alone his genius abides with us, and will abide with English readers to the end The *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian* were, all of them, Steele's, begun and ended by him at his sole discretion In these three journals Steele was answerable for 510 papers, Addison for 369 Swift wrote two papers, and sent about a dozen fragments Congreve wrote one article in the *Tatler* Pope wrote three for the *Spectator*, and eight times for the *Guardian* Addison who was in Ireland when the *Tatler* first appeared, only guessed the authorship by an expression in an early number, and it was not until eight numbers had been issued, and the character of the new paper was formed and established, that Addison, on his return to London, joined the friend who, with his usual complete absence of the vanity of self-assertion, finally ascribed to the ally he dearly loved, the honours of success

It was the kind of success Steele had desired—a widely-diffused influence for good The *Tatlers* were penny papers published three times a week, and issued also for another halfpenny with a blank half-sheet for transmission by post, when any written scraps of the day's gossip that friend might send to friend could be included It was through these, and the dailies *Spectators* which succeeded them that the people of England really learnt to read The few leaves of sound reason and fancy were but a light tax on uncultivated powers of attention Exquisite grace and true kindness, here associated with familiar ways and common incidents of every-day life, gave many an honest man fresh sense of the best happiness that lies in common duties honestly performed and a fresh energy, free as Christianity itself from malice—for so both Steele and Addison meant that it should be—in opposing themselves to the frivolous and small frauds on the conscience by which manliness is undermined

There was high strife of faction, and there was real peril to the country by a possible turn of affairs after Queen Anne's death, that another Stuart restoration, in the name of divine right of kings, would leave the rights of the people to be reconquered in civil war The chiefs of either party were appealing to the people, and engaging all the wit they could secure to fight on their side in the war of pamphlets Steele's heart was in the momentous issue Both he and Addison had it in mind while they were blending their calm playfulness with all the clamour of the press The spirit in which these friends worked, young Pope must have felt, for after Addison had helped him in his first approach to fame by giving honour in the *Spectator* to his 'Essay on Criticism,' and when he was thankful for that service, he contributed to the *Spectator* his 'Messiah' Such offering clearly showed how Pope interpreted the labour of the essayists

In the fens of Lincolnshire the antiquary Maurice Johnson collected his neighbours of Spalding 'Taking care,' it is said, 'not to alarm the country gentlemen by any premature mention of antiquities, he endeavoured at first to allure them into the more flowery paths of literature In 1709 a few of them were brought together every post-day at the coffee-house in the Abbey Yard, and after one of the party had read aloud the last published number of the *Tatler*, they proceeded to talk over the subject among themselves'

Even in distant Perthshire 'the gentlemen met after church on Sunday to discuss the news of the week, the *Spectators* were read as regularly as the *Journal*. So the political draught of bitterness came sweetened with the wisdom of good-humour. The good-humour of the essayists touched with a light and kindly hand every form of affectation, and placed every-day life in the light in which it would be seen by a natural and honest man. A sense of the essentials of life was assumed everywhere for the reader, who was asked only to smile critically at its vanities. Steele looked through all shams to the natural heart of the Englishman, appealed to that, and found it easily enough, even under the disguise of the young gentleman cited in the 77th *Letter*, 'so ambitious to be thought worse than he is that in his degree of understanding he sets up for a free-thinker, and talks atheistically in coffee houses all day, though every morning and evening, it can be proved' upon him, he regularly at home says his prayers.

But as public events led nearer to the prospect of a Jacobite triumph that would have again brought Englishmen against each other sword to sword, there was no voice of warning more fearless than Richard Steele's. He changed the *Spectator* for the *Guardian*, that was to be in its plan, more free to guard the people's rights, and, standing forward more distinctly as a politician, he became member for Stockbridge. For the *Guardian*, which he had dropped when he felt the plan of that journal unequal to the right and full expression of his mind, Steele took for a periodical the name of *Englishman*, and under that name fought, with then unexampled abstinence from personality, against the principles upheld by Swift in his *Examiner*. Then, when the Perce of Utrecht alarmed English patriots, Steele in a bold pamphlet on 'The Crisis' expressed his dread of arbitrary power and a Jacobite succession with a boldness that cost him his seat in Parliament, as he had before sacrificed to plain speaking his place of Gazetteer.

Of the later history of Steele and Addison a few words will suffice. This is not an account of their lives, but an endeavour to show why Englishmen must always have a living interest in the *Spectator*, their joint production. Steele's *Spectator* ended with the seventh volume. The members of the Club were all disposed of, and the journal formally wound up, but by the suggestion of a future ceremony of opening the *Spectator's* mouth, a way was made for Addison, whenever he pleased, to connect with the famous series an attempt of his own for its revival. A year and a half later Addison made this attempt, producing his new journal with the old name and, as far as his contributions went, not less than the old wit and earnestness, three times a week instead of daily. But he kept it alive only until the completion of one volume. Addison had not Steele's popular tact as an editor. He preached, and he suffered drier men to preach, while in his jest he now and then wrote what he seems to have been unwilling to acknowledge. His eighth volume contains excellent matter, but the subjects are not always well chosen or varied judiciously, and one understands why the *Spectator* took a firmer hold upon society when the two friends in the full strength of their life, aged about forty, worked together and embraced between them a wide range of human thought and feeling.

In April, 1713, in the interval between the completion of the true *Spectator* and the appearance of the supplementary volume, Addison's tragedy of *Cato*, planned at College, begun during his foreign travels, retouched in England, and at last completed, was produced at Drury Lane. Addison had not considered it a stage play, but when it was urged that the time was proper for ministering to the public with the sentiments of *Cato*, he assented to its production. Apart from its real merit the play had the advantage of being applauded by the Whigs, who saw in it a Whig political ideal, and by the Tories, who desired to show that they were as warm friends of liberty as any Whig could be.

Upon the death of Queen Anne Addison acted for a short time as secretary to the Regency, and when George I. appointed Aildson's patron, the Earl of Sunderland, to the Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, Sunderland took Addison with him as chief secretary. Sunderland resigned in ten months, and thus Addison's secretaryship came to an end in August, 1716. Addison was also employed to meet the Rebellion of 1715 by writing the *Rehearsal*. He wrote under this title fifty-five papers, which were published twice a week between December, 1715, and June, 1716, and he was rewarded with the post of Commissioner for Trade and Colonies. In August, 1716, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, mother to the young Earl of Warwick, of whose education he seems to have had some charge in 1708. Addison settled upon the Countess £4000 in lieu of an

estate which she gave up for his sake. Henceforth he lived chiefly at Holland House. In April, 1717, Lord Sunderland became Secretary of State, and still mindful of Marlborough's illustrious supporter, he made Addison his colleague. Eleven months later, ill health obliged Addison to resign the seals, and his death followed, June 17, 1719, at the age of 47.

Steele's political difficulties ended at the death of Queen Anne. The return of the Whigs to power on the accession of George I. brought him the office of Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, he was also first in the Commission of the peace for Middlesex, and was made one of the deputy lieutenants of the county. At the request of the managers Steele's name was included in the new patent required at Drury Lane by the royal company of comedians upon the accession of a new sovereign. Steele also was returned as M.P. for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, was writer of the Address to the King presented by the Lord-lieutenant and the deputy lieutenants of Middlesex and being knighted on that occasion, with two other of the deputies, became in the spring of the year, 1714, Sir Richard Steele. Very few weeks after the death of his wife, in December, 1718, Sunderland, at a time when he had Addison for colleague, brought in a bill for preventing any future creations of peers, except when an existing peerage should become extinct. Steele, who looked upon this as an infringement alike of the privileges of the crown and of the rights of the subject, opposed the bill in Parliament, and started in March, 1719 a paper called the *Plebeian*, in which he argued against a measure tending, he said, to the formation of an oligarchy. Addison replied in the *Old Whig*, and this, which occurred within a year of the close of Addison's life, was the main subject of political difference between them. The bill, strongly opposed, was dropped for that session, and reintroduced (after Addison's death) in the December following, to be thrown out by the House of Commons.

Steele's action against the government brought on him the hostility of the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, and it was partly to defend himself and his brother patentees against hostile action threatened by the Duke, that Steele, in January, 1720 started his paper called the *Theatre*. But he was dispossessed of his government of the theatre, to which a salary of £600 a year had been attached, and suffered by the persecution of the court until Walpole's return to power. Steele was then restored to his office, and in the following year 1722 produced his most successful comedy, *The Conscious Lovers*. After this time his health declined, his spirits were depressed. He left London for Bath. His only surviving son, Eugene, born while the *Spectator* was being issued, and to whom Prince Eugene had stood godfather, died at the age of eleven or twelve in November, 1723. The younger also of his two daughters was marked for death by consumption. He was broken in health and fortune when, in 1726, he had an attack of palsy which was the prelude to his death. He died Sept. 1, 1729, at Carmarthen, where he had been boarding with a mercer who was his agent and receiver of rents. There is a pleasant record that 'he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be 'carried out, of a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were assembled 'at their rural sports,—and, with his pencil, gave an order on his agent, the mercer, for a 'new gown to the best dancer.

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Two editions of the *Spectator*, the tenth and eleventh, were published by Tonson in the year of Steele's death. These and the next edition, dated 1739 were without the translations of the mottoes, which appear, however in the edition of 1744. Notes were first added by Dr Percy, the editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and Dr Calder. Dr John Calder, a native of Aberdeen, bred to the dissenting ministry was for some time keeper of Dr Williams's Library in Redcross Street. He was a candidate for the office given to Dr Abraham Rees of editor and general superintendent of the new issue of Chambers's Cyclopædia, undertaken by the booksellers in 1776, and he supplied to it some new articles. The Duke of Northumberland warmly patronized Dr Calder, and made him his companion in London and at Alnwick. Castle as Private Literary Secretary. Dr Thomas Percy, who had constituted himself cousin and retainer to the Percy of Northumberland, obtained his bishopric of Dromore in 1782, in the following year lost his only son and suffered from that failure in eyesight, which resulted in a total blindness. Having become intimately acquainted with Dr Calder when at Northumberland House

and Alnwick, Percy intrusted to him the notes he had collected for illustrating the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. These were afterwards used, with additions by Dr Calder, in the various editions of those works, especially in the six-volume edition of the *Tatler*, published by John Nichols in 1786, where Percy's notes have a P attached to them, and Dr Calder's are signed 'Annotator'. The *Tatler* was annotated fully, and the annotated *Tatler* has supplied some pieces of information given in the present edition of the *Spectator*. Percy actually edited two volumes for R. Tonson in 1764, but the work was stopped by the death of the bookseller, and the other six were added to them in 1789. They were slightly annotated, both as regards the number and the value of the notes, but Percy and Calder lived when *Spectator* traditions were yet fresh, and oral information was accessible as to points of personal allusion or as to the authorship of a few papers or letters which but for them might have remained anonymous. Their notes are those of which the substance has run through all subsequent editions. Little, if anything, was added to them by Bisset or Chalmers, the energies of those editors having been chiefly directed to the preserving or multiplying of corruptions of the text. Percy, when telling Tonson that he had completed two volumes of the *Spectator*, said that he had corrected 'innumerable corruptions' which had then crept in, and could have come only by misprint. Since that time not only have misprints been preserved and multiplied, but punctuation has been deliberately modernized, to the destruction of the freshness of the original style, and editors of another 'understanding age' have taken upon themselves by many a little touch to correct Addison's style or grammar.

This volume reprints for the first time in the present century the text of the *Spectator* as its authors left it. A good recent edition contains in the first 18 papers, which are a fair sample of the whole, 88 petty variations from the proper text (at that rate, in the whole work more than 3000) apart from the recasting of the punctuation, which is counted as a defect only in two instances, where it has changed the sense. Chalmers's text, of 1817, was hardly better, and about two-thirds of the whole number of corruptions had already appeared in Bisset's edition of 1793, from which they were transferred. Thus Bisset as well as Chalmers in the Dedication to Vol. I turned the 'polite *parts* of learning' into the 'polite *arts* of learning, and when the silent gentleman tells us that many to whom his person is well known speak of him 'very currently by Mr What-d-y-e-call him,' Bisset before Chalmers rounded the sentence into 'very correctly by the *appellation* of 'Mr What-d-y-e-call him'. But it seems to have been Chalmers who first undertook to correct, in the next paper, Addison's grammar, by turning 'have laughed to have *seen*' into 'have laughed to *see*, and transformed a treaty 'with London and Wise,'—a firm now of historical repute,—for the supply of flowers to the opera, into a treaty 'between London and Wise, which most people would take to be a very different matter. If the present edition has its own share of misprints and oversights, at least it inherits none, and it contains no wilful alteration of the text. The papers as they first appeared in the daily issue of a penny (and after the stamp was imposed two-penny) folio half-sheet, have been closely compared with the first issue in guinea octavos, for which they were revised, and with the last edition that appeared before the death of Steele. The original text is here given precisely as it was left after revision by its authors, and there is shown at the same time the amount and character of the revision. Sentences added in the reprint are placed between square brackets [ ], without any appended note. Sentences omitted, or words altered, are shown by bracketing the revised version, and giving the text as it stood in the original daily issue within corresponding brackets as a foot-note. Thus the reader has here both the original texts of the *Spectator*. The Essays, as revised by their authors for permanent use, form the main text of the present volume. But if the words or passages in brackets be omitted, the words or passages in corresponding foot-notes,—where there are such foot-notes,—being substituted for them, the text

\* The editor has used his own numbers of the original issue as far as No. 460, which is the last he has, and then depended on the copy in the British Museum, which wants a few numbers. The greater part of this volume has been printed from revisions made upon a copy of the *Spectator* published in Steele's life-time, which was broken up for the printer's use, to avoid chance of the slipping in of misprints by the use of a later edition. Where there is want of conformity in spelling, the same variation is to be found in the original. The spelling represents what was good usage between 1711 and 1729. Several words, spelt then as now, were spelt differently in the middle of the century.

becomes throughout that of the *Spectator* as it first came wet from the press, to English breakfast-tables. As the few differences between good spelling in Queen Anne's time and good spelling now are never of a kind to obscure the sense of a word, or lessen the enjoyment of the reader, it has been thought better to make the reproduction perfect, and thus show not only what Steele and Addison wrote but how they spelt, while restoring to their style the proper harmony of their own methods of punctuating, and their way of sometimes getting emphasis by turning to account the use of capitals, which in their hands was not wholly conventional. Here also the capitals have another use. They are a help to the eye in reading columns of small type. It may be added that the two columns in a full page of this volume represent in miniature the two columns of an ordinary full page of the *Spectator* in its daily issue, with its usual number of lines in a column, and the same average of words in a line. The original folio numbers have been followed also in the use of italics, and other little details of the disposition of the type, for example, in the reproduction of those rows of single inverted commas which distinguish what a correspondent called the parts 'freed down the side with little c's.

The translation of the mottos and Latin quotations, which Steele and Addison deliberately abstained from giving, and which, as they were since added, impede and sometimes confound and contradict the text, are here placed in a body at the end, for those who want them. Again and again the essayists indulge in blather on the mystery of the Latin and Greek mottos, and what confusion must enter into the mind of the unwary reader who finds Pope's Homer quoted at the head of a *Spectator* long before Addison's word of applause to the young poet's 'Essay on Criticism'. The mottos then are placed in an Appendix. There is a short Appendix also of advertisements taken from the original number of the *Spectator*, and a few others, where they seem to illustrate some point in the text, will be found among the notes. In the large number of notes here added to a revision of those bequeathed to us by Percy and Calder,<sup>1</sup> the object has been to give information which may contribute to some nearer acquaintance with the writers of the book, and enjoyment of allusions to past manners and events. Finally, from the 'General Index to the Spectators, &c,' published as a separate volume in 1760, there has been taken what was serviceable, and additions have been made to it with a desire to secure for this edition of the *Spectator* the advantages of being handy for reference as well as true to the real text.

H M

<sup>1</sup> The reader is requested to cancel note x upon col. 1 of p. 8, which has been transferred by oversight from a preceding edition. Not only is L a signature of Addison's, and attached to papers which are evidently not from materials found in the Letter box but Steele's change of R into T became permanent when but a fourth part of his work was done, so that R and I could not have been meant to distinguish between original and transcribed papers. Equally needless is a suggestion of Dr Calder's, which has also been copied and re-copied, that when Addison signed C he wrote at Chelsea, when L in London, when I in Ireland, and when O at the office. This notion was invented to dispose of an idea that there was unity in taking the name of a Muse as a word from which to get the four letters used to write the reader's over-certainty as to the authorship of papers. If Addison had wanted ten letters instead of four he might have had Bucephalus for a keyword, and then perhaps some editor would have thought it requisite to find a way of proving that he had not actually mounted on himself for a horse.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## JOHN LORD SOMMERS,

BARON OF EYESHAM

My Lord,  
I SHOULD not be the Part of an impartial Spectator, if I Dedicated the following Papers to

In 1665, when a student at Oxford, aged 23, Joseph Addison had dedicated 'to the Right Honourable Sir John Somers Lord Keeper of the Great Seal' a poem written in honour of King William III after his capture of Namur in sight of the whole French Army under Villeroi. This was Addison's first bid for success in Literature and the twenty-seven lines in which he then asked Somers to 'receive the present of a Muse unknown,' were honourably meant to be what Dr Johnson called 'a kind of rhyming introduction to Lord Somers.' If you, he said to Somers then—

'If you, well pleas'd shall smile upon my lays,  
'Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,  
'For next to what you write, is what you prize.'

Somers did smile, and at once held out to Addison his helping hand. Mindful of this, and of substantial friendship during the last seventeen years, Addison joined Steele in dedicating to his earliest patron the first volume of the *Essays* which include his best security of fame.

At that time, John Somers, aged 61, and retired from political life, was weak in health and high in honours earned by desert only. He was the son of an attorney at Worcester, rich enough to give him a liberal education at his City Grammar School and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was entered as a Gentleman Commoner. He left the University, without taking a degree to practise law. Having a strong bent towards Literature as well as a keen, mainly interest in the vital questions which concerned the liberties of England under Charles the Second, he distinguished himself by political tracts which maintained constitutional rights. He rose at the bar to honour and popularity, especially after his pleading as junior counsel for Sincroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Six Bishops, Lloyd, Turner, Lake, Ken, White, and Ireland, who signed the petition against the King's order for reading in all churches a Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, which they said 'was founded upon such a dispensing power as hath been often declared illegal in Parliament. Somers earned the gratitude of a people openly and loudly triumphing in the requital of the Seven Bishops. He was active also in co-operation with those who were planning the expulsion of the Stuarts and the bringing over of the Prince of Orange. During the Interregnum he, and at the same time also Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, first entered Parliament. He was at the conference with the

one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged Merit  
None but a person of a finished Character can be

Lords upon the question of declaring the Throne vacant. As Chairman of the Committee appointed for the purpose, it was Somers who drew up the Declaration of Right, which, in placing the Prince and Princess of Orange on the throne, set forth the grounds of the Revolution and asserted against royal encroachment the ancient rights and liberties of England. For these services and for his rare ability as a constitutional lawyer, King William, in the first year of his reign, made Somers Solicitor General. In 1692 he became Attorney-General as Sir John Somers, and soon afterwards, in March 1692-3, the Great Seal, which had been four years in Commission, was delivered to his keeping, with a patent entitling him to a pension of £2000 a year from the day he quitted office. He was then also sworn in as Privy Councillor. In April 1697 Somers as Lord Keeper delivered up the Great Seal, and received it back with the higher title of Lord Chancellor. He was at the same time created Baron Somers of Eyesham, Crown property was also given to him to support his dignity. One use that he made of his influence was to procure young Addison a pension, that he might be forwarded in service of the State. Party spirit among his political opponents ran high against Somers. At the close of 1699 they had a majority in the Commons, and deprived him of office, but they failed before the Lords in an impeachment against him. In Queen Anne's reign, between 1705 and 1710, the constitutional statesman, long infirm of health, who had been in retirement serving Science as President of the Royal Society, was serving the State as President of the Council. But in 1712, when Addison addressed to him this Dedication of the first Volume of the first reprint of the *Spectator*, he had withdrawn from public life and four years afterwards he died of a stroke of apoplexy.

Of Somers as a patron Lord Macaulay wrote 'He had traversed the whole vast range of polite literature, ancient and modern. He was at once a munificent and a severely judicious patron of genius and learning. Locke owed opulence to Somers. By Somers Addison was drawn forth from a cell in a college. In distant countries the name of Somers was mentioned with respect and gratitude by great scholars and poets who had never seen his face. He was the benefactor of Leclerc. He was the friend of Filcaj. Neither political nor religious differences prevented him from extending his powerful protec-

the proper Patron of a Work, which endeavours to Cultivate and Polish Human Life, by promoting Virtue and Knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either Useful or Ornamental to Society

I know that the Homage I now pay You, is offering a kind of Violence to one who is as solicitous to shun Applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only Particular in which your Prudence will be always disappointed

While Justice, Candour, Equity, and a Zeal for the Good of your Country, and the most persuasive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Distinctions, You are not to expect that the Publick will so far comply with your Inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary Qualities. It is in vain that You have endeavoured to conceal your Share of Merit, in the many National Services which You have effected. Do what You will, the present Age will be talking of your Virtues, tho' Posterity alone will do them Justice

Other Men pass through Oppositions and contending Interests in the ways of Ambition, but Your Great Abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the Service of Your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient Greece and Rome, as well as the most exact knowledge of our own Constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general, to which I must also add, a certain Dignity in Yourself, that (to

say the least of it) has been always equal to those great Honours which have been conferred upon You

It is very well known how much the Church owed to You in the most dangerous Day it ever saw, thro' the Arraignment of its Prelates, and how far the Civil Power in the late and present Reign, has been indebted to your Counsels and Wisdom

But to enumerate the great Advantages which the publick has received from your Administration, would be a more proper Work for an History, than an Address of this Nature

Your Lordship appears as great in your Private Life, as in the most Important Offices which You have born. I would therefore rather chuse to speak of the Pleasure You afford all who are admitted into your Conversation, of Your Elegant Taste in all the Polite Parts of Learning, of Your great Humanity and Complacency of Manners, and of the surprising Influence which is peculiar to You in making every one who converses with your Lordship prefer You to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own Talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other Character of Distinction

I am,

My Lord,  
Your Lordship's  
Most Obedient,  
Most Devoted  
Humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR

## The SPECTATOR.

No 1] Thursday, March 1, 1711 [Addison

*Non summi ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat*

Hor

I HAVE observed, that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or choleric Disposition, Married or a Bachelor, with other Particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right Understanding of an Author. To gratify this Curiosity, which is so natural to a Reader, I design this Paper, and my next, is Prefatory Discourses to my following Writings, and shall give some Account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief trouble of Compiling, Digesting, and

'tion to merit Hickes, the fiercest and most intolerant of all the non-jurors, obtained, by the influence of Somers, permission to study Teutonic antiquities in freedom and safety. Vertue, a strict Roman Catholic, was raised, by the discriminating and liberal patronage of Somers, from poverty and obscurity to the first rank among the engravers of the age'

Correcting will fall to my Share, I must do myself the Justice to open the Work with my own History

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which [according to the tradition of the village where it lies,<sup>1</sup>] was bounded by the same Hedges and Ditches in William the Conqueror's Time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the Loss or Acquisition of a single Field or Meadow, during the Space of six hundred Years. Here [runs<sup>2</sup>] a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, she dreamt that she was brought to Bed of a Judge. Whether this might proceed from a Law suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine, for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any Dignity that I should arrive at in my future Life though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very first Appearance in the World, and all the Time that I sucked, seemed to favour my Mother's Dream

<sup>1</sup> [I find by the writings of the family,]

<sup>2</sup> [goes]



For, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make use of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it

As for the rest of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in Silence. I find that, during my Nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen Youth, but was always a favourite of my School-master, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well*. I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound Silence. For, during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the Quantity of an hundred Words, and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilst I was in this Learned Body, I applied myself with so much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the Learned or the Modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the Death of my Father I was resolved to travel into Foreign Countries, and therefore left the University, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable Thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of Europe, [in which] there was any thing new or strange to be seen; and, to such a Degree was my curiosity roused, that having read the controversies of some great Men concerning the Antiquities of Egypt, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the Measure of a Pyramid, and, as soon as I had set my self right in that Particular, returned to my Native Country with great Satisfaction.

I have passed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently seen in most publick Places, tho' there are not above half a dozen of my select Friends that know me, of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular Account. There is no place of [general] Resort wherein I

do not often make my appearance, sometimes I am seen thrusting my Head into a Round of Politicians at *Will's*,<sup>1</sup> and listening with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in those little Circular Audiences. Sometimes I smook a Pipe at *Child's*,<sup>2</sup> and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Post Man*,<sup>3</sup> over-hear the Conversation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* nights at *St James's* Coffee House,<sup>4</sup> and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewise very well known at

<sup>1</sup> *Will's* Coffee House, which had been known successively as the *Red Cow* and the *Rose* before it took a permanent name from Will Urwin, its proprietor, was the corner house on the north side of Russell Street, at the end of Bow Street, now No 21. Dryden's use of this Coffee House caused the wits of the town to resort there, and after Dryden's death in 1700, it remained for some years the Wits' Coffee House. There the strong interest in current politics took chiefly the form of satire, epigram, or entertaining narrative. Its credit was already declining in the days of the *Spectator* wit going out and card play coming in.

<sup>2</sup> *Child's* Coffee House was in St Paul's Churchyard. Neighbourhood to the Cathedral and Doctors' Commons made it a place of resort for the Clergy. The College of Physicians had been first established in Linacre's House, No 5, Knight-rider Street, Doctors' Commons, whence it had removed to Amen Corner, and thence in 1674 to the adjacent Warwick Lane. The Royal Society, until its removal in 1711 to Crane Court, Fleet Street, had its rooms further east, at Gresham College. Physicians, therefore, and philosophers, as well as the clergy, used *Child's* as a convenient place of resort.

<sup>3</sup> The *Postman*, established and edited by M Fonville, a learned and grave French Protestant, who was said to make £600 a year by it, was a penny paper in the highest repute, Fonville having secured for his weekly chronicle of foreign news a good correspondence in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Flanders, Holland. John Dunton, the bookseller, in his 'List and Errors,' published in 1705, thus characterized the chief newspapers of the day: 'the *Observer* is best to towle the Jacks, the *Review* is best to promote peace, the *Flying Post* is best for the Scotch news, the *Post-boy* is best for the English and Spanish news, the *Daily Courant* is the best critic, the *English Post* is the best collector, the *London Gazette* has the best authority, and the *Postman* is the best for everything.'

<sup>4</sup> *St James's* Coffee House was the last house but one on the south west corner of St James's Street, closed about 1806. On its site is now a pile of buildings looking down Pall Mall. Near St James's Palace, it was a place of resort for Whig officers of the Guards and men of fashion. It was famous also in Queen Anne's reign, and long after, as the house most favoured by Whig statesmen and members of Parliament, who could there privately discuss their party tactics.

<sup>1</sup> [where]

<sup>2</sup> This is said to allude to a description of the Pyramids of Egypt, by John Greaves, a Persian scholar and Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, who studied the principle of weights and measures in the Roman Foot and the Denarius, and whose visit to the Pyramids in 1638, by aid of his patron Laud, was described in his 'Pyramidographia.' That work had been published in 1646, sixty five years before the appearance of the *Spectator*, and Greaves died in 1652. But in 1706 appeared a tract, ascribed to him by its title page, and popular enough to have been reprinted in 1727 and 1745, entitled, 'The Origin and Antiquity of our English Weights and Measures discovered by their near agreement with such Standards that are now found in 'one of the Egyptian Pyramids'.' It based its arguments on measurements in the 'Pyramidographia,' and gave to Professor Greaves, in Addison's time, the same position with regard to Egypt that has been taken in our time by the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, Professor Pirbright Smyth.

<sup>3</sup> [publick]

the *Grecian*,<sup>1</sup> the *Cocoa Tree*,<sup>2</sup> and in the Theatres both of *Drury Lane* and the *Hay-Market* 3

<sup>1</sup> The *Grecian* Coffee House was in Devereux Court, Strand, and named from a Greek, Constantine, who kept it. Close to the Temple, it was a place of resort for the lawyers. Constantine's Greek had tempted also Greek scholars to the house, learned Professors and Fellows of the Royal Society. Here, it is said, two friends quarrelled so bitterly over a Greek accent that they went out into Devereux Court and fought a duel, in which one was killed on the spot.

<sup>2</sup> The *Cocoa Tree* was a Chocolate House in St James's Street, used by Tory statesmen and men of fashion as exclusively as *St James's Coffee House*, in the same street, was used by Whigs of the same class. It afterwards became a Tory club.

<sup>3</sup> *Drury Lane* had a theatre in Shakespeare's time, 'the Phoenix,' called also 'the Cockpit.' It was destroyed in 1617 by a Puritan mob, re-built, and occupied again till the stoppage of stage-plays in 1648. In that theatre Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' Massinger's 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' and other pieces of good literature, were first produced. Its players under James I were 'the Queen's servants.' In 1656 *Drury Lane* broke through the restriction upon stage plays, and took actors and musicians to 'the Cockpit,' from Aldersgate Street. After the Restoration, Davenant having obtained a patent, occupied, in Portugal Row, the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, and afterwards one on the site of Dorset House, west of Whitefriars, the last theatre to which people went in boats. Sir William Davenant, under the patronage of the Duke of York, called his the Duke's Players. Thomas Killigrew then had 'the Cockpit' in *Drury Lane*, his company being that of the King's Players, and it was Killigrew who, dissatisfied with the old 'Cockpit,' opened, in 1653, the first *Drury Lane Theatre*, nearly upon the site now occupied by D L No 4. The original theatre, burnt in 1671-2, was re-built by Sir Christopher Wren, and opened in 1674 with a Prologue by Dryden. That (D L No 2) was the house visited by the *Spectator*. It required rebuilding in 1741 (D L No 3) and was burnt down, and again re-built, in 1809, as we now have it (D L No 4). There was no Covent Garden Theatre till after the *Spectator's* time, in 1733, when that house was first opened by Rich, the harlequin, under the patent granted to the Duke's Company.

In 1711 the other great house was the theatre in the Haymarket, recently built by Sir John Vanbrugh, author of 'The Provoked Wife,' and architect of Blenheim. This *Haymarket Theatre*, on the site of that known as 'Her Majesty's,' was designed and opened by Vanbrugh in 1706, thirty persons of quality having subscribed a hundred pounds each towards the cost of it. He and Congreve were to write the plays, and Betterton was to take charge of their performance. The speculation was a failure partly because the fields and meadows of the west end of the town cut off the poorer playgoers of the City, who could not afford coach hire, partly because the house was too large, and its architecture swal-

I have been taken for a Merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten Years, and sometimes

lowed up the voices of the actors. Vanbrugh and Congreve opened their grand west end theatre with concession to the new taste of the fashionable for Italian Opera. They began with a translated opera set to Italian music, which ran only for three nights. Sir John Vanbrugh then produced his comedy of 'The Confederacy,' with less success than it deserved. In a few months Congreve abandoned his share in the undertaking. Vanbrugh proceeded to adapt for his new house three plays of Molière. Then Vanbrugh, still failing, let the Haymarket to Mr Owen Swiney, a trusted agent of the manager of *Drury Lane*, who was to allow him to draw what actors he pleased from *Drury Lane* and divide profits. The recruited actors in the Haymarket had better success. The secret league between the two theatres was broken. In 1707 the Haymarket was supported by a subscription headed by Lord Halifax. But presently a new joint patentee brought energy into the councils of *Drury Lane*. Amicable restoration was made to the Theatre Royal of the actors under Swiney at the Haymarket, and to compensate Swiney for his loss of profit, it was agreed that while *Drury Lane* confined itself to the acting of plays, he should profit by the new taste for Italian music, and devote the house in the Haymarket to opera. Swiney was content. The famous singer Nicolini had come over, and the town was impatient to hear him. This compact held for a short time. It was broken then by quarrels behind the scenes. In 1709 Wilks, Dogget, Cibber, and Mrs Oldfield treated with Swiney to be sharers with him in the Haymarket as heads of a dramatic company. They contracted the width of the theatre, brought down its enormously high ceiling, thus made the words of the plays audible, and had the town to themselves, till a lawyer, Mr William Collier, M P for Iruro, in spite of the counter attraction of the trial of Sacheverell, obtained a license to open *Drury Lane*, and produced an actress who drew money to Charles Shadwell's comedy, 'The Fair Quaker of Deal.' At the close of the season Collier agreed with Swiney and his actor-colleagues to give up to them *Drury Lane* with its actors, take in exchange the Haymarket with its singers, and be sole Director of the Opera: the actors to pay Collier two hundred a year for the use of his license, and to close their house on the Wednesdays when an opera was played.

This was the relative position of *Drury Lane* and the Haymarket theatres when the *Spectator* first appeared. *Drury Lane* had entered upon a long season of greater prosperity than it had enjoyed for thirty years before. Collier, not finding the Haymarket as prosperous as it was fashionable, was planning a change of place with Swiney, and he so contrived, by lawyer's wit and court influence, that in the winter following 1711 Collier was at *Drury Lane* with a new license for himself, Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber, while Swiney, transferred to the Opera, was suffering a ruin that caused him to go abroad, and be for twenty years afterwards an exile from his country.

pass for a Jew in the Assembly of Stock-Jobbers at Jonathan's.<sup>1</sup> In short, wherever I see a Cluster of People, I always mix with them, tho' I never open my Lips but in my own Club.

Thus I live in the World, rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species by which means I have made myself a Speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant, and Artizan, without ever meddling with any Practical Part in Life. I am very well versed in the Theory of an Husband or a Father, and can discern the Errors in the Economy Business, and Devotion of others, better than those who are engaged in them, as Standers-by discover Blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the Game. I never espoused any Party with Violence, and am resolved to observe an exact Neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the Hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my Life as a Looker on, which is the Character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

I have given the Reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the Business I have undertaken. As for other Particulars in my Life and Adventures, I shall insert them in following Papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity, and since I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the Fulness of my Heart in Speech, I am resolved to do it in Writing and to Print my self out, if possible, before I Die. I have been often told by my Friends that it is Pity so many useful Discoveries which I have made, should be in the Possession of a Silent Man. For this Reason therefore, I shall publish a Sheet full of Thoughts every Morning, for the Benefit of my Contemporaries, and if I can any way contribute to the Division or Improvement of the Country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret Satisfaction of thinking that I have not Lived in vain.

There are three very material Points which I have not spoken to in this Paper, and which, for several important Reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some Time. I mean, in Account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I must confess I would grudge my Reader in any thing that is reasonable, but as for these three Particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the Embellishment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a Resolution of communicating them to the Publick. They would indeed draw me out of that Obscurity which I have enjoyed for many Years, and expose me in Publick Places to several Salutes and Civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me for the greatest [pain] I can suffer, [is<sup>2</sup>] the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this Reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress, as very

great Secrets, tho' it is not impossible, but I may make Discoveries of both in the Progress of the Work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon my self, I shall in to-morrow's Paper give an Account of those Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this Work. For, as I have before intimated, a Plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other Matters of Importance are) in a Club. However, as my Friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their Letters *To the Spectator*, at Mr Buckley's, in *Little Britain*.<sup>3</sup> For I must further acquaint the Reader, that tho' our Club meets only on *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*, we have appointed a Committee to sit every Night, for the Inspection of all such Papers as may contribute to the Advancement of the Publick Weal. C.

No 2] Friday, March 2, 1711 [Steele

— Ast Alu sex  
Et plures uno conclamant ore — Jm

THE first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of ancient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY.<sup>3</sup> His great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is call'd after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy, and his being unconfin'd to Modes and Forms, makes him but the reader and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in *Soho Square*.<sup>4</sup> It is said, he keeps himself a Brachelour by reason

<sup>1</sup> The Spectator in its first duly issue was Printed for Sam Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain, and sold by A Baldwin in Warwick Lane.

<sup>2</sup> The murdus appended to the papers in their daily issue were placed, in a corner of the page, after the printer's name.

<sup>3</sup> The character of Sir Roger de Coverley is said to have been drawn from Sir John Pilkington, of Worcestershire, a Tory, whose name, family, and politics are represented by a statesman of the present time. The name, on this its first appearance in the Spectator, is spelt Coverly, also in the first reprint.

<sup>4</sup> Soho Square was then a new and most fashionable part of the town. It was built in 1681. The Duke of Monmouth lived in the centre house, facing the statue. Originally the square was called King Square. Pennant mentions, on Pegg's authority, a tradition that on the death of Monmouth, his admirers changed the name to Soho, the word of the day at the field of Sedg-

<sup>1</sup> Jonathan's Coffee House, in Change Alley, was the place of resort for stock-jobbers. It was to Garraway's, also in Change Alley, that people of quality on business in the City, or the wealthy and reputable citizens, preferred to go.

<sup>2</sup> [pains are]

he was crossed in Love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester<sup>1</sup> and Sir George Etherege,<sup>2</sup> fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kick'd Bully Dawson<sup>3</sup> in a publick Coffee house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half, and tho' his Temper being naturally jovial he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards, he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir ROGER grew humble in his Desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, inasmuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in Point of Chastity with Beggars and Gypsies, but this is look'd upon by his Friends rather as Matter of Raillery than Truth. He is now in his Fifty-sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House in both Town and Country, a great Lover of Mankind, but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company. When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way Up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum*, that he fills the chair at a Quarter Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago, gained universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

moor. But the ground upon which the Square stands was called Soho as early as the year 1632. 'So ho' was the old call in hunting when a hare was found.

<sup>1</sup> John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, b 1648, d 1680. His licentious wit made him a favourite of Charles II. His strength was exhausted by licentious living at the age of one and thirty. His chief work is a poem upon 'Nothing'. He died repentant of his wasted life, in which, as he told Parnet, he had 'for five years been continually drunk,' or so much affected by frequent drunkenness as in no instance to be master of himself.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Etherege, b 1636, d 1694. 'Gen'tle George' and 'Fasy Etherege,' a wit and friend of the wit of the Restoration. He bought his knighthood to enable him to marry a rich widow who required a title, and died of a broken neck, by tumbling down stairs when he was drunk and lighting guests to their apartments. His three comedies, 'The Comical Revenge,' 'She Would if she Could,' and 'The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Imitator,' excellent embodiments of the court humour of his time, were collected and printed in 8vo in 1704, and reprinted, with addition of five poems, in 1715.

<sup>3</sup> Bully Dawson, was a grinning sharper of Whitefriars, is said to have been sketched by Sladwell in the Captum Hecumum of his comedy called 'The Squire of Alsatia.'

The Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Batchelour, who is a Member of the *Inner Temple*. A Man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding, but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursome Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was plac'd there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Cook*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Legacies, and Legacies, in the Neighbourhood, all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump. He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in: he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Wrangings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business, exactly at five he passes through *New Inn*, crosses through *Russel Court* and takes a turn at *Will's* till the play begins: he has his shoes rubb'd and his Perriwig powder'd at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*.<sup>2</sup> It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

The Person of next Consideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of jesting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruin'd more Nations than the Sword. He bounds in several frugal Mansions, amongst which the greatest I mention is, 'A Penny saved is a Penny got.'

<sup>2</sup> The *Rose Tavern* was on the east side of Brydges Street, near Drury Lane Theatre, much frequented by the looser sort of play goers. Garrick, when he enlarged the Theatre, made the *Rose Tavern* a part of it.

A General Trader of good Sense is pleasanter Company than a General Scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural untaught Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that it would in another Man. He has made his Tortures himself and says that *Fortune* may be richer than *all* Kingdoms, by a plain Method as he himself is richer than *all* Men that at the same time I can say that of him that there is not a point in the Company but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the Club-room sits Captain St. Paul, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very ignorant at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some Years a Captain and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges, but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit who is not something of a Courtier, as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose, I never heard him make a more expressive, but frankly confess that he left the House, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themselves Obstacles to him that must press through Crowds who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will, however, in this Way of Talk, excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Men's Desert, or enquiring into it. For, says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come to him. Therefore he will conclude, that the Men who would make a Figure, especially in a military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and resist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Covardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnished him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company for he is never over bearing, though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the

gallant WILL HONEYCOMB, a Gentleman who, according to his Years, should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person, and thus had a very easy Fortune, Time has made but very little Impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Hair. His Person is well turned, and of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women. He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the French Kings, Wives, or Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods, whose Frills was covered by such a Sort of Petticoat, and whose Vanity to show her Foot made that Part of the Dress so short in such a Year. In a Word, all his Conversation and Knowledge has been in the female World. As other Men of his Age will take Notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth dined at Court such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the Park. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind Chance, or a Blow of a Fan, from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the present Lord such a one. If you speak of a young Commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up, 'He has good Blood in his Veins, *Pompey* begot him, the Rogue cheated me in that Affair that young Fellow's Mother used me more like a Dog than any Woman I ever made Advances to.' This Way of Talking of his, very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn, and I find there is not one of the Company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that Sort of Man, who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his Character, where Women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy Man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophick Man, of general Learning great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferences in his Function would oblige him to. He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine

<sup>1</sup> Captain Sentry was by some supposed to have been drawn from Colonel Kempenfelt, the father of the Admiral who went down with the *Royal George*.

<sup>2</sup> Will Honeycomb was by some found in a Colonel Cleland.

Topch, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions

R.<sup>1</sup>

No 3] Saturday, March 3, 1711 [Addison

*Quos quisque suos studio devinctus adhaeret  
An quibus in rebus iustitiam sumus ac te morati  
Atque in quibus rat one fuit contenta magis mens  
In somni is eadem plerumque videntur obire*

Lucr L 4

IN one of my late Rambles, or rather Speculations, I looked into the great Hall where the Bank<sup>2</sup> is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the Directors, Secretaries, and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their several Stations, according to the Parts they act in that just and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my Memory the many Discourses which I had both read and heard, concerning the Decay of Publick Credit, with the Methods of restoring it, and which, in my Opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an Eye to separate Interests and Party Principles.

The Thoughts of the Day give my Mind Employment for the whole Night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of Methodical Dream, which disposed all my Contemplations into a Vision or Allegory, or what else the Reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the Great Hall, where I had been the Morning before, but to my Surprise, instead of the Company that I left there, I saw, towards the Upper-end of the Hall, a beautiful Virgin seated on a Throne of Gold. Her Name (as they told me) was *Publick Credit*. The Walls, instead of being adorned with Pictures and Maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in Golden Letters. At the Upper end of the Hall was the *Magna*

*Charta*,<sup>1</sup> with the Act of Uniformity<sup>2</sup> on the right Hand, and the Act of Toleration<sup>3</sup> on the left. At the Lower end of the Hall was the Act of Settlement,<sup>4</sup> which was placed full in the Eye of the Virgin that sat upon the Throne. Both the Sides of the Hall were covered with such Acts of Parliament as had been made for the Establishment of Publick Funds. The Lady seemed to set an unspeakable Value upon these several Pieces of Furniture, inasmuch that she often refreshed her Eye with them, and often smiled with a Secret Pleasure, as she looked upon them: but at the same time showed a very particular Uneasiness if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her Behaviour. And, whether it was from the Delicacy of her Constitution, or that she was troubled with the Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her Well-wishers, she changed Colour, and started at everything she

<sup>1</sup> Magna Charta Libertatum, the Great Charter of Liberties obtained by the barons of King John, June 16, 1215, not only asserted rights of the subject against despotic power of the king, but included among them right of insurrection against royal authority unlawfully exerted.

<sup>2</sup> The Act of Uniformity, passed May 19, 1662, withheld promotion in the Church from all who had not received episcopal ordination, and required of all clergy assent to the contents of the Prayer Book on pain of being deprived of their spiritual promotions. It forbade all changes in matters of belief otherwise than by the king in Parliament. While it barred the unconstitutional exercise of a dispensing power by the king, and kept the settlement of its faith out of the hands of the clergy and in those of the people, it was so contrived also according to the temper of the majority that it served as a test act for the English Hierarchy, and cast out of the Church, as Nonconformists, those best members of its Puritan clergy, about two thousand in number, whose faith was sincere enough to make them sacrifice their livings to their sense of truth.

<sup>3</sup> The Act of Toleration, with which Addison balances the Act of Uniformity, was passed in the first year of William and Mary, and confirmed in the 10th year of Queen Anne, the year in which this Essay was written. By it all persons dissenting from the Church of England, except Roman Catholics and persons denying the Trinity, were relieved from such acts against Nonconformity as restrained their religious liberty and right of public worship, on condition that they took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, subscribed a declaration against transubstantiation, and, if dissenting ministers, subscribed also to certain of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

<sup>4</sup> The Act of Settlement was that which, at the Revolution, excluded the Stuarts and settled the succession to the throne of princes who have since governed England upon the principle there laid down, no of divine right, but of an original contract between prince and people, the breaking of which by the prince may lawfully entail forfeiture of the crown.

<sup>1</sup> Steele's signature was R till No 91 then T, and occasionally R till No 131, then always T. Addison signed C till No 85, when he first used L and was L or C till No 265, then L, till he first used I in No 372. Once or twice using L, he used I till No 405, which he signed O, and by this letter he held, except for a return to C (with a single use of O), from 433 to 477.

<sup>2</sup> The Bank of England was then only 17 years old. It was founded in 1694, and grew out of a loan of £1,200,000 for the public service, for which the lenders—so low was the public credit—were to have 8 per cent. interest, four thousand a year for expense of management, and a charter for 30 years, afterwards renewed from time to time, as the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

And for my own part I was so transported with Joy, that I awak'd, tho' I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my Vision, if I could have done it

No 41 Monday, March 5, 1711 [Sterle

— *Egregi Mortalem atque silenti*! — Hor

AN Author, when he first appears in the World, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his Performances. With a good Share of this Vanity in my Heart, I made it my Business these three Days to listen after my own Fame; and, as I have sometimes met with Circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me much Mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this Time observ'd some Part of the Species to be, what mere Blanks they are when they first come abroad in the Morning, how utterly they are at a Stand, until they are set a going by some Paragraph in a News-Paper. Such Persons are very acceptable to a young Author, for they desire no more [in anything] but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found Consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the Incapacity of others. These are Mortals who have a certain Curiosity without Power of Reflection, and perused my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers. But there is so little Pleasure in Enquiries that so nearly concern our selves (it being the worst Way in the World to Fame, to be too anxious about it), that upon the whole I resolv'd for the future to go on in my ordinary Way and without too much Fear or Hope about the Business of Reputation, to be very careful of the Design of my Actions, but very negligent of the Consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous Pursuit to act by any other Rule than the Care of satisfying our own Minds in what we do. One would think a silent Man, who concern'd himself with no one

breathing, should be very liable to Misinterpretations and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound Taciturnity. It is from this Misfortune, that to be out of Harm's Way, I have ever since affected Crowds. He who comes into Assemblies only to gratify his Curiosity, and not to make a Figure, enjoys the Pleasures of Retirement in a more exquisite Degree, than he possibly could in his Closet the Lover the Ambitious, and the Miser, are followed thither by a worse Crowd than any they can withdraw from. So be exempt from the Passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing Solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient Sage, *I am never less alone than when alone*. As I am insignificant to the Company in publick Places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to shew my self I gratify the Vanity of all who pretend to make an Appearance, and often have a kind Looks from well dressed Gentlemen and Ladies, as a Poet would bestow upon one of his Audience. There are so many Gratifications attend this publick sort of Obscurity, that some little Distastes I daily receive have lost their Anguish and I [did the other day,] without the least Displeasure overhear one say of me, *That strange Fellow*, and another answer, *I have known the Fellow's Face for these twelve Years, and so must you*, but believe you are the first ever asked who he was. I here are, I must confess, many to whom my Person is as well known as that of their nearest Relations, who give themselves no further Trouble about calling me by my Name or Quality, but speak of me very currently by *Mr what d'ye call him*.

To make up for these trivial Disadvantages, I have the high Satisfaction of beholding all Nature with an unprejudiced Eye and having nothing to do with Men's Passions or Interests, I can with the greater Sagacity consider their Talents, Manners, Failings, and Merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one Sense, possess the others with greater Force and Vivacity. Thus my Want of, or rather Resignation of Speech, gives me all the Advantages of a dumb Man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary Penetration in Seeing and fixt my self that I have looked into the Highest and Lowest of Mankind, and make shrewd Guesses, without being admitted to their Conversation, at the inmost thoughts and Reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill Fortune has no manner of Force towards affecting my Judgment. I see Men flourishing in Courts, and languishing in Jails, without being prejudiced from their Circumstances to their Favour or Disadvantage but from their inward Manner of bearing their Condition, often pity the Prosperous and admire the Unhappy.

Those who converse with the Dumb, know from the Turn of their Eyes and the Changes of their Countenance their Sentiments of the Objects before them. I have indulg'd my Silence to such an Extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my Smiles with concurrent Sen-

imposed for the purpose and invented (in 1696), to relieve the want of currency, the issue of Exchange bills. Public credit revived, the Bank capital increased, the currency sufficed, and, says Earl Russell in his Essay on the English Government and Constitution, 'from this time loans were made of a vast increasing amount with great facility, and generally at a low interest, by which the nation were enabled to resist their enemies.' The French wondered at the prodigious efforts that were made by so small a power, and the abundance with which money was poured into its treasury. Books were written, projects drawn up, edicts prepared, which were to give to France 'the same facilities as her rival every plan that fiscal ingenuity could strike out, every calculation that laborious arithmetic could form, was proposed, and tried, and found wanting and for this simple reason, that in all their projects drawn up in imitation of England, one little element was omitted, *indolence*, her free constitution. That is what Addison means by his allegory

tences, and argue to the very Point I shal'd my Head at without my speaking. With this Discourse was very entertaining the other Night at a Play to a Gentleman who sat on his right Hand, while I was at his Left. The Gentleman believed Wit was talking to himself, when upon my looking, with great Approbation at a young thing in a Box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another Opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing Aspect, but, methinks, that Simplicity in her Countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said, 'I grant her Dress is very becoming, but perhaps the Merit of Choice is owing to her Mother, for though, continued he, I allow a Beauty to be as much to be commended for the Elegance of her Dress, as a Wit for that of his Language: yet if she has stolen the Colour of her Ribbands from her Mother, or had Advice about her Trimmings, I shall not allow her the Praise of Dress, any more than I would call a Playwright an Author.' When I threw my Eye towards the next Woman to her, WILL spoke what I looked according to his romantic imagination, in the following Manner.

'Behold, you who dare that charming Virgin Behold the Beauty of her Person charmed by the Innocence of her Thoughts. Chastity, Good-Nature, and Affability, are the Graces that play in her Countenance. She knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious Beauty, adorned with conscious Virtue! What a Spirit is there in those Eyes! What a Bloom in that Person! How is the whole Woman expressed in her Appearance! Her Air has the Beauty of Motion, and her Look the Force of Language.'

It was Prudence to turn away my Eyes from this Object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless Creatures, who make up the Lump of that Sex, and move a knowing Eye no more than the Portraiture of insignificant People by ordinary Painters, which are but Pictures of Pictures.

This the working of my own Mind, is the general Entertainment of my Life. I never enter into the Commerce of Discourse with any but my particular Friends, and not in Publick even with them. Such an Habit has perhaps risen in me uncommon Reflections, but this Effect I cannot communicate by my Writings. As my Pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the Sight, I take it for a peculiar Happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar Admittance to the fair Sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never heeded or contradicted them. As these compose half the World, and are by the just Complaisance and Gallantry of our Nation the more powerful Part of our People, I shall dedicate a considerable Share of these my Speculations to their Service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming Duties of Virginitie, Marriage, and Widowhood. When it is a Woman's Day, in my Works, I shall endeavour at a Style and Air suitable to their Understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the Subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their Entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A Man may appear learned without talking Sen-

tences as in his ordinary Gesture he discovers he can dance, tho' he does not cut Capers. In a Word, I shall take it for the greatest Glory of my Work, if among reasonable Women this Paper may furnish *Sea-Table Talk*. In order to it, I shall treat on Matters which relate to Females as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other Sex, or as they are tyed to them by Blood, Interest, or Affection. Upon this Occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever Skill I may have in Speculation, I shall never betray what the Eyes of Lovers say to each other in my Presence. At the same time I shall not think my self obliged by this Promise, to conceal any false Protestations which I observe made by Glances in publick Assemblies, but endeavour to make both Sexes appear in their Conduct what they are in their Hearts. By this Means Love, during the Time of my Speculations, shall be carried on with the same Sincerity as any other Affair of less Consideration. As this is the greatest Concern, Men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest Reproach for Misbehaviour in it. Falschood in Love shall hereafter bear a thicker Aspect than Infidelity in Friendship or Villany in Business. For this great and good End, all Breaches against that noble Passion, the Cement of Society, shall be severely examined. But this and all other Matters loosely hinted at now and in my former Papers, shall have their proper Place in my following Discourses. The present writing is only to admonish the World, that they shall not find me an idle but a very busy Spectator.

No 5] Tuesday, March 6, 1711 [Addison

*Spectatum ad usum risum teneatis*!—HOR

AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its Decorations, as its only Design is to gratify the Senses, and keep up an indolent Attention in the Audience. Common Sense however requires that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear Childish and Absurd. How would the Wits of King Charles's time have laughed to have seen *Nicomachi* exposed to a Lempest in Robes of Ermin, and sailing in an open Boat upon a Sea of Paste-Board? What a Field of Rallery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted Dragons spitting Wild-fire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Handis* Mares, and real Cascades in artificial Land-ships? A little Skill in Criticism would inform us that Shadows and Realities ought not to be mix'd together in the same Piece, and that Scenes, which are designed as the Representations of Nature, should be filled with Resemblances, and not with the Things themselves. If one would represent a wide Champain Country filled with Herds and Flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the Country only upon the Scenes, and to crowd several Parts of the Stage with Sheep and Oxen. This is joining to rather Inconsistencies, and making the Decoration partly Real, and partly Imaginary. I would

<sup>1</sup> [Blooming Beauty]



recommend what I have here said, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers, of our Modern Opera.

As I was walking [in] the Streets about a Fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little Birds upon his Shoulder, and as I was wondering with my self what Use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an Acquaintance, who had the same Curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his Shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, says his Friend, licking his lips, what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the end of the first Act, and to fly about the Stage.

This strange Dialogue awakened my Curiosity so far that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to act the part of Singing Birds in a delightful Grove though, upon a nearer Enquiry I found the Sparrows put the same Trick upon the Audience, that Sir Martin Mar-all<sup>1</sup> practised upon his Mistress, for, though they flew in Sight, the Music proceeded from a Consort of Flagelets and Bird calls which was planted behind the Scenes. At the same time I made this Discovery, I found by the Discourse of the Actors, that there were great Designs on foot for the Improvement of the Opera, that it had been proposed to break down a part of the Wall, and to surprize the Audience with a Party of an hundred Horse, and that there was actually a Project of bringing the *New River* into the House, to be employed in Jetties and Water-works. This Project, as I have since heard, is post-poned 'till the Summer Season when it is thought the Coolness that proceeds from Fountains and Cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to People of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable Entertainment for the Winter-Season, the Opera of *Rinaldo*<sup>2</sup> is

filled with Thunder and Lightning, Illuminations, and Fireworks which the Audience may look upon without catching Cold, and indeed without much Danger of being burnt, for there are several Engines filled with Water, and ready to play at a Minute's Warning, in case any such Accident should happen. However, as I have a very great Friendship for the Owner of this Theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his House before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those Scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different Nations, and raised by two Magicians of different Sexes. Armida (as we are told in the Argument) was an Amazonian Enchantress, and poor Signior Cassano (as we learn from the *Persons represented*) a Christian Conjuror (*Magico Cristiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the Black Art, or how a [good] Christian (for such is the part of the magician) should deal with the Devil.

To consider the Poets after the Conjurors, I shall give you a Taste of the *Italian*, from the first Lines of his Preface *Le coti, lenici o Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Noite, noi è però abortito d. Ienebre, mi si farà cooscere Figlio d Apollo con qualche Rugoso di Parrasso*. Behold, gentle Reader, the Birth of a few Evenings, which, tho' it is the Offspring of the Night, is not the Aborigine of Darkness, but will make it self known to be the Son of Apollo, with a certain Ray of Parrassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minster Heudel,<sup>3</sup> the Orphan of our Age, and to requirunt in, in the same Sublimity of Style, that he Composed this Opera in a fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose Fates we so ambitiously conform our selves. The Truth of it is, the finest Writers among the Modern *Italians* express themselves in such a flood of Words, and such tedious Circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own Country, and at the same time, fill their Writings with such poor Imaginations and Conceits, as our Youths are ashamed of, before they have been two Years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of Genius which produces this difference in the Works of the two Nations but

<sup>1</sup> Dryden's play of *Sir Martin Mar-all* was produced in 1666. It was entered at Stationers' Hall as by the duke of Newcastle, but Dryden finished it. In Act 5 the foolish Sir Martin appears at a window with a lute, as if playing and singing to Millicent, his mistress, while his man Warner plays and sings. Absorbed in looking at the lady, Sir Martin foolishly goes on opening and shutting his mouth and fumbling on the lute after the man's song a version of *Voiture, s L'Amour sous sa Loi*, is done. To which Millicent says, 'A pretty humoured song—but stay, methinks he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear him—Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have the Fruits on't.'

<sup>2</sup> Handel had been met in Hanover by English noblemen who invited him to England, and their invitation was accepted by permission of the elector, afterwards George I., to whom he was then Chapel master. Immediately upon Handel's arrival in England, in 1710, Aaron Hill, who was directing the Haymarket Theatre, bespoke of him an opera, the subject being of Hill's own devising and sketching, on the story of *Rinaldo* and Armida in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. G. Rossi wrote the Italian words. *Rinaldo*, brought out in

1711, on the 24th of February, had a run of fifteen nights, and is accounted one of the best of the 35 operas composed by Handel for the English stage. Two airs in it, *Cara sposa* and *Lascia ch'io pianga* (the latter still admired as one of the purest expressions of his genius), made a great impression. In the same season the Haymarket produced 'Hamlet' as an opera by Grisparini, called *Ambleto*, with an overture that had four movements ending in a jig. But as was Grisparini so was Handel in the ears of Addison and Steele. They recognized in music only the sensual pleasure that it gave, and the words set to music for the opera, whatever the composer, were then, as they have since been, almost without exception, insults to the intellect.

<sup>3</sup> Addison's spelling, which is as good as ours, represents what was the true and then usual pronunciation of the name of Haecel.

to show there is nothing in this, if we look into the Writings of the old *Italians*, such as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we shall find that the *English* Writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves resemble those Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himself from whom the Dreams of this Opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur *Boileau*, that one Verse in *Virgil* is worth all the *Chaucer* or Tinsel of *Tasso*.

But to return to the Sparrows, there have been so many Flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared the House will never get rid of them and that in other Plays, they may make their Entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, so as to be seen flying in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, or perching upon a King's Throne, besides the Inconveniencies which the Heads of the Audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a Design of casting into an Opera the Story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great Quantity of Mice but Mr *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-House, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the Cat to kill them all, and that consequently the Princes of his Stage might be as much infested with Mice, as the Prince of the Island was before the Cat's arrival upon it, for which Reason he would not permit it to be Acted in his House. And indeed I cannot blame him, for, as he said very well upon that Occasion, I do not hear that any of the Performers in our Opera, pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great Town in *Germany* follow his Music, and by that means cleared the Prince of those little Noxious Animals.

Before I dismiss this Paper, I must inform my Reader, that I hear there is a Treaty on Foot with *London* and *Wise*<sup>2</sup> (who will be appointed Gardeners of the Play-House), to furnish the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Arnida* with an Orange-Grove and that the next time it is Acted, the Singing Birds will be Personated by Linnets. The undertakers being resolved to spare neither Pains nor Money, for the Gratification of the Audience. C

<sup>1</sup> The Pied Piper of Hamelin (i. e. Hameln)

*Hameln town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city,  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
It ashes its wall on the southern side.*

The old story has been annexed to English literature by the genius of Robert Browning.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn, in the preface to his translation of Quintiny's *Complete Gardener* 1701, says that the nursery of Messrs *London* and *Wise* far surpassed all the others in England put together. It exceeded 100 acres in extent. George *London* was chief gardener first to William and Mary, then to Queen Anne. *London* and *Wise's* nursery belonged at this time to a gardener named *Swinhoe*, but kept the name in which it had become famous.

No 6] Wednesday, March 7, 1722 [Steele

*Credeant hoc grande Nefas, et Morte phandum,  
Si Juvens Vexilo non assurrexerat* — Juv

I KNOW no Evil under the Sun so great as the Abuse of the Understanding, and yet there is no more Vice more common. It has diffus'd itself through both Sexes, and all Qualities of Mankind and there is hardly that Person to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Sense, than Honesty and Virtue. But this unhappy Affectation of being Wise rather than Honest, Witty than Good-natur'd, is the Source of most of the ill Habits of Life. Such false Impressions are owing to the abandon'd Writings of Men of Wit, and the backward Imitation of the rest of Mankind.

For this Reason, Sir ROGER was saying last Night, that he was of Opinion that none but Men of fine Parts deserve to be hanged. The Reflections of such Men are so delicate upon all Occurrences which they are concern'd in, that they should be expos'd to more than ordinary Infamy and Punishment, for offending against such quick Admonitions as their own Souls give them, and blunting the fine Edge of their Minds in such a Manner, that they are no more shock'd at Vice and Folly, than Men of slower Capacities. There is no greater Monster in Being, than a very ill Man of great Parts. He lives like a Man in a Palsy, with one Side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the Satisfaction of Luxury, of Wealth, of Ambition, he has lost the Taste of Good will, of Friendship, of Innocence. *Scarecrow*, the Beggar in *Lucoli's-Inn Fields*, who disabled himself in his Right Leg, and asks Alms all Day to get himself a warm Supper and a Trull at Night, is not half so despicable a Wretch as such a Man of Sense. The Beggar has no Relish above Sensations he finds Rest more agreeable than Motion and while he has a warm Fire and his Dog, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every Man who terminates his Satisfaction and Enjoyments within the Supply of his own Necessities and Passions, is, says Sir ROGER, in my Eye as poor a Rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued he, for the loss of publick and private Virtue we are beholden to your Men of Parts forsooth it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an Air. But to me who am so whimsical in a corrupt Age as to act according to Nature and Reason, a selfish Man in the most shining Circumstance and Equipage, appears in the same Condition with the Fellow above mentioned, but more contemptible in Proportion to what more he robs the Publick of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a Rule, That the whole Man is to move together, that every Action of any Importance is to have a Prospect of publick Good and that the general Tendency of our indifferent Actions ought to be agreeable to the Dictates of Reason, of Religion, of good Breeding without this, a Man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper Motion.

While the honest Knight was thus bewildering himself in good Starts, I look'd intently upon him, which made him I thought collect his Mind a little. What I am at, says he, is, to represent, I hat I am of Opinion to polish our Understandings and neglect our Manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern Passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it, and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise Man is not always a good Man. This Degeneracy is not only the Guilt of particular Persons, but also at some times of a whole People, and perhaps it may appear upon Examination, that the most polite Ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the Folly of admitting Wit and Learning as Merit in themselves, without considering the Application of them. By this Means it becomes a Rule not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false Beauty will not pass upon Men of honest Minds and true Taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good Sense as Virtue, *It is a mighty Dishonour and Shame to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit, to honour and please Men in their Vices and Follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his Wit and Angelical Faculties, is the most odious Being in the whole Creation.* He goes on soon after to say very generously, That he undertook the writing of his Poem to rescue the Muses out of the Hands of Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage them in an Employment suitable to their Dignity. This certainly ought to be the Purpose of every man who appears in Publick, and whoever does not proceed upon that Foundation, injures his Country as far as he succeeds in his Studies. When Modesty ceases to be the chief Ornament of one Sex, and Integrity of the other, Society is upon a wrong Basis, and we shall be ever after without Rules to guide our Judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and Reason direct one thing, Passion and Humour another. To follow the Dictates of the two latter, is going into a Road that is both endless and intricate when we pursue the other, our Passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a Nation as any in the World, but any Man who thinks can easily see, that the Affectation of

being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good Sense and our Religion. Is there anything so just, as that Mode and Gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the Institutions of Justice and Piety among us? And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect Contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other Pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature it self should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of Superiors is founded methinks upon Instinct, and yet what is so ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt Transition to the Mention of this Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty Instance that the most polite Age is in danger of being the most vicious.

It happen'd at Athens, during a publick Representation of some Play exhibited in honour of the Common-wealth that an old Gentleman came too late for a Place suitable to his Age and Quality. Many of the young Gentlemen who observed the Difficulty and Confusion he was in, made Signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good Man bustled through the Crowd accordingly, but when he came to the Seats to which he was invited, the Jest was to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of Countenance, to the whole Audience. The Frolic went round all the Athenian Benches. But on those Occasions there were also particular Places assigned for Foreigners. When the good Man skulked towards the Boxes appointed for the Lacedaemonians, that honest People, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a Man, and with the greatest Respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a Sense of the Spartan Virtue, and their own Degeneracy, gave a Thunder of Applause and the old Man cry'd out, *The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedaemonians practise it.*

R

No 7] Thursday, March 8, 1711 [Addison

*Somnia, terrores nigracula, sagae  
Nocturnos lemmures, portentaque Thessala ridet?*  
Hor

GOING Yesterday to Dine with an old Acquaintance, I had the Misfortune to find his whole Family very much dejected. Upon asking him the Occasion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a strange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended some Misfortune to themselves or to their Children. At her coming into the Room, I observed a settled Melancholy in her Countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear,* says she, turning to her husband, *you may now see the Stranger that was in the*

<sup>1</sup> Richard Blackmore, born about 1650, d. 1729, had been knighted in 1697, when he was made physician in ordinary to King William. He was a thorough Whig, earnestly religious, and given to the production of heroic poems. Steele shared his principles and honoured his sincerity. When this essay was written, Blackmore was finishing his last poem, the *Creation*, in seven Books, designed to prove from nature the existence of a God. It had a long and earnest preface of expostulation with the atheism and mocking spirit that were the legacy to his time of the Court of the Restoration. The citations in the text express the purport of what Blackmore had written in his then unpublished but expected work, but do not quote from it literally.

*Candle last Night* Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower end of the Table told her, that he was to go into Join hand on *Thursday* Thursday, says she, *no, Child, if it be as God, so I shall not begin upon Childermas day till your Writing Master that Friday will be soon enough* I was reflecting with my self on the Oddness of her Fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a Rule to lose a Day in every Week. In the midst of these my Musings she desired me to reach her a little Salt upon the Point of my Knife, which I did in such a Trepidation and hurry of Obedience, that I let it drop by the way at which she immediately started, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank and, observing the Concern of the whole Table, began to consider my self, with some Confusion, as a Person that had brought a Disaster upon the Family. The Lady how ever recovering her self, after a little space, said to her Husband with a Sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come Single* My Friend, I found, voted but in under Part at his Table, and being a Man of more Good nature than Understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the Passions and Humours of his Yoke fellow. *Do not you remember, Child,* says she, *that the Pigeon House fell the very Afternoon that our careless Wench, spilt the Salt upon the Table?* Yes, says he, *my Dear, and the next Post brought us an Account of the Battel of Almaraz*.<sup>1</sup> The Reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this Mischief. I dispatched my Dinner as soon as I could, with my usual Tricuteny when, to my utter Confusion, the Lady seeing me [quitting<sup>2</sup>] my Knife and Fork, and lying them across one another upon my Plate, desired me that I should humour her so far as to take them out of that Figure, and place them side by side. What the Absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary Superstition in it and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the House, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel Lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any Reason for it.

It is not difficult for a Man to see that a Person has conceived an Aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of Fellow, with an unfortunate Aspect. For which Reason I took my leave immediately after Dinner, and withdrew to my own Lodgings. Upon my Return home, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Evils that attend these superstitious Follies of Mankind how they subject us to imaginary Afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our

Lot. As if the natural Calamities of Life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent Circumstances into Misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling Accidents, as from real Evils. I have known the shooting of a Star spoil a Night's Rest and have seen a Man in Love grow pale and lose his Appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-Owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family, more than a Band of Robbers nay, the Voice of a Cricket hath struck more Terror, than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable [which<sup>3</sup>] may not appear dreadful to an Imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognosticks. A Rusty Nail, or a Crooked Pin, shoot up into Prodigious.

I remember I was once in a mixt Assembly, that was full of Noise and Mirth, when on a sudden an old Woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in Company. This Remark struck a panick Terror into several [who<sup>4</sup>] were present, inasmuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the Room but a Friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female Companions was big with Child, affirm'd there were fourteen in the Room, and that instead of portending one of the Company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my Friend found this Expedient to break the Omens, I question not but half the Women in the Company would have fallen sick that very Night.

An old Maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite Disturbances of this kind among her Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maden Aunt, of a great Family, who is one of these Antiquated *Sybils*, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the Year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-Watches and was the other Day almost frighted out of her Wits by the great House-Dog, that howled in the Stable at a time when she lay ill of the Tooth-ach. Such an extravagant Crise of Mind engenders Multitudes of People, not only in impertinent Terrors, but in supernumerary Duties of Life, and arises from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The Horror with which we entertain the Thoughts of Death or indeed of any future Evil, and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehensions and Suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the Observation of such groundless Prodigious and Predictions. For as it is the chief Concern of Wise-Men, to retrench the Evils of Life by the Reasonings of Philosophy it is the Employment of Fools, to multiply them by the Sentiments of Superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this Dining Quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the Relish of any Happiness, nor feel the Weight of any Misery, before it actually arrives. I know but one way of fortifying my Soul against these gloomy Presages and Terrors of

<sup>1</sup> Fought April 25 (O S 14), 1707, between the English, under Lord Galway, a Frenchman, with Portuguese, Dutch, and Spanish allies, and a superior force of French and Spaniards, under an Englishman, the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. Deserted by many of the foreign troops, the English were defeated.

<sup>2</sup> [cleaning]

<sup>3</sup> [that]

<sup>4</sup> [that]

Mind, and that is, by securing to my self the Friendship and Protection of that Being, who disposes of Events, and governs Futurity. He sees, at one View, the whole Thread of my Existence, not only that Part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to Sleep, I recommend my self to his Care: when I wake, I give my self up to his Direction. Amidst all the Evils that threaten me I will look up to him for Help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my Advantage. Though I know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C

No 8] Friday, March 9, 1711 [Addison

*At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepasit,  
Et multo Nebula circum Dea fudit amictu,  
Cernere ne quis eos—Virg*

I SHALL here communicate to the World a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an Entertainment as any that I am able to furnish [him] with, and therefore shall make no Apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, &c

SIR,

'I am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and therefore think myself a proper Person for your Correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present State of Religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant Vice of every Market-Town in the whole Island. I can tell you the Progress that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations, and know as well the evil Practices that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter*, as what is done in my own Family. In a Word, Sir, I have my Correspondents in the remotest Parts of the Nation, who send me up punctual Accounts from time to time of all the little Irregularities that fall under their Notice in their several Districts and Divisions.

'I am no less acquainted with the particular Quarters and Regions of this great Town, than with the different Parts and Distributions of the whole Nation. I can describe every Parish by its Impieties, and can tell you in which of our Streets Lewdness prevails, which Gaming has taken the Possession of, and where Drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a Fine for the Poor, I know the Lanes and Allies that are inhabited by common Swearers. When I would encourage the Hospital of *Bridewell*, and improve the Hempen Manufacture, I am very

well acquainted with all the Haunts and Resorts of Female Night-walkers.

'After this short Account of my self, I must let you know, that the Design of this Paper is to give you Information of a certain irregular Assembly which I think falls very properly under your Observation, especially since the Persons it is composed of are Criminals too considerable for the Amusements of our Society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight Masque, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous Parts of the Town, and which I hear will be continued with Additions and Improvements. As all the Persons who compose this lawless Assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in *our Way*, lest we should send a Woman of Quality to *Bridewell*, or a Peer of *Great-Britain* to the *Counter*. Besides, that their Numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole Fraternity, tho' we were accompanied with all our Guard of Constables. Both these Reasons which secure them from our Authority, make them obnoxious to yours, as both their Disguise and their Numbers will give no particular Person Reason to think himself affronted by you.

'If we are rightly inform'd, the Rules that are observed by this new Society are wonderfully contriv'd for the Advancement of Cuckoldom. The Women either come by themselves, or are introduced by Friends, who are obliged to quit them upon their first Entrance, to the Conversation of any Body that addresses himself to them. There are several Rooms where the Parties may retire, and, if they please, show their Faces by Consent. Whispers, Squeezes, Nods, and Embraces, are the innocent Freedoms of the Place. In short, the whole Design of this hideous Assembly seems to terminate in Assignations and Intrigues, and I hope you will take effectual Methods, by your publick Advice and Admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous Multitude of both Sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a Manner.

I am,  
Your humble Servant,  
And Fellow Labourer,

I B

Not long after the Perusal of this Letter I received another upon the same Subject which by the Date and Style of it, I take to be written by some young Fopler.

Middle Temple, 1710-11

SIR,

'When a Man has been guilty of any Vice or Folly, I think the best Attonement he can make for it is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, I at some Time in *February* last I went to the Tuesday's Masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a Dozen female Quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a Brother, but, upon a nearer Examination, I found they were a Sisterhood of Coquets, disguised in that precise Habit. I was soon after taken out to

'dance, and, as I fancied, by a Woman of the first Quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the Minuet was over, we agreed one another through our Masques, and as I am very well read in *Il aller*, I repeated to her the four following Verses out of his poem to *Pauline*

*The feeble Letter does not know  
If Love Eyes they are, that round him so,  
but confounded with thy Art,  
Figuress her Name that has his Heart*

'I pronounced these Words with such a penetrating Air, that I had some Reason to conclude I had made a Conquest. She told me that she hoped my Free was not akin to my Tongue, and looking upon her Watch, I accidentally discovered the Figure of a Coronet on the back. Part of it I was so transported with the Thought of such an Alliance, that I plied her from one Room to another with all the Gallantries I could invent, and at length brought things to so happy an Issue, that she gave me a private Meeting the next Day, without Paper or Footman, Coach or Equipage. My Heart danced in Raptures, but I had not lived in this golden Dream above three Days, before I found good Reason to wish that I had continued true to my Landress. I have since heard by a very great Accident, that this fine Lady does not live far from *Covent Garden*, and that I am not the first Cuck who has passed herself upon for a Countess.

'Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a Cloud for a Juno, and if you can make any use of this Adventure for the Benefit of those who may possibly be as young Coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give you Leave

I am,  
Sir,  
Your most humble admirer,  
B L

I design to visit the next Masquerade myself, in the same Habit I wore at *Grand Canal*, and till then shall suspend my Judgment of this Midnight Entertainment.

No 9] SATURDAY, March 30, 1712 [Addison

*Sicis acit tabula cum tigrade facem  
Perpetnam, serais interse convent ursoris — Juv*

MAN is said to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Instance of it we may observe, that we take all Occasions and Pretences of forming ourselves into those little Nocturnal Assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of Clubs. When a Set of Men find themselves agree in any Particular, tho' never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the Account of such a Particular Resemblance. I know a considerable Market town, in which there was a Club of 12

Men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with Sprightfulness and Wit, but to keep one another in Countenance. The Room, where the Club met, was something of the largest, and had two Entrances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-Doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the first he was looked upon as ungratified, but if he stuck in the Passage, and could not force his Way through it, the Folding-Doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it consisted but of fifteen Persons, weighed above three Tun.

In Opposition to this Society, there sprung up another composed of Scare-Crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Designs of their Bulky Brethren, whom they represented as Men of Dangerous Principles, till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and consequently out of the Magistracy. These Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for several Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation, that the two Bailiffs of the Town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs, by which Means the principal Magistrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the Kings. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Professions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the Owners of it to be altogether untrainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical Principles.

A Christian Name has likewise been often used as a Badge of Distinction, and made the Occasion of a Club. That of the Georges, which used to meet at the Sign of the George, on St George's day, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's Memory.

There are at present in several Parts of this City what they call *Street Clubs*, in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converse together every Night. I remember, upon my enquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond-Street*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me there was at that time a very good Club in it, he also told me, upon further Discourse with him, that two or three noisy Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had considerably sunk the Price of House-Rent, and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every House that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a Sociable Nature and good Conversation.

The *Hum Club*, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their Pipes, and say nothing till Mid-night. The *Hum Club* (as I am informed) is an Institution of the same Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot

' See No 1

forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the Reign of King *Charles the Second* I mean the *Club of Duellists*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his *Mum*. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single Combat and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the number of their Slain. There was likewise a Side Table for such as had only drawn Blood, and shown a laudable Ambition of being the first Opportunity to qualify themselves for the first Table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Institution.

Our Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein most Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a Part. The *Kit-Cat*<sup>1</sup> itself is said to have taken its Original from a Mutton Pie. The *Beef-Steak*,<sup>2</sup> and *October*<sup>3</sup> Clubs, are neither of themaverse to

Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When Men are thus knit together, by Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another. When they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the Business of the Day, by an innocent and cheerful Conversation, there may be something very useful in these little Institutions and Establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scherme of Laws that I met with upon a Wall in a little ale house. How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. These Laws were enacted by a Knot of Artizans and Mechnicks, who used to meet every Night, and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty Picture of low Life, I shall transcribe them Word for Word.

*RULES to be observed in the Two penny Club, erected in this Place, for the Preservation of Friendship and good Neighbourhood*

I Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two Pence

II Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box

III If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the Use of the Club, unless in case of Sickness or Imprisonment.

IV If any Member swears or curses, his Neighbour may give him a Kick upon the Shins

V If any Member tells Stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie an Half-Penny

VI If any Member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his Club for him

VII If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes

VIII If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him Home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the Door

IX If any Member calls another Cuck-old, he shall be turned out of the Club

X None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade with any Member of it

XI None of the Club shall have his Cloaths or Shoes made or mended, but by a Brother Member

XII No Non juror shall be capable of being a Member

The Morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome Laws and Penalties, that I question not but my Reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben Jonson*, the Regulations of an old Roman Club cited by *Lysius*, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author. C

<sup>1</sup> The *Kit-Cat* Club met at a famous Mutton Pie house in Shire Lane, by Temple Bar. The house was kept by Christopher Cat, after whom his pies were called Kit Cats. The club originated in the hospitality of Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who, once a week, was host at the house in Shire Lane to a gathering of writers. In an occasional poem on the Kit Cat Club, attributed to Sir Richard Blackmore, Jacob is read backwards into Bocaj, and we are told

*One Night in Seven at this convenient Seat  
Indulgent Bocaj did the Muses treat,  
Their Drink was generous Wine and Kit Cat's  
Pies their Meat  
Hence did the Assembly's Title first arise,  
And Kit-Cat Wits spring first from Kit Cat's  
Pies*

About the year 1700 this gathering of wits produced a club in which the great Whig chiefs were associated with foremost Whig writers, Tonson being Secretary. It was as much literary as political, and its 'tosting glasses,' each inscribed with lines to a reigning beauty, caused Arbuthnot to derive its name from 'its pell mell pack of 'torsts'.

#### *Of old Cats and young Kits*

Tonson built a room for the Club at Barn Elms to which each member gave his portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was himself a member. The pictures were on a new sized canvas adapted to the height of the walls, whence the name 'kit cat' came to be applied generally to three quarter length portraits.

<sup>2</sup> The *Beef Steak* Club, founded in Queen Anne's time, first of its name, took a gridiron for badge, and had cheery Dick Esteourt the actor for its providore. It met at a tavern in the Old Jewry that had old repute for broiled steaks and 'the true British quintessence of malt and hops'.

<sup>3</sup> The *October* Club was of a hundred and fifty Tory squire, Parliament men, who met at the Bell Tavern, in King Street, Westminster, and there nourished patriotism with October ale. The

portrait of Queen Anne that used to hang in its Club room is now in the Town Council-chamber at Salisbury.

<sup>4</sup> In Four and Twenty Latin sentences engraved in marble over the chimney, in the Apollo or Old Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, that being his club room.

No 10] Monday, March 12, 1711 [Addison

*Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lem-  
bum*

*Remigius subigit si brachia fortè rem sit,  
Atque illuc in præceps prono rapit alienus  
annus*—Virg

IT is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after these my Papers, and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming Seriousness and Attention. My Publisher tells me, that there are already Three Thousand of them distributed every Day. So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modest Computation, I may reckon about Threescore thousand Disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless Herd of their ignorant and inattentive brethren. Since I have refused to myself so great an Audience, I shall spare no Pains to make their Instruction agreeable, and their Diversion useful. For which Reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if possible, both Ways find their account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the End that their Virtue and Discretion may not be short transient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have resolved to refresh their Memories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that despicable State of Vice and Folly, into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow but a single Day, sprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous Culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among Men and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables, and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular Manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated Families, that set apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter and would earnestly advise them for their Good to order this Paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a Part of the Tea Equipage.

Sir *Francis Bacon* observes, that a well-written Book, compared with its Rivals and Antagonists, is like *Moses's* Serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the *Egyptians*. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick Prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my Readers Consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones-self, than to hear what passes in *Miscory*, or *Peland* and to amuse our selves with such Writings as tend to the weiring out of Ignorance, Passion, and Prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame Hatreds, and make Enmities irreconcilable.

In the next Place, I would recommend this

Paper to the daily Perusal of those Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the Fraternity of Spectators who live in the World without having any thing to do in it and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Laziness of their Dispositions, have no other Business with the rest of Mankind but to look upon them. Under this Class of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business. In short, every one that considers the World as a Theatre, and desires to form a right Judgment of those who are the Actors on it.

There is another Set of Men that I must likewise try a Clum to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnished with Ideas, till the Business and Conversation of the Day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor Souls with an Eye of great Commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first Man they have met with, whether there was any News stirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for thinking. These needy Persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o'Clock in the Morning, for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way the Wind sits, and whether the Dutch Mail be come in. As they lie at the Mercy of the first Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they have imbibed in the Morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their Chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promise them that I will duly instil into them such sound and wholesome Sentiments, as shall have a good Effect on their Conversation for the ensuing twelve Hours.

But there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful than to the female World. I have often thought there has not been sufficient Pains taken in finding out proper Employments and Diversions for the Fair ones. Their Amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures and are more adapted to the Sex, than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The sorting of a Suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good Morning's Work, and if they make an Excursion to a Mercers or a Toy-shop, so great a Fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the Day after. Their more serious Occupations are Sewing and Embroidery, and their greatest Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sallets. This, I say, is the State of ordinary Women tho I know there are Multitudes of those of a more elevated Life and Conversation, that move in an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dress, and inspire a kind of Awe and Respect, as well as Love, into their Male-Believers. I hope to increase the Number of these by publishing this daily Paper, which I shall always endeavour to make as innocent if not as improving Entertainment, and by that Means at least divert the Minds



of my female Readers from greater Trifles. At the same Time, as I would fain give some finishing Touches to those which are already the most beautiful Pieces in humane Nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those Imperfections that are the Blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the Embellishments, of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle Readers, who have so much Time on their Hands, will not grudge throwing away a Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper, since they may do it without any Hindrance to Business.

I know several of my Friends and Well-wishers are in great Pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige myself to furnish every Day. But to make them easy, in this Particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be Mitter of great Raillery to the small Wits who will frequently put me in mind of my Promise, desire me to keep my Word, assure me that it is high Time to give over, with many other little Pleasantries of the like Nature, which men of a little smart Genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best Friends, when they have such a Hurdle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my Caveat against this Piece of Raillery.

No 11 ] Tuesday, March 13, 1711 [Steele

*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas*  
Juv.

ARIETTA is visited by all Persons of both Sexes, who may have any Pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth or Infirmities of Age and her Conversation is so mixed with Gravity and Prudence, that she is agreeable both to the Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable and as she is out of the Tract of any amorous or ambitious Pursuits of her own, her Visitants entertain her with Accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their Passions or their Interests. I made her a Visit this Afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the Honour of her Acquaintance, by my friend *Will Honeycomb*, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her Assembly, as a civil, inoffensive Man. I found her accompanied with one Person only, a Common-Place Talker, who, upon my Entrance, rose, and after a very slight Civility sat down again then turning to *Arietta*, pursued his Discourse, which I found was upon the old Topick, of Constancy in Love. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life and, with the Ornaments of insignificant Laughs and Gestures, enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative Way, that he might insult my Silence,

and distinguish himself before a Woman of *Arietta's* Taste and Understanding. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him, but could find no Opportunity, 'till the Larum ceased of its self, which it did not 'till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Ephesian Matron*.\*

*Arietta* seemed to regard this Piece of Raillery as an Outrage done to her Sex as indeed I have always observed that Women, whether out of a nicer Regard to their Honour, or what other Reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general Aspersions, which are cast upon their Sex, than Men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered her self from the serious Anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

Sir, when I consider, how perfectly new all you have said on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite two thousand Years Old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Presumption to dispute with you. But your Quotations put me in Mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man talking with that noble Animal, showed him, in the Ostentation of Humane Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion said very justly, *We Lions are none of us Painters, else we could show a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man.* You Men are Writers, and can represent us Women as Unbecoming as you please in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your Discourse, that Hypocrisy is the very Foundation of our Education, and that an Ability to dissemble our affections, is a professed Part of our Breeding. These, and such other Reflections, are sprinkled up and down the Writings of all Ages, by Authors, who leave behind them Memorials of their Resentment against the Scorn of particular Women, in Invectives against the whole Sex. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleasant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Ephesian Lady*, but when we consider this Question between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Dispute or Raillery ever since there were Men and Women, let us take Facts from plain People and from such as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embellish their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination. I was the other Day amusing myself with *Ligon's* Account of *Barbadoes* and, in Answer to your well wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my Memory) out

\* Told in the prose 'Satyricon' ascribed to *Petronius*, whom *Nero* called his Arbitrator of Elegance. The tale is known in the Middle Ages from the stories of the 'Seven Wise Masters'. She went down into the vault with her husband's corpse, resolved to weep to death or die of famine but was tempted to share the supper of a soldier who was watching seven bodies hanging upon trees, and that very night, in the grave of her husband and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.

him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him. But he only made use of that Information, to rise in his Demands upon the Purchaser.

I was so touch'd with this Story, (which I think should be always a Counterpart to the *Ephesian Maeron*) that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes, which a Woman of *Arctia's* good Sense, did, I am sure, take for greater Applause, than any Compliments I could make her. R

No 2.] Wednesday, March 14, 1711 [Addison

—*Veteres acrius tili de pulmone revello*—Per

As I am coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a House to my liking. I was forced to quit my first Lodgings, by reason of an officious Land-lady, that would be asking every Morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest Family, and lived very happily for above a Week, when my Land-lord, who was a jolly good natur'd Man, took it into his head that I wanted Company, and therefore would frequently come into my Chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three Days, but telling me one Day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new Lodgings that very Night. About a Week after, I found my jolly Land-lord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty Man, had put me into an Advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following Words: *Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on Thursday last in the Afternoon, and is afterwards to be going towards Islington. If any one can give Notice of him to R. B. Fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his Pains.* As I am the best Man in the World to keep my own Counsel, and my Land-lord the Fishmonger not knowing my Name, this Accident of my Life was never discovered to this very Day.

I am now settled with a Widow woman, who has a great many Children and complies with my Humour in everything. I do not remember that we have exchanged a Word together these five Years, my Coffee comes into my Chamber every Morning without asking for it. If I want Fire I point to my Chimney, if Water, to my Pason. Upon which my Land-lady nods, as much as to say she takes my Meaning and immediately obeys my Signals. She has like wise model'd her Family so well that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the Coat or prattle in my Face, his eldest Sister immediately calls him off and bids him not disturb the Gentleman. At my first entering into the Family, I was troubled with the Civility of coming up to me every time I came into the Room. But my Land-lady observing, that upon these Occasions I always cried Pish and went out again, his forbidden any such Ceremonies to be used in the House, so that at present I walk into the Kitchen or Parlour without being take notice of, or giving any Interruption to the

Business or Discourse of the Family. The Maid will ask her Mistress (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to Dinner, as the Mistress (who is indeed an excellent Housewife) scolds at the Servants as heartily before my Face as behind my Back. In short, I move up and down the House and enter into all Companies, with the same Liberty as a Cat or any other domestick Animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young Girls of the Neighbourhood sitting about the Fire with my Land-lady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Discourse, but my Land-lady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body, but the Gentleman (for that is the Name which I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family), they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the Candle that stood on a Table at one End of the Room and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard several dreadful Stories of Ghosts as pale as Ashes that had stood at the Feet of a Bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moon light. And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing People's Rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight, with many other old Women's Fables of the like Nature. As one Spirit rused another, I observed that at the End of every Story the whole Company closed their Rails and crowded about the Fire. I took Notice in particular of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this Month. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire. For such Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, [that they should] love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has enter'd a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow and look pale upon a little scratching at his Door, who the Day before had march'd up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons, who have been terrified, even to Distraction at the Figure of a Tree or the shrilling of a Bull rush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean Time, since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Appre-

ensions, we ought to arm our selves against them by the Dictates of Reason and Religion, to pull the old War out of our Hearts (as Persius expresses it in the Motto of my Paper), and extinguish those importunate Notions which we imbibed at a Time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good Men have done, that there are such Phantoms and Apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to our selves in Lutes, in Iron who holds the Reins of the whole Creation in his Hand, and moderates them after such a Manner, that it is impossible for one Being to bring loose upon another without his Knowledge and Permission.

For my own Part, I am apt to join in Opinion with those who believe that all the Regions of Nature swarm with Spirits and that we have Multitudes of Spectators on all our Actions, when we think our selves most alone. But instead of terrifying my self with such a Notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable Society in searching out the Wonders of the Creation, and joining in the same Convoy of Praise and Adoration.

Milton<sup>1</sup> has finely described this mixed Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradise and I need doubtless his Eye upon a Verse in old *Hesiod*,<sup>2</sup> which is almost Word for Word the same with his third Line in the following Passage

—Nor think, though Men were not,  
That Heaven would want Spectators, God want  
praise  
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep  
All these with ceaseless Praise his Works to  
hold  
Both Day and Night How often from the  
Steps  
Of Song Hail or Thicket, have we heard  
Celestial Voices to the winds t A r,  
Sole, or responsive each to others Note,  
Singing their great Creator Oft in bands,  
While they keep Watch, or nightly howling  
walk,  
With heavenly Touch of instrumental Sounds,  
In full harmonick Number join'd, their Songs  
Drive the Night, and lift our Thoughts to  
Heaven C

<sup>1</sup> Paradise Lost, B IV, lines 675—688

<sup>2</sup> In Bk I of the 'Works and Days,' description of the Golden Age, when the good after death

Yet still held state on earth, and guardians were  
Of all best mortals still surviving there,  
Observed works just and unjust, clad in air,  
And gliding undiscov'rd every where.  
Chapman's Translation

No 13] Thursday, March 15, 1711 [Addison

*Dic mihi si fueris tu loquax eris?—MART*

THERE is nothing that of late Years has afforded Matter of greater Amusement to the Town than Signior Nicolini's Combat with a Lion in the Hay Market,<sup>1</sup> which has been very often exhibited to the general Satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first Rumour of this intended Combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both Galleries, that there would be a brave Lion sent from the Tower every Opera Night, in order to be killed by *Hydaspe* in his Report, tho' altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper Regions of the Play-House, that some of the most refined Politicians in those Parts of the Audience, gave it out in Whisper, that the Lion was a Cousin-German of the Tyger who made his Appearance in King William's days, and that the Stage would be supplied with Lions at the public Expence, during the whole Session. Many likewise were the Conjectures of the Treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini: some supposed that he was to Subdue him in *Acetativo*, as *Orpheus* used to serve the wild Beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head: some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his Paws upon the Hero, by Reason of the received Opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the Opera in Italy, had informed their Friends, that the Lion was to act a part in *High Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough Brise, before he fell at the Feet of *Hydaspe*. To clear up a Matter that was so variously reported,

<sup>1</sup> The famous Neapolitan actor and singer, Cavalier Nicolino Grimaldi, commonly called Nicolini, had made his first appearance in an opera called 'Pyrrhus and Demetrius,' which was the last at which to combine English with Italian. His voice was a soprano, but afterwards descended into a fine contralto, and he seems to have been the finest actor of his day. Prices of seats at the opera were raised on his coming from 7s 6d to 10s for pit and boxes, and from 2s 6d to 12s for boxes on the stage. When this paper was written he had appeared also in a new opera on 'Almahide,' and proceeded to those encounters with the lion in the opera of *Hydaspe*, by a Roman composer, Francesco Mancini, first produced May 23, 1710, which the Spectator has made memorable. It had been performed 21 times in 1710, and was now reproduced and repeated four times. Nicolini, as *Hydaspe* in this opera, thrown naked into an amphitheatre to be devoured by a lion, is so inspired with courage by the presence of his mistress among the spectators that (says Mr Sutherland Edwards in his 'History of the Opera') 'after appealing to the monster in a minor key, and telling him that he may tear his bosom, but cannot touch his heart, he attacks him in the relative major, and strangles him.'

I have made it my Business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he is represented to be, or only a Counterfeit

But before I communicate my Discoveries, I must acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes last Winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous Animal that extremely startled me, and, upon my nearer Survey of it, appeared to be a Lion-Rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surprized, told me, in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleased. For (says he) *I do not intend to hurt anybody*. I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him. And in a little time after saw him leap upon the Stage, and act his Part with very great Applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his manner of Acting twice or thrice since his first Appearance, which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the Audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle-snuffer, who being a Fellow of a testy, choleric Temper over-did his Part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done. Besides, it was observ'd of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the Lion, and having dropt some Words in ordinary Conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. *Nicolini* for what he pleased, out of his Lion's Skin, it was thought proper to discard him. And it is verily believed to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done Mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in so erect a Posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The second Lion was a Taylor by Trade, who belonged to the Play-House, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable Man in his Profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his Part. Inasmuch that after a short modest Walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the first Touch of *Hydaspes*, without grizzling with him, and giving him an Opportunity of showing his Variety of *Italian Tripps*. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a Ripp in his flesh-colour Doublet, but this was only to make work for himself, in his private Character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion [who] treated me with so much Humanity behind the Scenes.

The Acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his Diversion, but desires his Name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own Excuse, that he does not Act for Gain, that he indulges an innocent Pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an Evening to this manœver, than in Gaming and Drizzling. But at the same time says, with a very agreeable Raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured World might call him, *The Ass in the Lion's skin*.

[<sup>2</sup> that]

This Gentleman's Temper is made out of such a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Choleric, that he out-does both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I must not conclude my Narrative, without taking Notice of a groundless Report that has been rused, to a Gentleman's Disadvantage, of whom I must declare my self an Admirer, namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a Pipe together, behind the Scenes by which their common Enemies would insinuate, it is but a sham Combat which they represent upon the Stage. But upon Enquiry I find, that if any such Correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the Combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received Rules of the *Drama*. Besides, this is what is pretised every day in *Westminster-Hall*, where nothing is more usual than to see a Couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who, in Acting this Part only complies with the wretched Taste of his Audience, he knows very well, that the Lion has many more Admirers than himself, as they say of the famous *Equestrian Statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris*, that more People go to see the Horse, than the King who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just Indignation, to see a Person whose Action gives new Majesty to Kings, Resolution to Heroes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the Greatness of his Behaviour, and degraded into the Character of the *London Prentice*. I have often wished that our *Irregadians* would copy after this great Master in Action. Could they make the same use of their Arms and Legs, and inform their Faces with as significant Looks and Passions, how glorious would an *English* Tragedy appear with that Action which is capable of giving a Dignity to the forced Thoughts, cold Concepts, and unnatural Expressions of an *Italian Opera*. In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to show what are at present the reigning Entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great Britain*.

Audiences have often been reproached by Writers for the Coarseness of their Taste, but our present Grievance does not seem to be the Want of a good Taste, but of Common Sense. C

No 24] Friday, March 26, 1711 [Steele

— *Tegne his, Infelix, exue non oustris* —Ond

I WAS reflecting this Morning upon the Spirit and Humour of the publick Diversions five and twenty Years ago, and those of the present Time and lamented to my self, that though in those Days they neglected their Morality, they kept up their Good Sense, but that the *beau*

Now, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent than the former. While I was in this Town of I thought, in odd Fellow, whose Piece I have often seen at the Play house, gave me the following Letter with these words: Sir, *The Lyon pretends to humble Service to you, and desires to go to this or to go to your House*

From 13 Dec. 1741, the Ha.-market, March 15  
SIR,

'I have read all your Papers, and have studied my Re-entment against your Restrictions upon Operas, till that of this Day, wherein you plainly insinuate, that Signior Grimaldi and my self have a Correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the Valour of his Character, or the Piece of mine. I desire you would, for your own Sake, forbear such Intimations for the future: and must say it is a great Piece of Ill-nature in you, to shew so great an Esteem for a Foreigner, and to discourage a *Lyon* that is your own Country man.

'I take notice of your Fable of the *Lyon* and *Mary* but am so equally concerned in that Matter, that I shall not be offended to which soever of the Animals the Superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a Country-Gentleman, who act only for my Diversion; whereas, had I still the same Woods to range in which I once had when I was a Lover-hunter, I should not resign my Manhood for a Maintenance, and assure you, as low as my Circumstances are at present, I am so much a Man of Honour, that I would scorn to be any least for Bread but a *Lyon*.

Yours, &c

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my Land-lady's Children brought me in several others, of some of which I shall make up my present Paper, they all having a Tendency to the same Subject, viz. the Allegiance of our present Diversions.

Covent Garden, March 13

SIR,

'I Have been for twenty Years Under Sexton of this Parish of *St Paul's, Covent-Garden*, and have not missed tolling in to Prayers six times in all those Years which Office I have performed to my great Satisfaction, till this Fortnight last past, during which Time I find my Congregation take the Warning of my Bell, Morning and Evening, to go to a Puppet show set forth by one *Porcell*, under the *Piazza*. By this Means, I have not only lost my two Customers, whom I used to place for six Pence a Piece over against Mrs *Rachel* *Eyebright*, but Mrs *Rachel* herself is gone thither also. There now appears among us none but a few ordinary People, who come to Church only to say their Prayers, so that I have no Work worth speaking of but on *Sundays*. I have placed my Son at the *Piazza*, to requant the Ladies but the Bell rings for Church, and that it stands on the other side of the *Garden*, but they only laugh at the Child.

'I desire you would by this before all the World, that I may not be made such a Fool for the future, and that Punchinello may chuse Hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr

*Porcell* has a full Congregation, while we have a very thin House which if you can Remedy, you will very much oblige,

Sir,  
Yours, &c

The following Epistle I find is from the Undertaker of the *Masquerade*.

SIR,

'I Have observed the Rules of my Masque so carefully (in not enquiring into Persons), that I cannot tell whether you were one of the Company or not last *Tuesday*, but if you were not and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own Entertainment, please to admonish the Town, that all Persons indifferently are not fit for this Sort of Diversion. I could wish, Sir, you could make them understand, that it is a kind of acting to go in *Masquerade*, and a Man should be able to say or do things proper for the Press in which he appears. We have now and then Rakes in the Habit of Roman Senators, and some Politicians in the Dress of Rakes. The Misfortune of the thing is, that People dress themselves in what they have a Mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a Girl in the Town, but let her have her Will in going to a Masque, and she shall dress as a Shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the *Arctia*, or some other good Romance, before they appear in any such Character at my House. The last Day we presented, every body was so rashly inhibited, that when they came to speak to each other, a Nymph with a Crook had not a Word to say but in the pert Style of the *Pit Bawdry*, and a Man in the Habit of a Philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself

'Masquerades took rank as a leading pleasure of the town under the management of John James Heidegger, son of a Zurich clergyman, who came to England in 1708, at the age of 50, as a Swiss negotiator. He entered as a private in the Guards, and attached himself to the service of the fashionable world, which called him 'the Swiss Count,' and readily accepted him as leader. In 1709 he made five hundred guineas by furnishing the spectacle for Mottet's opera of *Tomyris, Queen of Scythia*. When these papers were written he was thriving upon the Masquerades, which he brought into fashion and made so much a rage of the town that moralists and satirists protested, and the clergy preached against them. A sermon preached against them by the Bishop of London, January 6th, 1724, led to an order that no more should take place than the six subscribed for at the beginning of the month. Nevertheless they held their ground afterwards by connivance of the government. In 1728, Heidegger was called in to nurse the Opera, which throve by his bold puffing. He died, in 1749, at the age of 90, claiming chief honour to the Swiss for ingenuity. 'I was born,' he said, 'a Swiss, and came to England without a farthing, where I have found means to gain £5000 a year, and to spend it. Now I defy the ablest Englishman to go to Switzerland and either gain that income or spend it there.'

'in the Refuse of the Tying Rooms We have a Judge that danced a Minuet, with a Quaker for his Partner, while half a dozen Harlequins stood by as Spectators. A Turk drank me off two Bottles of Wine, and a Jew cut me up half a Ham of Bacon. If I can bring my Desires to bear, and make the Maskers preserve their Characters in my Assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a Foundation laid for more elegant and improving Gallantries than any the Town at present affords, and consequently that you will give your Approbation to the Endeavours of,

Str,

*Your most obedient humble servant*

I am very glad the following Epistle obliges me to mention Mr *Powell* a second time in the same Paper for indeed there cannot be too great an encouragement given to his Skill in Motions, provided he is under proper Restrictions

SIR,

'The Opera at the *Hay Market*, and that under the little *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, being at present the Two leading Divisions of the Town, and Mr *Powell* professing in his Advertisements to set up *Whittington* and his *Cat* against *Rinaldo* and *Arnuda*, my Curiosity led me the Beginning of last Week to view both these Performances, and make my Observations upon them

First therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr *Powell* wisely forbearing to give his Company a Bill of Fare before hand, every Scene is new and unexpected, whereas it is certain, that the Undertakers of the *Hay Market*, having raised too great an Expectation in their printed Opera, very much disappointed their Audience on the Stage

The King of *Jerusalem* is obliged to come from the City on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant Chariot by white Horses, as my Opera-Book had promised me and thus, while I expected *Arnuda's* Dragons should rush forward towards *Argantes*, I found the Hero was obliged to go to *Arnuda*, and hand her out of her Coach. We had also but a very short Allowance of Thunder and Lightning, tho' I cannot in this Place omit doing Justice to the Boy who had the Direction of the Two painted Dragons, and made them spit Fire and Smoke. He flash'd out his Rosin in such just Proportions, and in such due Time, that I could not forbear conceiving Hopes of his being one Day a most excellent Player. I saw, indeed, but Two things wanting to renounce his whole Action completely, I mean the keeping his Head a little lower, and hiding his Candle

I observe that Mr *Powell* and the Undertakers had both the same Thought, and I think, much about the same time, of introducing Animals on their several Stages, though indeed with very different Success. The Sparrows and Chaffinches at the *Hay Market* fly as yet very irregularly over the Stage and instead of perching on the Trees and performing their Parts, these young Actors either get into the Galleries or put out the Candles whereas Mr *Powell* has so well disciplined his Pig, that in

'the first Scene he and Punch dance a Minuet together. I am informed however, that Mr *Powell* resolves to excite his Adversaries in their own Way and introduce Larks in his next Opera of *Susanna*, or *Innocence betrayed*, which will be exhibited next Week with a Pair of new Ladders

'The Moral of Mr *Powell's* Drama is violated. I confess by Punch's national Reflections on the French, and King *Harry's* laying his Leg upon his Queen's Hip in too ludicrous a manner before so great an Assembly

'As to the Mechanism and Scenery, every thing, indeed, was uniform, and of a Piece, and the Scenes were managed very dexterously which calls on me to take Notice, that at the

'The *History* of *Susanna* had been an established puppet play for more than two generations. An old copy of verses on Bartholomew Fair in the year 1665, describing the penny and two-penny puppet plays, or, as they had been called in and since Queen Elizabeth's time, 'motions,' says

*Their Sights are so rich, is able to bewitch*

*The heart of a very fine man-a,*

*Here's 'Patient Grisel' here, and 'Fau Rosa'*  
*mound' ther,*

*And 'the History of Susanna'*

Pepys tells of the crowd waiting, in 1667, to see Lady Castlemaine come out from the puppet play of 'Patient Grisel'

The *Powell* mentioned in this essay was a deformed cripple whose Puppet Show, called *Punch's Theatre*, owed its pre-eminence to his own power of satire. Thus he delivered chiefly through *Punch*, the clown of the puppets, who appeared in all plays with so little respect to dramatic rule that *Steele* in the *Tatler* (for Mar 17, 1709) represents a correspondent at Bath, telling how, of two ladies, *Prudentia* and *Florimel*, who would lead the fashion, *Prudentia* caused 'I've in the Puppet Show of 'the Creation of the World' to be 'made the most like *Florimel* that ever was seen,' and 'when we came to *North's Flood* in the show, *Punch* and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark.' Of the fanatics called French Prophets, who used to assemble in Moorfields in Queen Anne's reign, Lord Chesterfield remembered that 'the then Ministry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was, however, so wise as not to disturb their madness, and only ordered one *Powell*, the master of a famous Puppet-Show, to make *Punch* turn Prophet which he did so well, that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies. The obscure Dr *Saunders* fortune was made by a parliamentary prosecution' (from Feb 27 to March 23, 1709-10) 'much about the same time the French Prophets were totally extinguished by a Puppet-Show' (*Misc. Works* ed Maty, Vol II, p 523, 555)

This was the *Powell* who played in *Covent Garden* during the time of week day evening service, and who, taking up Addison's joke against the opera from No 5 of the *Spectator*, produced *Whittington* and his *Cat* as a rival to *Rinaldo* and *Arnuda* [See also a note to No 31]

very much cherishes this Natural Weakness of being taken with Outside and Appearance. Talk of a new married Couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and six, or eat in Plate. Mention the Name of an absent Lady and it is ten to one but you learn something of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Discourse, and a Birth Day furnishes Conversation for a Twelve-month after. A Fur-below of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waistcoat or Petticoat, are standing Topics. In short, they consider only the Drapery of the Species, and never cast away a Thought on those Ornaments of the Mind, that make Persons Illustrious in themselves, and Useful to others. When Women are thus perpetually dazling one anothers Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colours, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial Parts of Life, than the solid and substantial Blessings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of Conversation, is in danger of every Embroidered Coat that comes in her Way. A Pair of fringed Gloves may be her Ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, Silver and Gold Garters, with the like glittering Gew-Gaws, are so many Lures to Women of weak Minds or low Educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy Coquet from the wildest of her Flights and Rambles.

True Happiness is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to Pomp and Noise, it arises, in the first place, from the Enjoyment of ones self and, in the next, from the Friendship and Conversation of a few select Companions. It loves Shade and Solitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows. In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no Addition from Multitudes of Witnesses and Spectators. On the contrary, false Happiness loves to be in a Crowd, and to draw the Eyes of the World upon her. She does not receive any Satisfaction from the Applauses which she gives her self, but from the Admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Assemblies, and has no Existence but when she is looked upon.

*Aurelia*, tho' a Woman of Great Quality delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and passes away a great part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Bosom Friend and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good Sense, consummate Virtue, and a mutual Esteem and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under so regular an Oeconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repast, Employment and Diversion, that it looks like a little Common Wealth within it self. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another and sometimes live in Town not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the Relish of a Country Life. By this means they are Happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the Life of *Fulvia*! she considers her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Discretion and good House Wifery, as little domestick Virtues, unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Life lost in her own Family, and fancies herself out of the World, when she is not in the Ring, the Play-House, or the Drawing-Room. She lives in a perpetual Motion of Body and Restlessness of Thought, and is never ease in any one Place, when she thinks there is more Company in another. The missing of an Opera the first Night, would be more afflictive to her than the Death of a Child. She pities all the valuable Part of her own Sex, and calls every Woman of a prudent modest retired Life, a poor spirited, unpolished Creature. What a Mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if she knew that her setting her self to View, is but exposing her self, and that she grows Contemptible by being Conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without observing that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Passion for Dress and Show, in the Character of *Camilla*, who, tho' she seems to have shaken off all the other Weaknesses of her Sex, is still described as a Woman in this Particular. The Poet tells us, that, after having made a great Slughter of the Enemy, she unfortunately cast her Eye on a *Trojan* [who] wore an embroidered Tunic, a beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the finest Purple. *A Golden Belt*, says he, *hung upon his Shoulder, his Garment was buckled with a Golden Clasp, and his Head was covered with an Helmet of the same shining Mettle*. The *Achæan* immediately singled out this well dressed Warrior, being seized with a Woman's Longing for the pretty Trappings that he was adorned with.

—*Tolunque incauta per agmen  
Famine prædæ et spoliolum ardebat an ore*

This heedless Pursuit after these glittering Trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) represents to have been the Destruction of his Female Hero.

No 16] Monday, March 19, 1711 [Addison

*Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis  
in hoc sum*—Hor

I HAVE receiv'd a Letter, desiring me to be very satyrical upon the little Muff that is now in Fashion. Another informs me of a Pair of silver Garters buckled below the Knee, that have been lately seen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-house in *Fleet street*, a third sends me an heavy Complaint

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> The *Rainbow*, near the Inner Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, was the second Coffee house opened in London. It was opened about 1656, by a barber named James Farr, part of the house still being occupied by the bookseller's shop which had been there for at least twenty years before Farr also, at first, combined his coffee

against fringed Gloves So be brief, there is scarce an Ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correspondents has not inveighed against with some Bitterness, and recommended to my Observation I must therefore, once for all inform my Readers, that it is not my Intention to sink the Dignity of this my Paper with Reflections upon Red heels or Top knots, but rather to enter into the Passions of Mankind, and to correct those depraved Sentiments that give Birth to all those little Extravagancies which appear in their outward Dress and Behaviour Foppish and fantastick Ornaments are only Indications of Vice, not criminal in themselves Extinguish Vanity in the Mind, and you naturally retrench the little Superfluities of Garniture and Equipage. The Blossoms will fall of themselves, when the Root that nourishes them is destroyed

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my Remedies to the first Seeds and Principles of an affected Dress, without descending to the Dress it self though at the same time I must own, that I have Thoughts of creating an Officer under me to be entitled, *The Censor of small Wares*, and of allotting him one Day in a Week for the Execution of such his Office An Operator of this Nature might act under me with the same Regard as a Surgeon to a Physician, the one might be employ'd in healing those Blotches and Tumours which break out in the Body, while the other is sweetning the Blood and rectifying the Constitution To speak truly, the young People of both Sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long Swords, or sweeping Truns, bushy Head-dresses or full bottom'd Periwigs, with several other Ineumbrances of Dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently [lest they should<sup>1</sup>] be oppressed with Ornaments, and over-run with the Luxuriency of their Habits I am much in doubt, whether I should give the Preference to a Quaker that is trimmed close and almost out to the Quiek, or to a Beau that is laden with such a Redundance of Excrecences I must therefore desire my Correspondents to let me know how they approve my Project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty Censorship may not turn to the Emolument of the Publick for I would not do any thing of this Nature rashly and without Advice

There is another Set of Correspondents to whom I must address my self, in the second Place I mean such as fill their Letters with private Scandal, and black Accounts of particular Persons and Families The world is so full of Ill-nature, that I have Lampoons sent me by People [who<sup>2</sup>] cannot spell, and Satyrs compos'd by those who scarce know how to write By the last Post in particular I receiv'd a Packet of Scandal that is not legible and have a whole

trade with the business of barber, which he had been carrying on under the same roof Farr was made rich by his Coffee house, which soon monopolized the *Rainbow* Its repute was high in the *Spectator's* time and afterwards, when coffee houses became taverns, it lived on as a reputable tavern till the present day

<sup>1</sup> [that they may not]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

Bundle of Letters in Womens Hands that are full of Blots and Columnies, insomuch that when I see the Name *Calia, Phyllis, Pastora*, or the like, at the Bottom of a Serawl, I conclude on course that it brings me some Account of a fallen Virgin, a faithless Wife, or an amorous Widow I must therefore inform these my Correspondents, that it is not my Design to be a Publisher of Intreagues and Cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous Stories out of their present lurking Holes into broad Day light If I attack the Vicious, I shall only set upon them in a Body and will not be provoked by the worst Usage that I can receive from others, to make an Example of any particular Criminal In short I have so much of a Drivencansir<sup>1</sup> in me, that I shall pass over a single Foe to charge whole Armies It is not *Lais* or *Silenus*, but the Harlot and the Drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose, and shill consider the Crime as it appears in a Species, not as it is circumstanced in an Individual I think it was *Caligula* who wished the whole City of *Rome* had but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow I shall do out of Humanity what that Emperor would have done in the Cruelty of his Temper, and am every Stroke at a collective Body of Offenders At the same Time I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like private Calumny and Defamation, but as my Speculations are not under this Necessity, they are not exposed to this Temptation

In the next Place I must apply my self to my Party Correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take Notice of one anothers Proceedings How often am I asked by both Sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the Rogueries that are committed by the Party which is opposite to him that writes the Letter About two Days since I was reproached with an old Greeian Law, that forbids any Man to stand as a Neuter or a Looker on in the Divisions of his Country However, as I am very sensible [my<sup>2</sup>] Paper would lose its whole Effect, should it run into the Outrages of a Party, I shall take Care to keep clear of every thing [which<sup>3</sup>] looks that Way If I can any way assuage private Inflammations, or allay publick Ferments, I shill apply my self to it with my utmost Endeavours, but will never let my Heart reproch me with having done

<sup>1</sup> *Dravencansir* in the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* parodies the heroic drama of the Restoration, as by turning the lines in Dryden's 'Tyrannie Love,'

*Spite of my self, I'll stay, fight, love, despair,  
And all this I can do, because I dare,*  
into

*I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare,  
And all this I can do, because I dare*

When, in the last act, a Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobby-Horses 'At last, Draw-cansir comes in and Kills them all on both Sides,' explaining himself in lines that begin,

*Others may boast a single man to kill  
But I the blood of thousands daily spill*

<sup>2</sup> [that my]

<sup>3</sup> [that]



any thing towards [increasing<sup>1</sup>] those Feuds and Animosities that extinguish Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing Heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the Number of my Correspondents. I shall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has started any Hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprising Story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical Vice which has escaped my Observation, or has heard of any uncommon Virtue which he would desire to publish in short, if he has any Materials that can furnish out an innocent Diversion, I shall promise him my best Assistance in the working of them up for a publick Entertainment.

This Paper my Reader will find was intended for an answer to a Multitude of Correspondents, but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a Request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR

March 15, 1710 11

SIR,

'I Am at present so unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind my own Business, and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into some small Post under you. I observe that you have appointed your Printer and Publisher to receive Letters and Advertisements for the City of London, and shall think my self very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in Letters and Advertisements for the City of Westminster and the Duchy of Lancaster. Tho' I cannot promise to fill such an Employment with sufficient Abilities, I will endeavour to make up with Industry and Fidelity what I want in Parts and Genius I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Charles Lillie<sup>c</sup>

No 17] Tuesday, March 20, 1711 [Steele

— Petrum ante Omnia vultu in — Jun

SINCE our Persons are not of our own Making, when they are such as appear Defective or Uncomely, it is, methinks, in honest and laudible Fortune to dare to be Ugly, at least to keep our selves from being bashful with a Consciousness of Imperfections, which we cannot help, and in which there is no Guilt. I would not defend an haggard Beau, for passing away much time at a Glass, and giving Softnesses and Languishing Graces to Deformity. All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our Countenance and Shape, so far, as never to give our selves an uneasy Reflection on that Subject. It is to the

<sup>1</sup> [the encreasing]

ordinary People, who are not accustomed to make very proper Remarks on any Occasion, matter of great Jest, if a Man enters with a prominent Pair of Shoulders into an Assembly, or is diminished by an Expansion of Mouth or Oblanguish of Aspect. It is happy for a Man, that his any of these Oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that Occasion. When he can possess himself with such a Cheerfulness, Women and Children who were at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is hard on others to rally him for natural Defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon him self for them.

Madam Mautenon's first Husband was an Hero in this kind, and has shown many Pleasures from the largeness of his Shape, which he describes in a very much reverend Letter. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his Reader the Make of an Image and Polly, with which he used to take off his Hat. When these happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Vice, and the Owner of it think it in Aspect of Disgrace, he must be of very great Quality to be exempt from Laughter. The best I spend it therefore to be pleasant up in himself. Prince Harry and Talstaff, in Shakespear, have carried the Rich rule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. Talstaff is Hamour with called *Barley, Beef, Mutton, and Hill of Flea*. Harry a *Starving, an Elbow, a Slouch, a burlesque, and a Tick*. There is, in several incidents of the Conversation between them, the Jest still kept up upon the Person. Great Tenderness and Gentility in this Point is one of the greatest Weaknesses of Self-love, for my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my Face, which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not partly arise from my manner, my Mouth much seldom than other People, and by Consequence not so much lengthning the Fibres of my Face, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of Countenance by the Shortness of my Face, and was formerly at great Pains in concealing it by wearing a Periwig, with an high Foretop, and

<sup>1</sup> Abbe Paul Scarron, the burlesque writer, high in court favour, was deformed from birth, and at the age of 27 lost the use of all his limbs. In 1651 when 41 years old Scarron married Frances d'Aulnig, afterwards Madame de Mautenon her wife was then 16, and she lived with Scarron until his death, which occurred when she was 25 years old and left her very poor. Scarron's companion of him off to the letter 'I' is in his address 'To the Reader who has Never seen Me,' prefixed to his *Relation Vritable de tout ce qui s'est passé en notre Monde, au combat des Perques et des Potes, sur la Mort de Vouture*. This was illustrated with a burlesque plate representing himself as seen from the back of his chair, and surrounded by a wondering and mocking world. His bael, he said, was turned to the public, because the convex of his back is more convenient than the concave of his stomach for receiving the inscription of his name and age.

letting my Beard grow. But now I hate this roughly got over this Delicacy, and could be contented it were much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a Member of the Merry Club, which the following Letter gives me an Account of. I have received it from *Oxford*, and as it abounds with the Spirit of Mirth and good Humour which is natural to that Place, I shall set it down Word for Word as it came to me.

*Most Prof. Sir,*

Having been very well entertained, in the first of your Speculations that I have yet seen, by your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the Liberty to furnish you with a brief Account of such a one as perhaps you have not seen in all your Travels, unless it was your Fortune to touch upon some of the woody Parts of the *African* Continent, in your Voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. There have arose in this University (long since you left it without seeing any thing) several of these inferior Hebdomadal Societies, as the *Pinning Club*, the *Witty Club*, and amongst the rest, the *Hansem Club* is a Barleque upon which, a certain merry Species, if it seem to have come into the World in Masquerade, for some Years last past have associated themselves to, either, and assumed the name of the *Ugly Club*. This ill favoured Fraternity consists of a President and twelve Fellows, the Choice of which is not confined by Punct to any particular Foundation (as *St. John's* Men would have the World believe, and have therefore erected a separate Society within themselves) but Liberty is left to elect from any School in *Great Britain*, provided the Candidates be within the Rules of the Club, as set forth in a Table entitled *The Act of Deformity*. A Clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

I That no Person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible Quantity in his Aspect, or peculiar Cast of Countenance, of which the President and Officers for the time being are to determine, and the President to give the casting Voice.

II That a singular Regard be had, upon Examination, to the Gibbosity of the Gentlemen that offer themselves, as Founders, Kinsmen, or to the Obliquity of their Figure, in what sort soever.

III That if the Quantity of any Man's Nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to Length or Breadth, he shall have a just Pretence to be elected.

Lastly, That if there shall be two or more Competitors for the same Vicarage, *ceteris paribus*, he that has the thickest Skin to have the Preference.

Every fresh Member, upon his first Night, is to entertain the Company with a Dish of Cod-fish, and a Speech in praise of *Aesop*, whose

<sup>1</sup> The Life of *Aesop*, ascribed to Planudes Maximus, a monk of Constantinople in the fourteenth century, and usually prefixed to the Fables, says that he was 'the most deformed of all men' of his age, for he had a pointed head, flat nose,

portrature they have in full Proportion, or rather Disproportion, over the Chimney, and their Design is, as soon as their Funds are sufficient, to purchase the Heads of *Thersites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarrot*, *Hud bras*, and the old Gentleman in *Oldham*,<sup>2</sup> with all the celebrated ill Faces of Antiquity, as Furniture for the Club Room.

As they have always been profess'd Admirers of the other Sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible Encouragement to such as will take the Benefit of the Statute, tho' none yet have appeared to do it.

The worthy President, who is their most devoted Champion, has lately shown me two Copies of Verses, compos'd by a Gentleman of his Society the first, a Congratulatory Ode inscrib'd to Mrs. *Taichwood*, upon the loss of her two foreteeth the other a Panegyrick upon Mrs. *Andrew's* left Shoulder. Mrs. *Vi-sard* (he says) since the Small Pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top Toast in the Club, but I never hear him so lavish of his fine things,

'trils, a short neck, thick lips, was black, pot-bellied, bow legged, and hump-backed, perhaps even uglier than Homer's *Thersites*.'

<sup>2</sup> The description of *Thersites* in the second book of the *Iliad* is thus translated by Professor Blackie

*The most*  
*Ill favoured of all men, I've seen, of all the*  
*Grecian host*  
*With hideous squint the railer herded on one*  
*foot he was lame,*  
*Forward before his narrow chest his hunched*  
*shoulders ran,*  
*Slanting and sharp his forehead rose, with*  
*shreds of meagre hair*

Controversies between the Scotists and Thomists, followers of the teaching of *Duns Scotus* and *Thomas Aquinas*, caused a Thomist perversion of the name of *Duns* into its use as *Dunce* and tradition of the subtle Doctor's extreme personal ugliness. Doctor *Subtilis* was translated *The Lath Doctor*.

*Scarrot* we have just spoken of. *Hudibras's* outward gifts are described in Part I, Canto 1, lines 200-205 of the poem

*His brand*  
*In cut and dye so like a tit,*  
*A sudden view it would beguile*  
*The upper part thereof was whey,*  
*The nether, orange, mix'd with gray*  
*This hairy mictor, &c*

The 'old Gentleman in *Oldham*' is *Loyoh*, as described in *Oldham's* third satire on the Jesuits, when

*Shew'd together, all the officious band*  
*The orders of their bedrid chiefs attend*

Raised on his pillow he greets them, and, says *Oldham*,

*Like Disphic Hag of old, by Friend possest,*  
*He smells, a lid for zypharses a panting breast,*  
*His bristling hairs stick up, his eyeballs glow,*  
*And from his mouth long strokes of driv'el flow*

'as upon old *Nell Trot*, who constantly officiates at their Table her even adores, and extolls as the very Counterpart of Mother *Shipton*, in short, *Nell* (says he) is one of the Extravagant Works of Nature but as for Complexion, Shape and Features, so valued by others, they are all meer Outside and Symmetry, which is his Aver sion Give me leave to add, that the President is a fractious, pleurunt Gentleman, and never more so than when he has got his he calls 'em his dear Mummies about him and he often protests it does him good to meet a Fellow with a right genuine Grimace in his Air, (which is so agreeable in the generality of the *French Nation*) and as an Instance of his Sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a List in his Pocket book of all of this Class, who for these five Years have fallen under his Observation, with himself at the Head of 'em, and in the Rear (as one of a promising and improving Aspect),

Oxford, Your Obedient and  
March 12, 1710 Humble Servant,  
Alexander Carburde R

No 18] II edit eda., March 21, 1711 [Addison

—*Equitas quæque jura in gravat ab auro*—*oluptas*  
*Omnes ad incertos oculos et gaudia*—*as*—*Hor*

IT is my Design in this Paper to deliver down to Posterity a faithful Account of the Italian Opera, and of the gradual Progress which it has made upon the English Stage For there is no Question but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reason why their Forefathers used to sit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not understand

*Arsmoe*<sup>1</sup> was the first Opera that gave us a

<sup>1</sup> *Arsmoe* was produced at Drury Lane in 1705 with Mrs Tofts in the chief character and her Italian name, *Marginta del Japine* singing Italian songs before and after the Opera The drama was an Italian opera translated into English and set to new music by Thomas Clayton, formerly band master to William III No 20 of the Spectator and other numbers from time to time advertised 'The Passion of Sappho, and 'Fear of Alexander Set to Music by Mr Thomas Clayton as it is performed at his house in York Buildings' It was the same Clayton who set to music Addison's unsuccessful opera of *Rosamond*, written as an experiment in substituting homegrown literature for the fashionable nonsense illustrated by Italian music Thomas Clayton's music to *Rosamond* was described as 'a jargon of sounds' *Camilla*, composed by Marco Antonio Buononcini, and said to contain beautiful music, was produced at Sir John Vanbrugh's Haymarket opera in 1705,

11ste of Italian Music The great Success this Opera met with, produced some Attempts of forming Pieces upon Italian Plans, (which I should give a more natural and reasonable Entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate Trilles of that Nation This almost the Poetasters and Jesters of the Loan, who were used to deal in a more ordinary Kind of Ware and therefore laid down in a tall hat Rule, which is recited as such to this Day 'That no Man is capable of being well set to Music, but is it necessary

Thus it was no sooner recited, but it immediately fell to ruin from the Italian Opera and is there was no great Danger of hurting the Sense of these extraordinary Pieces our Authors would often make Words of their own (which) were entirely foreign to the Meaning of the Pages (they) pretended to translate their chief Care being to make the Numbers of the English Verse answer to those of the Italian, that is of them might go to the same Tune Thus the famous Song in *Carroll*,

*I shall not let it be, &c*  
Harshness Woman, ye, I have your Meaning, which expresses the Rejoicements of an army I never was translated into that English Translation—

*First as a I overs the f s, &c*  
And it was plain and English to see the most refined Persons of the British Nation dying away and hanging to words that were filled with a Spirit of Rage and Indignation It happened so very frequently, where the Sense was slightly translated, the necessary Transposition of Words (which) were drawn out of the Phrase of one Tongue into that of another while the Music appeared very absurd in one Tongue that was very natural in the other I remember an Italian verse that ran thus in our Words,

*And I would my Rage into I sty*  
which the English for him make translated,  
And into Pity turned my Rage

By this Means the soft Notes that were adapted to Pity in the Italian fell upon the word Rage in the English and the angry Sounds that were turned to Rage in the Original were made to express Pity in the Translation It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest Notes in the Air fell upon the most insignificant Words in the Sentence I have known the Word *And* pursued through the whole Gamut have been entertained with many a melodious *See* and have heard the most beautiful Greek Quavers and Divisions bestowed upon *There, For, and From*, to the eternal Honour of our English Part else

and sung half in English half in Italian Mrs Tofts singing the part of the Amazonian heroine in English, and Valentini that of the hero in Italian

<sup>1</sup> [thit] <sup>2</sup> [thit] <sup>3</sup> [thit] <sup>4</sup> [which the y] <sup>5</sup> [thit]  
<sup>6</sup> It was fifty years after this that Churchill wrote of Mopson in the *Knave*,  
*In money tables I is thousands roll*  
*He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul*

The next Step to our Refinement, was the introducing of Italian Actors into our Opera, who sung their Parts in their own Language, at the same Time that our Country men perform'd theirs in our native Tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally spoke in Italian, and his Slaves answered him in English. The Lover frequently made his Court, and graced the Heart of his Princess in a Language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carry'd on Dialogues after this Manner, without an Interpreter between the Persons that convers'd together, but this was the State of the English Stage for about three Years.

At length the Audience grew tir'd of understanding Half the Opera, and therefore to ease themselves Entirely of the Fatigue of Thinking, have so order'd it at Present that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer understand the Language of our own Stage: in so much that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian Performers chattering in the Vehemence of Action, that they have been calling us Names, and abusing us among themselves: but I hope since we do put such an entire Confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our Faces, though they may do it with the same Safety as if it were behind our Backs. In the mean Time I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Historian, who writes Two or Three hundred Years hence, will make the following Reflection, *In the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century, the Italian Tongue was so well understood in England that Operas were acted on the famous Stage at that Language.*

One scarce knows how to be serious in the Confrontation of an Absurdity that shews itself at the first Sight. It does not want any great Measure of Sense to see the Ridicule of this monstrous Practice, but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not that I see of the Rabble, but of Persons of the greatest Politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a Genius for Musick above the English, the English have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the Mind a much nobler Entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a Time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*\*) for a People

\* [was]

The Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, acted without success in 1707, was the one play written by Mr Edmund Smith, a merchant's son who had been educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, and who had ended a dissolute life at the age of 42 (in 1710), very shortly before this paper was written. Addison's regard for the play is warmed by friendship for the unhappy writer. He had, indeed, written the Prologue to it, and struck therein also his note of war against the follies of Italian Opera.

*Had Valerius, musically coy,  
Skinn'd Phædra's Arms, and scorn'd the prof-  
fer'd Joy,*

to be so stupidly fond of the Italian Opera, as scarce to give a Third Days Hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Musick is certainly a very agreeable Entertainment, but if it would take the entire Possession of our Ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing Sense, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater Tendency to the Refinement of humane Nature. I must confess I would allow it no better Quarter than *Plato* has done, who banishes it out of his Common wealth.

At present, our Notions of Musick are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like, only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so if it be of a foreign Growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English Musick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a Royal Palace is burnt to the Ground, every Man is at Liberty to present his Plan for a new one: and tho' it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several Hints that may be of Use to a good Architect. I shall take the same Liberty in a following Paper, of giving my Opinion upon the Subject of Musick, which I shall lay down only in a problematical Manner to be considered by those who are Masters in the Art. C.

No 19] Thursday, March 22, 1711 [Steele

*Dei benefecit, inopis me quodque fuisse  
Fuxerit ut animi, raro et per pauca loquens*  
Hor

OBSERVING one Person behold another, who was an utter Stranger to him, with a Cast of his Eye which, methought, express'd an Emotion of Heart very different from what could be rais'd by an Object so agreeable as the Gentleman he look'd at, I began to consider, not without some secret Sorrow, the Condition of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy has a certain Magical Force in it, and that the Eyes of the Envious have by their Fascination blasted the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* says, "Some have been so curious as to

*It had I not of noted your Wonder to have seen  
An Ennuch's frow from an enamour'd Queen  
How would it please, should she in English speak,  
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek.*

The Epilogue to this play was by Prior. Edmund Smith's relation to Addison is shown by the fact that, in dedicating the printed edition of his *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* to Lord Halifax, he speaks of Addison's lines on the Peace of Ryswick as "the best Latin Poem since the *Æneid*."

We see likewise, the Scripture calleth Envy an Evil Eye. And the Astrologers call the evil influences of the stars, Evil Aspects, so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation or irradiation of the eye. Nay some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of

remark the Times and Seasons when the Stroke of an Envious Eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the Person envied has been in any Circumstance of Glory and Triumph. At such a time the Mind of the Prosperous Man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the Malignity. But I shall not dwell upon Speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent Things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miserable Affection: but keeping in the road of common Life, consider the Envious Man with relation to these three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happiness.

The Envious Man is in Pain upon all Occasions which ought to give him Pleasure. The Relish of his Life is inverted, and the Objects which administer the highest Satisfaction to those who are exempt from this Passion, give the quickest Pangs to Persons who are subject to it. All the Perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious to Youth, Beauty, Valour and Wisdom are Provocations of their Displeasure. What a Wretched and Apostate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and to hate a Man because we Approve him! The Condition of the Envious Man is the most Emphatically miserable: he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Success, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot against his Quiet, by studying their own Happiness and Advantage. *Will Proser* is an honest Tale-bearer; he makes it his business to join in Conversation with Envious Men. He points to such an handsome Young Fellow, and whispers that he is secret, married to a Great Fortune. When they doubt, he adds Circumstances to prove it, and never fails to aggravate their Distress, by assuring 'em that to his knowledge he has an Uncle will leave him some Thousands. *Will* has many Arts of this kind to torture this sort of Temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly They wish such a Piece of News is true, he has the Malice to speak some good or other of every Man of their Acquaintance.

The Reliefs of the Envious Man are those little Blemishes and Imperfections, that discover themselves in an illustrious Character. It is matter of great Consolation to an Envious Person, when a Man of known Honour does a thing unworthy himself. Or when any Action which was well executed, upon better Information appears so altered in its Circumstances, that the Fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to One. This is a secret Satisfaction to these Malignants for the Person whom they never could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own Condition as soon as his Merit is shared among others. I remember some Years ago there came out an Excellent Poem, without the Name of the Author. The little Wits, who

were incapable of Writing it, began to pull in Pieces the supposed Writer. When that would not do, they took great Pains to suppress the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next Refuge was to say it was overlooked by one Man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honest Fellow, who sat among a Cluster of them in debate on this Subject, cried out, *Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselfes had an hand in it, you are but where you were, & however writ it! But the most usual Succour to the Envious, in cases of nameless Merit in this kind, is to keep the Property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Person. You see an Envious Man clear up his Countenance, if in the Relation of any Man's Great Happiness in one Point, you mention his Uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns Pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a Word, the only sure Way to an Envious Man's Favour, is not to deserve it.*

But if we consider the Envious Man in Delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance, the Magnificence of his House consists in the many Limbs of Men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves Success in any uncommon Undertaking miscarry in the Attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable, meets with Contempt and Derision, the Envious Man, under the Colour of hating Vainglory, can smile with an inward Wantonness of Heart at the ill Effect it may have upon an honest Ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the Nature of this Passion I have made it my Study how to avoid the Envy that may arise to me from these my Speculations: and if I am not mistaken in my self, I think I have a Genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a Coffee-house one of my Papers commended, I immediately apprehended the Envy that would spring from that Applause: and therefore gave a Description of my Piece the next Day, being resolved as I grow in Reputation for Wit, to resign my Pretensions to Beauty. This I hope, may give some Ease to those unhappy Gentlemen, who do me the Honour to torment themselves upon the Account of this my Paper. As their Case is very deplorable, and deserves Compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in Pity to them, and will from time to time administer Consolations to them by further Discoveries of my Person. In the meanwhile, if any one says the *Spectator* has Wit, it may be some Relief to them, to think that he does not show it in Company. And if any one praises his Morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his Face is none of the longest. R.

<sup>1</sup> In No 17

'an envious eye doth most hurt, are, when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph: for that sets an edge upon Envy. And besides, at such times, the spirits of the persons envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.' Bacon's Essays, IX. *Of Envy*

No 20] Friday, March 23, 1711 [Steel

—Κυρος ὑμῶν ἐχὼν— —Hom

A MONG the other hardy Undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the Correction of Impudence is what I have very much at Heart. This in a particular Manner is my Province as SPECTATOR for it is generally an Offence committed by the Eyes, and that against such as the Offenders would perhaps never have an Opportunity of injuring any other Way. The following Letter is a Complaint of a young Lady, who sets forth a Treachery of this Kind with that Command of herself as befits Beauty and Innocence, and yet with so much Spirit as sufficiently expresses her Indignation. The whole Transgression is performed with the Eyes, and the Crime is no less than employing them in such a Manner, as to divert the Eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to Heaven.

SIR,

There never was (I believe) an acceptable Man, but had some unkind Imitators. Ever since the SPECTATOR appeared have I remarked a kind of Men, whom I choose to call *Stares*, that without any regard to Time, Place, or Modesty, disturb a large Company with their impertinent Eyes. Spectators make up a proper Assembly for a Puppet-Show or a Bear Garden, but devout Suppliants and attentive Hearers, are the Audience one ought to expect in Church. As I am, Sir, Member of a small pious congregation near one of the North Gates of this City much the greater Part of us indeed are I males, and need to behave our selves in a regular attentive Manner, till very lately one whole Isle has been disturbed with one of these monstrous *Stares*. He's the Head taller than any one in the Church, but for the greater Advantage of exposing himself, and upon a Hassock, and commands the whole Congregation to the great Annoyance of the devoutest part of the Auditory for who with Blushing, Confusion and Vexation, we can neither mind the Preacher nor Sermon. Your Annihilation upon this Intolerance would be a great favour to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant, S C

I have frequently seen of this Sort of Fellows and do not think there can be a greater Aggravation of an Offence, than that it is committed where the Criminal is protected by the Sacredness of the Place which he violates. Many Reflections of this Sort might be very justly made upon this Kind of Behaviour, but a *Stare* is not usually a Person to be convinced by the Reason of the thing and a Fellow that is capable of showing an impudent Front before a whole Congregation, and can bear being a public Spectacle, is not so easily reluked as to amend by Admonitions. If therefore my Correspondent does not inform me, that within Seven Days after this Date the Bre-

hann does not at least stand upon his own Legs only, without an Eminence, my friend WILL PHOSPHORUS has promised to take an Hassock opposite to him and stare against him in Defence of the Ladies. I have given him Directions, according to the most exact Rules of Opticks, to place himself in such a Manner that he shall meet his Eyes wherever he throws them. I have Hopes that when WILL confronts him, and all the Ladies, in whose Behalf he engages him, cast kind Looks and Wishes of Success at their Champion, he will have some Shame, and feel a little of the Pun he has so often put others to, of being out of Countenance.

It has indeed been Time out of Mind generally remarked, and is often lamented, that this Family of *Stares* have infested publick Assemblies. And I know no other Way to obviate so great an Evil, except, in the Case of fixing their Eyes upon Women, son of a Mile Friend will take the Part of such as are under the Oppression of Impudence, and encounter the Eyes of the *Stares* wherever they meet them. While we suffer our Women to be thus unpudently attacked, they have no Defence, but in the End to erst yielding Glances at the *Stares*. And in this Case, a Man who has no Sense of Shame has the same Advantage over his Mistress, as he who has no regard for his own Life has over his Adversary. While the Generality of the World are fettered by Rules, and moe by proper and just Methods, he who has no Respect to any of them, carries away the Reward due to that Propriety of Behaviour, with no other Merit but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent I allow to be a sort of Outlaw in Good Breeding, and therefore what is said of him no Nation or Person can be concerned for. For this Reason one may be free upon him. I here put myself to great Pains in considering this prevailing Quality which we call Impudence, and have taken Notice that it exerts itself in a different Manner according to the different Sexes, whereof such Subjects of these Dominions are Masters. Of it were born Impudence in an Irishman is sulky and insolent, in a Scotchman it is untractable and suspicious, in an Englishman it is unrelenting and ungenerous. As the Course of the World now runs the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly Landlord, the Scot, like an ill received Guest, and the Irishman like a stranger who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom anything entertaining either in the Impudence of a South or North Briton but that of an Irishman is always comick. A true and genuine Impudence is ever the Effect of Ignorance, without the least Sense of it. The best and most successful *Stares* now in this Town are of that Nation. They have usually the Advantage of the Statute mentioned in the above Letter of my Correspondent, and generally take their Stands in the Eye of Women of Fortune, so much that I have known one of them, three Months after he came from Plough, with a tolerable good Air lend out a Woman from a Play, which one of our own Breed, after four years at Oxford and two at the Temple, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these People have usually the Preference to our own fools, in the Opinion of the sillier Part of Woman-kind. Perhaps it is that an English Coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one and when the Design of pleasing is visible, an Absurdity in the Way toward it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without Reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a Set of Fellows among us who profess Impudence with an Air of Humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all Faults in the World, with no other Apology than saying in a gay Tone, *I put an impudent Face upon the Matter*. No, no Man shall be allowed the Advantages of Impudence, who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise, and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of Modesty, without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Wit detestable. R.

No 21] Saturday, March 24, 1711<sup>1</sup> [Addison

—Locus est et pluribus Unbris—Hor

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great Professions of Divinity, Law and Physick, how they are each of them overburdened with Pretensions, and filled with Multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that stare one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field Officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first Class, our Constitution preserves it from any Redundancy of Incumbents, notwithstanding Competitors are numberless. Upon a strict Cal-

culation, it is found that there has been a great Exceeding of late Years in the Second Division, several Brechts having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf Officers, inasmuch that within my Memory the price of Lute-string is raised above two Pence in a Yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt Practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the Elections in England.

The Body of the Law is no less encumbered with superfluous Members, than are *Virgil's* Army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not Room to use their Weapons. This prodigious Society of Men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in Coach fulls to *Westminster Hall* every Morning in Term-time. *Martial's* description of this Species of Lawyers is full of Humour.

*Iras et verba locant*

Men that hire out their Words and Anger that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of Wrath proportionable to the Fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the Reader, that above three Parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of showing their Passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what Stiffes may arise, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may show themselves in a Readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be Occasion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those Qualifications of Mind that accomplish a Man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. These Men live peaceably in their Habitations, sitting once a Day, and Dancing once a Year, for the Honour of their Respective Societies.

Another numberless Branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young Men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the Laws of their Country, frequent the Play-House more than *Westminster Hall*, and are seen in all public Assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those Silent and Busy Multitudes that are employed within Doors in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances, nor of those greater Number, that practise their want of

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> In Dugdale's, 'Origines Juridicæ' we read how in the Middle Temple, on All Saints' Day, when the judges and sergeants who had belonged to the Inn were feasted, 'the music being begun, the Master of the Revels was twice called. At the second call the Reader with the white staff advanced, and began to read the measures, followed by the barristers and students in order, and when one measure was ended, the Reader at the cupboard called for another.'

<sup>3</sup> At this time, and until the establishment of New Style, from 1751, the legal year began in England on the 25th of March, while legally in Scotland, and by common usage throughout the whole Kingdom, the customary year began on the 1st of January. The *Spectator* dated its years, according to custom from the 1st of January, and so wrote its first date March 1, 1711. But we have seen letters inserted in a way often adopted to avoid confusion (1710-11) which gave both the legal and the customary reckoning. March 24 being the last day of the legal year 1710, in the following papers, until December 31, the year is 1711 both by law and custom. Then again until March 24, while usage will be recognizing a new year, 1712, it will be still for England (but not for Scotland) 1711 to the lawyers. The reform initiated by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582 and not accepted for England and Ireland until 1751, had been adopted by Scotland from the 1st of January, 1600.

Business with a Pretence to such Chamber Practice.

If in the third place we look into the Profession of Physick, we shall find a most formidable Body of Men. The Sight of them is enough to make a Man serious, for we may lay it down as a Maxim, that When a Nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of People. Sir *Isaac Newton* is very much puzzled to find a Reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious Swarms, and over-run the World with *Gells* and *Parasites* as it did formerly; but had that Excellent Author observed that there were no Students in Physick among the Subjects of *Ther* and *Eden*, and that this Science very much flourishes in the North at present he might have found a better Solution for this Difficulty, than any of those he has made use of. This Body of Men, in our own Country, may be described like the *British Army* in *Cæsar's* time. Some of them shew in *Chariots*, and some on Foot. If the Infantry do less Execution than the Charioteers, it is, because they cannot be carried so soon into all Quarters of the Town and dispatch so much Business in so short a Time. Besides this Body of Regular Troops, there are Stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite Mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their Hands.

There are besides the above mentioned, innumerable Returners to Physick, who, for want of other Patients amuse themselves with the stifling of Cats in an Air Pump cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Insects upon the point of a Needle for Microscopical Observations. Besides those that are employed in the gathering of Weeds, and the Chase of Butterflies. Not to mention the Cockle-shell Merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these Professions are crowded with Multitudes that seek their Livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession. I very

much wonder at the Humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honest Industry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greatest Probity, Learning and Good Sense may miscarry. How many Men are Country Curates that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London* by a right Improvement of a smaller Sum of Money than what is usually laid out upon a learned Education? A sober, frugal Person, of slender Parts and a slow Apprehension, might have thrived in Trade though he starves upon Physick, as a Man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulse. *Vagelli* is careful, studious and obliging, but without a little thiel & ull'd, he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The Misfortune is, that Parents take a Liking to a particular Profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an Affair of Life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their Children, more than their own Inclinations.

It is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in Stations of Life which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well regulated Commerce is not, like Lay Physick or Divinity, to be overstocked with Hands, but, on the contrary, flourishes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchants are so many Squadrons of floating Shops, that send our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks.

C.

No 22 ] Monday, March 26, 1711 [Steele

*Quod inque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi*  
Hor

<sup>1</sup> See Sir W Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue Section 4. 'This part of Scythia, in its whole Northern extent, I take to have been the vast Hive out of which is issued so many mighty swarms of barbarous nations,' &c. And again, 'Each of these countries was like a mighty hive, which, by the vigour of propagation and health of climate, grew too full of people than it could contain; some new swarm at certain periods of time, that took wing and sought out some new abode, expelling or subduing the old inhabitants, and settling themselves in their rooms, if they liked the conditions of place and commodities of life they met with; if not, going on till they found some other wing agreeable to their present humours and dispositions.' He attributes their successes and their rapid propagation to the greater vigour of life in the northern climates, and the only reason he gives for the absence of like effects during the continued presence of like causes is, that Christianity abated their enthusiasm and allayed 'the restless humour of perpetual wars and contentions.'

THE word *Spectator* being most usually understood is one of the Audience at Publick Representations in our Theatres, I seldom fail of many Letters relating to Plays and Operas. But, indeed, there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an Eye witness of them, one could not believe that such Matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human Life, or is a Picture of Nature, that is regarded by the greater Part of the Company. The Understanding is dismissed from our Entertainments. Our Mirth is the Laughter of Fools, and our Admiration the Wonder of Idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent Dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost Scorn and Contempt, but even with the loudest Applause and Approbation. But the Letter of my Correspondents will represent this Affair in a more lively Manner than any Discourse of my own, I [shall therefore] give them to my Reader

<sup>2</sup> [therefore shall]



with only this Preparation, that they all come from Players, [and that the business of Playing is now so managed that you are not to be surprised when I say] one or two of [them<sup>1</sup>] are rational, others sensitive and vegetative Actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have Precedence in the Opinion of their Audiences

Mr SPECTATOR,

'Your having been so humble as to take Notice of the Epistles of other Animals, emboldens me, who am the wild Boar that was killed by Mrs Tofts<sup>2</sup>, to represent to you, That I think I was hardly used in not having the Part of the Lion in *Hydaspes* given to me. It would have been but a natural Step for me to have personated that noble Creature, after having behaved myself to Satisfaction in the Part above mention'd. But that of a Lion, is too great a Character for one that never trod the Stage before but upon two Legs. As for the little Resistance which I

<sup>1</sup> [whom]

<sup>2</sup> In the opera of *Camilla* —

*Camilla* 'That *Dorinda*'s my Name

*Luco* 'Well, I know't, I'll take care

*Camilla* 'And my Life scarce of late—

*Luco* 'You need not repeat

*Preesto* 'Help me! oh help me! [A *Boar* struck by *Preesto*

*Huntsman* 'Let's try to assist him!

*Luco* 'Ye Gods, what Alarm!

*Huntsman* 'Quick run to his aid

'Enter *Preesto* The *Boar* pursuing him

*Preesto* 'O Heavns! who defends me?

*Camilla* 'My Arm. [She throws a Dart, and kills the boar]

*Luco* '*Dorinda* of nothing afraid,

'She's sprightly and gay, a valiant Maid,

'And as bright as the Day

*Camilla* 'Take Courage, Hunter, the Savage is dead'

Katherine Tofts, the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, had great natural charms of voice, person, and manner. Playing with Nicolini, singing English to his Italian, she was the first of our *france donne* in Italian Opera. Mrs Tofts had made much money when in 1709 she quitted the stage with disordered intellect her voice being then unbroken, and her beauty in the height of its bloom. Having recovered health, she married Mr Joseph Smith, a rich patron of arts and collector of books and engravings, with whom she went to Venice, when he was sent thither as English Consul. Her madness afterwards returned, she lived, therefore, says Sir J Hawkins, 'sequestered from the world in a remote part of the house, and had a large garden to range in, in which she would frequently walk, singing and giving way to that innocent frenzy which had seized her in the earlier part of her life.' She identified herself with the great princesses whose loves and sorrows she had represented in her youth, and died about the year 1760

'made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the Dirt was thrown at me by so fair an Hand. I must confess I had but just put on my Brutality and *Camilla*'s charms were such, that beholding her erect Mien, hearing her charming Voice, and astonished with her graceful Motion, I could not keep up to my assumed Ferocious, but died like a Man

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,  
Thomas Prone

Mr SPECTATOR,

'This is to let you understand, that the Play House is a Representation of the World in nothing so much as in this Particular, that no one rises in it according to his Merit. I have acted several Parts of Household stuff with great Applause for many Years. I am one of the Men in the Hangings in the *Emperour of the Moon*,<sup>1</sup> I have twice performed the third Chair in an English Opera and have relieved the Pump in the *Fortune Hunters*.<sup>2</sup> I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before

<sup>1</sup> The *Emperour of the Moon* is a farce, from the French, by Mrs Aphra Behn, first acted in London in 1687. It was originally Italian, and had run 80 nights in Paris as *Harlequin l'Emperour dans le Monde de la Lune*. In Act II sc 3 'The Front of the Scene is only a Curtain or Hangings to be drawn up at Pleasure.' Various gay masqueraders, interrupted by return of the Doctor, are earned by Scaramouch behind the curtain. The Doctor enters in wrath, vowing he has heard fiddles. Presently the curtain is drawn up and discovers where Scaramouch has 'plac'd them all in the Hanging in which they make the Figures, where they stand without Motion in *Posti res*' Scaramouch professes that the noise was made by putting up this piece of Tapestry, 'the best in Italy for the Rareness of the Figures, sir.' While the Doctor is admiring the new tapestry, said to have been sent him as a gift, Harlequin, who is 'plac'd on a Tree in the Hangings' hits him on 'the Head with his Truncheon.' The place of a particular figure in the picture, with a hand on a tree, is that supposed to be aspired to by the Spectator's next correspondent

<sup>2</sup> 'The *Fortune Hunters*, or *Two Fools Well Met*, a Comedy first produced in 1685, was the only work of James Carle, a player who quitted the stage to serve King William III in the Irish Wars, and was killed at the battle of Agbrin. The crowning joke of the second Act of the *Fortune Hunters* is the return at night of Mr Spruce, an Exchange man, drunk and musical to the garden door of his house, when Mrs Spruce is just taking leave of young Wealthy. Wealthy hides behind the pump. The drunken husband, who has been in a gutter, goes to the pump to clean himself, and seizes a man's arm instead of a pump handle. He works it as a pump handle, and complains that 'the pump's dry' upon which young Wealthy empties a bottle of orange-flower water into his face

'I go off the Stage In which you will do a great  
'Act of Charity to

*Your most humble servant,*  
William Serene

MR SPECTATOR,  
'Understanding that Mr Serene has writ to  
'you, and desired to be raised from dumb and  
'still Parts, I desire, if you give him Motion or  
'Speech, that you would advance me in my Way,  
'and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I  
'am a Master, to wit, in representing human and  
'still Life together. I have several times acted  
'one of the finest Flower pots in the same Opera  
'wherein Mr Serene is a Chair, therefore, upon  
'his promotion, request that I may succeed him  
'in the Hangings, with my Hand in the Orange-  
'Trees

*Your humble servant,*  
Ralph Simple

*Drury Lane, March 24, 1710 11*

SIR,

'I saw your Friend the Templar this Evening  
'in the Pit, and thought he looked very little  
'pleased with the Representation of the mad  
'Scene of the *Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would  
'do us the favour to advert frequently upon  
'the false Taste the Town is in, with Relation to  
'Plays as well as Operas. It certainly requires a  
'Degree of Understanding to play justly, but  
'such is our Condition, that we are to suspend  
'our Reason to perform our Parts. As to Scenes  
'of Madness, you know, Sir, there are noble In-  
'stances of this kind in *Shakspear*, but then it  
'is the Disturbance of a noble Mind, from gener-  
'ous and humane Resentments. It is like that  
'Grief which we have for the decease of our  
'Friends. It is no Diminution, but a Recom-  
'mendation of humane Nature, that in such In-  
'cident Passion gets the better of Reason, and  
'all we can think to comfort ourselves, is impotent  
'against half what we feel. I will not mention  
'that we had an Idiot in the Scene, and all the  
'Sense is represented to have, is that of Lust.  
'As for my self, who have long taken Pleasure in  
'personating the Passions, I have to Night acted  
'only an Appetite. The part I play'd is I trust,  
'but it is represented as written rather by a Dry  
'man than a Poet. I come in with a Lubb about  
'me, that lubbing with Quart-pots with a full  
'Gallon at my Mouth. I am ashamed to tell

'you that I pleased very much, and this was  
'introduced as a Madness but sure it was not  
'humane Madness, for a Mule or an ass may  
'have been as dry as ever I was in my Life

*I am,*  
*Sir,*  
*Your most obedient*  
*And humble servant*

*From the Savoy in the Strand*

MR SPECTATOR,

'If you can read it with dry Eyes, I give you  
'this trouble to request you, that I am the un-  
'fortunate King *Latunus*, and believe I am the  
'first Prince that dated from this Palace since  
'*John of Gaunt*. Such is the Uncertainty of all  
'human Greatness, that I who lately never moved  
'without a Guard, am now pressed as a common  
'Soldier, and am to sail with the first fair Wind  
'against my Brother *Lewis of France*. It is a  
'very hard thing to put off a Character which one  
'has appeared in with Applause. This I experi-  
'enced since the Loss of my Diadem, for, upon  
'quarrelling with another Recruit, I spoke my  
'Indignation out of my Part in recitative

—Most audacious Slave,  
*Dar'st thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave?*

'The Words were no sooner out of my Mouth,  
'when a Sergeant knock'd me down, and ask'd me  
'if I had a Mind to Mummy, in telling things no  
'Body understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy  
'Circumstances, and if by your Mediation you can  
'procure a Subsidy for a Prince (who never failed  
'to make all that beheld him merry at his Appear-  
'ance) you will merit the Thanks of

*Your I friend,*  
*The King of Latunum*

## ADVERTISEMENT

*For the Good of the Publick*

*Within two Doors of the Masquerade lives an*  
*eminent Italian Chirurgeon, arriv'd from the*  
*Carnival at Venice, of great Experience in*  
*private Cures. Accommodations are provided,*  
*and Persons admitted in their masquing Habits.*  
*He has cur'd since his coming thither, in less*

*Those English are so much-mad, there's no med-*  
*dling with 'em*

*When they've a fruitful year of barley there,*  
*All the whole Island's thus*

We read in the text how they had produced on  
the stage of Drury Lane that madman on the  
previous Saturday night, this Essay appearing on  
the breakfast tables upon Monday morning

[horse]

King Latunus to Turmus in Act II, sc. 20, of  
the opera of *Camilla*. Posterity will never know  
in whose person 'Latunus, king of Latunum and of  
'the Volscians' abdicated his crown at the opera  
to take the Queen of England's shilling. It is the  
only character to which, in the opera book, no  
name of a performer is attached. It is a part of  
sixty or seventy lines in tyrant's vein, but all  
recitative. The King of Latunum was not once  
called upon for a song

<sup>1</sup> In the third act of Fletcher's comedy of the  
*Pilgrim*, Pedro, the Pilgrim, a noble gentleman,  
has shown to him the interior of a Spanish mad-  
house, and discovers in it his mistress Ahinda, who,  
disguised in a boy's dress, was found in the town  
the night before a little crazed, distracted, and so  
sent thither. The scene here shows various  
shades of madness,

*Some of pity*

*That it would make ye melt to see their passions,*  
*And some as light again*

One is an English madman who cries, 'Give me  
some drin!

*Fill me a thousand pots and froth 'em, froth 'em!*  
Upon which a keeper says

than a Fortnight, Four Scaravouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two Turkish Bassas, Three Ninus, and a Morris Dancer

Veniens occurrere morbo

N B Any Person may agree by the Great, and be kept in Repair by the Year The Doctor draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask R.

No 23] Tuesday, March 27, 1711<sup>1</sup> [Addison

*Sævit atrox Volscens, nec telis conspicit usquam  
Auctorem nec quo se ardens immittere possit*  
Vir

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base, ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poison'd Darts, which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. For this Reason I am very much troubled when I see the Talents of Humour and Ridicule in the Possession of an ill natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up Sorrow in the Heart of a private Person, to rouse Uneasiness among near Relations, and to expose whole Families to Derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the Accomplishments of being Witty and Ill natured, a Man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous Creatures that can enter into a Civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is Praise worthy, will be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impossible to enumerate the Evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the

dark, and I know no other Excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the Wounds they give are only Imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret Shame or Sorrow in the Mind of the suffering Person. It must indeed be confessed, that a Lampoon or a Satyr do not carry in them Robbery or Murder, but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable Sum of Money, or even Life it self, than be set up as a Mark of Infamy and Derision? And in this Case a Man should consider, that an Injury is not to be measured by the Notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best Countenance upon the Outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret Anguish. I have often observed a Passage in *Socrates's* Behaviour at his Death, in a Light wherein none of the Critics have considered it. That excellent Man, entertaining his Friends a little before he drank the Bowl of Poison with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most Comic Genius can censure him for talking upon such a Subject at such a Time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon *Aristophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpose to ridicule the Discourses of that Divine Philosopher.<sup>2</sup> It has been observed by many Writers, that *Socrates* was so little moved at this piece of Buffoonry, that he was several times present at its being recited upon the Stage, and never expressed the least Resentment of it. But, with Submission, I think the Remark I have here made shows us, that this unworthy Treatment made an impression upon his Mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When *Julius Cæsar* was lampoon'd by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with such a generous Civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after.<sup>3</sup> Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the same kind of Treatment to the leamed

<sup>1</sup> At the top of this paper in a 12mo copy of the *Spectator*, published in 1712, and unnotated by a contemporary Spanish merchant, is written, 'The character of Dr Swift'. This proves that the writer of the note had an ill opinion of Dr Swift and a weak sense of the purport of what he read. Swift, of course, understood what he read. At this time he was fretting under the sense of a chill in friendship between himself and Addison, but was enjoying his *Spectators*. A week before this date, on the 16th of March, he wrote, 'Have you seen the *Spectators* yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr Steele, who seems to have gathered new life and have a new fond of wit. It is in the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club.' Then he adds a complaint of the chill in their friendship. A month after the date of this paper Swift wrote in his journal, 'The *Spectator* is written by Steele with Addison's help, 'tis often very pretty.' Later in the year, in June and September, he records dinner and supper with his friends of old time, and says of Addison, 'I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is.'

<sup>2</sup> *Plato's Phædon*, § 40. The ridicule of *Socrates* in *The Clouds* of *Aristophanes* includes the accusation that he displaced *Zeus* and put in his place *Dinos*,—Rotation. When *Socrates*, at the point of death, assents to the request that he should show grounds for his faith 'that when the man is dead, the soul exists and retains thought and power,' *Plato* represents him as suggesting. Not the sharpest censor could say that in now discussing such matters, I am dealing with what does not concern me.

<sup>3</sup> The bitter attack upon *Cæsar* and his private *Mamurra* was not withdrawn but remains to us as No 20 of the Poems of *Catullus*. The doubtful authority for *Cæsar's* answer to it is the statement in the Life of *Julius Cæsar* by *Suetonius* that, on the day of its appearance, *Catullus* apologized and was invited to supper. *Cæsar* abiding also by his old familiar friendship with the poet's father. This is the attack said to be referred to in one of *Cicero's* letters to *Atticus* (the last of B. L. XIII.), in which he tells how *Cæsar* was 'after the eighth hour in the bath, then he heard *De Mamurra*, did not change countenance, was annoyed, lay down took an emetic.'

Quillet, who had reflected upon his Luminance in a famous Latin Poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind Expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his Esteem, and dismissed him with a Promise of the next good Abbot that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few Months after. This had so good an Effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second Edition of his Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the Passages which had given him Offence.

*Sextus Quintus* was not of so generous and forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of *Pasquin* was one Night dressed in a very dirty Shirt, with an Epitaph written under it, that he was forced to wear for his Linnen because his Luminance was made a Princess. This was a Reflection upon the Pope's Sister, who, before the Promotion of her Brother, was in those mean Circumstances that *Pasquin* represented her. As this Pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the Pope offered a Considerable Sum of Money to any Person that should discover the Author of it. The Author, relying upon his Holiness's Generosity as also on some private Overtures which he had received from him, made the Discovery himself upon which the Pope gave him the Reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the Subject for the future, ordered his Tongue to be cut out and both his Hands to be chopped off. *Actus* is too true an instance

Every one knows that all the Kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant in which he makes his Boasts that he had laid the Sophi of Persia under Contribution.

Though in the various Examples which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the Wits of the Age who had reproached them, they all of them plainly showed that they were very sensible of their Reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great Injuries. For my own part, I could never trust a Man that I thought was capable of giving these secret Wounds, and cannot but think that he would hurt the Person, whose Reputation he thus assaults, in his Body or in his Fortune, could he do it with the same Security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scribbles of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy Feature. A Father of a Family turned to Ridicule, for some domestick Calamity. A Wife be made uneasy all her Life, for a misinterpreted Word or Action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just Man, shall be put out of Countenance, by the Representation of those Qualities that should do him Honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless, inconsiderate Writers, that without any Malice have sacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and Acquaintance to a certain Liberty of Temper, and a silly Ambition of distinguishing themselves by a Spirit of Railery and Scurrility. As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a Good natured Man than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which Reason I always lay it down as a Rule, that an unsecret

called Marforno — perhaps because it had been brought from the Forum of Mars — with which the statue of *Pasquin* used to hold witty conversation. questions affixed to one receiving some afterwards called answers on the other. It was in answer to Marforno's question, Why he wore a dirty shirt? that *Pasquin's* statue gave the answer cited in the text, when, in 1585, Pope Sixtus V. had brought to Rome, and lodged there in great state, his sister Camilla, who had been a handmaid and was married to a carpenter. The Pope's bait for catching the offender was promise of life and a thousand doubloons if he declared himself, death on the gallows if his name were discovered by another.

The statue Pietro d'Arczzo (Aretino), the most famous among twenty of the name, was in his youth banished from Arezzo for satire of the Indulgence trade of Leo XI. But he threw instead of suffering by his audacity of bitterness, and rose to honour as the Scourge of Princes, *Il Flagello de' Principi*. Under Clement VII. he was at Rome in the Pope's service. Francis I. of France gave him a gold chain. Emperor Charles V. gave him a pension of 200 scudi. He died in 1557, aged 66, called by himself and his contemporaries, though his wit often was berstly, Arcitino 'the divine'.

<sup>1</sup> Claude Quillet published a Latin poem in four books, entitled *Callistopæia*, seu de pulchre pulis libandis ratione, at Leyden, under the name of Calvidius Latinus in 1655. In discussing unpoetical harmonious and unharmonious he digressed into an invective against marriages of Powers, when not in accordance with certain conditions, and explained that France entered into such unions proleptically only of ill, witness her gift of sovereign power to a Sicilian stranger.

<sup>2</sup> *Immaculus delectus ab omni ulcra*

Mazzini though born at Rome, was of Sicilian family. In the second edition, published at Paris in 1856, dedicated to the cardinal Mazzini, the passages complained of were omitted for the reason and with the result told in the text, the poet getting 'une jolie Abbaye de 400 pistoles,' which he enjoyed until his death (aged 59) in 1861.

<sup>3</sup> *Pasquino* is the name of a torso, perhaps of Menelaus supporting the dead body of Patroclus, in the Piazza in *Pasquino* in Rome, at the corner of the Bracci Palace. To this modern Roman affixed their scoffs at persons or laws open to ridicule or censure. The name of the statue is accounted for by the tradition that there was in Rome, at the beginning of the 16th century, a cobbler or tailor named *Pasquino*, whose humour for sharp satire made his stall a place of common resort for the idle, who would jest together at the prayers by. After *Pasquino's* death his stall was removed and in digging up its floor there was found the broken statue of a gladiator. In this, when it was set up, the gossips who still gathered there to exercise their wit declared that *Pasquino* lived again. There was a statue opposite to it

Man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one, for as the former will only attack his Enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a Fable out of Sir Roger l'Estrange,<sup>1</sup> which accidentally lies before me. 'A Company of Waggish Boys were witting of Frogs at the side of a Pond, and still as any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be pelting them down again with Stones. *Children* (says one of the Frogs), *you never consider that though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us*'.

As this Week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to Serious Thoughts,<sup>2</sup> I shall indulge myself in such Speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the Season and in the mean time, as the settling in our selves a Charitable Frame of Mind is a Work very proper for the Time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expose that particular Breach of Charity which has been generally overlooked by Divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it. C

No 24] Wednesday, March 28, 1711 [Steel

*Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,  
Arceptaq; e manu, Quid agis dulcis mi. verum?*  
Hor

THERE are in this Town a great Number of insignificant People, who are by no means fit for the better sort of Conversation, and yet have an impertinent Audition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the *Parl*, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in Company with Ladies: if you drink a Bottle, they will find your Haunts. What makes [such Fellows] the more burdensome is, that they neither offend nor please so far as to be taken Notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this Reason that my Correspondents are willing by my Means to be rid of them. The two following Letters are writ by Persons who suffer by such Impertinence. A worthy old Batchelour, who sets in for his Dose of Claret every Night at such an Hour, is teased by a Swarm of them who because they are sure of Room and good Fire, have taken it in their Heads to keep a sort of Club in his Company, tho' the sober Gentleman himself is an utter Enemy to such Meetings.

<sup>1</sup> From the 'Fables of Æsop and other eminent Mythologists, with Morals and Reflections. By 'Sir Roger l'Estrange.' The vol. contains Fables of Æsop, Barlandus, Anrinus, Abstemius, Poggio the Florentine, Miscellany from a Common School Book, and a Supplement of Fables out of several authors, in which last section is that of the Boys and Frogs, which Addison has copied out verbatim. Sir R. l'Estrange had died in 1704, aged 88.

<sup>2</sup> Easter Day in 1711 fell on the 1st of April.

<sup>3</sup> [these People]

Mr SPECTATOR,

'The Aversion I for some Years have had to Clubs in general, gave me a perfect Relish for your Speculation on that Subject: but I have since been extremely mortified, by the malicious World's ranking me amongst the Supporters of such impertinent Assemblies. I beg Leave to state my Case fairly, and that done, I shall expect Redress from your judicious Pen.

I am, Sir, a Batchelour of some standing, and a Traveller in my Business, to consult my own Humour, which I gratify without controuling other People's. I have a Room and a whole Bed to myself, and I have a Dog, a Liddle, and a Gun they please me, and injure no Creature alive. My chief Meal is a Supper, which I eat at a Tavern. I am constant to an Hour, and not ill-humour'd for which Reasons, tho' I invite no Body, I have no sooner supped, than I have a Crowd about me of that sort of good Company that know not whither else to go. It is true every Man pays his Share, yet as they are Intruders, I have an undoubted Right to be the only Speaker, or at least the loudest, which I maintain, and that to the great Ennuiement of my Audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free Language and sometimes divert them with merry Tales, according as I am in Humour. I am one of those who live in a great Age, by a sort of regular Intemperance, I never go to Bed drunk, but always flustered. I wear away very gently, am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr SPECTATOR, if you have kept various Company, you know there is in every Tavern in Town some old Humourist or other, who is Master of the House as much as he that keeps it. The Drawers are all in awe of him and all the Customers who frequent his Company, yield him a sort of comical Obedience. I do not know but I may be such a Fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a Club, because so many Impertinents will break in upon me and come without Appointment? *Clinch of Barnet* has a nightly Meeting, and shows to every one that will come in and pay but then he is the only Actor. Why should People miscall things? If his is allowed to be a Consort, why mayn't mine be a Lecture? However, Sir, I submit it to you, and am,

Sir,  
Your most obedient, &c  
Tho Kimbow

Good Sir,  
'You and I were press'd against each other last Winter in a Crowd, in which uneasy Posture we staid together for almost Half an Hour. I thank you for all your Civilities ever since, in

<sup>1</sup> Clinch of Barnet, whose place of performance was at the corner of Bartholomew Lane, behind the Royal Exchange, imitated, according to his own advertisement, 'the Horses, the Huntsmen and a Pack of Hounds, a Sham Doctor, an old Woman, the Bells, the Flute, the Double Curtell (or bassoon) and the Organ,—all with his own Natural Voice, to the greatest perfection.' The price of admission was a shilling.

'solved to direct my self by a Scheme of Rules, which I had collected from his Observations. The Learned World are very well acquainted with that Gentleman's Invention who, for the better carrying on of his Experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was so Artificially hung upon Springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a Pair of Scales. By this means he discovered how many Ounces of his Food passed by Perspiration what quantity of it was turned into Nourishment, and how much went away by the other Channels and Distributions of Nature.

'Having provided myself with this Chair, I used to Study, Eat, Drink, and Sleep in it in so much that I may be said, for these three last Years, to have lived in a Pair of Scales. I compute my self, when I am in full Health, to be precisely Two Hundred Weight, filling short of it about a Pound after a Day's Fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full Meal, so that it is my continual Employment, to trim the Balance between these two Volatile Pounds in my Constitution. In my ordinary Meals I fetch my self up to two Hundred Weight and [a half pound] and if after having dined I find my self fall short of it, I drink just so much Small Beer, or eat such a quantity of Bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest Excesses I do not transgress more than the other half Pound which, for my Health's sake, I do the first Monday in every Month. As soon as I find my self duly poised after Dinner I walk till I have perspired five Ounces and four Scruples, and when I discover, by my Chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my Books, and Study away three Ounces more. As for the remaining Parts of the Pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the Clock, but by my Chair, for when that informs me my Pound of Food is exhausted I conclude my self to be hungry, and by in another with all Diligence. In my Days of Abstinence I lose a Pound and an half, and on solemn Fasts am two Pound lighter than on other Days in the Year.

'I allow my self, one Night with another, a Quarter of a Pound of Sleep within a few Grains more or less, and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my Chair. Upon an exact Calculation of what I expended and received the last Year which I always register in a Book, I find the Medium to be two hundred and eight, so that I cannot discover that I am unpured one Ounce in my Health during a whole Twelve-month. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast my self equally every Day, and to keep my Body in its proper Poise, so it is

'that I find my self in a sick and languishing Condition. My Complexion is grown very sallow, my Pulse low, and my Body Hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your Patient and to give me more certain Rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige.

Your Humble Servant

This Letter puts me in mind of an Italian Epitaph written on the Monument of a Valetudinarian. *Stat-o ben, e e per star Mallo sto qui* Which it is impossible to translate. He I fear of Death often proves mortal, and sets People on Methods to save their Lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a Reflection made by some Historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a Night than in a Battle, and may be applied to those Multitudes of many very Sick Persons that break their Constitutions by Physick, and throw themselves into the Arms of Death, by endeavouring to escape. This Method is not only dangerous, but below the Practice of a Reasonable Creature. To consult the Preservation of Life is the only End of it, To make our Health our Business. To engage in Action that is not part of a Regimen, or course of Physick are Purposes so object, so mean, so unworthy human Nature, that a generous Soul could rather die than submit to them. Besides that a continual Anxiety for Life vitiates all the Relishes of it, and casts a Gloom over the whole Race of Nature, as it is impossible we should take Delight in any thing that we are every Moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due Care of their Health. On the contrary, as Cheerfulness of Mind, and Capacity for Business, are in a great measure the Effects of a well tempered Constitution, a Man cannot be so too much Pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this Care, which we are prompted to, not only by common Sense, but by Duty and Instinct, should never engage us in groundless Fears, melancholly Apprehensions and imaginary Distempers, which are natural to every Man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the Preservation of Life should be only a secondary Concern, and the Direction of it our Principal. If we have this Frame of Mind, we shall take the best Means to preserve Life, without being over solicitous about the Event, and shall arrive at that Point of Health which Martial has mentioned as the Perfection of Happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for Death.

In answer to the Gentleman, who tempers his Health by Ounces and by Scruples, and instead of complying with those natural Solicitations of Hunger and Thirst, Drowsiness or Love of Exercise, governs himself by the Prescriptions of his Chair, I shall tell him a short fable. *Jupiter*, says the Mythologist, to reward the Piety of a certain Country man, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The Country man desired that he might have the Management of the

his *Ars de Staticâ Medicinâ*, and led to the increased use of Sudorifics. A translation of Synonymus by Dr John Quincy appeared in 1722 the year after the publication of this essay. The 'Art of Static Medicine' was also translated into French by M. Le Breton, in 1722. Dr John Quincy became well known as the author of a Complete Dispensatory (1719 &c.)

[an half]

\* The old English reading is 'I was well, I would be better, and here I am.'

is represented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dress'd in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is admirable as the Monument, for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the Service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of his Death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any Honour. The *Ditch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of Genius, shew an infinitely greater Taste of Antiquity and Politeness in their Buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in those of our own Country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick Expence, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostr'd Crowns and naval Ornaments, with beautiful Testoons of [Seaweed], Shells, and Coral.

But to return to our Subject. I have left the Repository of our English Kings for the Contemplation of another Day, when I shall find my Mind disposed for so serious an Amusement. I know that Entertainments of this Nature, are apt to raise dark and dismal Thoughts in timorous Minds and gloomy Imaginations: but for my own Part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy: and can, therefore, take a View of Nature in her deep and solemn Scenes, with the same Pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this Means I can improve myself with those Objects, which others consider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me: when I read the Epitaphs of the Perishable, every inordinate Desire goes out: when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tomb-stone, my Heart melts with Compassion: when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival Princes placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Contention, Facts and Debates, of this World. When I read the several Dates of the Tomb of some that dy'd yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and in our Appearance to each other.

on the Sabbath as he was returning from an unsuccessful attack on London. His body was cast on the shore, robbed of a ring by some fishermen, and buried in the sand. The ring discovering his quality he was disinterred, and brought home for burial in Westminster Abbey.

No 27] Saturday, March 31, 1711 [Steele

*Ut ex longa, quibus Mentitur amica, diesque  
Longa - id est opus detentens, ut per Annus  
P'p' illis, quos dura premit Custodia multum,  
Sic nunc i' cada si un' ingrataque scilicet, quae  
sperem*

*Consiliumque morantur agendi Quamvis, id quod  
Egi & fui ferre s' prodest, I occipit lib is agere,  
Aliquid neglectum fueris s'm i'us juvenocet il - Hor*

THOMAS is scarce a thinking Man in the World, who is involved in the Business of it, but lies under a secret Impatience of the Hurry and Fatigue he suffers, and has formed a Resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a State as is suitable to the End of his Being. You hear Men every Day in Conversation profess, that all the Honour, Power, and Riches which they propose to themselves, cannot give Satisfaction enough to reward them for half the Anxiety they undergo in the Pursuit, or Possession of them. While Men are in this Temper (which happens very frequently) how inconsistent are they with their else? They are wearied with the Toil they bear, but cannot find in their Hearts to relinquish it. Petriest is what they want, but they cannot break themselves to it. While they pant after Shade and Covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering Scenes of Life. But sure this is but just as reasonable as if a Man should call for more Light, when he has a mind to go to Sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own Hearts deceive us in the Love of the World, and that we cannot command our selves enough to resign it, tho' we every Day wish our selves disengaged from its Allurements: let us not stand upon a formal talking of it, but let us wear our selves from them, while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general Intention of the greater Part of Mankind to accomplish this Work, and he according to their own Appropriation as such is the possible, can. But since the Duration of Life is so uncertain, and that has been a common Topick of Discourse ever since there was man a thing, as Life it self, how is it possible that we should defer a Moment the beginning to live according to the Rules of Reason?

The Man of Business is his ever some one Point to carry, and then he tells himself he'll add adieu to all the Vain, of Ambition. The Man of Pleasure resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his Mistress. But the Ambitious Man is entangled every Moment in a first Pursuit, and the Lover sees new Charms in the Object he loves, and he could abandon it is, therefore, a fantastical way, of thinking, when we promise our selves an Alteration in our Conduct from change of Place, and difference of Circumstances, the same Passions will attend us where ever we are, till they are Conquered, and we can never live to our Satisfaction in the deepest Retirement, unless we are capable of living so in some measure amidst the Noise and Business of the World.

I have ever thought Men were better known,

by what could be observed of them from a Perusal of their private Letters, than any other way. My Friend, the Clergyman, the other Day, upon serious Discourse with him concerning the Danger of Procrastination, gave me the following Letters from Perso is with whom he lives in great Friendship and Intimacy, according to the good Breeding and good Sense of his Character. The first is from a Man of Business, who is his Convert. The second from one of whom he conceives good Hopes. The third from one who is in no State at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

SIR,

I know not with what Words to express to you the Sense I have of the high Obligation you have laid upon me, in the Penance you enjoined me of doing some Good or other, to a Person of Worth, every Day I live. The Station I am in furnishes me with daily Opportunities of this kind, and the Noble Principle with which you have inspired me, of Benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my Application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve Mankind from Distress, when I assist a Friendless Person, when I produce concern'd Worth, I am pleas'd with myself, for having design'd to leave the World in order to be virtuous. I am sorry you decline the Occasions which the Condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your Fortunes, but know I contribute more to your Satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better Man, from the Influence and Authority you have over,

SIR,

Your most Oblig'd and  
Most Humble Servant,  
R O

SIR,

I am intirely convinced of the Truth of what you were pleas'd to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in, but you told me so, as I saw you lov'd me, otherwise I could not obey your Commands in letting you know my Thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know the Credit for whom I resign so much of my Character is all that you said of her. Is it then the Inferior something in her so undesigning and harmless, that it her Guilt in one kind disappears by the Comparison of her Innocence in another? Will you, virtuous Men, allow no alteration of Offences? Must Dear [Chloe] be called by the hard Name you pious People give to common Women? I keep the solemn Promise I made you, in writing to you the State of my Mind, after your last Admonition, and will endeavour to get the better of this Fondness, which makes me so much her humble Servant, that I am almost inclin'd to Subscribe my self Yours,

T D

SIR,

There is no State of Life so Anxious as that of a Man who does not live according to the Dictates of his own Reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my Love of Retirement first of all brought me to Court, but this will be

'no Riddle, when I recount you that I plac'd my self here with a Design of getting so much Money as might enable me to Purchase a handsome Retreat in the Country. At present my Circumstances enslave me, and my Duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining Part of my Life in such a Retirement as I at first propos'd to my self, but to my great Misfortune I have intirely lost the Relish of it, and shou'd now return to the Country with greater Reluctance than I at first came to Court. I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are Trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest Importance. In short, I find a Contest in my own Mind between Reason and Fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the World, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this Paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my Life, if possible, both to my Duty and my Inclination.

I am,  
Your most humble Servant,  
R B  
R

No 28] Monday, April 2, 1711 [Addison

— Neque semper arcum  
Fudit Apollo — Hor

I SHALL here present my Reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the Embellishment of the City, and to the driving Barbarity out of our Streets. [I consider it as a Satyr upon Projectors in general, and a lively Picture of the whole Art of Modern Criticism.]

SIR,

Observing that you have Thoughts of creating certain Officers under you for the Inspection of several petty Enormities which you your self cannot attend to, and finding daily Absurdities hung out upon the Sign-Posts of this City, to the great Scandal of Forcigners, as well as those of our own Country, who are curious Spectators of the same. I do humbly propose, that you would be pleas'd to make me your Superintendent of all such Figures and Devices, as are or shall be made use of on this Occasion, with full Powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an Officer, there is nothing like sound Literature and good Sense to be met with in these Objects, that are everywhere thrusting themselves out to the Eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are fill'd with blue Boats, black Swans, and red Lions, not to men-

<sup>2</sup> [It is as follows.]

<sup>2</sup> In the *Spectator's* time numbering of houses was so rare that in Hutton's *New View of London*, published in 1708, special mention is made of the fact that 'in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields, instead of signs the houses are distinguished by numbers, as the staircases in the Inns of Court and Chancery.'

<sup>1</sup> See the close of No. 2    <sup>2</sup> [blank left]



'non flying Pigs, and Hogs in Armour, with many other Creatures more extraordinary than any in the desarts of *Africa*. Strange! that one who has all the Birds and Beasts in Nature to chuse out of, should live at the Sign of an *Ens Rationis*!

'My first Task, therefore, should be like that of *Hercules*, to clear the City from Monsters. In the second Place, I would forbid, that Creatures of jarring and incongruous Natures should be joined together in the same Sign, such as the Bell and the Neats tongue, the Dog and Grid-iron. The Fox and Goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? and when did the [Lamb] and Dolphin ever meet except upon a Sign Post? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a Conceit in it, and therefore, I do not intend that anything I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you upon this Subject, that it is usual for a young Tradesman at his first setting up, to add to his own Sign that of the Master whom he serv'd as the Husband, after Marriage, gives a Place to his Mistress's Arms in his own Coat. This I take to have given Rise to many of those Absurdities which are committed over our Heads, and as I am inform'd, first occasioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would, therefore establish certain Rules, for determining how far one Tradesman may give the Sign of another, and in what Cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

'In the third place, I would enjoin every Shop to make use of a Sign which bears some Affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent, than to see a Brewer at the Sign of the Angel, or a Faylor at the Lion? A Cook should not live at the Boot nor a Shoemaker at the roasted Pig and yet, for want of this Regulation I have seen a Goat set up before the Door of a Perfumer, and the French King's Head at a Sword Cutlers.

An ingenious Foreigner observes, that several of those Gentlemen who value themselves upon their Families and overlook such as are bred to Trade, bear the Tools of their Forefathers in their Coats of Arms. I will not examine how true this is in Fact. But though it may not be necessary for Posterity thus to set up the Sign of their Forefathers I think it highly proper for those who rectly profess the Trade, to shew some such Marks of it before their Doors.

'When the Name gives an Occasion for an ingenious Sign post, I would likewise advise the Owner to take that Opportunity of letting the World know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs *Salmon*<sup>2</sup> to have lived at the Sign of the Trout for which Reason she has erected before her House the Figure of the Fish that is her Name sake. Mr

<sup>1</sup> [sheep]

<sup>2</sup> The sign before her Window Exhibition, in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, was 'the Golden Salmon'. She had very recently removed to this house from her old establishment in St. Martin's le Grand.

*Bell* has likewise distinguished himself by a Device of the same Nature. And here, Sir, I must beg Leave to observe to you, that this particular Figure of a Bell has given Occasion to several Pieces of Wit in this Kind. A Man of your Reading must know, that *Abel Druggier* gained great Applause by it in the Time of *Ben Jonson*<sup>2</sup>. Our Apocryphal Heathen God<sup>3</sup> is also represented by this Figure which, in conjunction with the Dragon, make a very hand some picture in several of our Streets. As for the Bell Savage, which is the Sign of a savage Man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the Conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old Romance translated out of the French which gives an Account of a very beautiful Woman who was found in a Wilderness, and is called in the French *la belle Sauvage*, and is everywhere translated by our Countrymen the Bell Savage. This Piece of Philology will, I hope, convince you that I have made Sign posts my Study, and consequently qualified myself for the Employment which I solicit at your Hands. But before I conclude my Letter, I must communicate to you another Remark, which I have made upon the Subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd Guess at the Humour of the Inhabitant by the Sign that hangs before his Door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes Choice of a Bear as Men of milder Dispositions, frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch Bowl painted upon a Sign near *Charing Cross*, and very curiously garnished with a couple of Angels hovering over it and squeezing a Lemon into it, I had the Curiosity to ask after the Master of the House and found upon Inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *Apocryphal* ens upon his Sign, that he was a Frenchman. I now, Sir it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these Hints to a Gentleman of your great Abilities so humbly recommend ing my self to your Favour and Patronage.

I remain, &c

I shall add to the foregoing Letter, another which came to me by the same Penny-Post.

From my own Apartment near Charing Cross  
*Honoured Sir,*

'Having heard that this Nation is a great En

<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson's Alchemist having taken gold from Abel Druggier, the Tobacco Man, for the device of a sign—a good lucky one, a thriving sign—will give him nothing so commonplace as a sign copied from the constellation he was born under, but says

*Subtle* He shall have a *bel*, that's *Abel*, And by it standing one whose name is *Dee* In a *rug* grown, there's *D* and *rug*, that's *Drug* And right aneast him a dog snarling *er*, There's *Druggier*, Abel Druggier. That's his sign And here's now my mystery and hieroglyphic.

*Face* Abel, thou art made

*Druggier* Sir, I do thank his worship

<sup>2</sup> Bel, in the apocryphal addition to the Book of Daniel, called 'the History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon'

Regard to the Accent of his own Language, as those Persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing Birds of our own Country learn to imitate the Voices, and mellow the Harshness of their natural Notes, by practising under those that come from warmer Climates. In the same manner, I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *English* Musick as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the Infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the Subject Matter of it be *English*.

A Composer should fit his Musick to the Genius of the People, and consider that the Delicacy of Hearing, and Taste of Harmony, has been formed upon those Sounds which every Country abounds with. In short, that Musick is of a Relative Nature, and what is Harmony to one Ear, may be Dissonance to another.

The same Observations which I have made upon the Recitative part of Musick, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

Signior *Baptist Lully*<sup>1</sup> acted like a Man of Sense in this Particular. He found the *French* Musick extremely defective, and very often barbarous. However, knowing the Genius of the People, the Humour of their Language, and the prejudiced Ears [he<sup>2</sup>] had to deal with he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Musick, and plant the *Italian* in its stead, but only to Cultivate and Civilize it with innumerable Graces and Modulations which he borrow'd from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* Musick is now perfect in its kind, and when you say it is not so good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not please you so well for there is scarce<sup>3</sup> a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* such a Preference. The Musick of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their Pronunciation and Accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favours the Genius of such a gay airy People. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent Opportunities of joining in Consort with the Stage. This Inclination of the Audience to sing along with the Actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the Performer on the Stage do no more in a Celebrated Song, than the Clerk of a Parish Church,

who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drown'd in the Musick of the Congregation. Every Actor that comes on the Stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are so Painted, that they appear as Ruddy and Cherry-cheek'd as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all Embroider'd, and acquit themselves in a Ball better than our *English* Dancing Masters. I have seen a couple of Rivers appear in red Stockings and *Alpheus*, instead of having his Head covered with Sedge and Bull-Rushes, making Love in a fur full-bottomed Perriwig, and a Plume of Feathers but with a Voice so full of Shakes and Quavers that I should have thought the Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agreeable Musick.

I remember the last Opera I saw in that merry Nation was the Rape of *Proserpine*, where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting Figure, puts himself in a *French* Equipage and brings *Ascalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call Folly and Imperunerce, but what the *French* look upon as Gay and Polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offer'd, than that Musick, Architecture, and Painting, as well as Poetry, and Oratory, are to deduce their Laws and Rules from the general Sense and Taste of Mankind, and not from the Principles of those Arts themselves, or, in other Words, the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Music is not design'd to please only Chromatick Ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable Notes. A Man of an ordinary Ear is a Judge whether a Passion is express'd in proper Sounds, and whether the Melody of those Sounds be more or less pleasing. C

No 30] Wednesday, April 4, 1711 [Sterle

*St. sum-crimus ult censet, sine an ore Jocusque Nil est Inmundum, vivas in amore Jorsque*  
Hor

ONE common Calamity makes Men extremely affect each other, tho' they differ in every other Particular. The Passion of Love is the most general Concern among Men and I am glad to hear by my last Advices from *Oxford*, that there are a Set of Sighers in that University, who have erected themselves into a Society in Favour of that tender Passion. These Gentlemen are of that Sort of Inamoratos, who are no so very much lost to common Sense, but that they understand the Folly they are guilty of, and for that Reason separate themselves from all other Company, because they will enjoy the Pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a Man comes into the Club, he is no obliged to make any Introduction to his Discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his Chair, speaks in the Thread of his

<sup>1</sup> John Baptist Lully, a Florentine, died in 1687, aged 53. In his youth he was an under scullion in the kitchen of Madame de Montpensier, niece to Louis XIV. The discovery of his musical genius led to his becoming the King's Superintendent of Music, and one of the most influential composers that has ever lived. He composed the occasional music for Voliere's comedies, besides about twenty lyric tragedies, which succeeded beyond all others in France, not only because of his dramatic genius, which enabled him to give to the persons of these operas a musical language fitted to their characters and expressive of the situations in which they were placed, but also, says Mr. Hullah, because 'Lully being the first modern composer who caught the French ear, was the means, to a great extent, of forming the modern French taste.' His operas kept the stage for more than a century. <sup>2</sup> [that he] <sup>3</sup> [not]

\* To this number of the *Spectator*, as added in the original July issue an announcement of six places at which were to be sold 'Complete Sets of this Paper for the Month of March.'

own Thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging Glance, She Never look'd so well in her Life as this Evening,' or the like Reflection, without Regard to any other Members of the Society, for in this Assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every Man claims the full Liberty of talking to himself. Instead of Snuff-boxes and Canes, which are the usual Helps to Discourse with other young Fellows, these have each some Piece of Ribbon, a broken Fan, or an old Girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair Person remember'd by each respective Token. According to the Representation of the Matter from my Letters, the Company appear like so many Players rehearsing behind the Scenes, one is sighing and lamenting his Destiny in beseeching Terms, another declaring he will break his Chain, and another in dumb Show, striving to express his Passion by his Gesture. It is very ordinary in the Assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a Discourse concerning his Passion in general, and describe the Temper of his Mind in such a Manner, as that the whole Company shall join in the Description, and feel the Force of it. In this Case, if any Man has declared the Violence of his Flame in more pathetick Terms, he is made President for that Night, out of respect to his superiour Passion.

We had some Years ago in this Town a Set of People who met and dress'd like Lovers, and were distinguished by the Name of the *Fringe-Glaze Club*, but they were Persons of such moderate Intellecks even before they were impaired by their Passion, that their Irregularities could not furnish sufficient Variety of Folly to afford daily new Impertinencies by which Means that Institution dropp'd. These Fellows could express their Passion in nothing but their Dress, but the *Ornaments* are frustrious now they are Lovers, in proportion to their Learning and Understanding before they became such. The Thoughts of the ancient Poets on this agreeable Phrenzy, are translated in honour of some modern Beauty, and *Chloris* is won to Dry, by the same Compliment that was made to *Lesbia* a thousand Years ago. But as far as I can learn, the Patron of the Club is the renowned *Don Quixote*. The Adventures of that gentle Knight are frequently mention'd in the Society, under the colour of Laughing at the Passion and themselves. But at the same Time, tho' they are sensible of the Extravagancies of that unhappy Warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the Reading of the best and wisest Writings into Rhapsodies of Love, is a Phrenzy no less diverting than that of the foresaid recomplish'd *Spaniard*. A Gentleman who, I hope, will continue his Correspondence, is lately admitted into the Fraternity, and sent me the following Letter

SIR,

'Since I find you take Notice of Clubs, I beg Leave to give you an Account of one in *Oxford*, which you have no where mention'd, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish our selves by the title of the *Amorous Club*, are all Votaries of *Chapel*, and Admirers of the Fair Sex. The Reason that we are so little known in the World,

'is the Secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the University. Our Constitution runs counter to that of the Place wherein we live. For in Love there are no Doctors, and we all profess so high Passion, that we admit of no Graduates in it. Our Presidentship is bestow'd according to the Dignity of Passion, our Number is unlimited, and our Statutes are like those of the Druids, recorded in our own Breasts only, and explained by the Majority of the Company. A Mistress, and a Poem in her Praise, will introduce any Candidate. Without the latter no one can be admitted, for he that is not in love enough to rhyme, is unqualified for our Society. To speak disrespectfully of any Woman, is Expulsion from our gentle Society. As we are to present all of us Gown-men, instead of duelling when we are Rivals, we drink together the Health of our Mistress. The Manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates Debates, on such Occasions we have Recourse to the Rules of Love among the Antients.

*Narcissus & Cynthia, septem Justina babatur*

'This Method of a Glass to every Letter of her Name, occasioned the other Night a Dispute of some Warmth. A young Student, who is in Love with Mrs. *Elizabeth Dimple*, was so unreasonable as to begin her Health under the Name of *Elizabetha*, which so exasperated the Club, that by common Consent we retreated to *Be'ty*. We look upon a Man as no Company, that does not sigh five times in a Quarter of an Hour, and look upon a Member as very absurd, that is so much himself as to make a direct Answer to a Question. In fine, the whole Assembly is made up of absent Men, that is, of such Persons as have lost their Locality, and whose Minds and Bodies never keep Company with one another. As I am an unfortunate Member of this distracted Society, you cannot expect a very regular Account of it, for which Reason, I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

Sir,  
Your most obedient,  
humble Servant,  
R. B.

'I forgot to tell you, that *Albina*, who has six Votaries in this Club, is one of your Readers'  
R.

No 31 ] Thursday, April 5, 1711 [Addison

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui* — Vir

LAST Night, upon my going into a Coffee-House not far from the *Hay-Market Theatre*, I diverted myself for above half an Hour with overhearing the Discourse of one, who, by the Shabbiness of his Dress, the Extravagance of his Conceptions, and the Hurry of his Speech, I discovered to be of that Species who are generally distinguished by the title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by

his Audience, was entertaining a whole Table of Lastners with the Project of an Opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three Mornings in the Contrivance, and which he was ready to put in Execution, provided he might find his Account in it. He said, that he had observed the great Trouble and Inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several Shows that are exhibited in different Quarters of the Town. The dancing Monks are in one place, the Puppet-Show in another, the Opera in a third, not to mention the Lions, that are almost a whole Day's Journey from the Politer Part of the Town. By this means People of Figure are forced to lose half the Winter after their coming to Town, before they have seen all the strange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great Inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his Pocket the Scheme of an Opera, Entitled, *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*, in which he had disposed of all the remarkable Shows about Town, among the Scenes and Decorations of his Piece. The Thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the Hint of it from several Performances which he had seen upon our Stage. In one of which there was a Rary Show in another, a Ladder dance and in others a Posture-man, a moving Picture, with many Curiosities of the like nature.

This *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consulting the oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjuror, who has been visited by so many Persons of Quality of late Years, is to be introduced as telling him his Fortune. At the same time *Clutch of Barnet* is represented in another Corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Delphos*, for joy of his arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be Peopled by the Ingenious Mrs *Salmon*,<sup>1</sup> where *Alexander* is to fall in Love with a Piece of Wax-Work, that represents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that Country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not loose their hold, tho' they were cut to pieces Limb by Limb, and that they would hang upon their Prey by their Teeth when they had nothing but a Mouth left, there is to be a scene of *Hockley in the Hole*,<sup>2</sup> in which is to be represented all

the Diversions of that Place, the Bull baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by Reason of the Lowness of the Roof. The several Woods in *Asia*, which *Alexander* must be supposed to pass through, will give the Audience a Sight of Monks dancing upon Ropes, with many other Pleasantries of that ludicrous Species. At the same time, if there chance to be any Strange Animals in Town, whether Birds or Beasts, they may be either let loose among the Woods, or driven across the Stage by some of the Country People of *Asia*. In the last great Battle, *Pinkethman*<sup>3</sup> is to personate King *Porus* upon an Elephant, and is to be encountered by *Powell*,<sup>2</sup> representing *Alexander* the Great upon a Dromedary, which nevertheless Mr *Powell* is desired to call by the Name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the Close of this great decisive Battle, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual Friendship and good Correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-Show, in which the ingenious Mr *Powell junior*,<sup>3</sup> may have an Op-

In Hockley Hole, dealers in rags and old iron congregated. This gave it the name of Rag Street, euphonized into Ray Street since 1774. In the *Spectator's* time its Pear Garden, upon the site of which there are now metal works, was a famous resort of the lowest classes. 'You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, child, to 'learn valour,' says Mrs Peachum to Filch in the *Beggars Opera*.

William Pinkethman was a low comedian dear to the gallery at Drury Lane as 'Pinkie,' very popular also as a Booth Manager at Bartholomew Fair. Though a sour critic described him as 'the Flower of Bartholomew Fair and the 'Idol of the Rabble' a fellow that overdoes everything and spoils many a Part with his own Stuff, the *Spectator* has in another paper given honourable fume to his skill as a comedian. Here there is but the whimsical suggestion of a favourite showman and low comedian mounted on an elephant to play King Porus.

George Powell, who in 1711 and 1712 appeared in such characters as Falstaff, Lear, and Cortez in 'the Indian Emperor,' now and then also played the part of the favourite stage hero, Alexander the Great in Lee's *Great Queen*. He was a good actor, spoilt by intemperance, who came on the stage sometimes warm with Nutt brandy, and courted his heroines so furiously that Sir John Vanbrugh said they were almost in danger of being conquered on the spot. His last new part of any note was in 1713, Porus in Addison's *Cato*. He lived on for a few wretched years, lost to the public, but much sought by sheriff's officers.

'Powell junior' of the Puppet Show (see note on p. 26) was a more prosperous man than his namesake of Drury Lane. In De Foe's 'Gleanings of Great Britain,' published in 1813, we read 'I was the other Day at a Coffee-House when the following Advertisement was thrown in—At 'Punch's Theatre in the Little Piazza, Covent-Garden, this present Evening will be performed 'an Entertainment, called, The History of Sir

<sup>1</sup> An advertisement of Mrs Salmon's wax-work in the *Tatler* for Nov. 30, 1710, specifies among other attractions the Turkish Seraglio in wax-work, the Fatal Sisters that spin, reel, and cut the thread of man's life, 'an Old Woman flying from Time, who shakes his head and hour-glass with sorrow at seeing age so unwilling to die.' 'Nothing but life can exceed the motions of the 'heads, hands, eyes, &c., of these figures, &c.'

<sup>2</sup> Hockley in the Hole, memorable for its Bear Garden, was on the outskirts of the town, by Clerkenwell Green with Mutton Lane on the East and the fields on the West. By Town's End Lane (called Coppice Row since the levelling of the coppice-crowned knoll over which it ran) through Pickled Egg Walk (now Crawford's Passage) one came to Hockley in-the-Hole or Hockley Hole, now Ray Street. The leveller has been at work upon the eminences that surrounded it.

portunity of displaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the Diversion of the two Monarchs. Some at the Table urged that a Puppet-Show was not a suitable Entertainment for *Alexander* the Great, and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the Conqueror touched upon that part of *India* which is said to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this Objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the Proposal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the Reconciliation of these two Kings they might invite one another to Dinner, and either of them entertain his Guest with the German Artist, Mr *Pinkethman's* Heathen Gods,<sup>1</sup> or any of the like Diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This Project was receiv'd with very great Applause by the whole Table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his Design, for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his Intention that the whole Opera should be acted in that Language, which was a Tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the Ladies, especially when it was a

little raised and rounded by the *Ionick* Dialect, and could not but be [acceptable<sup>2</sup>] to the whole Audience, because there are fewer of them who understand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only Difficulty that remained, was, how to get Performers, unless we could persuade some Gentlemen of the Universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the Stage, but this Objection soon vanished, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at present the only Musicians in the *Turkish* Empire, and that it would be very easy for our Factory at *Smirna* to furnish us every Year with a Colony of Musicians, by the Opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet, besides, says he, if we want any single Voice for any lower Part in the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to speak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a Fortnight's time.

The Projector having thus settled Matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the Table, and planted himself before the Fire, where I had unluckily taken my Stand for the Convenience of over-hearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a Quarter of a Minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a Button of my Coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary Genius for Musick that lives in *Switzerland*, who has so strong a Spring in his Fingers, that he can make the Board of an Organ sound like a Drum, and if I could but procure a Subscription of about Ten Thousand Pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by Articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the *English* Stage. After this he looked full in my Face, expecting I would make an Answer, when by good Luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiss* Compositions, cry'd out with a kind of Laugh, Is our Musick then to receive further Improvements from *Switzerland*? This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my Button and turned about to answer him. I took the Opportunity of the Diversion, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with some Precipitation. C.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Whittington, shewing his Rise from a Scullion to be Lord-Mayor of London, with the Comical Humours of Old Madge, the jolly Chamber-maid, and the Representation of the Sea, and the Court of Great Britain, concluding with the Court of Aldermen, and Whittington Lord-Mayor, honoured with the Presence of King Hen VIII and his Queen Anna Bullen, with other diverting Decorations proper to the Play, beginning at 6 o'clock. Note, No money to be returned after the Entertainment is begun. Boxes, 2s Pit, 1s. Vreat Regua.

<sup>2</sup> On enquiring into the Matter, I find this has long been a noble Diversion of our Quality and Gentry, and that Mr Powell, by Subscriptions and full Houses, has gathered such Wealth as is ten times sufficient to buy all the Poets in England, that he seldom goes out without his Chair, and thrives on this incredible Folly to that degree, that, were he a Freeman, he might hope that some future Puppet-Show might celebrate his being Lord Mayor, as he has done Sir R Whittington.

<sup>3</sup> Mr Penkethman's Wonderful Invention call'd the Pantheon or, the Temple of the Heathen Gods. The Work of several Years, and great Expense, is now perfected being a most surprising and magnificent Machine, consisting of 5 several curious Pictures, the Painting and contrivance whereof is beyond Expression Adquirable. The Figures, which are above 100, and move their Heads, Legs, Arms, and Fingers, so exactly to what they perform, and setting one Foot before another, like living Creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the greatest Wonder of the Age. To be seen from 10 in the Morning till 10 at Night, in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, in the same House where Punch's Opera is. Price 1s 6d, 1s, and the lowest, 6d. This Advertisement was published in 46 and a few following numbers of the Spectator.

No 32 ] Friday, April 6, 1711 [Steele

*Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse Colurnis*  
Hor

THE late Discourse concerning the Statutes of the *Ugly-Club*, having been so well received at *Oxford*, that, contrary to the strict Rules of the Society, they have been so partial as to take my own Testimonial, and admit me into that select Body, I could not restrain the Vanity of publishing to the World the Honour which is done me

<sup>1</sup> [wonderfully acceptable]

<sup>2</sup> The satire is against Hicdegger See p 25

It is no small Satisfaction, that I have given Occasion for the President's shewing both his Invention and Reading to such Advantage as my Correspondent reports he did. But it is not to be doubted there were many very proper Hums and Pauses in his Harangue, which lose their Ugliness in the Narration, and which my Correspondent (begging his Pardon) has no very good Talent at representing. I very much approve of the Contempt the Society has of Beauty. Nothing ought to be laudable in a Man, in which his Will is not concerned, therefore our Society can follow Nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the Occasion.

MR SPECTATOR,

Your making publick the late Trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the Occasion of this. Who should I meet at the Coffee house Door tother Night, but my old Friend Mr President? I saw somewhat had pleased him, and as soon as he had cast his Eye upon me, "Oho, Doctor, rare News from *London*", (says he) the SPECTATOR has made honourable Mention of the Club (Man) and published to the World his sincere Desire to be a Member, with a recommendatory Description of his Phiz. And tho' our Constitution has made no particular Provision for short Faces, yet, his being an extraordinary Case, I believe we shall find an Hole for him to creep in at, for I assure you he is not against the Canon and his Sides are as compact as his Joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us. I presently called for the Paper to see how you looked in Print and after we had regaled our selves a while upon the pleasant Image of our Proselite, Mr President told me I should be his Stranger at the next Night's Club. Where we were no sooner come, and Pipes brought, but Mr President began an Harangue upon your Introduction to my Epistle setting forth with no less Volubility of Speech than Strength of Reason, "That a Speculation of this Nature was what had been long and much wanted, and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable Value to the Publick, in reconciling even of Bodies and Souls in composing and quieting the Minds of Men under all corporal Redundancies, Deficiencies, and Irregularities whatsoever and making every one sit down content in his own Carcase, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish." And again, "How that for want of a due Consideration of what you first advance, viz that our Faces are not of our own choosing, People had been transported beyond all good Breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal Extravagancies. As, how many impartial Looking-Glasses had been censured and calumniated, nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand Splinters, only for a fair Representation of the Truth? How many Headstrangs and Carters had been made accessory, and actually forfeited, only because Folks must needs quarrel with their own Shadows? And who (continues he) but is deeply sensible, that one great Source of

"the Uneasiness and Misery of human Life, especially amongst those of Distinction, arises from nothing in the World else, but too severe a Contemplation of an indefeasible Contexture of our external Parts, or certain natural and invincible Disposition to be fat or lean? When a little more of Mr SPECTATOR's Philosophy would take off all this, and in the mean time let them observe, that there's not one of their Grievances of this Sort, but perhaps in some Ages of the World has been highly in vogue, and may be so again, nay, in some Country or other ten to one is so at this Day. My Lady *Ample* is the most miserable Woman in the World, purely of her own making. She even grudges her self Meat and Drink, for fear she should thrive by them, and is constantly crying out, In a Quarter of a Year more I shall be quite out of all manner of Shape! Now [the] Lady's Misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong Soil for, go but to other Side of the Water, it's a Jest at *Harlem* to talk of a Skripe under eighteen Stone. These wise Traders regulate their Beauties as they do their Butter, by the Pound and Miss *Cross*, when she first arrived in the *Low Countries*, was not computed to be so handsome as Madam *Van Bruskel* by near half a Tun. On the other hand, there's *Squire Lath*, a proper Gentleman of Fifteen hundred Pound *per Annum*, as well as of an unblameable Life and Conversation yet would not I be the Esquire for half his Estate for if it was as much more, he'd freely part with it all for a pair of Legs to his Mind. Whereas in the Reign of our first King *Edward* of glorious Memory, nothing more modish than a Brace of your fine taper Supporters and his Majesty without an Inch of Calf, managed Affairs in Peace and War as judiciously as the braves and most politick of his Ancestors and was as terrible to his Neighbours under the Royal Name of *Long-shanks*, as *Cour de Lion* to the *Saracens* before him. If we look further back into History we shall find, that *Alexander* the Great wore his Head a little over the left Shoulder and then not a Soul stirred out till he had adjusted his Neck-bone, the whole Nobility addressed the Prince and each other obliquely, and all Matters of Importance were concerted and carried on in the *Macedonian* Court with their Polls on one Side. For about the first Century nothing made more Noise in the World than *Roman* Noses, and then not a Word of them till they revived again in Eighty eight. Nor is it so very long since *Richard* the Third set up half the Backs of the Nation, and high Shoulders, as well as high Noses, were the Top of the Fashion. But to come to our selves, Gentlemen, tho' I find by my quinquennial Observations that we shall never get Ladies enough to make a Party in our own Country, yet might we meet with better Success among some of our Allies. And what think you if our Board sat for a *Dutch* Piece? Truly I am of Opinion, that as odd as we appear in Flesh and Blood, we should be no such strange Things in Metz-

\* [thus]

\* At the coming of William III

*sincerely* The Manner of his declining himself gave his Mistress occasion for a very hearty Laughter — *Nay*, says he, *I knew you would Laugh at me, but I'll ask your Father*. He did so the Father received his Intelligence with no less Joy than Surprise, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while as this Conquest of my Friend *Daphne's*. All her Acquaintance congratulate her upon her *Charm-Medley*, and laugh at that premeditating Murderer her Sister. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worse of our selves for the Imperfections of our Persons, it is equally below us to value our selves upon the Advantages of them. The Female World seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this Particular for which Reason, I shall recommend the following Extract out of a Friend's Letter to the Profess'd Beauties who are a People almost as unsufferable as the Profess'd Wits.

'Monsieur St. Evremont' has concluded one of his Essays, with affirming that the Last Signs of a Handsome Woman are not so much for the loss of her Life, as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Rail lery is pursued too far, yet it is turn'd upon a very obvious Remark, that Women's strongest Passion is for her own Beauty, and that she values it as her Favourite Distinction. From hence it is that all Arts, which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a Reception among the Sex. To say nothing of many False Helps, and Contraband Wares of Beauty, which are daily vended in this great Mart, there is not a Maiden Gentlewoman, of a good Family in any County of *South-Britain*, who has not heard of the Virtues of *Mary-Dew*, or is unfurnished with some Receipt or other in Favour of her Complexion and I have known a Physician of Learning and Sense, after Eight Years Study in the University, and a Course of Travels into most Countries of *Europe*, owe the first raising of his Fortunes to a Cosmetick Wash.

This has given me Occasion to consider how so Universal a Disposition in Woman-kind, which springs from a laudable Motive, the Desire of

Pleasing, and proceeds upon an Opinion, not altogether groundless, that Nature may be help'd by Art, may be turn'd to their Advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable Service to take them out of the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true Secret and Art of improving Beauty.

In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few Preliminary Maxims,

That no Woman can be Handsome by the Force of Features alone, any more than she can be Witty only by the Help of Speech.

That Pride destroys all Symmetry and Grace, and Affectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine Faces than the Small Pox.

That no Woman is capable of being Beautiful who is not incapable of being Wise.

And, That what would be Odious in a Friend, is Deformity in a Mistress.

From these few Principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true Art of assisting Beauty consists in Lunellishing the whole Person by the proper Ornaments of virtuous and commendable Qualities. By this Help alone it is that those who are the Favourite Work of Nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, the Force of a Clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a Capacity of exerting their Charms. And those who seem to have been neglected by her, like Models wrought in Earthen, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what She has left imperfect.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of that Sex, which was created to refine the Joints, and soften the Cares of Humanity, by the most agreeable Participation, to consider them merely as Objects of Sight. This is abridging them of their natural Extent of Power, to put them upon a Level with their Pictures at *Kneller's*. How much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty heighten'd by Virtue, and commanding our Esteem and Love, while it draws our Observation? How faint and spiritless are the Charms of a Coquet, when compar'd with the real Loveliness of *Sophronia's* Innocence, Piety, good Humour and Truth. Virtues which add a new Softness to her Sex, and even beautify her Beauty. That Agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest Virgin, is now preserv'd in the tender Mother, the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife. Colours, artfully spread upon Cheeks, may entertain the Eye, but not affect the Heart and she, who takes no care to add to the natural Graces of her Person any excellent Qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a Picture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton* describing *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the Impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first

\* Charles de St. Denis, Sieur de St. Evremont, died in 1703, aged 95, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His military and diplomatic career in France was closed in 1661, when his condemnations of Mazarin, although the Cardinal was then dead, obliged him to fly from the wrath of the French Court to Holland and afterwards to England, where Charles II. granted him a pension of £300 a year. At Charles's death the pension lapsed, and St. Evremont declined the post of cabinet secretary to James II. After the Revolution he had William III. for friend, and when, at last, he was invited back, in his old age, to France, he chose to stay and die among his English friends. In a second volume of 'Miscellany Essays by Monsieur de St. Evremont,' done into English by Mr. Brown (1694), an Essay 'Of the Pleasure that Women take in their Beauty' ends (p. 135) with the thought quoted by Steele.

\* In 'Don Sebastian, King of Portugal,' act I, says Muley Moloch, Emperor of Barbary,

*As These look like the Workmanship of Heaven  
Thus is the Porcelain Clay of Human Kind*

Order of Persons should think themselves too considerable to be advi'd. That it was not Quality, but Innocence which exempted Men from Reproof. That Vice and Folly ought to be attacked where-ever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous Stations of Life. He further added, That my Paper would only serve to aggravate the Pains of Poverty, if it chiefly expos'd those who are already depressed, and in some measure turn'd into Ridicule, by the Meanness of their Conditions and Circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take Notice of the great Use this Paper might be of to the Publick, by reprehending those Vices which are too trivial for the Chastisement of the Law, and too fantastical for the Cognizance of the Pulpit. He then advis'd me to prosecute my Undertaking with Cheerfulness and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approv'd by all those whose Praises do Honour to the Persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole Club pays a particular Defiance to the Discourse of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid and ingenuous Manner with which he delivers himself, as by the Strength of Argument and Force of Reason which he makes Use of. With this Reason immediately agreed, that what he had said was right, and that for his Part, he would not insist upon the Quarter which he had demand'd for the Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the same Frankness. The JOURNAL would not stand out, and was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN. Who all agreed that I should be at Liberty to carry the War into that Quarter I pleas'd, provided I continued to combat with Criminals in a Body, and to assault the Vice without hurting the Person.

This Debate, which was held for the Good of Mankind, put me in Mind of that which the *Roman* Truismate were formerly engag'd in, for their Destruction. Every Man at first stood hard for his Friend, till they found that by this Means they should spoil their Prospection. And at length, making a Sacrifice of all their Acquaintance and Relations, furnished out a very decent Execution.

Having thus taken my Resolutions to march on boldly in the Cause of Virtue and good Sense, and to annoy their Adversaries in whatever Degree or Rank of Men they may be found. I shall be deaf for the future to all the Remonstrances that shall be made to me on this Account. If *Punch* grow extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the Stage becomes a Nursery of Folly and Impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, If I meet with anything in City, Court, or Country, that shocks Modesty or good Manners, I shall use my utmost Endeavours to make an Example of it. I must however intreat every particular Person, who does me the Honour to be a Reader of this Paper, never to think himself, or any one of his Friends or Enemies, aimed at in what is said. For I promise him, never to draw a faulty Character which does not fit at least a Thousand People, or to publish a single Paper, that is not written in the

Spirit of Benevolence and with a Love to Mankind C

No 35] Tuesday, April 10, 1711 [Addison

*Nulla est res in se recte et nulla est — Mart.*

**A**MONG all kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination that seems with Men to be allied that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the World with Diversions of this nature, and yet if we look into the Productions of several Writers, who set up for Men of Humour, what a wild irregular Images, what unaccountable Distortions of the Truth, do we meet with! If they speak of Women as they believe they are talking of Men, and when they have drawn for either a Scheme of absurd, monstrous Ideas, they are not able to tell a story to themselves without laughing. The good Gentlemen endeavour to gain their ends the same way of Wit and Humour, by which not only Cat-cous as almost quantify them for *London* not considering that Honour should always be under the Check of Reason and that it requires the Direction of the most judiciously chosen and the more it is moulded itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be observed in this sort of Composition, as well as in all other, and a certain Liberty of Thought (which I must allow to the Writer to be a Man of Sense, as the first time that it appears also, either given up to Caprice. For my part, when I read the delicious Mirth of an unusual Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert my self with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr *Stadwell*, who had himself a great deal of the Talent, which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surpris'd to hear one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour. And I ques not but several *English* Readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent Pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd Chimerical Titles, are rather the Offsprings of a Distempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is, and very difficult to define it otherwise than as *Coxley* has done Wu, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a Person, deduce to him all his Qualifications, re-

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> Wit, in the town sense, is 'all ed to satirise in *Shadwell's* plays, and window breaking by the street noters called 'Scowlers, who are the heroes of an entire play of his, named after them, is represented to the life by a street scene in the third act of his 'Woman Captain'.



'in the said Speculation, We, the chief Actors of this Playhouse, met and sat upon the said Design. It is with great Delight that We expect the Execution of this Work and in order to contribute to it, We have given Warning to all our Ghosts to get their Livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after Dry break of the 16th Instant. We are resolved to take this Opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the Representation of humane Life and shall make a free Gift of all unimpaired Utensils to your Projector. The Hangings, you formerly mentioned are run away as are likewise a Set of Chairs, each of which was met upon two Legs going through the *Rose* Tavern at two this Morning. We hope Sir, you will give proper Notice to the Town that we are endeavouring at these Regulations, and that we intend for the future to show no Minstrels, but Men who are converted into such by their own Industry and Affectation. If you will please to be at the House to night, you will see me do my Endeavour to show some unnatural Appearances which are in vogue among the Polite and Well bred. I am to represent, in the Character of a fine Lady Dancing, all the Distortions which are frequently taken for Graces in Men and Gesture. This, Sir, is a Specimen of the Method we shall take to expose the Monsters which come within the Notice of a regular Theatre, and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted by you Spectator, for the future. We have crushed three Comrings of Theatrical Guards, and design our Kings shall for the future make Love and sit in Council without an Army and wait only your Direction, whether you will have them reinforce King *Porus* or join the Troops of *Macedon*. Mr *Penkethman* resolves to consult his *Pantheon* of Heathen Gods in Opposition to the Oracle of *Delphos*, and doubts not but he shall turn the Fortunes of *Porus* when he personates him. I am desirous by the Company to inform you, that they submit to your Censures and shall have you in greater Veneration than *Hercules* was in of old, if you can drive Monsters from the Theatre and think your Merit will be as much greater than his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,  
I D

SIR,

'When I acquaint you with the great and unexpected Vicissitudes of my Fortune, I doubt not but I shall obtain your Pity and Favour. I have for many Years last past been Thunderer to the Playhouse and have not only made as much Noise out of the Clouds as my Predecessor of mine in the Theatre that ever bore that Character, but also have descended and spoke on the Stage as the bold Thunder in *The Relicarsal*. When they got me down thus low, they thought

'fit to degrade me further, and make me a Ghost. I was contented with this for these two last Winters but they carry their Tyranny still further, and not satisfied that I am banished from above Ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart their Dominions, and taken from me even my subterraneous Employment. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is, that if your Undertaker thinks fit to use Fire-Arms, as other Authors have done in the Time of *Heliander*, I may be a Cannon against *Porns*, or else provide for me in the Burning of *Persopolis*, or what other Method you shall think fit.

*Salmonsons of Covent Garden*

The Petition of all the Devils of the Playhouse in behalf of themselves and Familiars, setting forth their Expulsion from thence, with Certificates of their good Life and Conversation, and praying Relief.

*The Merit of this Petition referred to Mr Chr Rich, who made them Devils*

The Petition of the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, to command the Pioneers in the Expedition of *Alexander*.

Granted

The Petition of William Bullock, to be *Hephestion to Penkethman the Great*.

Granted

'Come out, Thunder and Lightning

*Enter Thunder and Lightning*

'Thun I am the bold Thunder

'*Bayes* Mr Cartwright, prithee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold Thunder please. Speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed. I am the bold Thunder.

'Thun I am the bold Thunder,

'I light The bold Lightning, I'

The caricature here, and in following lines, is of a passage in Sir Robert Stapylton's *Slighted Maid*. I am the Evening, dark is Night, &c.

In the *Spectator's* time the Relicarsal was an acted play, in which Penkethman had the part of the gentleman Usher, and Bullock was one of the two Kings of Brentford. Thunder was Johnson, who played also the Grave-digger in *Hamlet* and other reputable parts.

William Bullock was a good and popular comedian, whom some preferred to Penkethman, because he spoke no more than was set down for him, and did not overact his part. He was now with Penkethman, now with Collier and others, joint-manager of a theatrical booth at Bartholomew Fair. When this essay was written Bullock and Penkethman were acting together in a play called *Myself Love*, produced at Drury Lane on the 7th of April, Bullock as 'Sir Bookish Outside', Penkethman as 'Tippie', a Servant. Penkethman, Bullock and Dogget were in those days Macbeth's three witches. Bullock had a son on the stage capable of courtly parts, who really had played Hephestion in *The Rival Queens*, in a theatre opened by Penkethman at Greenwich in the preceding summer.

<sup>1</sup> Mr Bayes, the poet, in the Duke of Buckingham's *Relicarsal*, after showing him he has planned a Thunder and Lightning Prologue for his play, says,

*Ogby's I n g l  
Dryden's J n a m a l*

and 16 of Juvenal, and the whole of Persius His Essay on Satire was prefixed

*Cassandra* and *Cleopatra* were romances from the French of Grutier de Costes, Seigneur de La Calprenède, who died in 1663. He published *Cassandra* in 10 volumes in 1642, *Cleopatra* in 12 volumes in 1656, besides other romances. The custom was to publish these romances 2 volume at a time. A pretty and rich widow smitten with the *Cleopatra* while it was appearing, married La Calprenède upon condition that he finished it, and his promise to do so was formally inserted in the marriage contract. The English translations of these French Romances were always in folio. *Cassandra*, translated by Sir Charles Cotterell, was published in 1652. *Cleopatra* in 1663, translated by Robert Loveday. *Astraea* was a pastoral Romance of the days of Henri IV by Honoré D'Urfé, which had been translated by John Pyper in 1620, and was again translated by a 'Person of Quality' in 1647. It was of the same school as Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, first published after his death by his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in 1590, and from her, for whom, indeed, it had been written, called the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*.

Sir Isaac Newton was living in the *Spectator's* time. He died in 1727, aged 85. John Locke had died in 1704. His *Essay on the Human Understanding* was first published in 1690. Sir William Temple had died in 1699, aged 71.

The *Grand Cyrus*, by Madeleine de Scudéry, was the most famous of the French Romances of its day. The authoress, who died in 1701, aged 94, was called the Sappho of her time. Cardinal Mazarin left her a pension by his will, and she had a pension of two thousand livres from the king. Her *Grand Cyrus*, published in 10 volumes in 1650, was translated (in one volume, folio) in 1653. *Clelia*, presently afterwards included in the list of Leconte's books, was another very popular romance by the same authoress, published in 10 volumes, a few years later, immediately translated in English by John Davies, and printed in the usual folio form.

Dr William Sherlock, who after some scruple about taking the oath to King William, did so, and was made Dean of St Paul's, published his very popular *Practical Discourse concerning Death*, in 1687. He died in 1707.

Other Nicolas Malbranche, in the *Spectator's* time, was living in enjoyment of his reputation as one of the best French writers and philosophers. The foundations of his fame had been laid by his *Recherches de la Vérité*, of which the first volume appeared in 1673. An English translation of it, by Thomas Taylor, was published (in folio) in 1694. He died in 1715, aged 77.

Thomas D'Urfé was a licentious writer of plays and songs, whose tunes Charles II would hum as he leant on their writer's shoulder. His 'New Poems, with Songs' appeared in 1690. He died in 1723, aged 95.

The *New Atlantis* was a scandalous book by Mary de la Riviere Mauley, a daughter of Sir

*Cassandra*

*Cleopatra*

*Astraea*

*Sir Isaac Newton's Works*

*The Grand Cyrus* With a Pin stuck in one of the middle Leaves

*Pembroke's Arcadia*

*Logic of Human Understanding* With a Paper of Patches in it

*A Spelling Book*

*A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words*

*Sherlock upon Death*

*The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony*

*Sir William Temple's Essays*

*Father Malbranche's Search after Truth*, translated into English

*A Book of Novels*

*The Academy of Compliments*

*Culpepper's Midwifery*

*The Ladies Calling*

*Tricks in Verse* by Mr Dunsford Bound in Red Leather gilt on the Back, and doubled down in several Places

All the Classic Authors in Wood

A set of *Elzeviers* by the same Hand

*Clelia* Which opened of it self in the Place that describes two Lovers in a Bower

*Balcan's Chronicle*

*Advice to a Daughter*

*The New Atlantis*, with a Key to it

*Mr Steel's Christian Heroe*

*A Prayer Book* With a Bottle of Hungary

Water by the side of it

*Dr Sacheverell's Speech*

*Fielding's Trisal*

*Seneca's Morals*

*Taylor's holy Living and Dying*

*La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances*

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket Book of these, and several other Authors, when *Leopora* entered, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable Grace, that she hoped Sir ROGER was in good Health. I answered *Yes*, for I hate long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

Roger Manley, governor of Guernsey. She began her career as the victim of a false marriage, deserted and left to support herself, became a busy writer and a woman of intrigue, who was living in the *Spectator's* time, and died in 1724, in the house of Alderman Barber, with whom she was then living. Her *New Atlantis*, published in 1709, was entitled 'Secret Memoirs, and Manners of several Persons of Quality of both sexes, from the New Atlantis, an Island in the Mediterranean.' Under feigned names it especially attacked members of Whig families, and led to proceedings for libel.

La Ferte was a dancing master of the days of the *Spectator*, who in Nos. 52 and 54 advertised his School 'in Compton Street, Soho, over against St Ann's Church Back-door,' adding that, 'at the desire of several gentlemen in the City, he taught dancing on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange.'

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Pleasure. And such a Pleasure is which one meets with in the Representation of a well-written Tragedy. Divisions of this kind weer out of our Thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that Humanity which is the Ornament of our Nature. They soften Insolence, sooth Affliction, and subline the Mind to the Dispensations of Providence.

It is no Wonder therefore that in all the polite Nations of the World, this part of the *Drama* has met with publick Encouragement.

The modern Tragedy exceeds that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the Intricacy and Disposition of the Fable; but, what a Christ an Writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the Moral Part of the Performance.

This I may shew more at large hereafter and in the mean time that I may contribute something towards the Improvement of the *English* Tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following Papers, of some particular Parts in it that seem liable to Exception.

*Aristotle*<sup>3</sup> observes, that the *Iambick* Verse in the *Greek* Tongue was the most proper for Tragedy. Because at the same time that it lifted up the Discourse from Prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verse. For, say he, we may observe that Men in Ordinary Discourse very often speak *Iambicks*, without taking notice of it. We may make the same Observation of our *English* Blank Verse, which often enters into our Common Discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due Medium between Rhyme and Prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a Play in Rhyme, which is absurd in *English*, as a Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The Solecism is, I think, still greater, in those Plays that have some Scenes in Rhyme and some in Blank Verse, which are to be looked upon as two several Languages; or where we see some particular Similes dignified with Rhyme, at the same time that every thing about them lies in Blank Verse. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleases, every Act of it, with two or three Coupletts, which may have the same Effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Besides that we see a Diversity of Numbers in some Parts

of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the Ear from being tired with the same continued Modulation of Voice. For the same Reason I do not dislike the Speeches in our *English* Tragedy that close with an *Hexameter*, or half Verse, notwithstanding the Person who speaks after it begins a new Verse, without filling up the preceding one. Nor with abrupt Pauses and Breakings off in the middle of a Verse, when they humour any Passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this Subject, I must observe that our *English* Poets have succeeded much better in the Style, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their Language is very often Noble and Sonorous, but the Sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the Ancient Tragedies, and indeed in those of *Cornelle* and *Racine*<sup>1</sup> tho' the Expressions are very great it is the Thought that bears them up and supports them. For my own part, I prefer a noble Sentiment that is depressed with homely Language infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the Sound and Energy of Expression. Whether this Defect in our Tragedies may arise from Want of Genius, Knowledge, or Experience, in the Writers, or from their Compliance with the vicious Taste of their Readers, who are better Judges of the Language than of the Sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the Conduct both of the one and of the other, if the Writer laid down the whole Contexture of his Dialogue in plain *English*, before he turned it into Blank Verse; and if the Reader, after the Perusal of a Scene, would consider the naked Thought of every Speech in it, when divested of all its Tragick Ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by Words, we may judge impartially of the Thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the Person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a Blaze of Eloquence, or shew itself in such a Variety of Lights as are generally made use of by the Writers of our *English* Tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our Thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding Phrases, hard Metaphors, and forced Expressions in which they are clothed. *Shakespear* is often very faulty in this Particular. There is a fine Observation in *Aristotle* to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The Expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unpoetical Parts of the Fable, as in Descriptions, Similitudes, Narrations, and the like in which the Opinions, Manners and Passions of Men are not represented for these (namely the Opinions, Manners and Passions) are apt to be obscured by Pompous Phrases, and Elaborate Expressions.<sup>2</sup> *Horace*, who copied most of his Criticisms after *Aristotle*, seems to have had his Eye on the foregoing Rule in the following Verses

<sup>1</sup> These chiefs of the French tragic drama died, *Cornelle* in 1684, and his brother *Thomas* in 1708. *Racine* in 1699.

<sup>2</sup> It is the last sentence in Part III of the Poetics.

<sup>3</sup> From Seneca on Providence, — '*De Providentia*, sive Quare Bonis Viris Mali Accidunt' cum sit Providentia? *Ecce* spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat intuentis operis Deum. *Ecce* pater Deo dignum, vir fortis cum multa fortuna composuit, utique si et praecoxit.' So also Minutius Felix, *Adversus Gentes*. 'Quam pulchrum spectaculum Deo, cum Christianus cum dolore congregitur? cum adversus miras, et supplicia, et tormenta componitur? cum libertatem cum adversus reges ac Principes erigit.' Epictetus also bids the endangered man remember that he has been sent by God as an athlete into the arena. [shall]

<sup>4</sup> Poetics, Part I §7. Also in the Rhetoric, bk. III ch. 1.

*Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri,  
Telephus ut Peleus, cum panper et exul uterque,  
Proijcit amplexus et sesquipedalibus verba,  
Si curat cor Spectantis tetigisse querellâ*

*Tragicians too lay by their State, to grieve  
Peleus and Telephus, Exil'd and Poor,  
Forget their Swelling and Gigantick Words  
Ld Rosco 1816*

Among our Modern *English* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than Lee<sup>1</sup> if instead of favouring the Impetuosity of his Genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper Bounds His Thoughts are wonderfully suited to Tragedy, but frequently lost in such a Cloud of Words, that it is hard to see the Beauty of them There is an infinite Fire in his Works, but so involved in Smoak, that it does not appear in half its Lustre He frequently succeeds in the Passionate Parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his Efforts, and eases the Style of those Epithets and Metaphors, in which he so much abounds What can be more Natural, more Soft, or more Passionate, than that Line in *Statira's* Speech, where she describes the Charms of *Alexander's* Conversation?

*Then he would talk Good Gods! how he would talk!*

That unexpected Break in the Line, and turning the Description of his Manner of Talking into an Admiration of it, is inexpressibly Beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond Character of the Person that speaks it. There is a Simplicity in the Words, that outshines the utmost Pride of Expression.

*Ottway*<sup>2</sup> has followed Nature in the Language of his Tragedy, and therefore shines in the Passionate Parts, more than any of our *English* Poets As there is something Familiar and

<sup>1</sup> Nathaniel Lee died in 1692 of injury received during a drunken frolic. Disappointed of a fellowship at Cambridge, he turned actor failed upon the stage, but prospered as a writer for it His career as a dramatist began with *Nero*, in 1675, and he wrote in all eleven plays His most successful play was the *Rival Queens*, or the Death of Alexander the Great, produced in 1677 Next to it in success, and superior in merit, was his *Theodosius*, or the Force of Love, produced in 1680 He took part with Dryden in writing the very successful adaptation of *Edipus*, produced in 1679, as an *English* Tragedy based upon Sophocles and Seneca During two years of his life Lee was a lunatic in Bedlam

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Otway died of want in 1685, at the age of 34 Like Lee, he left college for the stage, attempted as an actor, then turned dramatist, and produced his first tragedy, *Alcibiades*, in 1675, the year in which Lee produced also his first tragedy, *Nero* Otway's second play, *Don Carlos*, was very successful, but his best were, the *Orphan*, produced in 1680, remarkable for its departure from the kings and queens of tragedy for pithos founded upon incidents in middle life, and *Venice Preserved*, produced in 1682

Domestick in the Fable of his Tragedy, more than in those of any other Poet, he has little Pomp but great Force in his Expressions For which Reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting Part of his Tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a Familiarity of Phrase in those Parts, which, by *Aristotle's* Rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the Dignity of Expression

It has been observed by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wrong a Plot, that the greatest Characters in it are those of Rebels and Traitors Had the Hero of his Play discovered the same good Qualities in the Defence of his Country, that he showed for its Ruin and Subversion, the Audience could not enough pity and admire him But as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the *Roman* Historian says of *Catiline*, that his Fall would have been Glorious (*si pro Patriâ sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the Service of his Country C

No 40] Monday, April 16, 1711 [Addison.

*Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ sacre ipse recenset,  
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne,  
Ille per extant unum finem mihi posse videtur  
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus maniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
Ut magnus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit  
Athenis—Hor*

THE *English* Writers of Tragedy are possessed with a Notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent Person in Distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his Troubles, or made him triumph over his Enemies This Error they have been led into by a ridiculous Doctrine in modern Criticism, that they are obliged to an equal Distribution of Rewards and Punishments, and an impartial Execution of poetical Justice Who were the first that established this Rule I know not but I am sure it has no Foundation in Nature, in Reason, or in the Practice of the Ancients We find that Good and Evil happen alike to all Men on this side the Grave and as the principal Design of Tragedy is to raise Commiseration and Terror in the Minds of the Audience, we shall defeat this great End, if we always make Virtue and Innocence happy and successful Whatever Crosses and Disappointments a good Man suffers in the Body of the Tragedy, they will make but small Impression on our Minds, when we know that in the last Act he is to arrive at the End of his Wishes and Desires When we see him engaged in the Depth of his Afflictions, we are apt to comfort our selves, because we are sure he will find his Way out of them and that his Grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in Gladness For this Reason the ancient Writers of Tragedy treated Men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the World, by making Virtue sometimes happy and sometimes

miservable, as they found it in the Fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their Audience in the most agreeable Manner. *Aristotle* considers the Tragedies that were written in either of these Kinds, and observes, That those which ended unhappily had always pleased the People, and carried away the Prize in the public Disputes of the Stage from those that ended happily. *Temper* and *Commodities* leave a pleasant Argus in the Mind, and fix the Attention in a serious Composition of Thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient State of Joy and Satisfaction. Accordingly, we find, that more of our *English* Tragedies have succeeded in which the Favourers of the Audience sink under their Calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best Plays of this Kind are *Tristram Shandy*, *Lucius Junius Brutus*, *Alexander the Great*, *Samson*, *Alfred*, *Henry the Sixth*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the same Kind, as *Asper* is another. But as it is reformed according to the chimerical Notion of Poetical Justice, in my humble Opinion it has lost half its Beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies which have been framed upon the other Plan and have ended happily, as indeed most of the good Tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned Criticism, have taken this Turn. *The Merchant of Venice*, *Pericles*, *Ulysses*, *Philostratus*, and *Hippolytus*, with most of *Mr. Dryden's*. I must also allow, that many of *Shakespeare's* and several of the celebrated Tragedies of Antiquity, are in the same Form. I do not therefore dispute against the Way of writing Tragedies; but against the Criticism that would establish this as the only Method, and by that Means would very much curtail the *English* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong Bent to the Genius of our Writers.

The Tragicomedy, which is the Product of the *English* Theatre, is one of the most monstrous Inventions that ever entered into a Poet's

Thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the Adventures of *Astias* and *Hudibras* into a Poem, as of writing such a motley Piece of Mirth and Sorrow; but the Absurdity of these Performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same Objections which are made to Tragicomedy, may in some Measure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them, which are likewise more frequent upon the *English* Stage than upon any other. For though the Grief of the Audience, in such Performances, be not changed into another Passion, as in Tragicomedies it is diverted upon another Object, which weakens their Concern for the principal Action, and hinders the Tide of Sorrow, by throwing it into different Channels. This Inconvenience, however, may in a great Measure be cured, if not wholly removed by the skilful Choice of an Under-Plot, which may bear such a near Relation to the principal Design, as to contribute towards the Completion of it, and be concluded by the same Catastrophe.

There is also another Particular, which may be reckoned among the Pleurishes, or rather the false Beauties, of our *English* Tragedy. I mean those particular Speeches which are commonly known by the Name of *Rants*. The warm and passionate Parts of a Tragedy, are always the most taking with the Audience, for which Reason we often see the Players pronouncing, in all the Violence of Action, several Parts of the Tragedy which the Author wrote with great Temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen *Powell* very often raise himself a loud Clap by this Artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this Secret, have given frequent Occasion for such Faintness in the Actor, by adding Vehemence to Words where there was no Passion, or inflaming a real Passion into Rustian. It hath filled the Mouths of our Heroes with Bombast and given them such Sentiments, as proceed rather from a Swelling than a Greatness of Mind. Unnatural Exclamations, Curses, Vows, Blasphemies, a Defiance of Mankind, and an Outraging of the Gods, frequently pass upon the Audience for towering Thoughts, and have accordingly met with much Applause.

I shall here add a Remark, which I am afraid our Tragic Writers may make an ill use of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their Swelling and Plurting upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair Part of their Audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a Man insulting Kings, or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himself at the Feet of his Mistress in a next. Let him behave himself insolently towards the Men, and affectly towards the Fair One, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the Foxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in several of their Tragedies, have practised this Secret with good Success.

But to shew how a *Rant* pleases beyond the most just and natural Thought that is not pronounced with Vehemence, I would desire the Reader, when he sees the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to observe how *Colley Cibber* the Hero is dismissed at the End of the third Act, after having pronounced the

<sup>1</sup> Here Aristotle is not quite accurately quoted. What he says of the Tragedies which end unhappily is that Euripides was right in preferring them, and as the strongest proof of it we find that upon the stage and in the dramatic contests, such Tragedies, if they succeed, have always the most tragic effect. *Poetics* Part II § 12.

<sup>2</sup> Of the two plays in this list besides *Othello*, which have not been mentioned in the preceding notes, *All for Love* produced in 1678, was Dryden's *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Orlando*, first acted in 1691 was a tragedy by Thomas Southerne, which included comic scenes. Southerne, who held a commission in the army, was living in the Spectator's time and died in 1746, aged 86. It was in his best play, *Isabel*, or the Part Marriage, that Mrs. Siddons, in 1782, made her first appearance on the London stage.

<sup>3</sup> Congreve's *The Two Brothers* was first acted in 1697. Rowe's *Tam Clarendon* (with a hero planned in complement to William III) in 1702. Rowe's *Ulysses* in 1706, Edmund Smith's *Phædon* and *Hippolytus* in 1707.

No 42] Wednesday, April 18, 1711 [Addison

*Gargantum mugire putes nemus aut mare lhus  
cium,  
Tanto cum strepitu ludī spectantur, et artes,  
Divitiisque peregrinae quibus oblitus actor  
Cum stetit in Scena, eos currit dextera laeva  
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane Quid placet  
ergo?  
Lar a Tarentino violas imitata veneno —Hor*

ARISTOILE<sup>s</sup> has observed, That ordinary Writers in Tragedy endeavour to rouse Terror and Pity in their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and Expressions, but by the Dresses and Decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders. When he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our Tragick Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent Ideas of the Persons that speak. The ordinary Method of making an Hero is to clap a huge Plume of Feathers upon his Head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater Length from his Chin to the Top of his Head, than to the sole of his Foot. One would believe, that we thought a great Man and a tall Man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the Actor, who is forced to hold his Neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks: and notwithstanding any Anxieties which he pretends for his Mistress, his Country, or his Friends, one may see by his Action, that his greatest Care and Concern is to keep the Plume of Feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I see a Man uttering his Complaints under such a Mountain of Feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick, than a distressed Hero. As these superfluous Ornaments upon the Head make a great Man, a Princess generally receives her Grandeur from those additional Incumbrances that fall into her Tail. I mean the broad sweeping Train that follows her in all her Motions and finds constant Employment for a Boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to Advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this Sight, but, I must confess, my Eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's Part: and as for the Queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjustring of her Train, lest it should chance to trip up her Heels, or incommode her as she walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my Opinion, a very odd Spectacle, to see a Queen venting her Passion in a disordered Motion, and a little Boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown. The Parts that the two Persons act on the Stage at the same Time are very different. The Princess is afraid lest she should incur the Displeasure of the King her Father, or lose the Hero her Lover, whilst her Attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her Feet in her Petticoat.

<sup>s</sup> Poetics, Part II § 13

We are told, That an ancient Tragick Poet, to move the Pity of his Audience for his exiled Kings and distressed Heroes, used to make the Actors represent them in Dresses and Cloaths that were thread-bare and decayed. Thus Artifice for moving Pity, seems as ill contrived, as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great Idea of the Persons introduced upon the Stage. In short, I would have our Conceptions raised by the Dignity of Thought and Sublimity of Expression, rather than by a Train of Robes or a Plume of Feathers.

Another mechanical Method of making great Men, and adding Dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberds and Battle-axes. Two or three Shifters of Scenes, with the two Candle snuffers, make up a complete Body of Guards upon the English Stage, and by the Addition of a few Porters dressed in Red Coats, can represent above a Dozen Legions. I have sometimes seen a Couple of Armies drawn up together upon the Stage, when the Poet has been disposed to do Honour to his Generals. It is impossible for the Reader's Imagination to multiply twenty Men into such prodigious numbers, or to fancy that two or three hundred Soldiers are fighting in a Room or Yards in Compass. Incidents of this kind should be told, not represented.

Non tam  
Digna geri promes in scenam, multi  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia.

Yet there are things improper for a Sc  
Which Men of Judgment only will relate

I should therefore, in this Particular, reco to my Countrymen the Example of the Stage, where the Kings and Queens appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the Scenes. I should likewise be glad to see the French in banishing from our Stage the Noise of Drums, Trumpets, and Huzzas which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a Battle in the Hay Market Theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing Cross.

I have here only touched upon those Particulars which are made use of to rouse and aggrandize Passions in Tragedy: and shall shew in another Paper the several Expedients which are practised by Authors of a vulgar Genius to move Terror, Pity, or Admiration, in their Hearers.

The Tailor and the Painter often contribute to the Success of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary Minds as much as Speeches: and our Actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed Play has sometimes brought them as full Audiences, as a well written one. The Italians have a very good Phrase to express this Art of imposing upon the Spectators by Apparences. They call it the *Faustoria della Scena*, The Knavery or trickish Part of the Drama. But however the Show and Outside of the Tragedy may work upon the Vulgar, the more understanding Part of the Audience immediately see through it and detect it.

'against our Goodwill and Liking, and, for all Monsieur Palmquist,<sup>1</sup> a most dangerous Innovation and we are by no means yet sure, that some People are not at the Bottom on't. At least, my own private Letters leave room for a Politician well versed in matters of this Nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating Friend of mine tells me

'We think we have at last done the business with the Molecontents in *Ilumary*, and shall clap up a Peace there -

'What the Neutrality Army<sup>3</sup> is to do, or what the Army in *Flanders*, and what two or three other Princes, is not yet fully determined among us, and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the next *Dyer's*,<sup>4</sup> who, you must know, is our Authentick Intelligence, our *Aristotle* in Politics. And 'tis indeed but fit there should be some Dernier Resort, the Absolute Decider of all Controversies

'We were lately informed that the Gallant Train'd Bands had patroll'd all Night long about the Streets of *London*. We indeed could not imagine any Occasion for it, we guessed not a little on't beforehand, we were in nothing of the Secret and that City Tradesmen, or their Apprentices, should do Duty or work, during the Holidays, we thought absolutely impossible. But *Dyer* being positive in it, and some Letters

'from other People, who had talk'd with some who had it from those who should know, giving some Countenance to it, the Chairman reported from the Committee, appointed to examine into that Affair, that 'twas Possible there might be something in't. I have much more to say to you, but my two good Friends and Neighbours, *Do-munick* and *Slyboots*, are just come in, and the Coffee's ready. I am, in the mean time,

Mr SPECTATOR,

I am Admirer, and

Humble Servant,

Abraham Froth

You may observe the Turn of their Minds tends only to Novelty, and not Satisfaction in any thing. It would be Disappointment to them, to come to Certainty in any thing, for that would grieve them, and put an end to their Enquiries, which dull Fellows do not make for Information, but for Exercise. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull Fellows prove very good Men of Business. Business relieves them from their own natural Heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do: whereas Business to Mercurial Men, is an Interruption from their real Existence and Happiness. Tho the dull Part of Mankind are harmless in their Amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant Time, because they usually undertake something that makes their Wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull Fellow of good Education, but (if he happens to have any Leisure upon his Hands,) will turn his Head to one of those two Amusements, for all Tools of Eminence, Politics or Poetry. The former of these Arts, is the Study of all dull People in general: but when Dullness is lodged in a Person of a quiet Animal Life, it generally exerts it self in Poetry. One might here mention a few Military Writers, who give great Entertainment to the Age, by reason that the Stupidity of their Heads is quickened by the Alacrity of their Hearts. This Constitution in a dull Fellow, gives Vigour to Nonsense, and makes the Puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The *British Prince*, that Celebrated Poem, which was written in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and deservedly called by the Wits of that Age *Incomparable*,<sup>2</sup> was the Effect of such a happy Genius as we are speaking of. From among

fuge at Bender in Bessarabia with the Turks, Mr Froth's Infidels

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Monsieur Palmquist is the form in which these 'Grave, Serious, Distinguishing Men in their Way' have picked up the name of *Charles's* brave general, Count *Pomiatowski*, to whom he owed his escape after the battle of *Pultowa*, and who won over Turkey to support his falling fortunes. The Turks, his subsequent friends, are the 'Infidels' before mentioned, the wise politicians being apparently under the impression that they had marched with the Swedes out of Saxony.

<sup>2</sup> Here Mr Froth and his friends were truer prophets than any one knew when this number of the *Spectator* appeared, on the 19th of April. The news had not reached England of the death of the Emperor *Joseph I* on the 17th of April. During his reign, and throughout the war, the Hungarians, desiring independence, had been fighting on the side of France. The Archduke *Charles*, now become Emperor, was ready to give the Hungarians such privileges, especially in matters of religion as restored their friendship.

<sup>3</sup> After *Pultowa* Frederick IV of Denmark, Augustus II of Poland and *Czar Peter*, formed an alliance against Sweden and in the course of 1710 the Emperor of Germany, Great Britain, and the States General concluded two treaties, guaranteeing the neutrality of all the States of the Empire. This suggests to Mr Froth and his friends the idea that there is a 'Neutrality Army' operating somewhere.

<sup>4</sup> *Dyer* was a Jacobite printer, whose News-letter was twice in trouble for 'misrepresenting the proceedings of the House,' and who, in 1703, had given occasion for a proclamation against printing and spreading false news.

<sup>2</sup> 'The *British Prince*, an Heroick Poem,' by the Hon. *Edward Howard*, was published in 1669. The author produced also five plays, and a volume of Poems and Essays, with a Paraphrase on *Cicero's* *Tullius* in Heroic Verse. The Earls of Rochester and Dorset devoted some verses to jest both on *The British Prince* and on *Edward Howard's* Plays. Even Dr *Spratt* had his rhymed joke with the rest, in lines to a Person of Honour upon his *Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem*, intitled *The 'British Prince'*. *Edward Howard* did not print the nonsense here ascribed to him. It was a burlesque of his lines

'A vest as admir'd *Vortiger* had on,  
'Which from this Island's Joes his Grand sire  
wore

many other Disticks, no less to be quoted on this Account, I cannot, but recite the two following I met

*A haunted Vest Prince Voltrager had on,  
Which from a Naked Pict his Grandsire won*

Here if the Poet had not been Vivacious, as well as Stupid, he could [not,] in the Warmth and Hurry of Nonsense, [have] been capable of forgetting that neither Prince Voltrager, nor his Grandfather, could strip a Naked Man of his Doublet, but a Fool of a colder Constitution, would have stud to have I let'd the *Pul*, and made Buff of his Skin, for the Wearing of the Conqueror

To bring these Observations to some useful Purpose of Use, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise Nations, wherein every Man learns some Handy-craft Work. Would it not employ a Man prettily enough, if instead of eternally prying with a Snuff-box, he spent some part of his Time in mending one? Such a Method as this, would very much conduce to the Publick Emolument, by making every Man living good for something for there would then be no one Member of Human Society, but who sh'd have some little Pretension for some Degree in it like him who came to *Wills* Coffee-house, upon the Merit of having writ a Poise of a Ring

R

No 44] Friday, April 20, 1711 [Advison

*Tu, quid ego et populus in vacuum desideret, audi*  
Ho-

**A**MONG the several Artifices which are put in Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of [an]<sup>d</sup> Audience with Terror, the first Place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made use of at the Descending of a God, or the Rising of a Ghost at the Vanishing of a Devil, or at the Death of a Tyrant I have known a Bell introduced into several Tragedies with good Effect and have seen the whole Assembly in a very great Alarm till the while it has been ringing But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *English* Heart so much as a Ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody Shirt A Spectre has very often saved a Play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the Stage, or rose through a Cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one Word There may be a proper Season for these several Terrors and when they only come in as Aids and Assistances to the Poet they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded Thus the sound of the Clock in  *Venice Preserved*,<sup>2</sup> strikes the Hearts of the whole Audience quiet and conveys a stronger Terror to the Mind than it is possible for Words to do The Appearance of the Ghost in *Hamlet* is a Master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the Circumstances

<sup>1</sup> [the]

<sup>2</sup> In Act V The toll of the pressing bell for Pierre in the parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera

that can create either Attention or Horror The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his Reception by the Discourses that precede it His Dumb Behaviour at his first Entrance, strikes the Imagination very strongly but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying Who can read the Speech with which young *Hamlet* accosts him, without trembling?

*Ho! Look, my Lord, it comes!  
Hym Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!*

*Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd  
Bring with thee Aurs from Heaven, or Blasts  
from Hell,*

*Be thy Events tickled or charitabh,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape  
That I will speak to thee I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, Father, Royal Dane Oh! Oh! Answer me,*

*Let me not burst in Ignorance, but tell  
Why thy canon'd bones, hearsed in Death,  
Have burst their Cerements! Why the Sepulchre,*

*W herein we saw thee quietly murr'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws  
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?  
That thou dost Coarse again in compleat Steel  
Re-us't thus the Glimpses of the Moon,  
Making Night hideous!*

I do not therefore find Fault with the Artifices above-mentioned when they are introduced with Skill, and accompanied by proportionable Sentiments and Expressions in the Writing

For the moving of Pity, our principal Machine is the Handkerchief and indeed in our common Tragedies, we should not know very often that the Persons are in Distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes Iar he it from me to think of blushing this Instrument of Sorrow from the Stage I know a Tragedy could not subsist without it All that I would contend for, is, to keep it from being misapplied In a Word, I would have the Actor's Tongue sympathize with his Eyes

A disconsolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand, has frequently drawn Compassion from the Audience, and has therefore gained a place in several Tragedies A Modern Writer, that observed how this had took in other Plays, being resolved to double the Distress, and melt his Audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a Princess upon the Stage with a little Boy in one Hand and a Girl in the other This too had a very good Effect A third Poet, being resolved to out write all his Predecessors, a few Years ago introduced three Children, with great Success And as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate Hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the first Person that appears upon the Stage, is an afflicted Widow in her mourning Weeds, with half a Dozen fatherless Children attending her, like those that usually hang about the Figure of Charity Thus several Incidents that are beautiful in a good Writer, become ridiculous by falling into the Hands of a bad one



But among all our Methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the Contempt and Ridicule of our Neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the *English Stage*. To delight in seeing Men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the Sign of a cruel Temper. And as this is often practised before the *British Audience*, several *French Critics*, who think these are grateful Spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a People that delight in Blood.<sup>1</sup> It is indeed very odd, to see our Stage strowed with Carcasses in the last Scene of a Tragedy, and to observe in the Ward robe of a Play-house several Daggers, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poison, and many other Instruments of Death. Murders and Executions are always transacted behind the Scenes in the *French Theatre*, which in general is very agreeable to the Manners of a polite and civilized People. But as there are no Exceptions to this Rule on the *French Stage*, it leads them into Absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present Censure. I remember in the famous Play of *Cornelle*, written upon the Subject of the *Horatii* and *Curatii* the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sister for his Victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her Lover,) in the Height of his Passion and Resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an Action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the Sentiments of Nature, Reason, or Manhood could take Place in him. However, to avoid publick Blood-shed, as soon as his Passion is wrought to its Height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the Stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the Scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the Audience, the Indecency might have been greater: but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold Blood. To give my Opinion upon this Case the Fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any Occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate Circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same Condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakespeare*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his Kingdom in Conspiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's

Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself by a beautiful Stratagem into his Mother's Apartment with a Resolution to kill her. But because such a Spectacle would have been too shocking to the Audience, this dreadful Resolution is executed behind the Scenes. The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for Mercy: and the Son answering her, that she shewed no Mercy to his Father, after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are Speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other Instances of this Nature to be met with in those of the Ancients. And I believe my Reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the Audience. *Orestes* immediately after meets the Usurper at the Entrance of his Palace: and by a very happy Thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he should live some Time in his present Bitterness of Soul before he would dispatch him: and [by] ordering him to retire into that Part of the Palace where he had slain his Father, whose Murder he would revenge in the very same Place where it was committed. By this means the Poet observes that Decency, which *Horace* afterwards established by a Rule, of forbearing to commit Parricides or unnatural Murders before the Audience.

*Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet*

*Let not Medea draw her murthering Knife,  
And spill her Children's Blood upon the Stage*

The *French* have therefore refin'd too much upon *Horace's* Rule, who never designed to banish all Kinds of Death from the Stage, but only such as had too much Horror in them, and which would have a better Effect upon the Audience when transacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the Practice of the ancient Poets, who were very sparing of their publick Executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an Effect upon the Audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted Persons of the Tragedy were seldom slain before the Audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their Bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying, so that the killing on the Stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an Indecency, but also as an Improbability.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,  
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atræus,  
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,*

*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*  
Hor

*Medea must not draw her murthering Knife,  
Nor Atræus there his horrid Feast prepare  
Cadmus and Progne's Metamorphosis,  
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)*

<sup>1</sup> Thus René Rapin, — whom Dryden declared alone sufficient, were all other critics lost, to teach anew the rules of writing, — said in his 'Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poetry,' translated by Rymer in 1694, 'The English, our Neighbours, love Blood in their Sports, by the quality of their Temperament. These are Insulars, separated from the rest of men, we are more humane. The English have more of Genius for Tragedy than other People, as well by the Spirit of their Nation, which delights in Cruelty, as also by the Character of their Language, which is proper for Great Expressions.'

*As if whatsoever contradicts my Sense,  
I hate to see, and never can believe*

Id ROSCOMMON<sup>1</sup>

I have now gone through the several Dramatick Inventions which are made use of by [the] Ignorant Poets to supply the Place of Tragedy, and by [the] Skillful to improve it, some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with Caution. It would be an endless Task to consider Comedy in the same Light, and to mention the innumerable Shifts that small Wits put in practice to raise a Laugh. *Bullock* in a short Coat, and *Norris* in a long one seldom fail of this Effect.<sup>2</sup> In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brim'd Hat are different Characters. Sometimes the Wit of the Scene lies in a Shoulder-belt and Sometimes in a Pair of Whiskers. A Love running about the Stage, with his Head peeping out of a Barrel was thought a very good Jest in King *Charles* the Second's time and in a Comedy by one of the first Wits of that Age.<sup>3</sup> But because Ridicule is not so delicate as Compassion, and [because]<sup>4</sup> the Objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater Latitude for comick than tragick Artifices, and by Consequence a much greater Indulgence to be allowed them.

C

No 45] Saturday, April 21, 1711 [Addison

*Natio Comata est* ——— — Juv

THERE is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable Peace,<sup>5</sup> tho' at the

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Roscommon, who died in 1684, aged about 50, besides his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' produced in 1680, a Translation of *Horace's Art of Po.* into English Blank Verse, with Remarks. Of his 'Essay,' Dryden said

<sup>2</sup> The Muse's Empire is restored again  
In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen

<sup>3</sup> Of *Bullock* see note on p. 60. *Norris* had at one time, by his acting of *Dicky* in Farquhar's 'Trip to the Jubilee,' acquired the name of Jubilee *Dicky*.

<sup>4</sup> Sir George Etherege. It was his first play, *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, produced in 1664, which introduced him to the society of Rochester, Bouchingham, &c.

<sup>5</sup> [as]

<sup>6</sup> At this date the news would just have reached England of the death of the Emperor Joseph and accession of Archduke Charles to the German crown. The Archduke's claim to the crown of Spain had been supported as that of a younger brother of the House of Austria, in whose person the two crowns of Germany and Spain were not likely to be united. When, therefore, Charles became head of the German empire, the war of the Spanish succession changed its aspect altogether, and the English looked for peace. That

same time I am very apprehensive of many ill Consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politics, but to our Manners. What an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What Peals of Laughter and Impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the Prevention of these great Evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Importation of *French Fopperies*.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong Impressions from this ludicrous Nation, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no Evil which has not some Good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well bred Country Women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, because, forsooth, a Man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I myself have seen one of these Male *Aigails* tripping about the Room with a Looking-glass in his Hand, and combing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. Whether or no there was any Truth in the Story of a Lady's being got with Child by one of these her Handmaids I cannot tell, but I think at present the whole Race of them is extinct in our own Country.

About the Time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of Service, the Ladies likewise brought up the Fashion of receiving Visits in their Beds.<sup>1</sup> It was then look'd upon as a piece of Ill Breeding, for a Woman to refuse to see a Man, because she was not stirring, and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his Place, that could have made so awkward an Excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of these Travelled Ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a Foreigner who could not speak *English*, that so I might not be obliged to bear a Part in the Discourse. The Lady, tho' willing to appear undrest, had put on her best Look, and painted her self for our Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Disorder, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her Shoulders was ruffled with great Care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fur

of 1711 was, in fact, Marlborough's last campaign. Peace negotiations were at the same time going on between France and England, and preliminaries were signed in London in October of this year, 1711. England was accused of betraying the allied cause, but the changed political conditions led to her withdrawal from it, and her withdrawal compelled the assent of the allies to the general peace made by the Treaty of Utrecht, which, after tedious negotiations, was not signed until the 11th of April, 1713, the continuous issue of the *Spectator* having ended, with Vol. VII, in December, 1712.

<sup>2</sup> The custom was copied from the French *Prêtresses*, at a time when *courir les ruelles* (to take the run of the bedsides) was a Parisian phrase for fashionable morning calls upon the ladies. The *ruelle* is the little path between the bedside and the wall.

Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my Eye from her when she moved in her Bed, and was in the greatest Confusion imaginable every time she stured a Leg or an Arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this Custom, grew old, they left it off by Degrees, well knowing that a Woman of Threescore may kick and tumble her Heart out, without making any Impressions.

*Sempronia* is at present the most profest Admirer of the French Nation, but is so modest as to admit her Visitants no further than her Toilet. It is a very odd Sight that beautiful Creature makes, when she is talking Politicks with her Lresses flowing about her Shoulders, and examining that Face in the Glass, which does such Execution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily does she divide her Discourse between her Woman and her Visitants? What sprightly Transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pincushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an Account of her Travels, by a Message to her Footman, and holding her Tongue, in the midst of a Moral Reflexion, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

There is nothing which exposes a Woman to greater dangers, than that Gaiety and Airiness of Temper, which are natural to most of the Sex. It should be therefore the Concern of every wise and virtuous Woman, to keep this Sprightliness from degenerating into Levity. On the contrary, the whole Discourse and Behaviour of the French is to make the Sex more Fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it), *more awakened*, than is consistent either with Virtue or Discretion. To speak Loud in Publick Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of Things that should only be mentioned in Private or in Whisper, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At the same time, a Blush is unfashionable, and Silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, Discretion and Modesty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greatest Ornaments of the Fair Sex, are considered as the Ingredients of narrow Conversation, and Family Behaviour.

Some Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a Woman of Quality that is since Dead, who, as I found by the Noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the Curtain, she broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first Appearance, asked a Lady that sat three Rows from her, on her Right hand, if those Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Bitterton* was in one of the finest Speeches of the Play, she shook her Fan at another Lady, who sat as far on the Left hand, and told her with a Whisper, that might be heard all over the Pit, We must not expect to see *Balloon* to night.<sup>1</sup> Not long after, calling out to a

young Baronet by his Name, who sat three Seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* Wife was still alive: and before he could give an Answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Audience to herself, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere of her Impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest Corners of the Pit.

This pretty Childishness of Behaviour is one of the most refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in Perfection, by Ladies that do not Travel for their Improvement. A natural and unconstrained Behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no Wonder to see People endeavouring after it. But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that People often make themselves Ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French Author<sup>2</sup> tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of France, in his time, thought it ill breeding, and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an hard Word right, for which Reason they took frequent occasion to use hard Words, that they might shew a Politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard Word in a proper Place, and pronounced it right, the whole Assembly was out of Countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many Ladies who have travelled several Thousand Miles without being the worse for it, and have brought Home with them all the Modesty, Discretion and good Sense that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of Travelled Ladies, [who]<sup>3</sup> have lived all their Days within the Smoke of London. I have known a Woman that never was out of the Parish of St. James's, [betray]<sup>3</sup> as many foreign Poperies in her Carriage, as she could have cleaned up in half the Countries of Europe.

No 46] Monday, April 23, 1711 [Addison

*Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum*  
Ovid

WHEN I went Materials for this Paper, it is my Custom to go abroad in quest of Game, and when I meet any proper Subject, I take the first Opportunity of setting down a Hint of it upon Paper. At the same time I look into the Letters of my Correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford Matter of Speculation, I likewise enter a Minute of it in my Collection of Materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole Sheetful of Hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of Nonsense to any Body but myself. There is nothing in them but Obscurity and Confusion, Raving and

<sup>1</sup> *Balloon* was a game like tennis played with a foot ball, but the word may be applied here to a person. It had not the sense which now first occurs to the mind of a modern reader. Air balloons are not older than 1783.

<sup>2</sup> Describing perhaps one form of retraction against the verbal pedantry and *Phibns* of the *Précieuses*.  
<sup>3</sup> [with]

Inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first Principles, that (like the World in its Chaos) are void of all Light Distinction, and Order

About a Week since there happened to me a very odd Accident, by Reason of one of these my Papers of Minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyds's Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a Christ of People who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one End of the Coffee house. It had raised so much Laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the Courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his Hand, asking every Body if they had dropped a written Paper, but no Body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the Auction Pulpit, and read it to the whole Room, that if any one would own it they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the Pulpit, and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

# MINUTES

Sir Roger de Coverley's Country Seat—Yes, for I hate long Speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjuror—*Childermas-day*—Sil-seller, House-Dog, Screech owl, Cricket—Mr *Tlous* in *Inkle of London*, in the good Ship called *The Adulter*—*Ya-wo*—*Agrescatque medando*—Ghost—The Lady's Library—Lion by Trade a Taylor—Dromedary, called *Lucephalus*—Equipage the Lady's *man in a woman*—*Charles Little* to be taken notice of—Short Free a Relief to

<sup>1</sup> *Lloyd's Coffee House* was first established in Lombard Street, at the corner of Abchurch Lane. It was taken to get early Ship news at Lloyd's, and the house was used by underwriters and insurers of Ships' cargoes. It was found also to be a convenient place for sales. A poem called *The Wealthy Shopkeeper*, printed in 1700, says of him,

Now to Lloyd's Coffee-house he never fails,  
To read the Letters, and attend the Sales

It was afterwards removed to Pope's Head Alley, as 'the New Lloyd's Coffee House' again removed in 1774 to a corner of the Old Royal Exchange, and in the building of the new Exchange was provided with the rooms now known as 'Lloyd's Subscription Rooms' an institution which forms part of our commercial system

<sup>2</sup> Charles, I believe, the perfumer in the Strand, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings—where the business of a perfumer is at this day carried on—appears in the 16th, 18th, and subsequent numbers of the *Spectator*, together with Mrs Baldwin of Warwick Lane, as a chief agent for the sale of the Paper. In the line which had run 'LONDON' Printed for Saml. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane where Advertisements are taken in, there is then appended 'as also by Charles Little, Perfumer, at the Corner of

Envy—Redundancies in the three Professions—King *Lotinus* a Recruit—Jew devouring an Ham of Bacon—*Westminster Abbey*—*Grand Cavo*—Procrastination—*April Fools*—Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hens in Armour—Enter a King and two Ladies *solus*—Admission into the Ugly Club—Benny, how improperable—Families of true and false Humour—The Parrot's School Mistress—I see half *Piet* half *British*—no Man to be in Hero of Tragedy under Six foot—Club of Sighers—Letters from Flower Pots, Lihow-Chairs, Tapestry Figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell rings to the Puppet-Show—Old Woman with a Beard married to a smock-faced Boy—My next Coat to be turned up with Blue—Fable of Tongues and Gridiron—Flower Divers—The Soldier's Prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the Gilly Pot—*Pactolus* in Stockings, with golden Clocks to them—Bamboos, Cudgels, Drumsucks—Ship of my Landlady's eldest Daughter—I he black Mare with a Star in her Forehead—The Barber's Pole—WILL HONORABLE CORRESPONDENT—*Cesar's* Behaviour and my own in Parallel Circumstances—Poem in Patch-work—*Nulli grati est percussus Adulter*—The Female Conventicle—The Ogle Master

The reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee house very merry, some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some Body that had been taking Notes out of the Spectator. One who had the Appearance of a very substantial Citizen, told us, with several politick Winks and Nods, that he wished there was no more in the Paper than what was expressed in it. That for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those Words, and that he thought the Coffee man could not do better than to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the Name of the outlandish Man with the golden Clock in his Stockings. A young [Oxford Scholar?], who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee house, discovered to us who this *Pactolus* was, and by that means turned the whole Scheme of this worthy Citizen into Ridicule. While they were making their several Conjectures upon this innocent Paper, I reared out my Arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the Pulpit, to give it me which he did accordingly. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon me, but after having cast a cursory Glance over it, and shook my Head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of Match, and lit my Pipe with it. My profound Silence, together with the Steadiness of my Countenance, and the Gravity of my Behaviour during this whole Transaction, raised a very loud Laugh on all Sides of me, but as I had escaped all Suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to

'Beaufort-Buildings in the Strand' Nine other agents, of whom complete sets could be had, were occasionally set forth together with these two in an advertisement, but only these are in the colophon

[<sup>1</sup> Oxonian]

my Pipe, and the *Post man*, took no [further] Notice of any thing that passed about me

My Reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the Contents of the foregoing Paper, and will easily Suppose, that those Subjects which are yet untouched were such Provisions as I had made for his future Entertainment But as I have been unluckily prevented by this Accident, I shall only give him the Letters which relate to the two last Hints The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many a Husband who suffers very much in his private Affairs by the indiscreet Zeal of such a Partner as is hereafter mentioned, to whom I may apply the barbarous Inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his Travels.<sup>1</sup>

*Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia*

SIR,

I am one of those unhappy Men that are plagued with a Gospel Gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends) Lectures in the Morning, Church-Meetings at Noon, and Preparation Sermons at Night, take up so much of her Time, 'tis very rare she knows what we have for Dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters it seems while others, really such, are deemed no Relations If at any time I have her Company alone, she is a meer Sermon Poptun, repeating and discharging Texts, Proofs, and Applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the Noise in my Head will not let me sleep till towards Morning The Misery of my Case, and great Numbers of such Sufferers, plead your Pity and speedy Relief, otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into Want, unless the Happiness of being sooner talked to Death prevent it

I am, &c

R G

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert Burnet, author of the 'History of the Reformation,' and 'History of his own Time,' was Bishop of Salisbury from 1689 to his death in 1715 Addison here quotes—'Some Letters containing an Account of what seemed most remarkable in Travelling through Switzerland, Italy, some parts of Germany, &c., in the Years 1685 and 1686 Written by G Burnet, D.D., to the Honourable R. B.' In the first letter, which is from Zurich, Dr Burnet speaks of many Inscriptions at Lyons of the late and barbarous ages, as *Bonum Memoriam*, and *Epitaphium huic* Of 23 Inscriptions in the Garden of the Fathers of Mercy, he quotes one which 'must be towards the barbarous age, as appears by the false Latin in *Nimua*' He quotes it because he has 'made a little reflection on it,' which is, that its subject, Suttia Anthus, to whose memory her husband Caelus Calistis dedicates the inscription which says 'quædum Nimua pia fuit, facta est Impia' (who while she was too pious, was made impious), must have been publicly accused of Impiety, or her husband would not have recorded it in such a manner, that to the Pagans Christianity was Atheism and Impiety, and that here, therefore, is a Pagan husband's testimony to the better faith, that the Piety of his wife made her a Christian

The second Letter relating to the Ogling Master, runs thus

MR SPECTATOR,

I am an *Irish* Gentleman, that have travelled many Years for my Improvement during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole Art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite Nations of *Europe* Being thus qualified, I intend, by the Advice of my Friends, to set up for an Ogling-Master I teach the Church Ogle in the Morning, and the Play-house Ogle by Candle-light I have also brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring which I teach in the Dusk of the Evening, or in any Hour of the Day by darkening one of my Windows I have a Manuscript by me called *The Compleat Ogler*, which I shall be ready to show you upon any Occasion In the mean time, I beg you will publish the Substance of this Letter in an Advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Yours, &c

No 47] Tuesday, April 24, 1711 [Addison

Ride si sapis ———— Mart

MR Hobbs, in his Discourse of Human Nature,<sup>2</sup> which, in my humble Opinion, is much the best of all his Works, after some very curious Observations upon Laughter, concludes thus 'The Passion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden Glory arising from some sudden conception of some Eminency in ourselves by Comparison with the Infirmary of others, or with our own formerly For Men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to Remembrance, except they bring with them any present Dishonour

According to this Author, therefore, when we hear a Man laugh excessively instead of saying he is very Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we shall meet with many Observations to confirm us in his Opinion Every one laughs at some Body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himself It was formerly the Custom for every great House in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in Petticoats that the Heir of the Family might have an Opportunity of jolting upon him, and diverting himself with his Absurdities For the same Reason Idiots are still in Request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great Magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his Retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their Jest upon

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their Streets what they

<sup>2</sup> Chap ix § 13 Thomas Hobbes's 'Human Nature' was published in 1650 He died in 1679, aged 91

call the Sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the Head of an Idiot dressed in a Cap and Bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing Jest at *An sterlam*.

Thus every one diverts himself with some Person or other that is below him in Point of Understanding, and triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilst he has such Objects of Derision before his Eyes. Mr *Dennis* has very well expressed this in a Couple of humorous Lines, which are part of a Translation of a Satire in Monsieur Boileau's.

*Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,  
And shews his empty Noddle at his Brother*

Mr *Hobbs's* Reflection gives us the Reason why the insignificant People above-mentioned are Surfers up of Laughter among Men of a gross Taste. But as the more understanding Part of Mankind do not find their Rivality affected by such ordinary Objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several Provocations of Laughter in Men of superior Sense and Knowledge.

In the first Place I must observe, that there is a Set of merry Drolls, whom the common People of all Countries admire and seem to love so well, that they could eat them, according to the old Proverb. I mean those circumfornaceous Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that Dish of Meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Potages*; in *Italy*, *Marcarones*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Juddings*. These merry Wags, from whatever Food they receive their Titles, that they may make their Audience laugh, always appear in a Fool's Court, and commit such Blunders and Mistakes in every Step they take, and every Word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little Triumph of the Understanding, under the Disguise of Laughter, is no where more visible than in that Custom which prevails every where among us on the first Day of the present Month, when every Body takes it in his Head to make as many Fools as he can. In proportion as there are more Follies discovered, so there is more Laughter raised on this Day than on any other in the whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by Trade, and a very shallow conceited Fellow, makes his Boasts that for these ten Years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April* Fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for sending every one of her Children upon some *Sleevish Errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest Son went to buy an Half penny worth of Ink at a Shoemaker's, the eldest Daughter was dispatched half a Mile to see a Monster, and, in short, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay, my Landlady herself did not escape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon these Concepts ever since.

This Art of Wit is well enough, when confined

to one Day in a Twelvemonth, but there is an ingenuous Tribe of Men sprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every Day in the Year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the Name of *Bsters*, a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those Mistakes which are of their own Production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chooses his Fool out of a lower or higher Class of Mankind or, to speak in a more Philosophical Language, that secret Elation and Pride of Heart, which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an Object below him, whether it so happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the Persons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiser Men than ourselves: but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those Respects which stir up this Passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too Abstracted in my Speculations, if I shew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some Oddness or Infirmary in his own Character, or in the Representation which he makes of others, and that when we laugh at a Brute or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Absurdity in reasonable Creatures.

But to come into common Life. I shall pass by the Consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience, and take notice of a particular sort of Men who are such Provokers of Mirth in Conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or Merry meeting to subsist without them. I mean, those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the Wit and Railery of their Well-wishers and Companions, that are pelted by Men, Women, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in Conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *Butts*, who are Men of Wit and Sense, though by some odd Turn of Humour, some unlucky Cast in their Person or Behaviour, they have always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his Character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the Conversation of ordinary People. Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and bestir himself in the absurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with these Accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh of his side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falstaff* was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good Description of himself in his Capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner, *Men of all Sorts* (says that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in my self, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men.*

C

\* Boileau's 4th satire. John Dennis was at this time a leading critic of the French school, to whom Pope afterwards attached lasting ridicule. He died in 1734, aged 77.

\* Henry IV Part II Act I § 2

No 48] Wednesday, April 25, 1711 [Steele

*Per multas aditum sibi saepe figi ias  
Repperit*—Ovid

MY Correspondents take it ill if I do not, from Time to Time let them know I have received their Letters. The most effectual Way, will be to publish some of them that are upon important Subjects which I shall introduce with a Letter of my own that I writ a Fortnight ago to a Sister of mine who thought fit to make me an honorary Member

To the President and Fellows of the *Ugly Club**May it please your Deformities,*

I Have received the Notification of the Honour you have done me, in admitting me into your Society. I acknowledge my Want of Merit, and for that Reason shall endeavour at all Times to make up my own Faults, by introducing and recommending to the Club Persons of more undoubted Qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next Week come down in the Stage-Coach, in order to take my Seat at the Board and shall bring with me a Candidate of each Sex. The Persons I shall present to you, are an old Beau and a modern *Pret*. If they are not so eminently gifted by Nature as our Assembly expects, give me Leave to say their acquired Ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The Beau has varied his Dress every Day of his Life for these thirty Years last past, and still added to the Deformity he was born with. The *Pret* has still greater Merit towards us and has, ever since she came to Years of Discretion, deserted the handsome Party, and taken all possible Pains to acquire the Face in which I shall present her to your Consideration and I vow

*I am,*

*Gentlemen,*  
I desire to know whether you admit  
People of Quality  
*Your most obliged  
Humble Servant,  
The SPECTATOR*

*Mr SPECTATOR,**April 17*

TO shew you there are among us of the vain weak Sex, some that have Honesty and Fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so. I apply my self to you, to beg your Interest and Recommendation to the *Ugly Club*. If my own Word will not be taken, (tho' in this Case a Woman's may) I can bring credible Witness of my Qualifications for their Company, whether they insist upon Hair, Forehead, Eyes, Cheeks, or Chin to which I must add that I find it easier to lean to my left Side than my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable And for Humour and Mirth, I'll keep up to the President himself. All the Favour I'll pretend to is, that as I am the first Woman has appeared desirous of good Company and agreeable Conversation, I may take and keep the upper End of the Table. And indeed I think they want a Career, which I can be after in ugly a Manner as they can wish. I desire your Thoughts of my Claim as soon as you can. Add to my Features

the Length of my Face, which is full half Yard tho' I never knew the Reason of it till you gave me for the Shortness of yours. If I knew a Name ugly enough to belong to the above-described Face, I would feign one but to my unspeakable Misfortune, my Name is the only disagreeable Pretinence about me so prithlee make one for me that signifies all the Deformity in the World. You understand *Latin*, but be sure bring it in with my being in the Sincerity of my Heart,

*Your most frightful Admirer,  
and Servant,  
Heautausa*

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

I Read your Discourse upon Affection, and from the Remarks made in it examined my own Heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret Avenues, with a Resolution to be aware of you for the future. But alas! to my Sorrow I now understand, that I have several Faults which I do not know the Root of. I am an old Fellow, and extremely troubled with the Gout but having always a strong Vanity towards being pleasing in the Eyes of Women, I never have a Moment's Ease but I am mounted in high heel'd Shoes with a glazed Wax-leather Instep. Two Days after a severe Fit I was invited to a Friend's House in the City, where I believed I should see Ladies and with my usual Complaisance crippled my self to wait upon them. A very sumptuous Table, agreeable Company, and kind Reception, were but so many unfortunate Additions to the Torment I was in. A Gentleman of the Family observed my Condition and soon after the Queen's Health, he, in the Presence of the whole Company, with his own Hand degraded me into an old Pair of his own Shoes. This operation, before fine Ladies, to me (who am by Nature a Coxcomb) was suffered with the same Reluctance as they admit the Help of Men in their gatest Extremity. The Return of Ease made me forgive the rough Obligation laid upon me which at that time relieved my Body from a Distemper, and will my Mind for ever from a Folly. For the Charity received I return my thanks this Way

*Your most humble Servant**SIR,**Effing, April 18*

We have your Papers here this Morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false Omens of Persons who represent Heroes in a Tragedy. What made your Speculation come very seasonably amongst us is, that we have now at this Place a Company of Strollers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent Splendor of the Drama. They are so far from falling into these false Gallantries that the Stage is here in its Original Situation of a Cart. *Alexander the Great* was acted by a Fellow in a Paper Cravat. The next Day, the Earl of *Essex* acted to have no Distress but his Poverty. And my Lord

<sup>1</sup> In *The Unhappy Favourite*, or the Earl of Essex, a Tragedy by John Banks, first acted 1682

'Foppington' the same Morning wanted my better means to shew himself a Fop, than by wearing Stockings of different Colours. In a Word, tho' they have had a full Barn for many Days together, our Intruders are still in wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to send us the Linnature you forbade at the Play house, the Heroes appear only like sturdy Beggars, and the Heroines Giggles. We have had but one Part which was performed and dressed with Propriety, and that was Justice Clodpate.<sup>2</sup> This was so well done that it offended Mr Justice Overdo,<sup>3</sup> when in the midst of our whole Audience, was (like *Quixote* in the Puppet-Show) so highly provoked, that he told them, If they would move Compassion, it should be in their own Persons, and not in the Characters of distressed Princes and Potentates. He told them, If they were so good in finding the way to People's Hearts, they should do it at the Land and Bridges or Church Porches, in their proper Vocation of Beggars. Thus, the Justice says, they must expect, since they could not be contented to let Heathen Warriors, and such a Crowd as *Alexander*, but must presume to make a Mockery of one of the *Quorum*.

R Your Servant

No 49] Thursday, April 26, 1711 [Steele

—*Hominem facinus nostra sapit*—Mort

I am very natural for a Man who is not turned for Mirthful Meetings of Men, or Assemblies of the fair Sex, to delight in that sort of Conversation which we find in Coffee-houses. Here a Man, of my Temper, is in his Element: for if he cannot talk, he can still be merrily agreeable to his Company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the Conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater Inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general Desire, and I know very able I litterers that never spend a Word in Praise of the Persons from whom they obtain daily a Nurture, but still practice a skilful Attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very Curious to observe the Behaviour of Great Men and their Clients: but the same Passions and Interests move Men in lower Spheres: and I (tho' I have nothing else to do but make Observations) see in every Parish, Street, Lane, and Alley of this Populous City, a little Potentate that has his

Court, and his I litterers who pay Suits for his Affection and Favour, by the same Arts that are practised upon Men in higher Stations.

In the Place I most usually frequent, Men differ rather in the Time of Day in which they make a Figure, than in any real Greatness above one another. I, who am at the Coffee-house at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdashier has a Levy of more undisciplined Friends and Admirers, than most of the Courtiers or Generals of Great-britain. Every Man about him has, perhaps, a News Paper in his Hand, but none can pretend to guess what Step will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, till Mr *Beaver* has thrown down his Pipe, and declares what Measures the Allies must enter into upon this new Posture of Affairs. Our Coffee house is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the House: some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster, at Eight in a Morning, with Faces as busy as if they were returned in every Cause there: and others come in their Night Gowns to winter away their Time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my spleen and Laughter so effectually, as these young Fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire's*, *Scarle's*,<sup>2</sup> and all other Coffee-houses adjacent to the Law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their Laziness. One would think these young *Vertuosos* take a gray Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gown, to be Ensigns of Dignity: for the vain Things approach each other with an Air, which shews they regard one another for their Vestiments. I have observed, that the Superiority among these proceeds from an Opinion of Gallantry and Fashion. The Gentleman in the Strawberry Stalk, who presides so much over the rest, has it seems, subscribed to every Opera this last Winter, and is supposed to receive Favours from one of the Actresses.

When the Day grows too busy for these Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the Pleasures of their *Deshabille*, with any manner of Confidence, they give place to Men who have Business or good Sense in their Ideas, and come to the Coffee-house either to transact Affairs or to enjoy Conversation. The Persons to whose Behaviour and Discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of Men. Such as have not Spirits too Active to be happy and well pleased in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of these sort of Men consist the

<sup>1</sup> The *Grecian* (see ante, p. 4) was by the Temple, *Squire's*, by Gray's Inn, *Scarle's*, by Lincoln's Inn. *Squire's*, a roomy, red brick house, adjoining the gate of Gray's Inn, in Finsbury's Rents, Holborn, then leading to Gray's Inn Walks, which lay open to the country. *Squire*, the establishers of this coffee house, died in 1717. *Scarle's* was near Will's, which stood at the corner of Scarle Street and Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Foppington is in Colley Cibber's *Careless Husband*, first acted in 1704.

<sup>3</sup> Justice Clodpate is in Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, first acted in 1676.

<sup>4</sup> Adam Overdo is the Justice of the Peace, who in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* goes disguised 'for the good of the republic in the Fair and the weeding out of enmity.'



worthier Part of Mankind, of these are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, sincere Friends, and faithful Subjects Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reason than Imagination Which is the Cause that there is no Impatience or Instability in their Speech or Action You see in their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet Possession of the present Instant, as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any Passion or prosecuting any new Design These are the Men formed for Society, and those little Communities which we express by the Word *Neighbourhoods*

The Coffee house is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus, turned to relish calm and ordinary Life *Eubulus* presides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Assembly of Men meet together He enjoys a great Fortune handsomely, without running into expence, and exerts many noble and useful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment His Wisdom and Knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them, and he does the office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend such Offices, but also without the Defiance and Honour which are usually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is displeasing to him The greatest Gratitude you can shew him is to let him see you are the better Man for his Services and that you are ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you

In the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal Value, considerable Sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the Publick Stocks He does not consider in whose Hands his Money will improve most, but where it will do most Good

*Eubulus* has so great an Authority in his little Domestic Audience, that when he shakes his Head at any Piece of publick News, they all of them appear dejected and on the contrary, to him in their Dinners with a good Stomach and cheerful Aspect, when *Eubulus* seems to intimate that things go well Nay their Veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other Company they speak and act after him are Wise in his Sentences, and are no sooner sit down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond as they saw him do at the Coffee house In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* is soon as his Briel is turned

Having here given an Account of the several Reigns that succeed each other from Day-break till Dinner time, I shall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another Occasion, and shut up the whole Series of them with the History of *Ion* the Tyrant who, as first Minister of the Coffee house, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, and gives his Orders in the most Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Disposition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders R

No 50 ] Friday, April 27, 1711 [ Addison

*Namquam aliud Naturæ, aliud Sapientia dixit*  
Juv

WHILN the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully struck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon I have, since their Departure employed a Friend to make many Inquiries of their Landlord the Upholsterer, relating to their Manners and Conversation, as also concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country For, next to the former, a right Notion of such Strangers, I should be desirous to learn, what Ideas they have conceived of us

The Upholsterer finding my Friend very inquisitive about these his Indians, brought him some time since a little Bundle of Papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sagoy* *Onee* *Kash* *Tony*, and, as he supposed, left behind by some Mistake These Papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd Observations which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their Stay in the Isle of *Great Britain* I shall present my Reader with a short Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter In the Article of *Juvenal* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St Paul

'On the most rising Part of the Town there stands a large House, big enough to contain the whole Nation of which I am King Our good Brother *E. For O. Kaim*, King of the *Ancients* is of opinion it was made by the Hand of that great God to whom it is consecrated The King of *Grampah* and of the *Sir Nations* believe that it was created with the Earth and produced on the same Day with the Sun and Moon But for my own Part, by the best Information that I

Swift writes to Stella, in his Journal, 28th April, 1711.—'The *SPECTATOR* is written by Steele with Addison's help is often very pretty Yesterday it was made of a noble hunt I give him long a for his Father, about an Indian, supposed to write his travels into England I repent he ever had it I intended to have written a look on that subject I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are in it too but I never see him or Addison' The paper, it will be noticed, was not written by Steele

The four Kings *Le Yee Nien Hn Ga Prow*, *Sagoy* *Onee* *Kash* *Tony*, *E. Ton O Kaim*, and *Oh Nee Yurth* *Ion* *Naw Prow*, were chiefs of the Iroquois Indians who had been persued by adjacent British colonists to come and pay their respects to Queen Anne, and see for themselves the truth of the assertion made among them by the Jesuits, that the English and all other nations were vassals to the French king They were said also to have been told that the Saviour was born in France and crucified in England

could get of this Matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the Shape it now bears by several Tools and Instruments of which they have a wonderful Variety in this Country. It was probably at first a huge mis-shapen Rock that grew upon the Top of the Hill, which the Natives of the Country (after having cut it into a kind of regular Figure) bored and hollowed with incredible Pains and Industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful Vaults and Caverns into which it is divided at this Day. As soon as this Rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious Number of Hands must have been employed in chipping the Outside of it, which is now as smooth as the Surface of a Pebble, and is in several Places hewn out into Pillars that stand like the Trunks of so many Trees bound about the Top with Garlands of Leaves. It is probable that when this great Work was begun, which must have been many Hundred Years ago, there was some Religion among this People, for they gave it the Name of a Temple, and have a Tradition that it was designed for Men to pay their Devotions in. And indeed, there are several Reasons which make us think that the Natives of this Country had formerly among them some sort of Worship, for they set apart every seventh Day as sacred, but upon my going into one of [these?] holy Houses on that Day, I could not observe any Circumstance of Devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a Man in Black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of Vehemence, but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their Worship to the Deity of the Place, they were most of them bowing and curtsying to one another, and a considerable Number of them fist raised.

The Queen of the Country appointed two Men to attend us, that had enough of our Language to make themselves understood in some few Particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great Enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same Story. We could make a Shift to gather out of one of them, that this Island was very much infested with a monstrous Kind of Animals, in the Shape of Men, called *Wings*, and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our Way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being Kings.

Our other Interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of Animal called a *Lory*, that was as great a Monster as the *Wings*, and would treat us as ill for being I suppose, these two Creatures, it seems, are born with a secret Antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these Species, we are apt to think that our Guides deceived us with Misrepresentations and Inventions, and amused us with an Account of such Monsters as are not really in their Country.

These Particulars we made a Shift to pick out

<sup>1</sup> [polished Marble]

<sup>2</sup> [those]

from the Discourse of our Interpreters, which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a Word of what they said, and afterwards making up the Meaning of it among ourselves. The Men of the Country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft Works, but withal so very idle that we often saw young lusty raw-boned Fellows, carrying up and down the Streets in little covered Rooms by a Couple of Porters, who are hired for that Service. Their Dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the Neck, and bind their Bodies with many Figures, that we are apt to think are the Occasion of several Distempers among them, which our Country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful Feathers with which we adorn our Heads, they often buy up a monstrous Bush of Hair, which covers their Heads, and falls down in a large Tassel below the Middle of their Faces, with which they walk up and down the Streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

We were invited to one of their publick Diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great Men of their Country running down a Stag or pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered who were the Persons of the greatest Abilities among them, but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge Room lighted up with abundance of Candles, where this lazy People sat still above three Hours to see several Feats of Ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

As for the Women of the Country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our Remarks upon them at a Distance. They let the Hair of their Heads grow to a great Length, but as the Men make a great Show with Heads of Hair that are not of their own, the Women who they say have very fine Heads of Hair, tie it up in a Knot, and cover it from being seen. The Women look like Angels, and would be more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black Spots that are apt to break out in their Face, and sometimes rise in very odd Figures. I have observed that those little Blanches wear off very soon, but when they disappear in one Part of the Face, they are very apt to break out in another, inasmuch that I have seen a Spot upon the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was upon the Chin in the Morning.

The Author then proceeds to shew the Absurdity of Breaches and Petticoats, with many other curious Observations, which I shall reserve for another Occasion. I cannot however conclude this Paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild Remarks there now and then appears

<sup>1</sup> [Men of the greatest Perfections in their Country]

<sup>2</sup> There was, among other fancies, a patch cut to the pattern of a coach and horses. Suckling, in verses upon the Black Spots worn by my Lady D. E., had called them *hairs*.

— Mourning weeds for hearts forlorn,  
Which, though you must not love, you could not scorn.

something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some Measure of the same narrow way of Thinking, which we meet with in this Abstract of the *Indian Journal* when we fancy the Customs, Dress, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own C

No 51 ] Saturday, April 28, 1711 [Steele

*Forquid ab Obscenis jam nunc Seimonibus  
Aurem—Hor*

MR SPECTATOR,  
MY Fortune, Quality, and Person are such as reader me is conspicuous to any Young Woman in Town. It is in my Power to enjoy it in all its Vanities, but I have, from a very careful Education contracted a great Aversion to the forward Air and Fashion which is practised in all Publick Places and Assemblies. I attribute this very much to the Style and Manners of our Plays. I was last Night at the *Funeral*, where a Confident Lover in the Play, speaking of his Mistress, cries out—*Oh that Harriot! to hold these Arms about the Waste of that Beauteous struggling, and at last yielding Fan!* Such an Image as this ought, by no means, to be presented to a Chaste and Regular Audience. I expect your Opinion of this Sentence, and recommend to your Consideration, as a SPECTATOR, the conduct of the Stage at present with Relation to Chastity and Modesty

I am, SIR,  
Your Constant Reader  
and Well wisher

The Complaint of this Young Lady is so just, that the Offence is [great<sup>2</sup>] enough to have displeased Persons who cannot pretend to that Delicacy and Modesty, of which she is Mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in Behalf of an Author. If the Audience would but consider the

<sup>1</sup> The Play is by Steele himself, the writer of this Essay. Steele's Plays were as pure as his *Spectator* Essays absolutely discarding the customary way of enforcing feeble dialogues by the spurious force of oaths, and running at a wholesome influence upon his audience. The passage here recounted was a climax of passion in one of the lovers of two sisters, Act II, sc 1, and was thus retrenched in subsequent editions.

Campfly 'Oh that Harriot! to embrace that beauteous—

Lord Hardy 'Ay, Tom but methinks your Head runs too much on the Wedding Night only, to make your Happiness lasting, mine is fixt on the married State. I expect my Felicity from Lady Shalot, in her Friendship, her Constancy, her Piety, her household Cares, her maternal Indulgence—You think not of any excellence of your Mistress that is more than skin deep'  
<sup>2</sup> [gross]

Difficulty of keeping up a sprightly Dialogue for five Acts together they would allow a Writer, when he wants Wit, and can't please any other way, to help it out with a little Smuttiness. I will answer for the Poets, that no one ever writ Bawdy for any other Reason but Dearth of Invention. When the Author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the Bulk of his Audience, his natural Recourse is to that which he has in common with them. And a Description which gratifies a sensual Appetite will please, when the Author has nothing [about him to delight<sup>1</sup>] a refined Imagination. It is to such a Poverty we must impute this and all other Sentences in Plays, which are of this Kind, and which are commonly termed Lascivious Expressions.

This Expedient, to supply the Deficiencies of Wit, has been used more or less, by most of the Authors who have succeeded on the Stage tho' I know but one who has professedly writ a Play upon the Basis of the Desire of Multiplying our Species, and that is the Polite Sir *George Etherege*, if I understand what the Lady would be at, in the Play called *She would if She could*. Other Poets have, here and there, given an Intimation that there is this Design, under all the Disguises and Affectations which a Lady may put on but no Author, except this, has made sure Work of it, and put the Imaginations of the Audience upon this one Purpose, from the Beginning to the End of the Comedy. It has always fared accordingly, for whether it be, that all who go to this Piece would if they could, or that the Innocents go to it, to guess only what *She would if She could*, the Play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty Sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious Gesture of Body, and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat Meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want *Genius*, never fail of keeping this Secret in reserve, to create a Laugh, or raise a Clap. I, who know nothing of Women but from seeing Plays, can give great Guesses at the whole Structure of the fair Sex, by being innocently placed in the Pit, and insulted by the Petticoats of their Dancers. The Advantages of whose pretty Persons are a great Help to a dull Play. When a Poet flags in writing Lasciviously a pretty Girl can move Lasciviously, and have the same good Consequence for the Author. Dull Poets in this Case use their Audiences, as dull Parasites do their Patrons when they cannot longer divert [them<sup>2</sup>] with their Wit or Humour, they bait [their<sup>3</sup>] Ears with something which is agreeable to [their<sup>4</sup>] Temper, though below [their<sup>5</sup>] Understanding. *Apuian* cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an Account of a delicious Meal, or *Clodius*, if you describe a Wanton Beauty. Tho' at the same time, if you do not awake those Inclinations in them, no Men are better Judges of what is just and delicate in Conversation. But as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the Menn, than to the Men of Sense.

<sup>1</sup> [else to gratifie]

<sup>3</sup> [his]

<sup>4</sup> [his]

<sup>2</sup> [him]

<sup>5</sup> [his]

It is remarkable, that the Writers of last Learning are best skilled in the luscious Way. The Poetesses of the Age have done Wonders in this kind, and we are obliged to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim*,<sup>1</sup> for introducing a preparatory Scene to the very Action, when the Emperor throws his Handkerchief as a Signal for his Mistress to follow him in the most retired Part of the Seraglio. It must be confessed his *Turkish Majesty* went off with a good Air, but, methought, we made but a sad Figure who waited without. This ingenious Gentlewoman, in this piece of Bowdry, refused upon an Author of the same Sex,<sup>2</sup> who in the *Kover*, makes a Country Squire strip to his Holland Drawers. For *Blunt* is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The Pleasantry of stripping almost Naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have begun) very successfully at *Bartholomew Fair*.

It is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above mentioned I amble Compositions, the *Kover* is very frequently sent on the same Errand. As I take it above once every Act. This is no wholly unnatural for, they say, the Men-Authors draw themselves in their chief Characters, and the Women Writers may be allowed the same Liberty. Thus, as the Male Wit gives his Hero a good Fortune, the Female gives her Heroine a great Gallant, at the End of the Play. But, indeed, there is hardly a Play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good Office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a Man who frequents Plays would have a very respectful Notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a Pimp to ravishing Lords, or successful Rakes. When the Actors make their *Exit* on this good Occasion the Ladies are sure to have an examining Glance from the Pit, to see how they relish what passes, and a few lewd Fools are very ready to employ their Talents upon the Composure or Freedom of their Looks. Such Incidents as these make some Ladies wholly absent themselves from the Play House, and others never miss the first Day of a Play, lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any Countenance to it on the second.

If Men of Wit, who think fit to write for the Stage, instead of this painful way of giving Delight, would turn their Thoughts upon raising it from good natural Impulses as are in the Audience, but are choked up by Vice and Luxury, they would not only please, but befriended us at the same time. If a Man had a mind to be new in his way of Writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine Gentleman, tho he betrays the Honour and Bed of his Neighbour and Friend, and lies with half the Women in the Play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best Character in it. I say, upon giving the Comedy an-

other Cast, might not such a one divert the Audience quite as well, if at the Catastrophe he were found out for a Traitor, and met with Contempt accordingly? There is seldom a Person devoted to above one Darling Vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at Men's Hearts to their Good and Advantage, if the Poets will attempt it with the Honesty which becomes their Character.

There is no Man who loves his Bottle or his Mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable Character, that is no way a Slave to either of those Pursuits. A Man that is Temperate, Generous, Valiant, Chaste, Trustful and Honest, may, at the same time, have Wit, Humour, Mirth, Good-breeding, and Gallantry. While he exerts these latter Qualities, twenty Occasions might be invented to shew he is Master of the other noble Virtues. Such Characters would smite and reprove the Heart of a Man of Sense, when he is given up to his Pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound Constitution and an innocent Mind are the true Ingredients for becoming and enjoying Life. All Men of true Taste would call a Man of Wit, who should turn his Ambition this way, a Friend and Benefactor to his Country. But I am at a loss what Name they would give him, who makes use of his Capacity for contrary Purposes. R

No 52] Monday, April 30, 1712 [Steele

*Omnis est Ictum meritis pro Talibus at nos  
Ligat, et pulchra faciat. Le prole parentem*  
Virg

AN ingenious Correspondent, like a sprightly Wife, will always have the last Word. I did not think my last Letter to the deformed Immortality would have occasioned any Answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a Visit. But as they think they cannot shew too great a Veneration for my Person, they have already sent me up an Answer. As to the Proposal of a Marriage between my self and the matchless *Heautissa*, I have but one Objection to it, which is, that all the Society will expect to be acquainted with her, and who can be sure of keeping a Woman's Heart long, where she may have so much Choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the Lady seems particularly smitten with Me of their Make.

I believe I shall set my Heart upon her, and think never the worse of my Mistress for an Epigram a smart Fellow writ, as he thought, against her. It does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his Malice is stolen from *Martial*.

*Facta places, Audita places, si non videare  
Fata places, neutro, si videare, places*

*Whilst in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting Siren in thy Tongue,*

<sup>1</sup> Mary Pix, whose Tragedy of *Ibrahim Ali, Emperor of the Turks*, was first acted in 1696.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs Aphra Behn, whose *Kover*, or the *Banished Cavaliers*, is a Comedy in two Parts, first acted, Part I in 1677, Part II in 1681.

*What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I  
endure'd!  
But when the Cavalier enter'd I was cur'd*

Your Letter to us we have received, as a signal Mark of your Favour and brotherly Affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short Piece in *Oxford*. And since the Wisdom of our Legislature has been immortalized in our Speculations, and our personal Deformities in some sort by you recorded to all Posterity, we hold ourselves in Gratitude bound to receive with the highest Respect, all such Persons as for their extraordinary Merit you shall think fit, from Time to Time, to recommend unto the Board. As for the Pictish Damsel, we have an easy Chair prepared at the upper End of the Table, which we do not but she will grace with a very hideous Aspect, and much better become the Seat in the native and unaffected Uneasiness of her Person, than with all the superficial Air of the Peniel, which (as you have very ingeniously observed) runs with a Breath, and the most innocent Admiration may deface the Shrine with a Salutation, and in the literal Sense of our Poets, scratch and imprint his balmy Kisses, and discolour her melting Lips. In short, the only Foes of the Pictish Kind that will endure the Weather, must be of Dr *Carbuncle's* the thorn, his, in truth, has cost him a World of Painting, but then he boasts with *Jeuxes Tu c'est statum* *Angl* and oft jocosely tells the fair Ones, would they require Colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer Paint but Drank for a Complexion. A Maxim that in this our Age has been pursued with no ill Success, and has been as valuable in its Effects, as the famous Cosmetics mentioned in the *Pest man*, and invented by the renowned *British Hippocrates* of the Pestic and Mortar making the Party, after a due Course, rosy, hale and airy, and the best and most approved Receipt now extant for the Favour of the Spirits. Fit to return to our Female Candidate, who I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false Colours, as she is the first of her Sex that has done us so great an Honour, she will certainly, in a very short Time, both in Prose and Verse, be a Lady of the most celebrated Deformity now living, and meet with Admirers here, as faithful as herself. But being a long-headed Gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some further Design than you have yet penetrated, and perhaps has more mind to the SPECTATOR than any of his Paternity, as the Person of all the World she could like for a Par amour. And if so, really I cannot but applaud her Choice, and should be glad if it might be in my Power to effect an amicable accommodation between two Foes of such different Extremes, as the only possible Expedient to mend the Freed and rectify the Physiognomy of the Family on both Sides. And again, as she is a Lady of very fluent Elocution, you need not fear that your first Child will be born dumb, which otherwise you might have some Reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in it, for tho' she has not

a Face like a *John-Apple*, yet as a late Friend of mine, who at Sixty five ventured on a Lass of fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five Years of his Life, gave me to understand, that, as old as he then seemed, when they were first married he and his Spouse (could I make but fourscore so many Madam *Hecatissa* very justly allege hereafter, that, as long-lived as she may then be thought, upon their Wedding-day Mr SPECTATOR and she had but Half an Ell of I see betwixt them. And this my very worthy Predecessor, Mr Sergeant *Chin*, always maintained to be no more than the true oval Proportion between Man and Wife. But as thus may he a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no Expectations from Women, I shall allow you what Time you think fit to consider on't, not without some Hope of seeing at last your Thoughts hereupon subjoin'd to mine, and which is an Honour much desired by,

Sir,  
Your assured Friend,  
and most humble Servant,  
Hugh [Goblin,?] Preses

The following Letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own Praise I cannot for my Heart suppress it

SIR,  
You proposed, in your SPECTATOR of last Tuesday, Mr *Hobbs's* Hypothesis for solving that very odd Phenomenon of Laughter. You have made the Hypothesis valuable by espousing it your self, for had it continued Mr *Hobbs's*, no Body would have minded it. Now here this perplexed Case arises. A certain Company laugh'd very heartily upon the Reading of this very Paper of yours. And the Truth on it is, he must be a Man of more than ordinary Constancy, that could stand it out against so much Comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few Men in the World so far lost to all good Sense, as to look upon you to be a Man in a State of Folly *infer or to him self*. Pray then how do you justify your Hypothesis of Laughter?

Thursday, the 6<sup>th</sup> of      Your most humble,  
the Month of Fools      Q R

SIR,  
In answer to your Letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself, and you will find, that when you did me the Honour to be so merry over my Paper, you laugh'd at the Idiot, the *German* Courtier, the Graver, the Merry-Andrew, the Haberdasher, the Biter, the Butt, and not at

Your humble Servant,  
The SPECTATOR

\* [could both]

\* [Goblin]

No 51] Tu sday, May 1, 1711 [Shele

—*Aliquando bonus dormivi Heros*  
Hor

**M**any pendants grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their Applications to me

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

I am glad I can inform you, that you are Endeavouring to adorn that Sex, which is the fairest Part of the visible Creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The Triumph of *Daphne* over her Sister *Leto* has been the Subject of Conversation at Several Ladies Tables, where I have been present, and I have observed the fair Circle not a little pleas'd to find you considering them as reasonable Creatures, and endeavouring to banish that *Mahometan* Custom which had too much prevail'd even in this Island, of treating Women as if they had no Souls. I must do them the Justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely Pieces of Human Nature, besides the turning and applying their Ambition properly and the keeping them up to a Sense of what is their true Merit. *Spechtus*, that plain honest Philosopher, as little as he had of Gallantry, appears to have understood them, as well as the polite *St. Pierre*, and has hit their Privacy well. *When young Women*, says he, *arrive at a certain Age, they learn to themselves called Mistresses, and are made to believe that their only Business is to please the Men. They must dately be in to dress, and place all their Hopes in the favour of their Persons, it is therefore, continues he, worth the while to endeavour by all means to make themselves the Honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducing themselves with Virtue, Modesty, and Discretion.*

Now to pursue the Matter yet further, and to render your Cares for the Improvement of the fair Ones more effectual, I would propose a new method, like those Applications which are said to convey their virtues by Sympathy, and that is, in order to embellish the Mistress, you should give a new Education to the Lover, and teach the Men not to be any longer dazzled by false Charms and unreal Beauty. I cannot but think that if our Sex knew always how to please their Ladies justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the brain, enamoured with a Woman of Sense and Virtue is an Improvement to a Man's Understanding and Morals, and the Passion is ennobled by the Object which inspires it, so on the other side the appearing amiable to a Man of a wise and elegant Mind, carries in it self no small Degree of Merit and Accomplishment. I conclude therefore, that one way to make the

Women yet more agreeable is, to make the Men more virtuous

I am, SIR,  
Your most humble Servant,  
R B

SIR,

April 26

Yours of *Saturday* last I read, not without some Resentment but I will suppose when you say you expect an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocade, and to see many new Vanities which the Women will fall into upon a Peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking Part of our Sex. And what Methods can reduce them to Reason is hard to imagine.

But, Sir, there are others yet, that your Instructions might be of great Use to, who, after their bett'le Manners, are sometimes at a loss to requit themselves to a Censorious World. I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of Conversation between Ladies and Gentlemen, regulated by the Rules of Honour and Prudence, and have thought it an Observation not ill made that where that was wholly denied, the Women lost the Wit, and the Men their Good manners. 'Tis sure, from those improper Liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing People shall banish from their Drawing Rooms the best bred Men in the World, and condemn those that do not. Your stringing this Point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much otherwise.

SIR,  
Your Admirer, and  
most Humble Servant,  
ANNA BELLA

No Answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a Description of those she calls the Best bred Men in the World

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

I am a Gentleman who for many Years last past have been well known to be truly Spleenick, and that my Spleen rises from having contracted so great a Delicacy, by reading the best Authors, and keeping the most refined Company, that I cannot bear the least Impropriety of Language, or Rusticity of Behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise Distemper but by late Observations find that every heavy Wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his Dulness by complaining of the Spleen. Nay, I saw, the other Day, two Fellows in a Tavern Kitchen set up for it, call for a Pint and Pipes, and only by Guzzling Ignorance each other's Health, and waiving Smoke in each other's Face, pretend to throw off the Spleen. I appeal to you, whether these Dishonours are to be done to the Distemper of the Great and the Polite. I beseech you, Sir, to inform these Fellows that they have not the Spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a Glass at their Mouths, or convey their Meaning to each other without the Interposition of Clouds. If you will not do this with all Speed, I assure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the Discease, and for the future be merry with the Vulgar.

I am, SIR,  
Your humble Servant

<sup>2</sup> *Epictetus* in *Morals*, with *Simphens* his Comment, was translated by *George Stanhope* in 1694. The citation above is a free rendering of the sense of cap 62 of the *Morals*

No 55] Thursday, May 3, 1711 [Addison

—*Intus, et in jecore agro*  
*Nascuntur Domini*—*Pers*

**M**OST of the Trades, Professions, and Ways of Living among Mankind, take their Original either from the Love of Pleasure or the Fear of Want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Persius* has given us a very humorous Account of a young Fellow who was rouzed out of his Bed, in order to be sent upon a long Voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards overpersuaded and kept at Home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the Pleidings of these two imaginary Persons, as they are in the Original with Mr *Dryden's* Translation of them.

*Manc, piger, stertis surge, uiguit Avaritia eja*  
*Surge Negas, Instat, surge uiguit Non quies*  
*Surge*

*Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas ad oche Ponto,*  
*Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa*  
*Polle recens prius piper è sitiente can elo*  
*Verte aliquid, jura Sed Jupiter Audet Ehen!*  
*hæro, registratum digito cerebrare salinum*  
*Contentus perages, si vivas cum Jove tendis*  
*Jam pueris pellem succinctus et anophorum*  
*aptas,*

*Ocyus ad Navem Nil obstat quin trabe vasta*  
*Aægæum nripas, nisi solers Luxuria ante*  
*Seductum moveat, quo deinde, insane ruis?*  
*Quo?*

*Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis*  
*Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicute?*  
*Tua? nare transilias? Tibi tortia caumale fultio*  
*Cæna sit in transtro? Vexantia ungue rabellum*  
*Exhælat vapida læsum pice sessus obba?*  
*Quid petis? Ut numum, quos hic quicunque*  
*modesto*

*Nutreras, pergant avidos sudare deinceps?*  
*Indulge genio carpatius dulcia, nostrum est*  
*Quod vivis, curis, et manes, et fabula fies*  
*Vive meior letis fugit hora Hoc quod loquor,*  
*vide est*

*En quid agis? Duplex in diversum scindens*  
*hamo*

*Huncine, an hunc sequeris?—*

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,  
 When thou wouldst take a lazy Morning's Nap  
 Up, up, says *AVARICE*, thou snor'st again,  
 Stretchest thy Limbs, and I aw'r'st, but all in vain  
 The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes  
 At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes  
 What must I do? he cries What? says his Lord  
 Why rise, make ready, and go straight Abord  
 With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight  
 Flax, Castor, *Coan* Vines, the precious Weight  
 Of Pepper and *Sabeau* Incense, take  
 With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back,  
 And with Post haste thy running Markets make  
 Be sure to turn the Penny, Lye and Swear,  
 'Tis wholesome Sin But *Jove*, thou say'st, will  
 hear

Swear, Fool, or Starve, for the *Dilemma's* even  
 A Tradesman thou' and hope to go to Heaven?  
 Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Braggage pick,  
 Each saddled with his Burden on his Back  
 Nothing retards thy Voyage, now but He,  
 That soft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*,  
 And he may ask this civil Question Friend,  
 What dost thou make a Shipboard? To what  
 End?

Art thou of *Bethlem's* noble College free?

Stark stiring mid, that thou wouldst tempt the  
 Sea?

Cribb'd in a Cabin, on a Mattress laid,  
 On a brown *George*, with lousy Swabbers sed,  
 Dard Wine, that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup  
 From a foul Jek, or grasy Maple Cup?  
 Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise the Store,  
 From Six r'th' Hundred to Six Hundred more?  
 Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give  
 For, not to live at Ease, is not to live  
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour  
 Does some looke Remnant of thy Life devour  
 Live, while thou liv'st, for Death will make us  
 all,

A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale  
 Speak, wilt thou *Avarice*, or *Pleasure* choose  
 To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse

When a Government flourishes in Conquests,  
 and is secure from foreign Attacks, it naturally  
 falls into all the Pleasures of *Luxury*, and as  
 these Pleasures are very expensive, they put  
 those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh  
 Supplies of Money, by all the Methods of Rap-  
 aciousness and Corruption so that *Avarice* and  
*Luxury* very often become one complicated Prin-  
 ciple of Action, in those whose Hearts are wholly  
 set upon Ease, Magnificence, and Pleasure.  
 The most Elegant and Correct of all the *Latin*  
 Historians observes, that in his time, when the  
 most formidable States of the World were sub-  
 dued by the *Romans*, the Republick sunk into  
 those two Vices of a quite different Nature,  
*Luxury* and *Avarice*. And accordingly describes  
*Catiline* as one who coveted the Wealth of other  
 Men, at the same time that he squander'd away  
 his own. This Observation on the Common-  
 wealth, when it was in its height of Power and  
 Riches, holds good of all Governments that are  
 settled in a State of Ease and Prosperity. At  
 such times Men naturally endeavour to outshine  
 one another in Pomp and Splendor, and having no  
 Fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge them-  
 selves in the Enjoyment of all the Pleasures they  
 can get into their Possession which naturally  
 produces *Avarice* and an immoderate Pursuit  
 after Wealth and Riches.

As I was humouring my self in the Speculation  
 of these two great Principles of Action, I could  
 not forbear throwing my Thoughts into a little  
 kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here  
 present my Reader.

There were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in  
 a perpetual War against each other. The  
 Name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second

Lion couched under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the same Posture as when he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly desolate of all other Weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge Stone in his Hand but to his infinite Surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this Side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and after having surveyed it for some Time, endeavoured to press into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the rest, when again, to his great Surprise, he found the Bushes made no Resistance, but that he walked through Brurs and Brambles with the same Ease as through the open Air and, in short, that the whole Wood was nothing else but a Wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was designed as a kind of Fence or quick set Hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed and that probably their soft Substances might be torn by these subtle Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impressions in Flesh and Blood. With this Thought he resolved to travel through this intricate Wood when by Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in Proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the Thorns and Brurs to end and give place to a thousand beautiful green Trees covered with Blossoms of the finest Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderness of Sweets, and were a kind of Lining to those rugged Scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it inclosed he saw several Horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the Apparition of a milk-white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls of about an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghost of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable Swiftness. As the Man on the milk-white Steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagun*, who died about Half a Year before, and, by reason of his great Vertues, was not that time lamented over all the Western Parts of *America*.

He had no sooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with such a Landscape of flowery Plains green Meadows, running Streams, sunny Hills, and shady Vales, as were not to be represented by his own Expressions; nor, as he said, by the Conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to Exercises and Diversions according as their Fancies led them

Some of them were tossing the Figure of a Coat others were pitching the Shadow of a Bar others were breaking the Apparition of a Horse and Multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of departed *Ukulsis*, for that is the Name which in the *Indian* Language they give their Tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest Variety and Profusion, having never seen several of them in his own Country. But he quickly found that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch. He at length came to the Side of a great River, and being a good Fisherman himself stood upon the Banks of it some time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many Shapes of Fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greatest Beauties of his Country, by whom he had several Children. This Couple were so famous for their Love and Constancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married Man Joy of his Wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the Fisherman when he saw the Shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her Eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her Arms were stretched out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes, her Looks, her Hands, her Voice called him over to her and at the same time seemed to tell him that the River was unpassable. Who can describe the Passion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Desire, Astonishment, that rose in the *Indian* upon the Sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could express it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Checks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this Posture long before he plunged into the Stream that lay before him and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a River, walked on the Bottom of it till he rose on the other Side. At his Approach *Yaratilda* flew into his Arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that Body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Questions and Underments on both Sides, he conducted him to a Bower which she had dressed with her own Hands with all the Ornaments that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and ravished with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this Bower for his Reception as well knowing that his Duty to his God and his faithful Darling towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place whenever his Life should be at an End. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some Years before, and resided with her in the same delightful Bower, advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such

<sup>1</sup> [described]

<sup>1</sup> [an]



a Manner, that they might let either all of them meet it, either in this happy Place.

The Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of those dismal Habitations which are the Portion of all Men after Death, and went out several Mollen Sacks of Gold in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Puritans* [who] I put to the Sword in many Thousands of poor *Soldiers* for the sake of that precious Metal. But having already touched upon the chief Points of this Tradition, and exceeded the Measure of my Paper, I shall not, we say in their Account of it.

C

No 57] Saturday May 5 1711 [1710]

*Quer primum pateris heri et tuatorem,  
Quæsit & Servus—* Jun

WHEN the Wife of *Hector* in *Homer's* *Iliad* discourses with her Husband about the Battle in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desirous her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Muds and mind her Spinning. In which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to busy themselves in their proper Spheres, and on such Matters only as are suitable to their respective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman who has pass'd a great Part of his Life in the Nursery, and, upon Occasion, can make a Caille or a Sack-Poet better than any Man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critick in Cambricks and Muslins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweet meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Observations that he makes both in Town and Court. As what *Laïs* shows the nicest fancy in her Dress, what *Mim* of Quilby wears the finest Whig, who has the finest Linen, who the prettiest *Sun-bon*, with many other the like curious Remarks that may be made in good Company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of seeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town last Winter and is one of the greatest Fox-hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horses and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggish Story, she gives him a Push with her Elbow in jest and calls him an Impudent Dog, and if her Servant neglects his Business, threatens to kick him out of the House. I have heard her in her Wrath, call a Substantial Tradesman a Lousy Cur, and remember one Day when she could not think of the Name of a Person she described him in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

<sup>1</sup> [thru]

<sup>2</sup> Hector's parting from Andromache, at the close of Book VI

*No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom,  
My glory summons to the martial scene  
The field of combat is the sphere for man*

If those Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the Men I shall not in this Paper any further concern myself about them, but as I would contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the most beautiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little Spots and Blemishes that are apt to rise among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them I shall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that *Party-Rage* which of late Years is very much crept into their Conversation. This is, in its Nature, a Male Vice and made up of many angry and cruel Passions that are altogether repugnant to the Softness, the Modesty, and those other endearing Qualities which are natural to the fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mankind and root them into Tenderness and Compassion, not to set an Edge upon their Minds, or blow up in them those Passions which are so apt to rise of their own Accord. When I have seen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would not I have given to have stoop'd it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest Features in the World grow pale, and tremble with *Party-Rage*? *Camilla* is one of the greatest Beauties in the *British* Nation, and yet values her self more upon being the *Prize* of one *Party*, than upon being the *Love* of both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* across a Tea-Table, but in the Height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to strike with the Lateness of the Dispute, she scalded her Fingers, and spilt a Dish of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

There is one Consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female Readers, and which, I hope, will give some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the fair Sex as *Party-Zeal*. It gives us all natural Lust to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the Foot, besides, that it makes the Lines too strong and flushes them worse than *Brandy*. I have seen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her Life, and indeed never knew a *Party* Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Disputes of this Nature though at the same time, I would give free Liberty to all superannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no Danger either of their spoiling their Faces, or of their running Couverts.

<sup>2</sup> For my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and despicable Figure, that is violent in a *Party*, but a Woman is too sincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Discretion, and to act with that Caution and Re-

<sup>3</sup> Not a new paragraph in the first issue

servedness which are requisite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand Heats and Extravagancies their generous [Souls<sup>1</sup>] set no Bounds to their Love or to their Hatred, and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-Dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr *Titus Oates*<sup>2</sup> was in all his Glory, I accompanied my Friend *Will* [Honycombe<sup>3</sup>] in a Visit to a Lady of his Acquaintance. We were no sooner set down but upon casting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almost every Corner of it a Print that represented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimensions. A little after, the Lady was discoursing my Friend and held her Snuff-box in her Hand, who should I see in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had Occasion for her Handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the Plaits of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend *Will*, who loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr *Fruelands* Place (for that was the Name for her Husband) she should be made as uneasy by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. I am afraid, said she, Mr [Honycombe], you are a Tory, tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or no? *Will*, instead of making her a Reply, smiled in her Face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her Patchers were dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, Well, says she, I'll be land's if you and your silent Friend there are not against the Doctor in 30 or 40 Hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing. Upon this she took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Possession of her Thoughts, her Discourse, and most of her Furniture: but finding, my self pressed too close by her Question, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly. C

<sup>1</sup> [Souls (I mean those of ordinary Women)] This, however, was cancelled by an Erratum in the next number.

<sup>2</sup> Addison was six years old when Titus Oates began his 'Popish Plot' disclosures. Under a name which called up recollections of the vilest trading upon theological intolerance, he here glances at Dr Henry Sacheverell, whose trial (Feb 27—March 20, 1710) for his sermons in praise of the divine right of kings and contempt of the Whigs, and his sentence of suspension for three years, had caused him to be admired enthusiastically by all party politicians who were of his own way of thinking. The change of person partly here by implying no suggestion that excesses party not all on one side. Sacheverell had been a College friend of Addison's. He is the 'dearest Harry' for whom, at the age of 22, Addison wrote his metrical 'Account of the greatest English Poets', which omitted Shakespeare from the list.

<sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> [Honycombe]

No 38] Monday, May 7, 1711 [Addison

*Ut pictura poesis erat*— Hor

NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written professedly upon it, and yet for those who make any Mention of it, they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentally fallen in their Way, and that too in little short Reflections, or in general declamatory Flourishes, without entering into the Bottom of the Matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable Work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject, which I shall endeavour to do in a Manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the Censure which a famous Critick bestows upon one who had written a Treatise upon the *Sublimity* in a low grovelling Style. I intend to lay aside a whole Week for this Undertaking, that the Scheme of my Thoughts may not be broken and interrupted, and I dare promise my self, if my Readers will give me a Week's Attention that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday Night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinarv Capacities, but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in some Parts of it may be a little out of their Reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only End of these my Speculations is to banish Vice and Ignorance out of the Territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a Taste of polite Writing. It is with this View that I have endeavoured to set my Readers right in several Points relating to Operas and Tragedies, and shall from time to time impart my Notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its Refinement and Perfection. I find by my Book-seller that these Papers of Criticism, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind Reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such Subjects, for which Reason I shall enter upon my present Undertaking with greater Cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following Papers, I shall trace out the History of false Wit, and distinguish the several Kinds of it as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were Attempts on foot last Winter to revive some of those antiquated Modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Common wealth of Letters. There were several Satyrs and Panegyrics handed about in Acrostick, by which Means some of the most arrant indisputable Blockheads about the Town began to entertain ambitious Thoughts, and to set up for polite Authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many Arts of false Wit, in which a Writer does not show himself a Man of a beautiful Genius, but of great Industry.

The first Species of false Wit which I have met with is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has

the Wig was finished, there is a Space left in it for the Face of any one that has a mind to purchase it

But to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, I would humbly propose, for the Benefit of our modern Smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their Brethren among the Ancients in those ingenious Devices I have communicated this Thought to a young Poetical Lover of my Acquaintance, who intends to present his Mistress, with a Copy of Verses made in the Shape of her Fan and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first Sticks of it He has likewise promised me to get the Measure of his Mistress's Marriage-Finger, with a Design to make a Posy in the Fashion of a Ring, which shall exactly fit it It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good Hint that I do not question but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have said to many other Particulars and that we shall see the Town filled in a very little time with Poetical Tipsters, Handkerchiefs, Snuff-Boxes, and the like Female Ornaments I shall therefore conclude with a Word of Advice to those admirable English Authors who call themselves Pindarick Writers,<sup>1</sup> that they would apply themselves to this kind of Wit without Loss of Time, as being provided better than any other Poets with Verses of all Sizes and Dimensions C

No 59 ] Tuesday, May 8, 1711 [Addison]

*Operose Nilul agunt* — Seneca

THERE is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could and notwithstanding Pedants of a pretended Depth and Solidity are so to deery the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flash and Froth*, they all of them shew upon Occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the Character of those whom they seem to despise For this Reason we often find them endeavoring, at Words of Fancy, which cost them infinite Pains in the Production The Truth of it is, a Man had better be a Gally-Slave than a Wit were one to gain that Title by those Elaborate Trifles which have been the Inventions of such Authors as were often Masters of great Learning but no Genius

In my last Paper I mentioned some of these false Wits among the Ancients and in this shall give the Reader two or three other Species of them that flourished in the same early Ages of the World The first I shall produce are the *Life, ramn aluts*<sup>2</sup> or *Letter droppers* of Anti-

quity, that would take an Exception, without any Reason, against some particular Letter in the Alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem One *Tryphiodorus* was a great Master in this kind of Writing He composed an *Odyssey* or Epick Poem on the Adventures of *Ulysses*, consisting of four and twenty Books having entirely banished the Letter *A* from his first Book, which was called *Alpha* (as *Lucus a non Lucendo*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it His second Book was inscribed *Beta* for the same Reason In short, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty Letters in their Turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his Business without them

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as ano her would a false Quantity, and making his Escape from it through the several Greek Dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular Syllable For the most apt and elegant Word in the whole Language was rejected, like a Diamond with a Flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong Letter I shall only observe upon this Head, that if the Work I have here mentioned had been now extant the *Odyssey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been often quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odyssey* of *Homer* What a perpetual Fund would it have been of obsolete Words and Phrases, unusual Barbarisms, and Rusticities, absurd Spell words and complicated Dialects I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable Treasures of the Greek Tongue

I find likewise among the Ancients that ingenious kind of Conceit, which the Moderns distinguish by the Name of a *Kelus*,<sup>3</sup> that does not sink a Letter but a whole Word, by substituting a Picture in its Place When *Cassius* was one of the Masters of the Roman Verse, he placed the Figure of an Elephant upon the Reverse of the Publick Money the Word *Cassius* signifying an Elephant in the *Punic* Language This was triflingly contrived by *Cassius*, because it was not lawful for a private Man to stamp his own Figure upon the Coin of the Commonwealth *Cicero*, who was so called from the Founder of his Family, that was marked on the Nose with a little Wen like a Vetch (which is *Cicer* in *Latin*) instead of *Marcus Sullus Cicero*, ordered the Words *Marcus Sullus* with the Figure of a Vetch at the End of them to be inscribed on a publick Monument<sup>4</sup>

grammarian verse is said to have been the Greek poet Lasius, born in Ael 171 538 u c. Lope de Vega wrote five novels, each with one of the five vowels excluded from it

<sup>1</sup> His French name for an enigmatical device is said to be derived from the custom of the priests of Picardy at carnival time to set up ingenious jests upon current affairs, 'de rebis que geruntur'

<sup>2</sup> Addison takes these illustrations from the chapter on 'Pebus or Name devices,' in that pleasant old book Camden's *Remains*, which he presently cites The next chapter in the 'Remains' is upon Anagrams.

<sup>1</sup> When the tyranny of French criticism had imprisoned nearly all our poetry in the heroic couplet, outside exercise is allowed only to those who undertook to serve under Pindar

<sup>2</sup> From *Antro* I omit, *γρημα* a letter In modern literature there is a *Pan-na Porconum* picture of which every word begins with a p and there are Spanish odes from which all vowels but one are omitted The earliest writer of Epigrams

The Poet rung the [changes<sup>1</sup>] upon these eight several Words, and by that Means rinde his Verses almost as numerous as the Virtues and the Stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that Men who had so much Time upon their Hands did not only restore all the antiquated Pieces of false Wit, but enriched the World with Inventions of their own. It was to this Age that we owe the Production of Anagrams,<sup>2</sup> which is nothing else but a Transmutation of one Word into another, or the turning of the same Set of Letters into different Words, which may change Night into Day, or Black into White, if Chance, who is the Goddess that presides over these Sorts of Composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in Allusion to this kind of Writing, calls his Rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his Limbs set in Places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a Man*.

When the Anagrammatist takes a Name to work upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken up, which will not shew the Treasure it contains till he shall have spent many Hours in the Search of it. For it is his Business to find out one Word that conceals it self in another, and to examine the Letters in all the Variety of Stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this Kind of Wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his Mistress's Heart by it. She was one of the finest Women of her Age, and [known<sup>3</sup>] by the Name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain Liberties indulged to this kind of Writing, converted it into *Moll*, and after having shut himself up for half a Year, with indefatigable Industry produced in Anagram. Upon the presenting it to his Mistress, who was a little vexed in her Heart to see herself degraded into *Moll Boon*, she told him, to his infinite Surprise, that he had mistaken her Surname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bolun*.

—*Ibi omnis  
Effusus labor*—

The lover was thunder-struck with his Misfortune, inasmuch that in a little time after he lost his Senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual Application he had given to his Anagram.

The Acrostick<sup>4</sup> was probably invented about the same time with the Anagram, tho' it is impossible to decide whether the Inventor of the

one or the other [were<sup>1</sup>] the greater Blockhead. The Simple Acrostick is nothing but the Name or Title of a Person or Thing made out of the initial Letters of several Verses, and by that Means written, after the Manner of the *Chinese*, in a perpendicular Line. But besides these there are *Compound Acrosticks*, where the principal Letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the Verses have not only been edged by a Name at each Extremity, but have had the same Name running down like a Seam through the Middle of the Poem.

There is another near Relation of the Anagrams and Acrosticks, which is commonly called<sup>2</sup> a Chronogram. This kind of Wit appears very often on many modern Medals, especially those of *Germany*,<sup>3</sup> when they represent in the Inscription the Year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a Medal of *Gustavus Adolphus* the following Words, *CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRI-VMPHVS*. If you take the pawns to pick the Figures out of the several Words, and range them in their proper Order, you will find they amount to *MDCXVVII*, or 1627, the Year in which the Medal was stamped. For as some of the Letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their Fellows, they are to be considered in a double Capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious Devices. A Man would think they were searching after an apt classical Term, but instead of that they are looking out a Word that has an *L*, and *M*, or a *D* in it. When therefore we meet with any of these Inscriptions, we are not so much to look in 'em for the Thought, as for the Year of the Lord.

The *Bouts Rimés* were the Favourites of the *French* Nation for a whole Age together, and that at a Time when it abounded in Wit and Learning. They were a List of Words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another Hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the same Order that they were placed upon the List. The more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the Genius of the Poet that could accommodate his Verses to them. I do not know any greater Instance of the Decay of Wit and Learning among the *French* (which generally follows the Declension of Empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish Kind of Wit. If the Reader

<sup>1</sup> [was]

<sup>2</sup> [known by the name of]

<sup>3</sup> The Chronogram was popular also, especially among the Germans, for inscriptions upon marble or in books. More than once, also, in Germany and Belgium a poem was written in a hundred hexameters, each yielding a chronogram of the date it was to celebrate.

<sup>4</sup> *Bouts rimés* are said to have been suggested to the wits of Paris by the complaint of a verse turner named Dulot, who grieved one day over the loss of three hundred sonnets and when surprise was expressed at the large number, said they were the 'rhymed ends,' that only wanted filling up.

<sup>1</sup> [chymes]

<sup>2</sup> This is an error. *Ἀνάγραμμα* meant in old Greek what it now means. Lycophrion, who lived B.C. 280, and wrote a Greek poem on Cissandra, was famous for his Anagrams, of which two survive. The Cabalists had a branch of their study called Themura, changing, which made mystical anagrams of sacred names.

<sup>3</sup> [was called]

<sup>4</sup> The invention of Acrostics is attributed to Porphyry Optatianus, a writer of the 4th century. But the arguments of the Comedies of Plautus are in form of acrostics, and acrostics occur in the original Hebrew of the Book of Psalms.



some time or other signalized themselves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this Age that the Punn appeared with Pomp and Dignity. It had before been admitted into merry Speeches and ludicrous Compositions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the Council Table. The greatest Authors, in their most serious Works, made frequent use of Puns. The Sermons of Bishop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakespeare*, are full of them. The Sinner was punned into Repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen Lines together.

I must add to these great Authorities, which seem to have given a kind of Sanction to this Piece of false Wit, that all the Writers of Rheturick have treated of Punning with very great Respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard Names, that are reckoned among the Figures of Speech, and recommended as Ornaments in Discourse. I remember a Country School master of my Acquaintance told me once, that he had been in Company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest *Paragrammatist* among the Moderns. Upon Inquiry, I found my learned Friend had dined that Day with Mr *Swan*, the famous Punnster, and desiring him to give me some Account of Mr *Swan's* Conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble Opinion he shined most in the *Antianacrisis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous University of this Land was formerly very much infested with Puns, but whether or no this might not arise from the Fens and Marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained. I must leave to the Determination of more skilful Naturalists.

After this short History of Punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the Learned World, as it is at present, especially since it had found a Place in the Writings of the most ancient Polite Authors. To account for this, we must consider, that the first Race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in Writing, were destitute of all Rules and Arts of Criticism, and for that Reason, though they excel later Writers in Greatness of Genius, they fall short of them in Accuracy and Correctness. The Moderns cannot reach their Beauties, but can avoid their Imperfections. When the World was furnished with these Authors of the first Eminence, there grew up another Set of Writers, who gained themselves a Reputation by the Remarks which they made on the Works of those who preceded them. It was one of the Employments of these Secondary Authors, to distinguish the several kinds of Wit by Terms of Art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in Truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such Authors as *Isocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, should have such little Blemishes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior Character, who have written since those several Characters were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper Separation made between

Puns and [true] Wit by any of the Ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this Distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all Men of Sense to agree in it. As for the Revival of this false Wit, it happened about the time of the Revival of Letters, but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one Age and rose in another, it will again recover it self in some distant Period of Time, as Pedantry and Ignorance shall prevail upon Wit and Sense. And, to speak the Truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last Winter's Productions, which had their Sets of Admirers, that our Posterity will in a few Years degenerate into a Race of Punnsters. At least, a Man may be very excusable for any Apprehensions of this kind, that has seen *Acrosticks* handed about the Town with great Secrecy and Applause to which I must also add a little Epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into Verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it Cursed one way and Blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such Puns takers among our *British* Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must Lash one another, let it be with the manly Strokes of Wit and Satyr for I am of the old Philosopher's Opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the Paw of a Lion, than the Hoof of an Ass. I do not speak this out of any Spirit of Party. There is a most crying Dulcness on both Sides. I have seen forty *Acrosticks* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but because they are *Anagrams* and *Acrosticks*.

But to return to Punning. Having pursued the History of a Punn, from its Original to its Down-fall, I shall here define it to be a Conceit arising from the use of two Words that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Sense. The only way therefore to try a Piece of Wit, is to translate it into a different Language. If it bears the Test, you may pronounce it true. But if it vanishes in the Experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Punn. In short, one may say of a Punn, as the Countryman described his Nightingale, that it is *vox et preterea nihil*, a Sound, and nothing but a Sound. On the contrary, one may represent true Wit by the Description which *Aristmetus* makes of a fine Woman, when she is dressed she is Beautiful, when she is undressed she is Beautiful, or as *Mercerus* has translated it [more Emphatically] *Induitur, formosa est Exuitur, ipsa forma est*. C

No 62] Friday, May 11, 1711 [Addison

*Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons*  
Hur

MR Lock has an admirable Reflexion upon the Difference of Wit and Judgment,

[fine]

wherein he ends two ways to shew the Reason why they are not always the Talents of the same Person. His Words are as follow. *And hence, perhaps, may be given so no Reason of that common Observation that Men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearest Judgments, or deepest Reason. For it lying most in the Assemblage of Ideas, as in putting those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant Pictures and agreeable Images in the Fancy. Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side, in separating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the least Difference, thereby to avoid being misled by Similitude, and by Whynity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion wherein, for the most part, lies that Entertain'd and Pleasant way of Wit which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all People.*

This is, I think, the best and most Philosophical Account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of Explanation, that every Resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprise* to the Reader. These two Properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the first of them. In order therefore that the Resemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the Nature of things for where the Likeness is obvious, it gives no Surprise. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to represent the Whiteness of any Object by that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless besides this obvious Resemblance, there be some further Congruity discovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some Surprise. Thus when a Poet tells us, the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison but when he adds, with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's Memory may supply him with innumerable Instances of the same Nature. For this Reason, the Similitudes in Heroick Poets, who entertain rather to fill the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr Lock's Account of Wit with this short Explanation, comprehends most of the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Aenigmas, Motifs, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, dramatick Writings, Burlesque, and all the Methods of Allusion. As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight, from the foregoing Description) which upon Examination will be found to agree with it.

As true Wit generally consists in this Resem-

blance and Congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the Resemblance and Congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrosticks. Sometimes of Syllables, as in Echoes and Doggerel Rhymes. Sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, as in the Figures of Eggs, Axes, or Altars. Nay, some carry the Notion of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimicry and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Person, that can resemble the Tone, Posture, or Face of another.

As true Wit consists in the Resemblance of Ideas, and false Wit in the Resemblance of Words according to the foregoing Instances, there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the Resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Resemblance of Words, which for Distinction Sake I shall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Covseley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr Dryden is very sparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the same Class with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. *Monsieur Boileau*, who formed himself upon the Ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the *Greek* Writers, we shall find it no where but in the *Epigrammatists*. There are indeed some Strokes of it in the little Poem ascribed to *Musaeus*, which by that, as well as many other Marks, betrays it self to be a modern Composition. If we look into the *Latin* Writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, or *Catullus*, very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and scarce any thing else in *Martial*.

Out of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I shall choose one Instance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Class. The Passion of Love in its Nature has been thought to resemble a Fire for which Reason the Words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witteisms. *Covseley* observing the cold Regard of his Mistress's Eyes, and at the same Time their Power of producing Love in him, considers them as Burning Glasses made of Ice and finding himself able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his Letter written in Juice of Lemon by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's Flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distilled those Drops from the Limbeck. When she is absent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a Flame that sends up no Smoke when it is opposed by Counsel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he observes

<sup>1</sup> I say concerning Human Understanding; Bk II ch 22 (p 68 of ed 1690, the first)

that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Fire. When he resolves to give over his Passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *Albion*, that instead of *Vulcan's* Shop encloses *Cupid's* Forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living Creatures) should not only warm but burnet Love in another Place cooks Pleasure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breast, and sometimes scorched in every Eye. Sometimes he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the Middle of the Sea.

The Reader may observe in every one of these Instances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire with those of Love: and in the same Sentence speaking of it both as a Passion and as real Fire, surprises the Reader with those seeming Resemblances or Contradictions that make up all the Wit in this kind of Writing. Mist Wit therefore is a Composition of Funn and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the Resemblance lies in the Ideas or in the Words. Its Foundations are laid partly in Falsehood and partly in Truth. Reason puts in her Claim for one Half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing else but a Tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *mist Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ, and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this Subject, that I should take notice of Mr *Dryden's* Definition of Wit which, with all the Difference that is due to the Judgment of so great a Man, is not so properly a Definition of Wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject'. If this be a true Definit on of Wit, I am apt to think that *Eschylus* (was) the greatest Wit that ever set Pen to Paper. It is certain that never was a greater Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, than what that Author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees with any Notion he has of Wit. If it be a true one I am sure Mr *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr *Corneille*, and *Virgil* a much more frictions Man than either *Ovid* or *Marshall*.

*Bouhours*, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French Critics, has taken

'If Wit has truly been defined as a Propriety of Thoughts and Words then that definition will extend to all sorts of Poetry. Propriety of Thought is that Fancy which arises naturally from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. Propriety of Words is the clothing of these Thoughts with such Expressions as are naturally proper to them.'—*Dryden's* Preface to *Albion and Iliadis* 2 [12]

pains to show, that it is impossible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the Nature of things. That the Basis of all Wit is Truth and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Sense is not the Ground work. *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the same Notions in several Parts of his Writings, both in Prose and Verse. This is that natural Way of Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we so much admire in the Compositions of the Ancients and which no Body derives from, but those who want Strength of Genius to imitate. I thought shine in its own natural Plainness. Poets who want this Strength of Genius to give that Mystical Simplicity to Nature, which we so much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after flourish and Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as *Goff's* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy. Mr *Dryden* makes a very handsome Observation, on *Ovid's* writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Aeneas*, in the following Words: 'Ovid,' says he, (speaking of *Virgil's* Iliad) of *Dido* and *Aeneas* 'takes it up after him, and

<sup>1</sup> Doninique Bouhours, a learned and accomplished Jesuit, who died in 1702, aged 75, was a Professor of the Humanities, in Paris, till the Licadachus by which he was tormented until death compelled him to resign his chair. He was afterwards tutor to the two young Princes of Longueville, and to the son of the minister Colbert. His best book was translated into English in 1705, as 'The Art of Criticism or the Method of making a Right Judgment upon Subjects of Wit and Learning translated from the best Edition of the French, of the famous Father Bouhours, b, a Person of Quality. In Four Dialogues.' Here he says 'Truth is the first Quality, and, as it were, the foundation of Thought the fairest is the faultiest or, rather, those which pass for the fairest, are not really so, if they want this Foundation. I do not understand your Doctrine,' replies Philanthus, and I can scarce persuade myself that a witty Thought should be as it is founded on Truth. On the contrary, I am of the opinion of a famous Critic (i.e. Vassor in his book on Epigrams) that falsehood gives it often all its Grace, and is, as it were, the Soul of it,' &c., pp. 6, 7, and the following

<sup>2</sup> As in the lines

*For' de l'adresse et bon Sens mais pour y f-7 venir*

*Le couteau est glissant et peult à leu*

Art. Poétique, chant 1

And again,

*Art. des dépens du bon Sens gardez de plaisanter*

Art. Poétique, chant 3

<sup>3</sup> Dedication of his translation of the *Aeneid* to Lord Normanby, near the middle, when speaking of the anachronism that made *Dido* and *Aeneas* contemporaries.



'in the same Age, and makes an Ancient Heroine of *Virgil's* new created *Dido*, dictates a Letter for her just before her Death to the ungrateful Fugitive, and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a Sword with a Man so much superior in Force to him on the same Subject. I think I may be Judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater Master in his own Profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and being forced to his old Shift, he has Recourse to Witicism. This passes indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the Preference to *Virgil* in their Esteem.

Were not I surprised by so great an Authority as that of Mr *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, That the Taste of most of our *English* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothic*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais*<sup>2</sup> for a threefold Distinction of the Readers of Poetry. In the first of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their Quality, but to their Numbers and Coarseness of their Taste. His Words are as follow: '*Segrais* has distinguished the Readers of Poetry, according to their Capacity of judging, into three Classes (He might have said the same of Writers too, if he had pleased.) In the lowest Form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*, such things as are our Upper Gallery Audience in a Play-house, who like nothing but the Husk and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before solid Sense and elegant Expression. These are Mob Readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Parliament-Men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest Appearance in the Field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is they are but a sort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* Boors, brought over in Herds, but not

<sup>2</sup> Jean Regnauld de Segrais, b 1634, d 1701, was of Caen, where he was trained by Jesuits for the Church but took to Literature, and sought thereby to support four brothers and two sisters, reduced to want by the dissipations of his father. He wrote, as a youth, odes, songs, a tragedy, and part of a romance. Attraction, at the age of 20, the attention of a noble patron, he became, in 1647, and remained for the next 24 years, attached to the household of Mlle de Montpensier. He was a favoured guest among the *Précieuses* of the *Hôtel Rambouillet*, and was styled, for his acquired *ut bon ton*, the Voiture of Caen. In 1671 he was received by Mlle de La Fayette. In 1676 he married a rich wife, at Caen, his native town, where he settled and revived the local 'Academy.' Among his works were translations into French verse of the *Aeneid* and *Georgics*. In the dedication of his own translation of the *Aeneid* by an elaborate essay to Lord Normanby, *Dryden* refers much, and with high respect, to the dissertation prefixed by Segrais to his French version, and towards the end (on p 80 where the essay occupies 100 pages), writes as above quoted. The first parenthesis is part of the quotation.

'Naturalized, who have not Lands of two Pounds per Annum in *Parnassus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their Authors are of the same Level, fit to represent them on a Mountebank's Stage, or to be Masters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most Admirers. But it often happens, to their Mortification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of Sense, (as they may by reading better Books, and by Conversation with Men of Judgment) they soon forsake them.'

I [must not dismiss this Subject without<sup>3</sup>] observing that as Mr *Lock* in the Passage above-mentioned has discovered the most fruitful Source of Wit, so there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewise branch it self out into several kinds. For not only the *Resemblance*, but the *Opposition* of Ideas, does very often produce Wit as I could shew in several little Points, Turns and Antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future Speculation. C

No 63 ] Saturday, May 12, 1711 [Addison

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equumque  
Inungere si velit et varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in pascua mulier formosa superne,  
Spectatum admitti risum teneatis amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum  
Persimilem, cuius, velut agri somnia, vanae  
Funguntur species—* Hor

IT is very hard for the Mind to disengage it self from a Subject in which it has been long employed. The Thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, tho' we give them no Encouragement, as the Tossings and Fluctuations of the Sea continue several Hours after the Winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last Night's Dream or Vision, which formed into one continued Allegory the several Schemes of Wit, whether False, Mixed, or True, that have been the Subject of my late Papers.

Methoughts I was transported into a Country that was filled with Prodiges and Enchantments, governed by the Goddess of FALSEHOOD, entitled the *Region of False Wit*. There is nothing in the Fields, the Woods, and the Rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the Trees blossomed in Leaf Gold, some of them produced Bone-Lace, and some of them precious Stones. The Fountains bubbled in an Opera Tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild-Boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the Waters, at the same time that Dolphins and several kinds of Fish played upon the Banks or took their Pastime in the Meadows. The Birds had many of them golden Beaks, and human Voices. The Flowers perfumed the Air.

<sup>3</sup> [would not break the thread of this discourse without], and an ERRATUM appended to the next Number says 'for without read with.'

with Smells of Incense, Amber greese, and Pulvillios<sup>1</sup> and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in Pieces of Embroidery. The Winds were filled with Sighs and Messages of distant Lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted Wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquies upon the several Wonders which lay before me, when, to my great Surprise, I found there were artificial Echoes in every Walk, that by Repetitions of certain Words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my Conversation with these invisible Companions, I discovered in the Centre of a very dark Grove a monstrous Fabrick built after the *Gothick* manner, and covered with innumerable Devices in that barbarous kind of Sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple consecrated to the God of *Dullness*. Upon my Entrance I saw the Deity of the Place dressed in the Habit of a Monk, with a Book in one Hand and a Rattle in the other. Upon his right Hand was *Industry*, with a Lamp burning before her and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monkey sitting on her Shoulder. Before his Feet there stood an *Altar* of a very odd Make, which, as I afterwards found, was shap'd in that manner to comply with the Inscription that surrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay several Offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in Paper, and inscribed with Verses. The Temple was filled with *Votaries*, who applied themselves to different Diversions, as their Fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a Regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the Right or to the Left, facing about, doubling their Ranks, shifting their Stations, and throwing themselves into all the Figures and Counter marches of the most changeable and perplexed Exercise.

Not far from these was a Body of *Acrosticks*, made up of very disproportioned Persons. It was disposed into three Columns, the Officers planting themselves in a Line on the left Hand of each Column. The Officers were all of them at least Six Foot high, and made three Rows of very proper Men but the Common Soldiers, who filled up the Spaces between the Officers, were such Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scarcerous, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acrosticks* two or three Files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the Figure of Time) with an Hour glass in one Hand, and a Seythe in the other, and took their Posts promiscuously among the private Men whom they commanded.

In the Body of the Temple, and before the very Face of the Deity, methought I saw the Phantom of *Tyrphodorus* the *Litopogrammist*, engaged in a Bill with four and twenty Persons, who pursued him by Turns thro' all the Intricacies and Labyrinths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very basic at the Western End of the Temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that Quarter the great Magazine of *Rebus's*. These were several Things of the most different Natures tied up in Bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might behold an Anchor, a Night rail, and a Hobby horse bound up together. One of the Workmen seeing me very much surprized, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in several of those Bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased. I thanked him for his Civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I observed in one Corner of it a Cluster of Men and Women hugging very heartily, and diverting themselves at a Game of *Crambo*. I heard several *Double Rhymes* as I passed by them, which roused a great deal of Mirth.

Not far from these was another Set of merry People engaged at a Diversion, in which the whole Jest was to mistake one Person for another. To give Occasion for these ludicrous Mistakes, they were divided into Pairs, every Pair being covered from Head to Foot with the same kind of Dress, though perhaps, there was not the least Resemblance in their Faces. By this means an old Man was sometimes mistaken for a Boy, a Woman for a Man, and a Black a moor for an *European*, which very often produced great Perls of Laughter. These I guessed to be a Party of *Puns*. But being very desirous to get out of this World of Magic, which had almost turned my Brain, I left the Temple, and crossed over the Fields that lay about it with all the Speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the Sound of Trumpets and Alarms, which seemed to proclaim the March of an Enemy and as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great Distance a very shining Light, and, in the midst of it a Person of a most beautiful Aspect her Name was *TRUTH*. On her right Hand there marched a Male Deity, who bore several Quivers on his Shoulders, and grasped several Arrows in his Hand. His Name was *WIT*. The Approach of these two Enemies filled all the Territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable Consternation, insomuch that the Goddess of those Regions, appeared in Person upon her Frontiers, with the several inferior Deities, and the different Bodies of Forces which I had before seen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in Array, and prepared to give their Foes a warm Reception. As the March of the Enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several Inhabitants who bordered upon the Regions of FALSEHOOD to draw their Forces into a Body with a Design to stand upon their Guard as Sentinels, and attend the Issue of the Combat.

I must here inform my Reader, that the Frontiers of the Enchanted Region which I have before described, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd Appearance when they were mustered together in an Army. There were Men whose Bodies were stuck full of Dirt, and Women whose Eyes were Burning glasses. Men that had Harts of Fire, and

<sup>1</sup> Scent bags Ital Polviglio from Pulvillus a little cushion

Women that had Breasts of Snow It would be endless to describe several Monsters of the like Nature, that composed this great Army which immediately fell to pieces and divided itself into two Parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the Banners of TRUTH, and the others behind those of FALSHOOD

The Goddess of FALSHOOD was of a Gigantick Stature, and advanced some Paces before the Front of her Army but as the dazling Light, which shined from TRUTH, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly insomuch that in a little Space she looked rather like an huge Phantasm, than a real Substance At length, as the Goddess of TRUTH approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the Brightness of her Presence so that there did not remain the least Trace or Impression of her Figure in the Place where she had been seen

As at the rising of the Sun the Constellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemisphere is extinguished such was the vanishing of the Goddess And not only of the Goddess her self, but of the whole Army that attended her, which sympathized with their Leader, and shrunk into Nothing, in proportion as the Goddess disappeared At the same time the whole Temple sunk, the Fish betook themselves to the Streams, and the wild Beasts to the Woods The Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the whole Face of Nature its true and genuine Appearance Tho' I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a Dream, when I saw this Region of Prodiges restored to Woods and Rivers, Fields and Meadows

Upon the removal of that wild Scene of Wonder, which had very much disturbed my Imagination, I took a full Survey of the Persons of WIT and WITNESS for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first without seeing the other at the same time There was behind them a strong and compact Body of Figures The Genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Hand, and a Laurel on her Head *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypress, and covered with Robes dipped in Blood *Satyr* had Smiles in her Look, and a Dagger under her Garment *Rhetorick* was known by her Thunderbolt and *Comedy* by her Mask After several other Figures, *Epicram* marched up in the Rear, who had been posted there at the Beginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt to the Enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his Heart I was very much moved and delighted with the Appearance of the God of *WIT* there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his Looks, as inspired me at once with Love and Terror As I was gazing on him, to my insupportable Joy, he took a Quiver of Arrows from his Shoulder, in order to make me a Present of it, but as I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a Chair, and by that means awaked

No 64] Monday, May 14, 1711 [Style

—*Hic vivimus Ambitiosa  
Paupertate omnes*— Juv

THE most improper things we commit in the Conduct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force of Fashion Instances might be given, in which a prevailing Custom makes us set against the Rules of Nature, Law and common Sense but at present I shall confine my Consideration of the Effect it has upon Men's Minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the Fashion to go into Mourning The Custom of representing the Grief we have for the Loss of the Dead by our Habits, certainly had its Rise from the real sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper Cure they ought of their Dress By Degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward Oppression upon their Minds, made an Apology for not joining with the rest of the World in their ordinary Diversions, by a Dress suited to their Condition This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real Distress to whom it was a Relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward Reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others In process of time this laudable Distinction of the Sorrowful was lost and Mourning is now worn by Heirs and Widows You see nothing but Magnificence and Solemnity in the Equipage of the Heir, and an Air [of] Release from Servitude in the Pomp of a Son who has lost a wealthy Father This Fashion of Sorrow is now become a generous Part of the Ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who in the Language of all Nations are stiled Brothers to each other, and put on the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in Amity Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with Grief from Head to Foot upon this Disaster to their Prince so that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman's Usher, what Degree of Friendship any deceased Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on these Occasions He dwells much in Whispers, and you may see he dresses accordingly to the best Intelligence

The general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the Habit of the Court You see the Lady, who the Day before was as various as a Rainbow, upon the Time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud This Humour does not prevail only on those whose Fortunes can support any Change in their Equipage, not on those only whose Incomes demand the Wantonness of new Apparels but on such also who have just enough to cloath them An old Acquaintance of mine, of Ninety Pounds a Year, who has naturally the Vanity of being a Man of Fashion deep at his Heart, is very much put to it

to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new black Suit upon the Death of the King of Spain, he turned it for the King of Portugal, and he now keeps his Chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor. He is a good Oeconomist in his Extravagance, and makes only a fresh black Button upon his Iron-gray Suit for any Potentite of small Territories: he indeed adds his Cripe Hatband for a Prince whose Exploits he has adured in the Gazette. But whatever Compliments may be made on these Occasions, the true Mourners are the Mercers, Silkmens, Lacemen and Millners. A Prince of merciful and royal Disposition would reflect with great Anxiety upon the Prospect of his Death, if he considered what Numbers would be reduced to Misery by that Accident only. He would think it of Moment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his Departure, the Honour done to him might be restrined to those of the Household of the Prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general Mourning to be in a less Degree the same Ceremony which is practised in barbarous Nations, of killing their Slaves to attend the Obsequies of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a Loss for many Months together, to guess at the Character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-house. He ever ended a News paper with this Reflection, *Well, I see all the Foreign Princes are in good Health.* If you asked, Pray, Sir, what says the Postman from Vienna? he answered, *Make us thankful, the German Princes are all well.* What does he say from Barcelona? *He does not speak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen.* After very much Enquiry, I found this Man of universal Loyalty was a wholesale Dealer in Silks and Ribbons. His Way is, it seems, if he hires a Weaver, or Workman, to have it inserted in his Articles, 'That all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign Potentate shall depart this Life within the Time above-mentioned.' It happens in all publick Mourning, that the many Trades which depend upon our Habits, are during that Folly either pinched with present Want, or terrified with the apparent Approach of it. All the Atonement which Men can make for wintion Expences (which is a sort of insulting the Scarcity under which others labour) is, that the Superfluities of the Wealthy give Supplies to the Necessities of the Poor: but instead of any other Good arising from the Affectation of being in courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order seems to be destroyed by it and the true Honour which one Court does to another on that Occasion, loses its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Minister beholds the Court of a Nation (which flourishes in Riches and Plenty) lay aside, upon the Loss of his

Master, all Marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though the Head of such a joyful People, he will conceive greater Idea of the Honour done his Master, than when he sees the Generosity of the People in the same Habit. When one is afraid to ask the Wife of a Tradesman whom she has lost of her Family and after some Preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for, how ridiculous is it to hear her explain her self, 'That we have lost one of the House of Austria.' Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of Mankind, that it is a presumptuous Distinction to take a Part in Honours done to their Memories, except we have Authority for it, by being related in a particular Manner to the Court which pays that Veneration to their Friendship, and seems to express on such an Occasion the Sense of the Uncertainty of human Life in general, by assuming the Habit of Sorrow though in the full possession of Triumph and Royalty. R.

No 65] Tuesday, May 15, 1711 [Steele

—Demetrius Tigell  
*Discipularium inter judeos plorare cathedras,*  
Hor

AFTER having at large explained what Wit is, and described the false Appearances of it, all that Labour seems but an useless Enquiry, without some Time be spent in considering the Application of it. The Seat of Wit, when one speaks as a Man of the Town and the World, is the Play house. I shall therefore fill this Paper with Reflections upon the Use of it in that Place. The Application of Wit in the Theatre has as strong an Effect upon the Manners of our Gentlemen, as the Taste of it has upon the Writings of our Authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous Work, though not foreign from the Duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the Writings of such as have long had the general Applause of a Nation. But I shall always make Reason, Truth, and Nature the Measures of Praise and Dispraise, if those are for me, the Generality of Opinion is of no Consequence against me: if they are against me, the general Opinion cannot long support me.

Without further Preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded Plays, and see whether they deserve the Figure they at present bear in the Imagination of Men, or not.

In reflecting upon these Works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective Play is most celebrated. The present Paper shall be employed upon Sir Fopling Flutter. The received Character of this Play is, that it is the

\* The death of Charles II. of Spain, which gave occasion for the general war of the Spanish succession, took place in 1700. John V. King of Portugal, died in 1706, and the Emperor Joseph I. died on the 17th of April, 1711, less than a month before this paper was written. The black suit that was now 'scouring for the Emperor' was, therefore, more than ten years old, and had been turned five years ago.

\* *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, by Sir George Etherege, produced in 1676. Etherege painted accurately the life and morals of the Restoration, and is said to have represented himself in Bellair Beau Hewit, the son of a Herefordshire Baronet, in Sir Fopling: and to have formed Donnam upon the model of the Earl of Rochester.

Pattern of Genteel Comedy. *Dorinda* and *Husband* are the Character of pre-est Consequence, and if these are Low and Mean, the Reputation of the Play is very Unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine Gentleman should be honest in his Actions, and refined in his Language. Instead of this, our Hero in this Piece is a direct Knave in his Designs, and a Clown in his Language. *Fellow* is his Admirer and Friend, in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater Wit than his said Friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young Lady, whose Virtue he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a Wife, and till she cannot but fall to his Share, as he is an irresistible fine Gentleman. The Isthod to Mrs. *Leath*, and the Paragon of Compliments, over her Atguish for losing him, is another Instance of his Honesty, as well as his Good nature. As to his Language, he calls the Orange-Woman, who, it seems, is inclined to grow fat. *At Orange's Fair, till a Taste of Guts to fore her*, and salutes her with a prett Phrase of *How's it, De little Frisk!* Upon the mention of a Country Gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) he *says by his Wife she is some Archward in the last County*. *Tea, 'tis not her name above four Dozen of Hours on her Head has adorned her Baldness with a large white Frizz, but she may be Spiritual in the Forefront of the Kitchen box at an old Play*. Unnatural Mixture of senseless Common-Place!

As to the Generosity of his Temper he tells his poor Footman, *If he did not wait better—he would turn him away, in the insolent Phrase of, I'll wait on you*.

Now for Mrs. *Hart*. She laughs at Obedience to an absent Mother, whose tenderness *husband* describes to be very exquisite, for *that she is so pleased to find me Harriet again, that she can't let her go being out of the way*. This witty Daughter, and fine Lady, has so little Respect for this good Woman, that she ridicules her Air in taking Leave and cries *In what Struggle is my poor Mother for her?* See, see, her Heart tottering, her Eyes staring, and her under Lip trembling. But all this is rationed for, because *she has more Wit than is usual in her Sex, and as much Malice, 'tho' she is as wild as you could wish her, and has a Devil in her in her Lee's that it is not to be surpris'd*. Then to recommend her as a fit Spouse for his Hero, the Poet makes her speak her Sense of Marriage very ingeniously. I think, *says she, I might be brought to endure you, and that it is a reasonable Woman should expect an ill Husband*. It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to understand how she that was bred under a silly pious old Mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so Poite.

It cannot be denied, but that the Negligence of every thing, which engages the Attention of the sober and valuable Part of Mankind, appears very well drawn in this Piece. But it is denied, that it is necessary to the Character of a fine Gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all Order and Decency. As for the Character of *Dorinda*, it is more of a Corcomb than that of

*Fellow*. He says of one of his Companions, that a good Correspondence between them is their natural Interest. Speaking of that friend, he declares, their being much together *makes the World the better of his Undertaking, as I judge it is for the sake of my Reputation*. It makes him pass upon some for a Man of very rare Sense, and he is upon others for a very civil Person.

This whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradiction to good Manners, good Sense, and common Honesty, and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the Ruin of Virtue and Innocence, according to the Notion of Men in this Comedy, I take the Showmaker to be, in reality, the fine Gentleman of the Play. For it seems he is an Atheist, if we may depend upon his Character as given by the Orange-Woman, who is her self far from being the lowest in the Play. She says of a fine Man who is *Dorinda's* Companion, *There is not such another Heathen in the Town, except the Shoe-maker*. His Pretension to be the Hero of the *Drama* appears still more in his own Description of his way of living with his Lady. *There is, says he, never a Man in Town lives more like a Gentleman with his Wife than I do. I never mind her Actions, she never enquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, but one at other heartily, and because it is vulgar to Lye and Soak together, we lay each of us our several Settle-Bed that of Soak together is as good as if *Dorinda* had spoken it himself, and, I think, since he puts Human Nature in a ugly a Form as the Circumstances will bear, and is a staunch Unbeliever, he is very much Wronged in having no part of the good Fortune bestowed in the last Act.*

To speak plainly of this whole Work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of Innocence and Virtue can make any one see this Comedy, without observing more frequent Occasion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than Mirth and Laughter. At the same time I allow it to be Nature, but it is Nature in its utmost Corruption and Degeneracy. R

No 66] Wednesday, May 16, 1711 [Steele

*Motus doceri gaudent locos  
Matura Virgo, et fregit artubus  
Ireni me, et vestes ante oves  
De Teiero calatur Ungui—Hor*

THREE following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expressed without an Air of Gravity

To this number of the Spectator is appended the first advertisement of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*

This Day is published  
AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM. Printed for W. Lewis in Russell street Covent Garden and Sold by W. Taylor, at the Ship in Peter Noster Row. T. Osborn, in Gray's Inn near the Walks, J. Graves, in St. James's Street, and T. Morpheus, near Stationers-Hall. Price 2s.

Letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial Tradesman about *Change*

SIR,

I am a Man in Years, and by an honest Industry in the World have acquired enough to give my Children a liberal Education, tho' I was an utter Stranger to it myself. My eldest Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, has for some time been under the Tuition of Monsieur *Rigadeon*, a Dancing Master in the City, and I was prevailed upon by her and her Mother to go last Night to one of his Balls. I must own to you, Sir, that having never been at any such Place before, I was very much pleased and surprised with that Part of his Entertainment which he called *French Dancing*. There were several young Men and Women, whose Limbs seemed to have no other Motion, but purely what the Musick gave them. After this Part was over, they began a Diversion which they call *Country Dancing*, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers *Emblematical Figures*, Compos'd, as I guess, by Wise Men, for the Instruction of Youth.

Among the rest, I observed one, which, I think, they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which while the Woman flies the Man pursues her but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

The Moral of this Dance does, I think, very aptly recommend Modesty and Discretion to the Female Sex.

But as the best Institutions are liable to Corruptions, so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great Abuses are crept into this Entertainment. I was amazed to see my Girl handed by, and finding young Fellows with so much Familiarity and I could not have thought it had been in the Child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious Step called *Setting*, which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of *Back to Back*. At last an impudent young Dog bid the Fiddlers play a Dance called *Mol Patsy*, and after having made two or three Capers, ran to his Partner, locked his Arms in hers, and whistled her round cleverly above Ground in such manner, that I, who sat upon one of the lowest Benches, saw further above her Shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these Norminities wherefore just as my Girl was going to be made a Whirligig, I ran in, seized on the Child, and carried her home.

Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a Fool. I suppose this Diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good Understanding between young Men and Women, and so far I am not against it but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this Case at present, but am sure that had you been with me you would have seen matter of great Speculation.

I am

Yours, &c.

I must confess I am afraid that my Correspond-

*Moll Fentle*, was a popular and vigorous dance, dating, at least from 1622

ent had too much Reason to be a little out of Humour at the Treatment of his Daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those *hissing Dances* in which *Will Honeycomb* assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a Minute on the Fair One's Lips, or they will be too quick for the Musick, and dance quite out of Time.

I am not able however to give my final Sentence against this Diversion and am of Mr *Covley's* Opinion, that so much of Dancing at least as belongs to the Behaviour and an handsome Carriage of the Body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such Ideas of People at first Sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards. For this Reason, a Man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his Approaches, and to be able to enter a Room with a good Grace.

I might add, that a moderate Knowledge in the little Rules of Good breeding gives a Man some Assurance, and makes him easier in all Companies. For want of this, I have seen a Professor of a Liberal Science at a Loss to salute a Lady and a most excellent Mathematician not able to determine whether he should stand or sit while my Lord drank to him.

It is the proper Business of a Dancing Master to regulate these Matters, tho' I take it to be a just Observation, that unless you add something of your own to what these fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the Character of an Affected Fop, than of a Well bred Man.

As for *Country Dancing*, it must indeed be confessed, that the great Familiarities between the two Sexes on this Occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous Consequences. I have often thought that few Ladies Hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the Charms of Musick, the Force of Motion, and an handsome young Fellow who is continually playing before their Eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect Use of all his Limbs.

But as this kind of Dance is the particular Invention of our own Country, and as every one is more or less a Proficient in it, I would not discountenance it but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am often Partner to my Landlady's Eldest Daughter.

## POSTSCRIPT

Having heard a good Character of the Collection of Pictures which is to be Exposed to Sale on Friday next and concluding from the following Letter, that the Person who Collected them is a Man of no unequal Taste, I will be so much his

\* In his scheme of a College and School, published in 1667, is 'a Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy,' among the ideas for training boys in the school is this, that 'in foul weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to Dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.'

with Pleasure.<sup>1</sup> With what Strength of Allusion and Force of Thought, has he described the Breaches and Violations of Friendship? *Whoso casteth a Stone at the Birds frayeth them away, and he that upbraiddeth his Friend, breaketh Friendship.* Tho thou drivest a Sword at a Friend yet despair not, for there may be a returning to Favour. If thou hast opened thy Mouth against thy Friend fear not, for there may be a Reconciliation, except for Upbraiding, or Pride, or disclosing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound for, for these things every Friend will depart.<sup>2</sup> We may observe in this and several other Precepts in this Author, those little familiar Instances and Illustrations which are so much admired in the moral Writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful Instances of this Nature in the following Passages, which are likewise written upon the same Subject. *Whoso discovereth Secrets, loseth his Credit, and shall never find a Friend to his Mind.* Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him, but if thou betrayest his Secrets, follow no more after him. For as a Man hath destroyed his Lumy, so hast thou lost the Love of thy Friend, as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, so hast thou let thy Friend go, and shalt not get him again. Follow after him no more for he is too far off, he is as a Roe escaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound it may be bound up, and after healing there may be Reconciliation, but he that betrayeth Secrets is without Hope.<sup>3</sup>

Among the several Qualifications of a good Friend, this wise Man has very justly singled out Constancy and Faithfulness as the principal. To these, others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Discretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and as Cicero calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a Pleasantness of Temper.<sup>4</sup> If I were to give my Opinion upon such an exhausted Subject, I should join to these other Qualifications a certain Equality or Evenness of Behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a Year's Conversation. When on a sudden some latent ill Humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an Intimacy with him. There are several Persons who in some certain Periods of their Lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigram

*Difficilis, fucilis, juvenidus, acribus es idem,  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te  
In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou art such a touchy, testy, pleasant Fellow,  
Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee  
It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in*

a Friendship with one, who by these Changes and Vicissitudes of Humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious. And as most Men are at some Times in an admirable Frame and Disposition of Mind, it should be one of the greatest Tasks of Wisdom to keep our selves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable Part of our Character. C

No 69] Saturday, May 19, 1711 [Addison

*Hic segetes, illic emunt filicis vine  
Arboris satis alibi, atque iussa virescunt  
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos in Tmolus  
odoros,  
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabae?  
At Cyathes nudi firrum, virosque Pontus  
Castorea, Eladum paliurus Epirus equarum?  
Centuno has leges aeternaque fœdera certis  
Imposuit Naturæ loci— Virg*

THERE is no Place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a secret Satisfaction, and in some measure, gratifies my Vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an Assembly of Countrymen and Foreigners consulting together upon the private Business of Mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of *Liporum* for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable Nations have their Representatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambassadors are in the Politick World: they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correspondence between those wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleased to hear Disputes adjusted between an Inhabitant of Japan and an Alderman of London, or to see a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar of Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several Ministers of Commerce, as they are distinguished by their different Walks and different Languages. Sometimes I am justled among a Body of *Armenians*. Sometimes I am lost in a Crowd of *Jews*, and sometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times or rather take my self like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Country in he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

Though I very frequently visit this busy Multitude of People, I am known to no Body there but my Friend, Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the Crowd but at the same time comes at my Presence without taking any further Notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some Money to *Grand Cairo*;<sup>1</sup> but as I am not versed

<sup>1</sup> A reference to the Spectator's voyage to Grand Cairo mentioned in No. 1.

<sup>1</sup> Ecclus. ix. 20.

<sup>2</sup> Ecclus. ix. 20—22

<sup>3</sup> Ecclus. xxviii. 16 &c

<sup>4</sup> Cicero de Amicitia, and in the De Officiis he says (lib. II.), 'difficile dictu est, quinopere conciliat animos hominum conatus, affabillitque sermonibus'

in the Modern *Coffee*, our Conferences go no further than a Pew and a Grinace.

This grand Scene of Business gives me an infinite Variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy Multitude, insomuch that at many publick Societies I cannot forbear expressing my Joy with Tears that have stolen down my Cheeks. For this Reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the same time promoting the Publick Good, or in other Words, rising, I state for their own Liberties, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular Care to disseminate her Blessings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourse and Traffick among Men, and that the Natives of the several Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common Interest. Almost every *Difference* produces something peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sweet in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *Arabia*; the Infusion of a *China* Plant sweetened with the Pitch of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippine* Islands give a Flavour to our *European* Wines. The single Dress of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of a hundred Climates. The Muss and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the Upper from beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat rises out of the Mines of *Pera*, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indostan*.

If we consider our own Country in its natural Prospect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Historians tell us, that no Fruit grows Originally among us, besides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pignuts, with a few Delicates of the like Nature. But our Climate of itself and without the Assistances of Art, can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries in Apple to no greater a Perfection than a Crisp. That sour Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots and Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *English* Gardens, and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Trash of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole Race of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the Harvest of every Climate. Our Tables are stored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines. Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanship of *Japan*. Our Morning's Draught comes to us from the remotest Corners

of the Earth. We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir Andrew calls the Viney rids of *France* our Gardens, the Spice-Islands our Hot beds, the *Persians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chinese* our Potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare Necessaries of Life, but Traffick gives us greater Variety of what is Useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornament. Nor is it the least Part of this our Happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest Products of the North and South, we are free from those Incumbrances of Weather [which<sup>1</sup>] give them Birth. That our Eyes are refreshed with the green Lights of *hithum*, at the same time that our Palates are forested with Fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these Reasons there are no more useful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourse of good Offices, distribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *English* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wool for Rubies. The *Mohometans* are clothed in our *British* Manufacture, and the Inhabitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

When I have been upon the *Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings strutting in Person, where he is represented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concourse of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Case, how would he be surprized to hear all the Languages of *Europe* spoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to see so many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Money than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire. It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Landed Estates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Accession of other Estates as Valuable as the Lands themselves.

No 70 ] Monday, May 21, 1711 [Addison

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt* Hor

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular Delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from I rather to Son, and are most in Vogue among the common People of the Countries through which I passed, for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a Multitude, tho' they are only the Rabble of a Nation, which hath not in it some peculiar Aptness to please and gratify the Mind of

<sup>1</sup> [these Fruits, in their present State, as well as our]

<sup>2</sup> [that]



Man Human Nature is the same in all reasonable Creatures and whatever falls in with it, will meet with Admirers amongst Readers of all Qualities and Conditions. *Molière*, as we are told by Monsieur *Boucau*, used to read all his Comedies to [an'] old Woman [who?] was his Housekeeper, as she sat with him at her Work by the Chimney Corner and could forget the Success of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire-side. For he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the same Place.<sup>3</sup>

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent Perfection of Simplicity of Thought, above that which I call the Gothic Manner in Writing, than this, that the first pleasures all kinds of Palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial Taste upon little fanciful Authors and Writers of Epigram *Horace*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common Sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial* or a Poem of *Cowley*. So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the Delight of the common People, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the Entertainment by their Affectation or Ignorance and the Reason is plain, because the same Paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear Beautiful to the most refined.

The old Song of *Chevy Chase* is the favourite Ballad of the common People of England, and *Ben Jonson* used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his Works. Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his Discourse of Poetry<sup>4</sup> speaks of it in the following Words: *I never heard the old Song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my Heart more moved than with a Trumpet, and yet it is sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher Voice than rude Stile, which being so evil apparelled in the Dust and Cobweb of that uncivil Age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous Eloquence of Pindar?* For my own part I am so possessed in Admire<sup>1</sup> of this untutored Song, that I shall give my Reader a Critique upon it, without any further Apology for so doing.

The greatest Modern Critics have laid it down as a Rule, that an Heroick Poem should be founded upon some important Precept of Morality, adapted to the Constitution of the Country in which the Poet writes. *Horace* and *Virgil* have formed their Plans in this View. As *Greece* was a Collection of many Governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the *Persian* Emperor, who was their common Enemy, many Advantages over them by their mutual Jealousies and Animosities. *Horace*, in order to establish among them an Union, which was so necessary for their Safety, grounds his Poem upon

the Discords of the several *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a Confederacy against an *Asiatick* Prince, and the several Advantages which the Enemy gained by such their Discords. At the same time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the Dissensions of the Barons, who were then so many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their Neighbours, and produced insupportable Calamities to the Country.<sup>2</sup> The Poet, to deter Men from such unnatural Contentions, describes a bloody Battle and dreadful Scene of Death, occasioned by the mutual Feuds which reigned in the Families of an *English* and *Scotch* Nobleman. That he designed this for the Instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last Lines, in which, after the Example of the modern *Imaginings*, he draws from it a Precept for the Benefit of his Readers.

*God save the King, and bless the Land  
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace.  
And grant henceforth that foul Debate  
Twixt Nobles may cease*

The next Point observed by the greatest Heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate Persons and Actions which do Honour to their Country. This *Virgil's* Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Horace's* a Prince of *Greece*, and for this Reason *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the Expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, and the Wars of *Liber* for the Subjects of their Epic Writings.

The Poet before us has not only found out an Hero in his own Country, but raises the Reputation of it by several beautiful Incidents. The *English* are the first [who?] take the Field, and the last [who?] quit it. The *English* bring only fifteen hundred to the Battle, the *Scotch* two thousand. The *English* keep the Field with fifty three. The *Scotch* return with fifty five. All the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable Circumstance of this kind, is the different Manner in which the *Scotch* and *English* Kings [receive<sup>4</sup>] the News of this Fight, and of the great Men's Deaths who commanded in it.

*This News was brought to Edinburgh,  
When Scotland's King did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an Arrow slain*

<sup>1</sup> The author of *Chevy Chase* was not contemporary with the dissensions of the Barons, even if the ballad of the Hunting of the Cheviot was a celebration of the Battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, some 30 miles from Newcastle. The battle of *Chevy Chase*, between the Percy and the Douglas, was fought in Tewkesdale, and the ballad which moved Philip Sidney's heart was written in the fifteenth century. It may have referred to a Battle of Pepperden, fought near the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland and Earl William Douglas of Angus, in 1436.

The ballad quoted by Addison is not that of which Sidney spoke, but a version of it written after Sidney's death, and after the best plays of Shakespeare had been written.

<sup>2</sup> [that]                      <sup>3</sup> [that]                      <sup>4</sup> [received]

<sup>1</sup> [a little]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> Besides the old woman, *Molière* is said to have relied on the children of the Comedians, read his pieces to them, and corrected passages at which they did not show themselves to be amused.

<sup>4</sup> Defence of Poesy

'Now, my Dear, if I may not be permitted to  
'your sweet Company, and to have the Happiness  
'of speaking with your sweet Person, I beg the  
'Favour of you to accept of this my secret Mind  
'and Thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my  
'Breast the which if you do not accept, I be-  
'lieve will go nigh to break my Heart

'For indeed, my Dear, I Love you above all  
'the Beauties I ever saw in all my Life

'The young Gentleman, and my Master's  
'Daughter, the *Londoner* that is come down to  
'marry her, sat in the Arbour most part of last  
'Night Oh! dear *Betty*, must the Nightingale  
'sing to those who marry for Money, and not to us  
'true Lovers! Oh my dear *Betty*, that we  
'could meet this Night where we need to do in  
'the Wood!

'Now, my Dear, if I may not have the Blessing  
'of kissing your sweet Lips, I beg I may have  
'the Happiness of kissing your fair Hand, with a  
'few Lines from your dear self, presented by  
'whom I can please or think fit I believe, if I time  
'would permit me, I could write all Day but the  
'Time being short and Paper little, no more  
'from your never failing Lover till Death,

James —

Poor *James*! Since his Time and Paper were  
so short I shall have more than I can use well  
of both, will put the Sentiments of his kind Let-  
ter (the Title of which seems to be confused with  
Serps he had got in hearing and reading what he  
did not understand) into what he meant to ex-  
press

#### Dear Creature,

Can you then neglect him who has forgot all  
his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pursue every  
his Life in thinking of you? When I do so, you  
appear more valuable to me than *Penus* does  
in the most beautiful Description that ever was  
made of her All this Kindness you return with  
an Accusation, that I do not love you! But the  
contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you  
in earnest. But the Certainty given me in your  
Message by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is  
what robs me of all Comfort She says you will  
not see me If you can have so much Cruelty, at  
least write to me, that I may kiss the Impression  
made by your fair Hand I love you above all  
things and, in my Condition, what you look upon  
with Indifference is to me the most exquisite  
Pleasure or Pain Our young Lady, and a fine  
Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for  
mercenary Ends, walk about our Gardens, and  
hear the Voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for  
Fashion-sake they courted those Solitudes, be-  
cause they have heard Lovers do so Oh *Betty*!  
could I hear these Rivulets murmur, and Birds  
sing while you stood near me, how little sensible  
should I be that we are both Servants that there  
is any thing on Earth above us Oh! I could  
write to you as long as I love you, till Death it  
self

JAMES

N B By the Words *Ill-Conditions*, JAMES  
means in a Woman's Coquetry, in a Man's Incon-  
sistency

R

No 72 | Wednesday, May 23, 1711 [Addison]

— *Genus immortale manet, nullusque per-  
amnes*  
*Stat fortuna Demus, et avæ numerum avorum*  
Virg

HAVING already given my Reader an Ac-  
count of several extraordinary Clubs both  
ancient and modern, I did not design to have  
troubled him with any more Narratives of this  
Nature but I have lately received Information of  
a Club which I can call neither ancient nor  
modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising  
to my Reader than it was to my self, for which  
Reason I shall communicate it to the Publick as  
one of the greatest Curiosities in its kind

A Friend of mine complimenting of a Tradesman  
who is related to him, after having represented  
him as a very ill worthless Fellow, who neglected  
his Family, and spent most of his Time over a  
Bottle, told me, to conclude his Character, that  
he was a Member of the *E-verlasting Club*. So  
very odd a Title raised my Curiosity to enquire  
into the Nature of a Club that had such a strange  
Name upon which my Friend gave me the  
following Account

The *E-verlasting Club* consists of a hundred  
Members, who divide the whole twenty four  
Hours among them in such a Manner, that the  
Club sits Day and Night from one end of the  
Year to [another<sup>1</sup>] no Party presuming to rise  
till they are relieved by those who are in course to  
succeed them By this means a Member of the  
*E-verlasting Club* never wants Company for  
tho' he is not upon Duty himself, he is sure to  
find some [who<sup>2</sup>] are so that if he be disposed to  
take a Whet, or a Nodding, an Evening's Draught,  
or a Bottle after Midnight, he goes to the Club  
and finds a Knot of Friends to his Mind

It is a Maxim in this Club that the Steward  
never dies, for as they succeed one another by  
way of Rotation, no Man is in quit the great  
Elbow-chair [which<sup>3</sup>] stands at the upper End of  
the Table, till his Successor is in a Readiness to  
fill it inasmuch that there has not been a *Sed-  
acante* in the Memory of Man

This Club is instituted towards the End (or  
as some of them say, about the Middle) of the  
Civil Wars, and continued without Interruption  
till the Time of the *Great Fire*,<sup>4</sup> which burnt them  
out and dispersed them for several Weeks The  
Steward at that time maintained his Post till he  
had like to have been blown up with a neighbour-  
ing House, (which was demolished in order to  
stop the Fire) and would not leave the Chair at  
last, till he had emptied all the Bottles upon the  
Table, and received repeated Directions from the  
Club to withdraw himself This Steward is fre-  
quently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by  
every Member of it as a greater Man, than the  
famous Capt in [mentioned in my *Lord Clarendon*,  
who<sup>5</sup>] was burnt in his Ship because he

<sup>1</sup> [the other]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [there]

<sup>4</sup> Of London in 1666

<sup>5</sup> [that]

But as this Passion for Admiration, when it works according to Reason, improves the beautiful Part of our Species in every thing that is Laudable, so nothing is more Destructive to them when it is governed by Vanity andolly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain Part of the Sex, whom for certain Reasons, which the Reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the Name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the Adorning of her Person. You see in every Posture of her Body, Air of her Face, and Motion of her Head, that it is her Business and Employment to gain Adorers. For this Reason your *Idols* appear in all publick Places and Assemblies, in order to seduce Men to their Worship. The Play house is very frequently filled with *Idols*, several of them are carried in Procession every Evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their Worship even in Churches. They are to be toasted in the Language proper to the Deity. Life and Death are in their Power. Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their Disposal. Paradise is in their Arms, and Lernity in every Moment that you are present with them. Raptures, Transports, and Ecstasies, are the Rewards which they confer. Sights and Fears, Prayers and broken Hearts, are the Offerings which are paid to them. Their Smiles make Men happy, their Frowns drive them to Despair. I shall only add under this Head, that *Ovid's* Book of the Art of Love is a kind of Heathen Ritual, which contains all the forms of Worship which are made use of to an *Idol*.

It would be as difficult a Task to reckon up these different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton's* was<sup>1</sup> to number those that were known in *Canaan*, and the Lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like *Moloch*, in Fire and Flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to see their Votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their Blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apotheca*, must have Treats and Collations prepared for them every Night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their unenlightened Worshipers, like the *Chinese Idols*, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those Idolaters who devote themselves to the *Idols* I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out because they Worship different *Idols*, these Idolaters quarrel because they Worship the same.

The Intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wishes of the Idolater, as the one desires to confine the *Idol* to himself, the whole Business and Ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. His Humour of an *Idol* is prettily described in a Tale of *Chaucer*. He represents one of them sitting at a Table with three of her Votaries about it, who are all of them courting her Favour, and paying their Adorations. She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's Foot which was under the Table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do

you think was the Favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

The Behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greatest *Idols* among the Moderns. She is worshipped once a Week by Candle light, in the midst of a large Congregation generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayer Youth in the Nation endeavour to plant the *Idol* in her Eye, whilst she sits in form with multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a Mark of her Favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her Presence. She asks a Question of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets me I indrop by accident to give the fifth an Occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his Success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the same Canonical Hour that Day Sevennight.

An *Idol* may be Undesired by many accidental Causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-Apotheca, or a Dedicacion inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sink into a Woman.

Old Age is likewise a great Decayer of your *Idol*. The Truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a Superannuated *Idol*, especially when she has contracted such Aims and Behaviour as are only Gracesful when her Worshipers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other Cases the Woman generally outlives the *Idol*, I must return to the Moral of this Paper, and desire my fair Reader to give a proper Direction to their Passion for being admired. In order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the Objects of a reasonable and lasting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for from Beauty, or Dress, or Fashion, but from those inward Ornaments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. C

No 74] Friday, May 25, 1711 [Addison

—Penderit opera interrupta— Virg

IN my last Monday's Paper I gave some general Instances of those beautiful Strokes which please the Reader in the old Song of *Cherry-Chase*, I shall here, according to my Promise, be more particular, and show that the Sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the most mystick Sunshiny which we admire in the greatest of the ancient Poets. For which Reason I shall quote several Passages of it, in which the Thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several Passages of the *Aeneid*; not that I would infer

<sup>1</sup> The story is in 'The Remedy of Love' Stranzas 5-10

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>1</sup> Paradise Lost, Bk. I.

*He had a Bow bent in his Hand,  
Made of a trusty Tree,  
An Arrow of a Cloath-yard lei &  
Unto the Head drew he  
Again st Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right his Shaft he set,  
The Grygoose Wung that was then on  
In his Heart-Blowd was set  
This Fight did last from Brn-k of Day  
Till setting of the Sun,  
For when they run & the Drum is Bell  
The Battle scarce was done.*

One may observe likewise, that in the Catalogue of the Shun the Author has followed the Example of the greatest ancient Poets, not only in giving a long List of the Dead, but by diversifying it with little Characters of particular Persons

*And with Earl Dowglas ere was slain  
Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Sir Charles Carril, that from the Field  
One Foot would never fly  
Sir Charles Murrel of Rutchiff too,  
His Sister's Son was he,  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
Yet so ed could not be*

The familiar Sound in these Names destroys the Majesty of the Description for this Reason I do not mention this Part of the Poem but to shew the natural Cast of the Poet which appears in it, as the two last Verses look almost like a Translation of *Virgil*

*—Cadit et Rixleus justissimus in us  
Qui fuit in Teneris et serentissimus aequi,  
Dus aliter visum est—*

In the Catalogue of the *English* [who?] fell, *Witherington's* Behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that Account which is given of him in the Beginning of the Battle [though I am satisfied your little Buffoon Readers (who have seen that Passage ridiculed in *Indubious*) will not be able to take the Beauty of it For which Reason I dare not so much as quote it]

*Then slept a gallant Squire forth,  
Witherington was his Name,  
Who said, I would not have it told  
To Henry our King for Shame,  
That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,  
And I stood looking on*

We meet with the same Heroic Sentiments in *Virgil*

*Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam  
Obsecrare animam? numerum an viribus agni  
Non minus—?*

What can be more natural or more moving than the Circumstances in which he describes the Behaviour of those Women who had lost their Husbands on this fatal Day?

*Next Day did many Widows come  
Their Husbands to bewail,*

*They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,  
But all would not prevail  
Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,  
They bore with them away,  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand Times,  
When they were clad in Clay*

Thus we see how the Thoughts of this Poem, which naturally arise from the Subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble that the Language is often very sound, and that the whole is written with a true poetical Spirit

If this Song had been written in the *Gothic* Manner, which is the Delight of all our little Wits, whether Writers or Readers, it would not have hit the Taste of so many Ages, and have pleased the Readers of all Ranks and Conditions I shall only beg Pardon for such a Profusion of *Latin* Quotations which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own Judgment would have looked too singular on such a Subject, had not I supported it by the Practice and Authority of *Virgil*

No 75] Saturday, May 26, 1711 [Steele

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res*  
Hor

I was with some Mortification that I suffered the Rallery of a Fine Lady of my Acquaintance, for calling, in one of my Papers, *Dormant* a Clown She was so unmerciful as to take Advantage of my invincible Faciturnity, and on that occasion, with great Freedom to consider the Air, the Height, the Face, the Gesture of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of Gallantry She is full of Mot on, Janty and lively in her Impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the Ignorant, for Persons who have a great deal of Humour She had the Play of Sir *Topham* in her Hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a Creature as *Dormant* now living, she began with a Theatrical Air and Tone of Voice to Read, by way of Triumph over me, some of his Speeches 'Tis she, that lovely Hair, that easy Snake, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting Charms about her Mouth, which Medley spoke of, I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my Friend Bellur

*In Love the Victors from the Vanguish'd fly,  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that dye*

Then turning over the Leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks,

*And you and Lovett to her Cost shall find  
I fathom all the Depths of Woman-kind*

Oh the Fine Gentleman! But here, continues she, is the Passage I admire most, where he begins to Teize *Lovett*, and mimic Sir *Topham* Oh the pretty Satyr, in his resolving to be a Coxcomb to please, since Noise and Nonsense have such powerful Charms!

*I, that I may Successful prove,  
Transform my self to what you love*

Then how like a Man of the Town, so Wild and Gay is that I

*The Wife will find a Difference in our Fate,  
You wed a Woman, I a good Estate*

It would have been a very wild Endeavour for a Man of my Temper to offer any Opposition to so nimble a Spealer as my Fur Enemy is but her Discourse gave me very many Reflections, when I had left her Company Among others, I could not but consider, with some Attention, the false Impressions the generality (the Fur Sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a *Fine Gentleman*, and could not help revolving that Subject in my Thoughts, and settling, as it were, an Idea of that Character in my own Imagination

No Man ought to have the Esteem of the rest of the World, for any Actions which are disagreeable to those Maxims which prevail, as the Standards of Behaviour, in the Country wherein he lives What is opposite to the eternal Rules of Reason and good Sense, must be excluded from any Place in the Carriage of a Well bred Man I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this Subject, when I called *Dorimant* a Clown, and made it an Instance of it, that he called the *Orange Wench*, *Double Trife* I should have shewed, that Humrinity obliges a Gentleman to give no Part of Humankind Reproach, for what they, whom they Reprove, may possibly have in Common with the most Virtuous and Worthy amongst us When a Gentleman speaks Coarsely, he has dressed himself Clean to no purpose The Cloathing of our Minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our Bodies To betray in a Man's Talk a corrupted Imagination, is a much greater Offence against the Conversation of Gentlemen, than any Negligence of Dress imaginable But this Sense of the Matter is so far from being received among People even of Condition, that *Vocifer* passes for a fine Gentleman He is Loud, Haughty, Gentle, Soft, I c wd, and Obscure by turns, just as a little Understanding and great Impudence prompt him at the present Moment He passes among the Silly Part of our Women for a Man of Wit, because he is generally in Doubt He contradicts with a Shrug, and confutes with a certain Sufficiency, in professing such and such a Thing is above his Capriety What makes his Character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed Deluder of Women and because the empty Coveomb has no Regard to any thing that is of it self Sacred and Inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of Fortune say, It is pity so fine a Gentleman as *Vocifer* is so great an Atheist. The Crowd of such inconsiderable Creatures that infest all Places of Assembling, every Reader will have in his Eye from his own Observation but would it not be worth considering what sort of Figure a Man who formed himself upon those Principles among us, which are agreeable to the Dictates of Honour and Religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary Occurrences of Life I hardly have observed any one fill his several Duties of Life better than *Ignotus* All the under

Parts of his Behaviour and such as are exposed to common Observation, have their Rise in him from great and noble Motives A firm and unshaken Expectation of another Life, makes him become this, Humrinity and Good nature, fortified by the Sense of Virtue, has the same Effect upon him, as the Neglect of all Goodness has upon many others Being firmly established in all Matters of Importance, that certain Intention which makes Men's Actions look easie appears in him with greater Beauty By a thorough Contempt of little Excellencies, he is perfectly Master of them The Temper of Mind leaves him under no Necessity of Studying his Air, and he has thus peculiar Discretion, that his Negligence is unobserved

He that can work himself into a Pleasure in considering this Being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an Advantage by its Discontinuanee, is in a fur way of doing all things with a graceful Unconcern, and Gentleman like Ease Such a one does not behold his Life as a short, transient, perplexing State, made up of trifling Pleasures, and great Anxieties but sees it in quite another Light his Griefs are Momentary, and his Joys Immortal Reflection upon Death is not a gloomy and sad I thought of Resuming every Thing that he Delights in, but it is a short Night followed by an endless Day What I would here contend for is, that the more Virtuous the Man is, the neverer he will naturally be to the Character of Gentle and Agreeable A Man who e Fortune is Pleasurful, shews in Case in his Countenance, and Confidence in his Behaviour, which he that is under Wants and Difficulties cannot assume It is thus with the State of the Mind he that governs his Thoughts with the everlasting Rules of Reason and Sense, must have something so inexpressibly Gracifull in his Words and Actions, that every Circumstance must become him The Change of Persons or Things around him do not at all alter his Situation, but he looks disinterested in the Occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest Purpose of his Life is to maintain an Indifference both to it and all its Enjoyments In a word, to be a Fine Gentleman, is to be a Generous and a Brave Man What can make a Man so much in constant Good humour and Shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all?

R

No 76] Monday, May 28, 1711 [Steele

Ut tu Fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feris. Hor

THERE is nothing so common as to find a Man whom in the general Observations of his Carriage you take to be of an uniform Temper, subject to such unaccountable Starts of Humour and Passion, that he is as much unlike himself and differs as much from the Man you at first thought him, as any two distinct Persons can

differ from each other. This proceeds from the Want of forming some Law of Life to our selves, or fixing some Nation of things in general, which may affect us in such Manner as to create proper Habits both in our Minds and Bodies. The Negligence of this, leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming Levity in our usual Conversation, but also to the same Instability in our Friendships, Interests, and Alliances. A Man who is but a mere Spectator of what passes round him, and not engaged in Consequences of any Consideration, is but an ill Judge of the secret Motions of the Heart of Man, and by what Degrees it is actuated to make such visible Alterations in the same Person. But at the same Time, when a Man is not so concerned in the Effects of such Inconsistencies in the Behaviour of Men of the World, the Speculation must be in the utmost Degree both diverting and instructive: yet to enjoy such Observations in the highest Relish, he ought to be placed in a Post of Direction, and have the dealing of their Fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some Pieces of secret History, which an Antiquary, my very good Friend, lent me. A Curiosity. They are memoirs of the private Life of *Pharamond of France*. *Pharamond*, says my Author, was a Prince of infinite Humility and Generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious Companion of his Time. He had a peculiar Taste in him (which would have been unlucky in any Prince but himself,) he thought there could be no exquisite Pleasure in Conversation but among Equals and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a Crowd, but was the only man in France that never could get into Company. This Turn of Mind made him delight in Midnight Rambles, attended only with one Person of his Bed-chamber. He would in these Excursions get acquainted with Men (whose Temper he had a Mind to try) and recommend them privately to the particular Observation of his first Minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new Acquaintance as soon as they had Hopes of growing great, and used on such Occasions to remark, that it was a great Injustice to the Princes of forgetting themselves in their high Fortunes, when there were so few that could with Constancy bear the Favour of their very Creatures. My Author in these loose Hints has one Passage that gives us a very lively Idea of the uncommon Genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one Man whom he had put to all the usual Proofs he made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his Purpose. In Discourse with him one Day, he gave him Opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his Wishes. The Prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the Sum, and spoke to him in this manner: 'Sir, You have twice what you desired, by the Favour of *Pharamond*, but look

to it, that you are satisfied with it, for 'tis the last you shall ever receive I from this Moment consider you as mine, and to make you truly so, I give you my Royal Word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not, (concluded the Prince smiling) but enjoy the Fortune I have put you in, which is above my own Condition, for so I have hereafter nothing to lose or to fear.

His Majesty having thus well chosen and bought a Friend and Companion, he enjoyed alternately all the Pleasures of an agreeable private Man and a great and powerful Monarch. He gave himself, with his Companion, the Name of the merry Tyrant, for he punished his Courtiers for their Insolence and Folly, not by any Act of Publick Disfavour, but by humorously pretending upon their Irriginations. If he observed a Man untractable to his Inferiors, he would find an Opportunity to take some favourable Notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own Looks, Words and Actions had their Interpretations, and his Friend Monsieur *Lucrate* (for so he was call'd) having a great Soul without Ambition, he could communicate all his Thoughts to him, and turn no artful Use would be made of that Freedom. It was no small Delight when they were in private to reflect upon all which had passed in publick.

*Pharamond* would often, to satisfy a vain Fool of Power in his Country, talk to him in a full Court, and with one Whisper make him despise all his old Friends and Acquaintance. He was come to that Knowledge of Men by long Observation, that he could profess altering the whole Mass of Blood in some Tempers, by three speaking to them. As Fortune was in his Power, he gave himself constant Entertainment in managing the mere Followers of it with the Treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful Cast of his Eye and half a Smile, make two Fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's Neck with as much Eagerness, as if they followed their real Inclinations, and intended to suffice one another. When he was in high good Humour, he would lay the Scene with *Lucrate*, and on a publick Night exercise the Passions of his whole Court. He was pleased to see an haughty Beauty with the Looks of the Man she had long despised, from Observation of his being taken notice of by *Pharamond*, and the Lover conceive higher Hopes, than to follow the Woman he was dying for the Day before. In a Court where Men speak Affection in the strongest Terms, and Dislike in the faintest, it was a comical Mixture of Incidents to see Disguises thrown aside in one Case and encreased on the other, according as Favour or Disgrace attended the respective Objects of Men's Approbation or Disesteem. *Pharamond* in his Mirth upon the Meanness of Mankind used to say, 'As he could take away a Man's Five Senses, he could give him an Hundred. The Man in Disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural Endowments, and he that finds Favour have the Attributes of an Angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the Opinion of the lower Part of his Court, but the Men themselves shall think thus meanly or

<sup>1</sup> *Pharamond*, or *Faramond*, was the subject of one of the romances of M. de Costes de la Calprenède, published at Paris (12 vols.) in 1667. It was translated into English (folio) by J. Phillips in 1677.

'greatly of themselves, as they are out or in the 'good Graces of a Court'

A Monarch who had Wit and Humour like *Pharamond*, must have Pleasures which no Man else can ever have Opportunity of enjoying. He gave Fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without Transport. He made a noble and generous Use of his Observations, and did not regard his Ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his Kingdom. By this means the King appeared in every Officer of State, and no Man had a Participation of the Power, who had not a Similitude of the Virtue of *Pharamond* R.

No 77 ] Tuesday, May 29, 1711 [Budgell

*Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota  
Quisquam est tam profè tam proculque nobis*  
M 171

MY Friend WILL HOVEYCOMB is one of those Sort of Men who are very often absent in Conversation, and what the *French* call a *re-curr* and a *distract*. A little before our Club-time last Night we were walking together in *Somerset* Garden, where WILL had picked up a small Pebble of so odd a Make, that he said he would present it to a Friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoso*. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my Face towards the West, which WILL knowing to be my usual Method of asking what's a Clock, in an Afternoon, immediately pulled out his Watch and told me we had seven Minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great Surprise, I saw him squint away his Watch a considerable way into the *Thames*, and with great Sedateness in his Looks put up the Pebble, he had before found, in his Fob. As I have naturally an Aversion to much Speaking, and do not love to be the Messenger of ill News, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his Mistake in due time, and continued my Walk, reflecting on these little Absences and Distractions in Mankind, and resolving to make them the Subject of a future Speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my Design, when I considered that they were very often Blemishes in the Characters of Men of excellent Sense and helped to keep up the Reputation of that *Latin* Proverb,\* which Mr *Dryden* has Translated in the following Lines

*Great Wit to Madness sure is near ally'd,  
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide*

My Reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a Man who is *Absent*, because he thinks of something else, from one who is *Absent*, because he thinks of nothing at all. The latter is too innocent a Creature to be taken notice of but

the Distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these Reasons.

Either their Minds are wholly fixed on some particular Science, which is often the Case of Mathematicians and other learned Men or are wholly taken up with some violent Passion, such as Anger, Fear, or Love, which takes the Mind to some distant Object, or, lastly, these Distractions proceed from a certain Vagueness and Fickleness in a Man's Temper, which while it raises up infinite Numbers of Ideas in the Mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular Image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the Thoughts and Conceptions of such a Man, which are seldom occasioned either by the Company he is in, or any of those Objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful Woman, 'tis in even Wager that he is solving a Proposition in *Euclid* and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris* Gazette, it is far from being impossible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the Front of his Country house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this Weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same Infirmary myself. The Method I took to conquer it was a firm Resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of Thinking if a Man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those Starts of good Sense and Struggles of unimproved Reason in the Conversation of a Clown, with as much Satisfaction as the most shining Periods of the most finished Orator and can make a shift to command my Attention at a *Puffet-Shoe* or an *Opera*, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the Company I am in for though I say little myself, my Attention to others, and those Nods of Approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently shew that I am among them. Whereas WILL HOVEYCOMB, tho' a Fellow of good Sense, is every Day doing and saying an hundred Things which he afterwards confesses, with a well bred Frankness, were somewhat *mal à propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other Day to go into a Coffee-house, where WILL was standing in the midst of several Auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an Account of the Person and Character of *Moll Hinton*. My Appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was usually present. So that keeping his Eyes full upon me, to the great Surprise of his Audience, he broke off his first Harangue, and proceeded thus,—'Why now there's my Friend (mentioning me by my Name) he is a Fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his Mouth. I warrant you he is now thrusting his short I see into some Coffee house about *Change*. I was his Jail in the time of the *Popish Plot*, when he was taken up for a Jesuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole Company must necessarily have found me out for which Reason, remembering

\* Seneca de Tranquill. Anim. cap. xi. 'Nul-lum magnum ingenium sine mixtura demetiae.' Dryden's lines are in Part I. of Absalom and Achishophel.

'Go on, Sir, and prosper You have the best Wishes of,

*SIR, Your very Affectionate,  
and Obligated Humble Servant*

*Mr SPECTATOR, Cambridge*  
'You well know it is of great Consequence to clear Titles, and it is of Importance that it be done in the proper Season On which Account this is to assure you, that the CLUB OF UGLY FACES was instituted originally at *CAMBRIDGE* in the merry Reign of King *Charles II* As in great Bodies of Men it is not difficult to find Members enough for such a Club, so (I remember) it was then feared, upon their Intention of dining together, that the Hall belonging to *CLARE-HALL*, (the ugliest then in the Town, tho' now the neatest) would not be large enough HANDSOMELY to hold the Company Invitations were made to great Numbers, but very few accepted them without much Difficulty One pleaded that being at *London* in a Bookseller's Shop, a Lady going by with a great Belly longed to kiss him HE had certainly been excused, but that Evidence appeared, That indeed one in *London* did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a *Pick-pocket*, who during his kissing her stole away all his Money ANOTHER would have got off by a Dimple in his Chin but it was proved upon him, that he had, by coming into a Room, made a Woman miscarry, and frightened two Children into Fits A THIRD alledged, That he was taken by a Lady for another Gentleman, who was one of the handsomest in the University, But upon Enquiry it was found that the Lady had actually lost one Eye, and the other was very much upon the Decline A FOURTH produced Letters out of the Country in his Vindication, in which a Gentleman offered him his Daughter, who had lately fallen in Love with him, with a good Fortune But it was made appear that the young Lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her Father's Coachman, so that it was supposed, that her Pretence of falling in Love with him was only in order to be well married It was pleasant to hear the several Excuses which were made, inasmuch that some made as much Interest to be excused as they would from serving Sheriff however at last the Society was formed, and proper Officers were appointed and the Day was fixed for the Entertainment, which was in *Venison Season* A pleasant Fellow of *King's College* (commonly called *CRAV*) from his sour Look, and the only Man who did not pretend to get off) was nominated for Chaplain and nothing was wanting but some one to

Boyne, in 1718 By the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, he was made Poet Laureate, upon the death of Rowe Eusden died, rector of Conington, Lincolnshire, in 1730, and his death was hastened by intemperance Of the burial left for Cibber Pope wrote in the Dunciad,

*Known, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise,  
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days*

'sit in the Elbow Chair, by way of PRESIDENT, at the upper end of the Table, and there the Business stunk, for there was no Contention for Superiority there This Affair made so great a Noise, that the King, who was then at *New-market*, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and graciously to say, HE COULD NOT BE THERE HIMSELF, BUT HE WOULD SEND THEM A BRACE OF BUCKS

'I would desire you, Sir, to set this Affair in a true Light, that Posterity may not be misled in so important a Point For when the wise *Mau* who shall write your true History shall acquaint the World, That you had a DILLOMIA sent from the Ugly Club at *OXFORD*, and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it, what a learned Work will there be among future Critics about the Original of that Club, which both Universities will contend so warmly for? And perhaps some hardy *Cantabrigian* Author may then boldly affirm, that the Word *OXFORD* was an interpolation of some *Oxonian* instead of *CAMBRIDGE* This Affair will be lost adjusted in your Life time, but I hope your Affection to your MOTHER will not make you partial to your AUNT

'To tell you, Sir, my own Opinion Tho' I cannot find any ancient Records of any Acts of the SOCIETY OF THE UGLY FACES, considered in a public Capacity yet in a private one they have certainly Antiquity on their Side I am perswaded they will hardly give Place to the LOWNGERS, and the LOWNGERS are of the same Standing with the University itself

'Tho' we well know, Sir, you want no Motives to do Justice, yet I am commission'd to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at *CAMBRIDGE*, and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the Wish of our whole University

*To Mr SPECTATOR*

*The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH*  
Shew eth,

THAT your Petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute Condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for Relief, because there is hardly any Man alive who hath not injured us Nay, we speak it with Sorrow, even YOU your self, whom we should suspect of such a Practice the last of all Mankind, can hardly acquit your self of having given us some Cause of Complaint We are descended of ancient Families, and kept up our Dignity and Honour many Years, till the Jack-sprat THAT supplanted us How often have we found ourselves slighted by the Clergy in their Pulpits, and the Lawyers at the Bar? Nay, how often have we heard in one of the most polite and august Assemblies in the Universe, to our great Mortification, these Words, That THAT that noble Lord urged, which if one of us had had Justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, That WHICH that noble Lord urged Senates themselves, the Guardians of British Liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us and yet no Decree was ever given against us In the very Acts of Parliament, in which the utmost Right



Mr SPECTATOR,

'I Write this to acquaint you, that very many Ladies, as well as myself, spend many Hours more than we used at the Glass, for want of the Female Library of which you promised us a Catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the Choice of Authors for us, you will have a particular Regard to Books of Devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief Care for upon the Propriety of such Writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every Morning and Evening spend an Hour in their Closet, and read over so many Prayers in six or seven Books of Devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of Warmth, (that might as well be rused by a Glass of Wine, or a Drachm of Citron) they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular Passion leads them to. The benevolent *Philantia*, who is (in your Language) an *Idol*, is one of these Votaries: she has a very pretty furnished Closet, to which she retires at her appointed Hours. Thus is her Dressing-room, as well as Chapel, she has constantly before her a large Looking-glass, and upon the Table, according to a very witty Author,

*Together lye her Prayer book and Pawl,  
At once improve the Sinner and the Saint*

'It must be a good Scene, if one could be present at it, to see this *Idol* by turns lift up her Eyes to Heaven, and steal Glances at her own dear Person. It cannot but be a pleasing Conflict between Vanity and Humiliation. When you are upon this Subject, choose Books which elevate the Mind above the World, and give a pleasing Indifference to little things in it. For want of such Instructions, I am apt to believe so many People take it in their Heads to be sullen, cross and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the Affairs of this Life, when at the same time they betray their Fondness for them by doing their Duty as a Task, and putting off and reading good Books for a Week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the Indiscretion of the Books themselves whose very Titles of Weekly Preparations, and such limited Godliness, lead People of ordinary Capacities into great Errors, and raise in them a Mechanical Religion, entirely distinct from Morality. I know a Lady, so given up to this sort of Devotion, that tho' she employs six or eight Hours of the twenty-four at Cards, she never misses one constant Hour of Prayer, for which time another holds her Cards, to which she returns with no little Anxiousness till two or three in the Morning. All these Acts are but empty Shows, and, as it were, Compliments made to Virtue: the Mind is all the while untouched with any true Pleasure in the Pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises that so many People call themselves Virtuous, from no other Pretence to it but an Absence of Ill. There is *Dulcanara* is the most insolent of all Creatures to her Friends and Domesticks, upon no other Pretence in Nature but that (as her silly Phrase is) no one can say Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forsooth, which should make her afraid to speak her Mind,

'and therefore she is impertinently Blunt to all her Acquaintance, and unseasonably Imperious to all her Family. Dear Sir, be pleased to put such Books in our Hands, as may make our Virtue more inward, and convince some of us that in a Mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is always accompanied with the Pity of it. Thus and other things, are impatiently expected from you by our whole Sex, among the rest by,

SIA,  
*Your most humble Servant,*  
B

No 80] Friday, June 1, 1711 [Steele

*Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*—Hor

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape: the one we shall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phyllis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World. They played, dressed Babies, reted Visitings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of. Which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs *Phyllis* had in Head-dress or which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These Beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural Step, into an irreconcilable Hatred.

These two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance and Mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their Absence, the Words in which you described the one must give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, tho' extremely different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit herself as much as her Adversary. Their Nights grew restless with Meditation of new Dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recal Admirers, who observed the Charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last Meeting. Their Colours faded at each other's Appearance, flushed with Pleasure at the Report of a Disadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Instances of Applause. The Decencies to which Women are obliged, made these Virgins

10 THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX<sup>1</sup>

My LORD,  
SIMILITUDE of Manners and Studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to Affection and Esteem but the passionate Veneration I have for your Lordship, I think, flows from an Admiration of Qualities in You, of which, in the whole course of these Papers I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a Stranger upon Earth, and can pretend to no other than being a Looker-on, You are conspicuous in the Busy and Polite world, both in the World of Men, and that of Letters. While I am silent and unobserv'd in public Meetings, You are admired by all that approach You as the Life and Genius of the Conversation. What an happy Conjunction of different Talents meets in him whose whole Discourse is at once animated by the Strength and Force of Reason, and adorned with all the Graces and Embellishments of Wit. When Learning irradiates common Life, it is then in its highest Use and Perfection and it is to such as Your Lordship, that the Sciences owe the Lustre which they have with the active Part of Mankind. Knowledge of Books in reclusive Men, is like that sort of Lanthorn which

hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy Paths of his own but in the Possession of a Man of Business, it is as a Torch in the Hand of one who is willing and able to shew those, who are bewildered, the Way which leads to their Prosperity and Welfare. A generous Concern for your Country, and a Passion for every thing which is truly Great and Noble, are what retrieve all Your Life and Actions and I hope You will forgive me that I have an Ambition this Book may be placed in the Library of so good a Judge of what is valuable, in that Library where the Choice is such, that it will not be a Disparagement to be the meanest Author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this Occasion of telling all the World how ardently I Love and Honour You, and that I am, with the utmost Gratitude for all Your Favour,

My Lord,  
Your Lordship's  
Most Obedt,  
Most Obedt, and  
Most Humble Servant,  
JHL SPECTATOR

<sup>1</sup> When the Spectator was revised in volumes, Vol I ended with No 80, and to the second volume, containing the next 89 numbers, this Dedication was prefixed.

Charles Montague, at the time of the dedication fifty years old, and within four years of the end of his life, was born, in 1661, at Horton, in Northamptonshire. His father was a younger son of the first Earl of Manchester. He was educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. After wit and verse he joined with his friend Prior in writing a burlesque on Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, 'Transferred to the Story of the Country and the City Mouse.' In Parliament in James the Second's reign, he joined in the invitation of William of Orange, and rose rapidly, a self-made man, after the Revolution. In 1691 he was a Lord of the Treasury, in April, 1694, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in May, 1697, first Lord of the Treasury, retaining the Chancellorship and holding both offices till near the close of 1699. Of his dealing with the currency, see note on p. 9. In 1700 he was made Baron Halifax, and had secured the office of Auditor of the Exchequer, which was worth at least £4000 a year, and in war time twice as much. The Tories, on coming to power, made two unsuccessful attempts to fix on him charges of fraud. In October, 1714, George I made him Earl of

Halifax and Viscount Sunbury. Then also he again became Prime Minister. He was married, but died childless, in May, 1715. In 1699, when Somers and Halifax were the great chiefs of the Whig minority, they joined in befriending Addison, then 27 years old, who had pleased Somers with a piece of English verse and Montague with Latin lines upon the Prince of Brunswick.

Now, therefore, having dedicated the first volume of the *Spectator* to Somers, it is to Halifax that Steele and he inscribe the second.

Of the defect in Charles Montague's character, Lord Macaulay writes that, when at the height of his fortune, 'He became proud even to insolence.' Old companions hardly knew their friend. Charles in the great man who could not forget for one moment that he was first Lord of the Treasury, that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he had been a Regent of the kingdom, that he had founded the Bank of England, and the new East India Company, that he had restored the Currency that he had invented the Sinking Bills, that he had planned the General Mortgage, and that he had been pronounced, by a solemn vote of the Commons, to have deserved all the favours which he had received from the Crown. It was said that admiration of himself and contempt of others were indicated by all his gestures, and written in all the lines of his face.

shine them in all other Accomplishments [proper]<sup>2</sup> to the Sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender Mothers, and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. Female Virtues are of a Domestic Turn. The Family is the proper Province for Private Women to shine in. If they must be shewing their Zeal for the Publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same Family, or at least of the same Religion or Nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted Enemies of their Faith, Liberty, and Country. When the Romans were pressed with a Foreign Enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their Rings and Jewels to assist the Government under a publick Licence, which appeared so laudable in Action in the Eyes of their Countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a Law to pronounce publick Orations at the Funeral of a Woman in Praise of the deceased Person, which till that Time was peculiar to Men. Would our English Ladies, instead of sticking on a Patch against those of their own Country, shew themselves so truly Publick-spirited as to sacrifice every one her Necklace against the common Enemy, what Decrees ought not to be made in Favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this Subject such Passages as occur to my Memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a Sentence in the celebrated Funeral Oration of *Pericles*,<sup>3</sup> which he made in Honour of those brave *Alcians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedaemonians*. After having addressed himself to the several Ranks and Orders of his Countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the Publick Cause, he turns to the Female Part of his Audience, 'And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few Words. Aspire only to those Virtues that are peculiar to your Sex. follow your natural Modesty, and think it your greatest Commendation not to be talked of one way or other.' C

No 82] Monday, June 4, 1711 [Stich

—Capit domina venale sub hasta—Juv

PASSING under Ludgate<sup>3</sup> the other Day, I heard a Voice bawling for Charity, which I

<sup>2</sup> [that are proper]

<sup>3</sup> I hucy dides, BK II

<sup>3</sup> Ludgate was originally built in 1215, by the Barons who entered London, destroyed houses of Jews and erected this gate with their ruins. It was first used as a prison in 1373, being then a free prison, but soon losing that privilege. Sir Stephen Forster, who was Lord Mayor in 1454, had been a prisoner at Ludgate and begged it the grate, where he was seen by a rich widow who bought his liberty, took him into her service, and eventually married him. To commemorate this he enlarged the accommodation for the prisoners and added a chapel. The old gate was taken down and rebuilt in 1586. That second gate was destroyed in the Fire of London. The gate which succeeded and was used, like its predecessors, as a wretched prison for debtors, was pulled down in 1760, and the prisoners removed, first to the London workhouse, afterwards to part of the Giltspur Street Compter.

thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the Grate, the Prisoner called me by my Name, and desired I would throw something into the Box. I was out of Countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a Crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange Constitution of some Men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all Sorts of Conditions. The Person who begged of me is now, as I take it, Fifty. I was well acquainted with him till about the Age of twenty-five, at which time a good Estate fell to him by the Death of a Relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good Fortune, he ran into all the Extravagancies imaginable, was frequently in drunken Disputes, broke Drawers Heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same Baseness of Spirit which worked in his Behaviour in both Fortunes. The same little Mind was insolent in Riches, and shameless in Poverty. His Accident made me muse upon the Circumstances of being in Debt in general, and solve in my Mind what Tempers were most apt to fall into this Error of Life, as well as the Misfortune it must needs be to languish under such Pressures. As for my self, my natural Aversion to that sort of Conversation which makes a Figure with the Generality of Mankind, exempted me from any Temptations to Expence, and all my Business lies within a very narrow Compass, which is only to give an honest Man, who takes care of my Estate, proper Vouchers for his quarterly Payments to me, and observe what Linnen my Landlady brings and takes away with her once a Week. My Steward brings his Receipt ready for my Signing, and I have a pretty Implement with the respective Names of Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs and Stockings, with proper Numbers to know how to reckon with my Landlady. This being almost all the Business I have in the World for the Care of my own Affairs, I am at full Leisure to observe upon what others do, with relation to their Equipage and Oeconomy. When I walk the Street, and observe the Hurry about me in this Town,

Where with like Haste, tho' different Ways they run,  
Some to undo, and some to be undone,<sup>2</sup>

I say, when I behold this vast Variety of Persons and Humours, with the Pains they both take for the Accomplishment of the Ends mentioned in the above Verse of *De Ham*, I cannot much wonder at the Endeavour after Gain, but am extremely astonished that Men can be so sensible of the Danger of running into Debt. One would think it impossible a Man who is given to contract Debts should know, that his Creditor has, from that Moment in which he transgresses Payment,

destroyed in the Fire of London. The gate which succeeded and was used, like its predecessors, as a wretched prison for debtors, was pulled down in 1760, and the prisoners removed, first to the London workhouse, afterwards to part of the Giltspur Street Compter.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Denham's 'Cooper's Hill'

so much as that Demand comes to in his Debtor's Honour, Liberty, and Fortune. One would think he did not know, that his Creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *That he is unjust*, without Defamation, and can seize his Person, without being guilty of an Assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some Men's Minds that they can live under these constant Apprehensions, and still go on to encrease the Cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile Condition, than to be ashamed, or afraid, to see any one Man breathing? Yet he that is much in Debt, is in that Condition with relation to twenty different People. There are indeed Circumstances wherein Men of honest Natures may become liable to Debts, by some unadvised Behaviour in any great Point of their Life, or mortgaging a Man's Honesty as a Security for that of another, and the like: but these Instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general Considerations. For one such Case as one of these, there are ten, where a Man, to keep up a Price of Revenue and Grandeur within his own House, shall shrink at the Expectation of such Demands at his Doors. The Debtor is the Creditor's Criminal, and all the Officers of Power and State, whom we behold make so great a Figure, are no other than so many Persons in Authority to make good his Charge against him. Human Society depends upon his having the Vengeance Law allot him, and the Debtor owes his Liberty to his Neighbour, as much as the Murderer does his Life to his Prince.

Our Gentry are, generally speaking, in Debt and many Families have put it into a kind of Method of being so from Generation to Generation. The Father mortgages when his Son is very young and the Boy is to marry as soon as he is at Age, to redeem it and find Portions for his Sisters. This, forsooth, is no great Inconvenience to him, for he may wench, keep a publick Table or feed Dogs, like a worthy *English* Gentleman, till he has out run half his Estate, and leave the same Incumbrance upon his First-Lorn, and so on, till one Man of more Vigour than ordinary goes quite through the Estate or some Man of Sense comes into it, and scorns to have an Estate in Partnership, that is to say, liable to the Demand or Insult of any Man living. There is my Friend Sir Andrew, tho' for many Years a great and general Trader, was never the Defendant in a Law-Suit, in all the Perplexity of Business, and the Iniquity of Mankind at present. No one had any Colour for the least Complaint against his Dealings with him. This is certainly an uncommon, and in its Proportion as huddable in a Citizen, as it is in a General never to have suffered a Disadvantage in Fight. How different from this Gentleman is *Jack Truepenny*, who has been in old Acquaintance of Sir Andrew and myself from Boys, but could never learn our Caution. *Jack* has a whorish unresisting Good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a Property in any thing. His Fortune, his Reputation, his Time and his Capacity, are at any Man's Service that comes first. When he was at School, he was whipped thrice a Week for Faults he took upon him to

excuse others, since he came into the Business of the World, he has been arrested twice or thrice a Year for Debts he had nothing to do with, but as a Surety for others, and I remember when a Friend of his had suffered in the Vice of the Town, all the Physick his Friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*, and inscribed, 'A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr Truepenny'. *Jack* had a good Estate left him, which came to nothing because he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Easiness and Credulity destroy all the other Merit he has and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks, or doing one good Action.

I will end this Discourse with a Speech which I heard *Jack* make to one of his Creditors, (of whom he deserved gentler Usage) after lying a whole Night in Custody at his Suit.

SIR,

'Your Ingratitude for the many Kindnesses I have done you shall not make me unthankful for the Good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a Man as you in the World. I am obliged to you for the Diffidence I shall have all the rest of my Life. I shall hereafter trust no Man so far as to be in his Debt.' R

No 85]. Tuesday, June 5, 1711 [Addison

— Animum pictura fascit manus — Virg

WHEN the Weather hinders me from taking my Diversions without Doors, I frequently make a little Party with two or three select Friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under Cover. My principal Entertainments of this Nature are Pictures, inasmuch that when I have found the Weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole Days Journey to see a Gallery that is furnished by the Hands of great Masters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with Clouds, when the Earth swims in Rain, and all Nature wears a lowering Countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable Scenes into the visionary Worlds of Art where I meet with shining Landscapes, glistering Triumphs, beautiful Feces, and all those other Objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and disperse that Gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate Seasons.

I was some Weeks ago in a Course of these Diversions, which had taken such an entire Possession of my Imagination, that they formed in it a short Morning's Dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first Sketch and Outlines of a Vision, than as a finished Piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious Gallery, which had one Side covered with Pieces of all the Famous Painters who are now living, and the other with the Works of the greatest Masters that are dead.

On the side of the *Living*, I saw several Persons busy in Drawing, Colouring, and Designing, on the side of the *Dead* Painters, I could not discover more than one Person at Work, who was

down by way of Table-Book, I found many things which gave me great Delight and as human Life turns upon the same Principles and Passions in all Ages, I thought it very proper to take Minutes of what passed in that Age, for the Instruction of this The Antiquary, who lent me these Papers, gave me a Character of *Eucrate*, the Favourite of *Pharamond*, extracted from an Author who lived in that Court. The Account he gives both of the Prince and this his faithful Friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have Occasion to mention many of their Conversations, into which these Memorials of them may give Light.

*Pharamond*, when he had a Mind to retire for an Hour or two from the Hurry of Business and Fatigue of Ceremonies, made a Signal to *Eucrate*, by putting his Hand to his Face placing his Arm negligently on a Window, or some such Action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the Company. Upon such Notice, unobserved by others, (for their entire Intimacy was always a Secret) *Eucrate* repaired to his own Apartment to receive the King. There as a secret Access to this Part of the Court, at which *Eucrate* used to admit many whose mean Appearance in the Eyes of the ordinary Waiters and Doorkeepers made them be repulsed from other Parts of the Palace. Such as these were let in here by Order of *Eucrate*, and had Audiences of *Pharamond*. This Entrance *Pharamond* called *The Gate of the Unlucky*, and the Tears of the Afflicted who came before him, he would save were Prizes received by *Eucrate* for *Eucrate* had the most compassionate Spirit of all Men living, except his generous Master, who was always indled at the least affliction which was communicated to him. In the Regard for the Miserable, *Eucrate* took particular Care, that the common Torments of Distress, and the idle Pretences to Sorrow, about Courts, who wanted only Supplies to Luxury, should never obtain Favour by his Means. But the Distresses which arise from the many inexplicable Occurrences that happen among Men, the unaccountable Alienation of Parents from their Children, Cruelty of Husbands to Wives, Poverty occasioned from Ship-

wreck, or Fire, the falling out of Friends, or such other terrible Disasters, to which the Life of Man is exposed. In Cases of this Nature, *Eucrate* was the Patron, and enjoyed this Part of the Royal Favour so much without being envied, that it was never inquired into by whose Means, almost no one else cared for doing, was brought about.

One Evening when *Pharamond* came into the Apartment of *Eucrate*, he found him extremely dejected upon which he asked (with a Smile which was natural to him) "What, is there any one too miserable to be relieved by *Pharamond*," that *Eucrate* is melancholy? I fear there is, answered the Favourite, a Person without, of a good Air, well Dressed, and tho' a Man in the Strength of his Life, seems to faint under some inconsolable Calamity. All his Features seem suffused with Agony of Mind but I can observe in him, that it is more inclined to break away in Tears than Rage. I asked him what he would have he said he would speak to *Pharamond*. I desired his Business he could hardly say to me, *Eucrate*, carry me to the King, my Story is not to be told twice, I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all." *Pharamond* commended *Eucrate* to let him enter he did so, and the Gentleman approached the King with an Air which spoke [him under the greatest Concern in what Manner to demean himself.] The King, who had a quick Discerning, relieved him from the Oppression he was under and with the most beautiful Complacency said to him, "Sir, do not add to that Lord of Sorrow I see in your Countenance, the Ave of my Presence. Think you are speaking to your Friend if the Circumstances of your Distress will admit of it, you shall find me so." To whom the Stranger "Oh excellent *Pharamond*, name not a Friend to the unfortunate *Spinamont*. I had one, but he is dead by my own Hand<sup>2</sup> but, oh *Pharamond*, tho' it was by the Hand of *Spinamont*, it was by the Guilt of *Pharamond*. I come not, oh excellent Prince, to implore your Pardon I come to relate my Sorrow, a Sorrow too great for human Life to support. From henceforth shall all Occurrences appear Dreams or short in Trials of Amusement, from this one Affliction which has seized my very Being. Pardon me, oh *Pharamond*, if my Griefs give me Leave, that I lay before you, in the Anguish of my wounded Mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous Blood spilt this Day by this unhappy Hand. Oh that it had perished before that Instant!" Here the Stranger

1 [the utmost sense of his Majesty without the ability to express it]

2 *Spinamont* is Mr Thornhill, who, on the 6th of May, 1711, killed in a duel Sir Cholmondeley Dering, Baronet, of Kent. Mr Thornhill was tried and acquitted but two months afterwards, assassinated by two men who, as they stabbed him, bade him remember Sir Cholmondeley Dering. Steele wrote often and well against duelling, condemning it in the *Tatler* several times, in the *Spectator* several times, in the *Guardian* several times, and even in one of his plays

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'praised, and recollecting his Mind, after some little Meditation, he went on in a calmer Tone and Gesture as follows:

"There is an Authority due to Distress and as none of human Race is above the Reach of Sorrow, none should be above the Hearing the Voice of it. I am sure *Pharamond* is not 'know then, that I have this Morning unfortunately killed in a Duel, the Man whom of all Men living I most loved. I command my self too much in your royal Presence, to say, *Pharamond*, give me my Friend! *Pharamond* has taken him from me! I will not say, shall the merciful *Pharamond* destroy his own Subjects? Will the Father of his Country murder his People? But, the merciful *Pharamond* does destroy his Subjects, the Father of his Country does murder his People. Fortune is so much the Pursuit of Mankind, that all Glory and Honour is in the Power of a Prince, because he has the Distribution of their Fortunes. It is therefore the Inadvertency, Negligence, or Guilt of Princes, to let any thing grow into Custom which is against their Laws. A Court can make Fashion and Duty walk together: it can never, without the Guilt of a Court, happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlawful. But alas! in the Dominions of *Pharamond*, by the Force of a tyrant Custom, which is misnamed a Point of Honour, the Duellist kills his Friend whom he loves and the Judge condemns the Duellist, while he approves his Behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all Evils: what cruel Laws, when Death only attends the Breach of them, and Shame Obedience to them? As for me, oh *Pharamond*, were it possible to describe the nameless Kinds of Compunctions and Tendernesses I feel, when I reflect upon the little Accidents in our former Familiarity, my Mind swells into Sorrow which cannot be resisted enough to be silent in the Presence of *Pharamond*. With that he fell into a Flood of Tears, and wept loud. Why should not *Pharamond* hear the Anguish he only can relieve others from in Time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given Death by the false Mercy of his Administration, and form to himself the Vengeance call'd for by those who have perished by his Negligence. R

No 85] Thursday, June 7, 1711 [Address

*Interitum speciosa locis, moratque recte  
Favula rullus Veneris, sine foudere et Arte,  
Vellutis electat populum, n. elusque moratur,  
Quam versus inopes errant, nugantur carere*  
Hor

I am the Custom of the *Mal'emetals*, if they see any printed or written Paper upon the Ground to rub it up and by it ride carefully, as no knowing, but it may contain some Piece of their *Allegory*. I must confess I have so much of the *Mal'emetals* in me that I can at forbear smiling in every printed Paper which comes in

my Way, under whatsoever despicable Circumstances it may appear, for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary Rate and Vicissitude of Things, knows to what Use his Works may, some time or other, be applied, a Man may often meet with very celebrated Names in a Paper of Tobacco. I have lighted my Pipe more than once with the Writings of a Prelate, and know a Friend of mine, who, for these several Years has converted the Essays of a Man of Quality into a kind of Fringe for his Candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an Eminent Author on a Victory, I met with several Fragments of it upon the next rejoicing Day, which had been employ'd in Squibs and Crackers, and by that means celebrated its Subject in a double Capacity. I once met with a Page of Mr *Baxter* under a Christmas Pye. Whether or no the Pastry-Cook had made use of it through Chance or Waggery, for the Defence of that superstitious *Vande*, I know not but upon the Perusal of it, I conceived so good an Idea of the Author's Piety, that I bought the whole Book. I have often profited by these accidental Readings, and have sometimes found very Curious Pieces, that are either out of Print, or not to be met with in the Shops of our London Booksellers. For this Reason, when my Friends take a Survey of my Library, they are very much surpris'd to find, upon the Shelf of Folios, two long Band-Boxes standing upright among my Books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep Erudition and abstruse Literature. I might likewise mention a Paper-Kite, from which I have received great Improvement and a Hat Case, which I would not exchange for all the Beavers in Great Britain. This my inquisitive Temper, or rather impertinent Humour of prying into all Sorts of Writing, with my natural Aversion to Loquacity, give me a good deal of Employment when I enter my House in the Country for I cannot for my Heart leave a Room, before I have thoroughly studied the Walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last Piece that I met with upon this Occasion gave me a most exquisite Pleasure. My Reader will think I am not serious, when I recount him that the Piece I am going to speak of was the old Ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common People, and has been the Delight of most Englishmen in some Part of their Age.

This Song is a plain simple Copy of Nature, destitute of the Helps and Ornaments of Art. The Tale of it is a pretty Tragicall Story, and pleases for no other Reason but because it is a Copy of Nature. There is even a despicable Simplicity in the Verse and yet because the Sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the Mind of the most polite Reader with inward Meltings of Humanity and Compassion. The Incidents grow out of the Subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite Pity, for which Reason the whole Narra-

<sup>1</sup> [Virgil himself would have touched upon, had the like Story been told by that Divine Poet.]

tion has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has deliver'd it in such an object Phrase and Poorness of Expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a Design of turning it into Ridicule. But though the Language is mean, the Thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other are natural,<sup>1</sup> and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not Judges of Language, or those who, notwithstanding they are Judges of Language, have a true<sup>2</sup> and unprejudiced Taste of Nature. The Condition, Speech, and the Behaviour of the dying Parents, with the Age, Innocence, and Distress of the Children, are set forth in such tender Circumstances, that it is impossible for a Reader of common Humanity<sup>3</sup> not to be affected with them. As for the Circumstance of the *Robin and the Gray*, it is indeed a little Puerile Ornament, and to show [the Genius of the Author<sup>4</sup>] amidst all his Simplicity, it is just the same kind of Fiction which one of the greatest of the *Latin Poets* has made use of upon a parallel Occasion. I mean that Passage in *Horne*, where he describes himself when he was a Child, fallen asleep in a desert Wood and covered with Leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosa Vulture in Apulo,  
Altrix extra lumen Apulie,  
Ludo fatigatumque somno  
Fronde nova fuerum patrum bes  
Texere* —

I have heard that the late Lord Dorset, who had the greatest Wit temper'd with the greatest Candour,<sup>5</sup> and was one of the finest Cruicks as well as the best Poets of his Age, had a numerous collection of old *English Ballads*, and took a particular Pleasure in the Reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr *Dryden*, and know several of the most refined Writers of our present Age who are of the same Humour.

I might likewise refer my Reader to *Moliere's* Thoughts on this Subject, as he has expressed them in the Character of the *Misanthrope*, but those only who are endowed with a true Greatness of Soul and Genius can divest themselves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire Nature in her Simplicity and Nakedness. As for the little conceited Wits of the Age, who can only shew their Judgment by finding Fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these Productions [which<sup>6</sup>] have nothing to recommend them but the Beauties of Nature, when they do not know how to relish even those Compositions that, with all the Beauties of Nature, have also the additional Advantages of Art.

<sup>1</sup> [wonderfully natural] - [sincere]

<sup>2</sup> [goodnatured Reader]

<sup>3</sup> [what a Genius the Author was Master of]

<sup>4</sup> [Humanity]

<sup>5</sup> [that]

<sup>6</sup> Addison had merited much ridicule from the bad taste of the time by his papers upon Chevy Chase, though he had gone some way to meet it by endeavouring to satisfy the Demands of 'that polite age,' with authorities from Virgil. Among the jests was a burlesque criticism of I am I humb

No 86] Friday, June 8, 1711 [Addison

*Non quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu* — Ovid

THERE are several Arts which [all Men are]<sup>1</sup> in some measure [Masters<sup>2</sup>] of, without having been at the Pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammarian and a Logician, tho' he may be wholly unacquainted with the Rules of Grammar or Logic, as they are delivered in Books and Systems. In the same Manner, every one is in some Degree a Master of that Art which is generally distinguished by the Name of Physiognomy, and naturally forms to himself the Character or Fortune of a Stranger, from the Features and Linaments of his Face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the Idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured Man, and upon our first going into a Company of [Strangers,<sup>3</sup>] our Benevolence or Aversion, Love or Contempt, rises naturally towards several particular Persons before we have heard them speak a single Word, or so much as know who they are.

Every Passion gives a particular Cast to the Countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some Feature or other. I have seen an Eye-curse for half an Hour together, and an Eye-brow call a Man Scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for Lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb Show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a Notion of every Man's Humour or Circumstances by his Looks, that I have sometimes employed my self from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the Characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a Man with a sour riddled Face, I cannot forbear pitying his Wife, and when I meet with an open ingenious Countenance, think on the Happiness of his Friends, his Family, and Relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous Saying to a Stranger who stood silent in his Company, *Speak that I may see thee*.<sup>4</sup> But, with Submission, I think we may be better known by our Looks than by our Words, and that a Man's Speech is much more easily disguised than his Countenance. In this Case, however, I think the Air of the whole Face is much more expressive than the Lines of it. The Truth of it is, the Air is generally nothing else but the inward Disposition of the Mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an Art, and laid down Rules of judging Mens Tempers by their Faces, have regarded the Features much more than the Air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this Subject.

What Addison thought of the 'little images of Ridicule' set up against him, the last paragraph of this Essay shows, but the collection of texts shows that he did flinch a little. We now see how he modified many expressions in the reprint of this Essay upon the *Babes in the Wood*.<sup>5</sup> [every Man is]

<sup>1</sup> [Master]

<sup>2</sup> Socrates

<sup>3</sup> In April

<sup>4</sup> *Flora*

<sup>5</sup> [unknown Persons]

No 87] Saturday, June 9, 1711 [Steel

— Non sum ne crede color — Virg

IT has been the Purpose of several of my Speculations to bring People to an unconcerned Behaviour, with relation to their Persons, whether beautiful or defective. As the Secrets of the *Ugly Club* were exposed to the Publick, that Men might see there were some noble Spirits in the Age, who were not at all displeased with themselves upon Considerations which they had no Choice in so the Discourse concerning *Idols* tended to lessen the Value People put upon themselves from personal Advantages, and Gifts of Nature. As to the latter Species of Mankind, the Beauties, whether Male or Female, they are generally the most untractable People of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the Particularities in their Behaviour, that, to be at Ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such Creatures. They expect so great Allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main a Man with a better Person than ordinary, and a beautiful Woman might be very happily changed for such a whom Nature has been less liberal. The Handsome Fellow is usually so much a Gentleman, and the Fine Woman has something so becoming that there is no enduring either of her. It has therefore been generally my Choice to mix with cheerful Ugly Creatures rather than Gentlemen who are Graceful enough to omit or do what they please or Beauties who have Charms enough to do and say what would be disoblige in any but themselves.

Diffidence and Presumption upon account of our Persons, are equal Faults and both arise from the Want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know, our selves and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed I did not imagine these little Considerations and Coquerries could have the ill Consequences as I find they have by the following Letters of my Correspondents, where it seems Beauty is thrown into the Account, in Matters of Sale, to those who receive no Favour from the Charmers

MR SPECTATOR,

June 4

'After I have assured you I am in every respect one of the Handsomest young Girls about Town—I need be particular in nothing but the make of my Face which has the Misfortune to be exactly Oval. This I take to proceed from a Temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and hear

'With this Account you may wonder how I can have the Vanity, to offer my self as a Candidate, which I now do, to a Society, where the SPECTATOR and *Hecatesa* have been omitted with so much Applause. I don't want to be put in mind how very Defective I am in every thing that is Ugly. I am too sensible of my own Unworthiness in this Particular, and therefore I only propose my self as a Tool to the Club

'You see how honest I have been to confess all my Imperfections, which is a great deal to come

'from a Woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the Favour of your Interest

'I here can be no Objection made on the Side of the matchless *Hecatesa*, since it is certain I shall be in no Danger of giving her the least occasion of Jealousy. And her Joint-Stool in the very lowest Place at the Table, is all the Honour that is conveyed by

*You must Humble*

*and Observe Secretly*

ROSALINDA

'P.S. I have sacrificed my Necklace to put into the Publick Lottery against the Common Enemy. And last Saturday, about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both Sides of my Face.

MR SPECTATOR, London, June 7, 1711

'Upon reading your late Dissertation concerning *Idols*, I cannot but comply to you that there are, in six or seven Places of this City, Coffee-houses kept by Persons of that Sisterhood. These *Idols* sit and receive all Day long the adoration of the Youth within such and such Districts. I know, in particular, Gnods not entered as they ought to be at the Custom house, nor Law-Reports perused at the Temple by reason of one Beauty who detains the young Merchants too long near *Claire*, and another Fair One who keeps the Students at her House when they should be at Study. It would be worth your while to see how the Idolaters alternately oblige to her *Idols*, and what Heart burnings arise in those who wait for their Turn to receive kind Aspects from those little Thrones, which all the Company, but these Lovers, call the bars. I saw a Gentleman turn as pale as Ashes because an *Idol* turned the Sugar in a Tea-Dish for his Rivall, and carelessly called the Boy to serve him, with a *Servant*. *Il faut se lever pour la Gentil on the Box to please the self*. Certain it is that a very hopeful young Man is taken with Leads in his Pocket below bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his *Idol* would wash the Dish in which she had [but just] drank Tea, before she would let him use it.

'I am, Sir, a Person past being Amorous, and do not give this Information out of Envy or Jealousy, but I am a real Sufferer by it. These Lovers take any thing for Tea and Coffee. I saw one Yesterday sufficient to make his Court and all his Rivals at the same time, loud in the Commendation of Liquors that went against every body in the Room that was so in Love. While these young Fellows resign their Stomachs with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this manner—we who come to do Business, or talk Politics, are utterly poisoned. They have also Drums for those who are more enanoured than ordinary, and it is very common for such as are too low in Constitution to ogle the *Idol* upon the Strength of Tea to suffer themselves with warmer Liquors. Thus all Pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a Fever or a Diabasis. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an

[Just before]



'evil Eye upon the Profit of the *Idols*, or the Di-  
'version of the Lovers what I hope from this  
'Remonstrance, is only that we plain People may  
'not be served as if we were *Idolaters*, but that  
'from the time of publishing this in your Paper,  
'the *Idols* would mix Ratsbane only for their  
'Admirers, and tile more care of us who don't  
'love them I am,

Yours,  
I I

R

## ADVERTISEMENT

*This to give Notice, That the three Costly  
who last Sunday settled the Characters of my  
Lord Rochester and Boileau in the Part of a  
Coffee House in Fuller's Rents, will meet the 27<sup>th</sup>  
Sunday at the same Time and Place, to finish  
the Merits of several Dramatick Writers And  
will also make an 1<sup>rd</sup> of the Nature of True  
Sublime.*

No 88] Monday, June 22, 1711 [Steele

*Quid Domini facient, audent cum 'alta Jures'  
Virg*

MR SPECTATOR, May 30, 1711  
I HAVE no small Value for your Labours to  
lay before the World what in my Escape their  
Observation and yet highly conduces to their  
Service You have, I think, succeeded very  
well on many Subjects and seem to have been  
conversant in very different Scenes of Life But  
in the Considerations of Mankind, as a SPECTA-  
TOR, you should not omit Circumstances which  
relate to the inferior Part of the World, any more  
than those which concern the greater There is  
one thing in particular which I wonder you have  
not touched upon, and that is the general Cor-  
ruption of Manners in the Servants of Great  
Britain I am a Man that have travelled and  
seen many Nations, not have for seven Years last  
past resided constantly in London or within  
twenty Miles of it In this Time I have con-  
tracted a numerous Acquaintance among the  
best Sort of People, and have hardly found one  
of them happy in their Servants This is mat-  
ter of great Astonishment to Foreigners, and all  
such as have visited Foreign Countries espe-  
cially since we cannot but observe, that there is  
no Part of the World where Servants have those  
Privileges and Advantages as in England They  
have no where else such plentiful Diet, large  
Wages, or indulgent Liberty There is no Place  
wherein they labour less, and yet where they are  
so little respectful, more wasteful, more negli-  
gent, or where they so frequently change their  
Masters To this I attribute, in a great measure,  
the frequent Robberies and Losses which we  
suffer on the high Road and in our own Houses  
That indeed which gives me the present Thought  
of this kind, is, that a careless Groom of mine has  
spoiled me the prettiest Pad in the World with

'only riding him ten Miles, and I as sure you, if I  
'were to hire a Register of all the Horses I have  
'known thus abused by Negligence of Servants,  
'the Number would mount a Regiment I wish  
'you would give us your Observation, that we  
'may know how to treat these Rogues, or that  
'we Masters may enter into Measures to reform  
'them Pray give us a Speculation in general  
about Servants and your make me

'Pray do not omit the Mention of Grooms in particular M to Britannicus

This honest Gentleman, who is so desirous that  
I should write a Satyr upon Grooms has a great  
deal of Reason for his Resentment and I know  
no Evil which touch a all Mankind so much as  
this of the Misbehaviour of Servants.

The Complaint of this Letter runs wholly upon  
Men Servants and I can attribute the serious-  
ness which has at present prevailed a non, them,  
to nothing, but what an hundred before me I have  
described it to The Cause of giving Board  
Wages This one Instance of false Economy is  
sufficient to debase the whole Nation of Serv-  
ants, and makes them as it were but for some  
part of their Time in that Quality They are  
either attending in Places where they meet a id-  
dle into Clubs, or else if they want it takes  
they eat after their Masters and receive their  
Wages for other Occasions From hence it is that  
that they are but in a lower Degree what their  
Masters themselves are and usually affect an  
imitation of their Manners And you have in  
Favourites, Jesters, Leeches and Coxcombs in a high  
Perfection as in any People that keep Language  
It is a common Humour among the Retinue of  
People of Quality, when they are in their Revels,  
that is when they are out of their Masters Sight  
to assume in a humorous Way the Names and  
Titles of those whose Liveries they wear By  
which means Characters and Distinctions become  
so familiar to them, that it is to this among other  
Causes, one may impute a certain insolence  
among our Servants, that they take no Notice of  
any Gentlemen though they know him ever so  
well, except he is an Acquaintance of their  
Masters

My Obscurity and Trembling leave me not  
Liberty, without Scandal, to dare if I think fit, at  
a common Ordinary, in the meanest as well as the  
most sumptuous House of Entertainment Falling  
in the other Day at a Victualling House near the  
House of Peers, I heard the Waiter come down and  
tell the Landlord that the Lord Bishop  
swore he would throw her out at Window, if  
she did not bring up more Mill Beer, and that my  
Lord Duke would have a double Mug of Port  
My Surprise was unreasonable, in hearing loud and  
rudest Voices speak and answer to each other  
upon the publick Affairs, by the Names of the  
most illustrious of our Nobility till of a sudden  
one came running in, and cry'd the House was  
rising Down came all the Company together,  
and away The Alehouse was immediately filled  
with Clamour, and scoring one Mug to the Mar-  
quis of such a Place, Oyl and Vinegar to such an

\* This letter is ascribed to Laurence Eusden

\* [of the]

'of her Person, such as it is at present. She is  
'however in my Eye a very charming old Woman.  
'We often lament that we did not marry sooner,  
'but she has no Body to blame for it but her self.  
'You know very well that she would never think  
'of me whilst she had a Tooth in her Head. I  
'have put the Date of my Passion (*Anno Amoris*  
'*Trigesimo primo*) instead of a Poey, on my  
'Wedding-Ring. I expect you should send me a  
'Congratulatory Letter, or, if you please, an *Epi-*  
'*thalamium*, upon this Occasion.

Mrs Murth's and

Yours Evernally,

SAM HOEWELL

In order to banish an Evil out of the World,  
that does not only produce great Unpleasantness to  
private Persons, but has also a very bad Influence  
on the People, I shall endeavour to shew the  
Folly of *Disgrace* from two or three Re-  
flections, which I earnestly recommend to the  
Thoughts of my fair Reader.

First of all I would have them seriously think  
on the Shortness of their Time. Life is not long  
enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in. A  
timorous Woman drops into her Grave before she  
has done deliberating. Were the Age of Man the  
same that it was before the Flood, a Lady might  
sacrifice half a Century to a Scruple, and be two  
or three Ages in demurring. Had she Time Him-  
dred Years good, she might hold out to the Con-  
version of the *Fools* before she thought fit to be  
prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her  
Part in haste, when she considers that she is sud-  
denly to quit the Stage, and make Room for  
others.

In the second Place, I would desire my Imitable  
Readers to consider, that as the Term of Life is  
short, that of Beauty is much shorter. The finest  
Skin wrinkles in a few Years, and loses the  
Strength of its Colourings so soon that we have  
scarce Time to admire it. I might embellish this  
Subject with Roses and Rain-bows and several  
other ingenious Conceits, which I may possibly  
reserve for another Opportunity.

There is a third Consideration which I would  
likewise recommend to a Demurrer, and that is  
the great Danger of her falling in Love when she  
is about Threescore, if she cannot satisfy her  
Doubts and Scruples before that Time. There is  
a kind of *latter Spring*, that sometimes gets into  
the Blood of an old Woman and turns her into a  
very odd sort of an Animal. I would therefore  
have the Demurrer consider what a strange Figure  
she will make, if she chances to get over all Diffi-  
culties and comes to a final Resolution, in that  
unreasonable Part of her Life.

I would not however be understood, by any  
thing I have here said, to discourage that natural  
Modesty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from  
the first Approaches of a Lover both fashionable  
and graceful. All that I intend, is, to advise  
them, when they are prompted by Reason and In-  
clination, to demur only out of Fear, and so far  
as Decency requires. A virtuous Woman should  
reject the first Offer of Marriage, as a good Man  
does that of a Bishopric, but I would advise  
neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing

what they secretly approve. I would in this Par-  
ticular propose the Example of *Eve* to all her  
Daughters, as *Milton* has represented her in the  
following Passage, which I cannot forbear tran-  
scribing entire, tho' only the twelve last Lines are  
to my present Purpose.

*The Rib he form'd and fashion'd with his  
Hands,*

*Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,  
Man-like, but diff'rent Sex, so lovely fair!  
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd a  
new*

*Mean, or in her sum'd up, in her contain'd  
And in her Looks, which from that time infused  
Sweetness into my Heart, unsifted before  
As d into all things from her Air insus'd  
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight*

*She disappear'd, and left me dark I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her Loss, and o'er Phasmas call'd my  
When out of Hope, o'erwhelm'd, not far off,  
Such as I saw her in my Dream, adorn'd  
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable. On she came,  
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his Voice, nor uninform'd  
Of nuptial Sanctity and Marriage Rites  
Grace was in all her Steps, Heaven in her Eye,  
In every Gesture Dignity and Love  
I enjoy'd, could not forbear aloud*

*This Turn hath made an end, thou hast  
fulfill'd*

*Thy Words, Creator bounteous and benign!  
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this  
Of all thy Gifts, I or envist I now see*

*None of my Love, I test of my Foes, my Self*

*She heard me thus, and find divinely brought,  
Yet Innocent and virgin Modesty,  
Her Virtue, as if the Co-mixture of her Worth,*

*That would be good, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd*

*The more desirable, or, to say all,  
Nature her self, tho' pure of sin if I thought,  
Wrought in her so, that when me, she turn'd<sup>2</sup>*

*I follow'd her, she what was Honour lov'd,  
And with obsequious Majesty approv'd*

*My pleaded Reason to the Nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the Morn<sup>3</sup>—*

L

No 90] Wednesday, June 13, 1711 [Addison

Mugius sine viribus Ignis  
Incautus, furit. Virg

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a Consider-  
ation more effectual to extinguish inordinate  
Desires in the Soul of Man, than the Notions of  
Plato and his Followers<sup>4</sup> upon that Subject.

<sup>2</sup> [to] <sup>3</sup> [fled] <sup>3</sup> P L Bk VIII

<sup>4</sup> Plato's doctrine of the soul and of its destiny  
is to be found at the close of his *Republic*, also  
near the close of the *Phaedon*, in a passage of the  
*Philebus*, and in another of the *Gorgias*. In §  
231 of the *Phaedon* is the passage here especially

They tell us, that every Passion which has been contracted by the Soul during her Residence in the Body remains with her in a separate State, and that the Soul in the Body or out of the Body, differs no more than the Man does from himself when he is in his House, or in open Air. When therefore the obnoxious Passions in particular have once taken Root and spread themselves in the Soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an Argument to confirm this their Doctrine they observe that a lewd Youth who goes on in a continued Course of Voluptuousness, advances by Degrees into a hideous old Man; and that the Passions survive in the Mind when it is divorced from the Body, nay, that the Desire grows more violent, and like all other Habits gathers Strength by use at the same time that it has no Power of executing its own Purpose. If, say they, the Soul is the most proper Subject to these Passions at a time when it has the least assistance from the Body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very Substance of the Soul is festured with the vicious Corruption; is gone too far to be ever cured. The Inflammation will rage to all Eternity.

In this therefore (say the *Platonists*) consists the Punishment of a Voluptuous Man after Death. He is tormented with Desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a Passion to which he neither Obedies nor Obeys, and is tied to it. He lives in a State of perpetual Desire and Impotence, and always bums in the Pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this Reason (says *Plato*) that the Souls of the Dead appear frequently in Communities, and hover about the Places where their Bodies were buried, as still hankering after their old brutish Pleasures, and desiring again to enter the Body that gave them an Opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent Divines have made use of this *Platonick* Notion, so far as it respects the Subsistence of our Passions after Death, with great Beauty and Strength of Reason. *Plato* indeed carries the Thought very far, when he rests upon his Opinion of Ghosts appearing in Places of Burial though I must confess if one did believe that the departed Souls of Men and Women wandered up and down these lower Regions, and entertained themselves with the Sight of their Species, one could not desire a more proper Hell for an impure Spirit than that which *Plato* has touched upon.

The Ancients seem to have drawn such Sort of Torments in the Description of *Tartarus*, who was punished with the Rage of an eternal Fire, and set up to the Chin in Water that fled from his Lips, whenever he attempted to drink, it

*Virgil*, who has cast the whole System of *Platonick* Philosophy, so far as it relates to the Soul of Man, in beautiful Allegories, in the sixth Book of his *Aeneid* gives us the Punishment of a Voluptuary after Death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of

Lucet gemalibus altis  
Aurea silent toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae  
Reges luxu Turbarum maxima juxta  
Aculeis, et natis prodest coram iure iussas,  
Exurgenti faciem tollens, atque interat ora.

They lie below in Golden Beds display'd,  
All regal Fiascs, and regal Pomp around made  
The Queen of Pleasures by their Side is set,  
And snakes from their Mouths the untasted Meat.

If it is if they lie, her lissing Sakes she rears,  
Tossing her Torch, and undrugging their Lairs  
Dryd

That I may a little alleviate the Severity of this my Speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite Readers) I shall translate a Story (that) has been quoted upon another Occasion by one of the most learned Men of the present Age, as I find it in the Original. The Reader will see it is not foreign to my present Subject, and I dare say will think it a lively Representation of a Person lying under the Torments of such a kind of Torment, or *Platonick* Hell, as that which we have now under Consideration. Monsieur *Ponticnon* speaking of a Love-Adventure that happened to him in the Country, gives the following Account of it.

'When I was in the Country last Summer, I was often in Company with a Couple of charming Women, who had all the Wit and Beauty one could desire in female Companions, with a Dish of Coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable Torments. I was, after my Way, in Love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my Passion to them when they were asunder, that I had Reason to hope for particular Favours from each of them. As I was walking one Evening in my Chamber with nothing about me but my Night gown, they both came into my Room and told me, they had a very pleasant Trick to put upon a Gentleman that was in the same House, provided I would bear a Part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible Story, that I laughed at their Continuance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to wrangle me up in my Night gown with long Pieces of Linnen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above in hundred Yards of Swath. My Arms were pressed to my Sides, and my Legs closed together by so many Wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Egyptian Mummy. As I stood bolt upright upon one End in this antique Figure, one of the Ladies burst out a laughing, and now *Ponticnon*, says she, we intend to perform the Promise that we find you have ex-

<sup>1</sup> [Which]

<sup>2</sup> Paraphrased from the '*Academie Galante*' (Ed 1708, p. 160)

referred to which was the basis of of lines 461-475 of Milton's *Comus*. The list of our own Platonists was Henry More, one of whose books Addison quoted four essays back in No. 86, and who died only four and twenty years before these essays were written, after a long contest in prose and verse, against besotting or obfuscating the soul with 'the foul steam of earthly life'.

"torted from each of us. You have often asked the Favour of us, and I dare say you are a better bred Cavalier than to refuse to go to Bed to two Ladies, that desire it of you. After having stood a Fit of Laughter, I begged them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. No, no, said they, we like you very well as you are, and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their Houses, and put to Bed in all my Swaddles. The Room was lighted up on all Sides, and I was laid very decently between a [Pair] of Sheets, with my Head (which was indeed the only Part I could move) upon a very high Pillow. This was no sooner done, but my two Female Friends came into Bed to me in their finest Night Clothes. You may easily guess at the Condition of a Man that saw a Couple of the most beautiful Women in the World undrest and abed with him, without being able to stir Hand or Foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much Violence, that about Midnight they both leaped out of the Bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took their Posts again, and renewed their Raillery. Finding all my Prayers and Endeavours were lost, I composed my self as well as I could, and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever. But alas! this was impossible. Could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill-natured Caresses and Endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to Womankind, I would not pass such another Night to be Master of the whole Sex. My Reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next Morning. Why, truly my Bed fellows left me about an Hour before Day, and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise. Accordingly about Nine a Clock in the Morning an old Woman came to unsuath me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my Revenge of my Tormentors, and to keep no Measures with them as soon as I was at Liberty. But upon asking my old Woman what was become of the two Ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within Sight of *Paris*, for that they went away in a Coach and six before five a clock in the Morning.

No 91] Thursday, June 14, 1711 [Steel

*In furias ignemque ruunt, Amor omnibus Idem*  
Vurg

THO' the Subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the Foundation of a Comedy, I cannot forbear inserting the Circumstances which pleased me in the Account a young Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town, which shall be nameless, or rather for the better

<sup>1</sup> [couple]

Sound and Elevation of the History, instead of Mr and Mrs such a one, I shall call them by feigned Names. Without further Preface, you are to know, that within the Liberties of the City of *Westminster* lives the Lady *Honoria*, a Widow about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Constitution, gay Temper, and elegant Person. She dresses a little too much like a Girl, affects a childish Fondness in the Tone of her Voice, sometimes a pretty Sullenness in the turning of her Head, and now and then a Down cast of her Eyes on her Fan. Neither her Imagination nor her Health would ever give her to know that she is turned of twenty, but that in the midst of these pretty Softnesses, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction, she has a tall Daughter within a Fortnight of Fifteen, who impudently comes into the Room, and towers so much towards Woman, that her Mother is always checked by her Presence, and every Charm of *Honoria* droops at the Entrance of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what she is not as well as her Mother *Honoria*, but all their Beholders are more partial to an Affection of what a Person is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look forward, but not to *Honoria* to look back. *Flavia* is no way dependent on her Mother with relation to her Fortune, for which Reason they live almost upon an Equality in Conversation and as *Honoria* has given *Flavia* to understand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is as well pleased never to be called Child. It happens by this means, that these Ladies are generally Rivals in all Places where they appear, and the Words Mother and Daughter never pass between them but out of Spite. *Flavia* one Night at a Play observing *Honoria* draw the Eyes of several in the Pit, called to a Lady who sat by her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her Snuff-Box for one Moment. Another Time, when a Lover of *Honoria* was on his Knees beseeching the Favour to kiss her Hand, *Flavia* rushing into the Room, kneeled down by him and asked Blessing. Several of these contradictory Acts of Duty have rused between them such a Coldness that they generally converse when they are in mixed Company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. *Honoria* is ever complaining of a certain Sufficiency in the young Women of this Age, who assume to themselves an Authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were Possessors of the Esteem of Mankind, and all who were but a Year before them in the World, were neglected or deceased. *Flavia*, upon such a Provocation, is sure to observe, that there are People who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are those who will not allow Youth their Follies, not because they are themselves past them, but because they love to continue in them. These Beauties Rival each other on all Occasions, not that they have always had the same Lovers, but each has kept up a Vanity to shew the other the Charms of her Lover. *Dick Crastin* and *Tom Fulp*, among many others, have of late been Pretenders in this Family. *Dick* to *Honoria*, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the

only surviving Beau of the last Age, and *Tom* almost the only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this

I wish I could repeat the little Circumstances of a Conversation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which the young Lady, I had my Account from, represented it at a Visit where I had the Honour to be present but it seems *Dick Crustin*, the admirer of *Honoria*, and *Tom Tulip*, the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purposely admitted together by the Ladies, that each might shew the other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Accomplishments of that sort of Creature whom the sillier Part of Women call a fine Gentleman. As this Age has a much more gross Taste in Courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these Gentlemen are Instances of it in their different Manner of Application. *Tulip* is ever making Allusions to the Vigour of his Person, the snewy Force of his Make while *Crustin* professes a wary Observation of the Turns of his Mistress's Mind. *Tulip* gives himself the Air of a restless Ravisher, *Crustin* pretences that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the inseparable Property of every Man in Love, and as Men of Wit write Verses on those Occasions, the rest of the World repeat the Verses of others. These Servants of the Ladies were used to imitate their Manner of Conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange Discourse in what they said when they met. *Tulip* the other Day seized his Mistress's Hand, and repeated out of *Ovid's Art of Love*,

'Tis I can in soft Battles pass the Night,  
Yet rise next Morning vigorous for the Fight,  
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light

Upon hearing this, *Crustin*, with an Air of Deference, played *Honoria's* Fan, and repeated,

Sedley has that pleasant & gentle Art,  
That can with a resistless Charm impart  
The looest Wishes to the churlish Heart  
Kaise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,  
Between declining Virtue and Desire,  
'Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away  
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day

When *Crustin* had uttered these Verses with a Tenderness which at once spoke Passion and Respect *Honoria* cast a triumphant Glance at *Flavia*, as exulting in the Elegance of *Crustin's* Courtship, and upbraiding her with the Homeliness of *Tulip's*. *Tulip* understood the Reproach, and in Return began to apply the Wisdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Mistress's Imagination as far as possible from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his Discourse with a sly Commendation of the Doctrine of *Platonick Love* at the same time he ran over, with a laughing Eye, *Crustin's* thin Legs, meagre Looks, and spare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with some Disorder, and the Conversation fell upon untimely Passion, After Love, and unreasonable Youth

*Tulip* sung, danced, moved before the Glass, led his Mistress half a Minuet, hummed

Celia the Fair, in the bloom of Fifteen,  
when there came a Servant with a Letter to him,  
which was as follows

SIR,

'I understand very well what you meant by your Mention of *Platonick Love*. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in *Hide-Parck*, or behind *Montague-House*, or attend you to *Barn-Elms*, or any other fashionable Place that's fit for a Gentleman to die in, that you shall appoint for,

Sir, Your most Humble Servant,  
Richard Crustin

*Tulip's* Colour changed at the reading of this Epistle, for which Reason his Mistress snatched it to read the Contents. While she was doing so *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a Common Calumny, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took Hackneys to prevent Mischief but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Crustin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide-Parck*, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Escape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his inglorious Safety, curses and despises her Charming, is fallen in Love with *Crustin*. Which is the first Part of the History of the *Rival Mother*

R

No 92 ] Friday, June 15, 1711 [Addison

—Concordia prope dissentire videtur,  
Potentes vario multum diversa palato,  
Quid dem? Quid non dem?—Hor

LOOKING over the late Packets of Letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one

M<sup>r</sup> SPECTATOR,

Your Paper is a Part of my 1<sup>st</sup> Equipage, and my Servant knows my Humour so well, that calling for my Breakfast this Morning (it being past my usual Hour) she answer'd, the SPECTATOR was not yet come in, but that the Tetter Kettle boiled, and she expected it every Moment. Having thus in part signified to you the Esteem and Veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the Catalogue of Books which you have promised to recommend to our Sex, for I have deferred furnishing my Closet with Authors, till I receive your Advice in this Particular, being your daily Disciple and humble Servant,

LEONORA

In Answer to my fur Disciple, whom I am very

\* A famous duelling place under elm trees, in a meadow half surrounded by the Thames.

\* By Mrs Perry, whose sister, Miss Shepleard, has letters in two later numbers, 140 and 163. These ladies were descended from Sir Fleetwood Shepleard

\* Rochester's Imitations of Horace, Sat I 10

proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my Readers, that since I have called out for Help in my Catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many Letters upon that Head, some of which I shall give an Account of

In the first Class I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent Booksellers, who every one of them mention with Respect the Authors they have printed, and consequently live an Eye to their own Advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for Women to have true Notions of Right and Equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better Book than *Dallori's Country Justice*. Another thinks they cannot be without *The Compleat Jockey*. A third observing the Curiosity and Desire of prying into Secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair Sex, is of Opinion this female Inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their Advantage, and therefore recommends to me *Mr Mede upon the Revelations*. A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned Truth, that a Lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read *The Secret Intrigues and Negotiations of Marshal D'Estrades*. Mr Jacob Tonson Jun is of Opinion, that *Bayle's Dictionary* might be of very great use to the Ladies, in order to make them general Scholars. Another whose Name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every Woman with Child should read Mr Wall's *History of Infant Baptism*. As another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female Readers *The pushing Stroke Being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme*, &c.

In the second Class I shall mention Books which are recommended by Husbands, if I may believe the Writers of them. Whether or no they are real Husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the Books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna*. *Keys to keep Lant*. *The Christian's Overthrow prevented*. *A Dissuasive from the Playhouse*. *The Virtues of Cambridge*, with Directions to make Camshire Tea. *The Passions of a Country Life*. *The Government of the Tongue*. A Letter dated from *Cleopatra* desires me that I would advise all young Wives to make themselves Mistresses of *Wingate's Arithmetic*, and concludes with a Postscript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Corianders of Kent's Receipts*.

I may reckon the Ladies themselves as a third Class among these my Correspondents and Privy-Counsellors. In a Letter from one of them, I am advised to please *Pharisaud* at the Head of my Catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to *Cassard's Coquette*. *Coquette* begs me not to think of ruling Women upon their Knees with Manuals of Devotion, nor of scorching their Faces with Books of Housewifery. *Florilla* desires to know if there are any Books written against Prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a Place in my Library. Plays of all Sorts have their several Advocates. *All for Love* is mentioned in above fifteen Letters. *Sophonisba*, or *Hamibal's Overthrow*, in a Dozen. *The Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved of. *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many Friends,

*Alexander the Great* and *Aurengzebe* have the same Number of Voices, but *Theodosius*, or *The Force of Love*, carries it from all the rest.<sup>1</sup>

I should, in the last Place, mention such Books as have been proposed by Men of Learning, and those who appear competent Judges of this Matter, and must here take Occasion to thank A B whoever it is that conceals himself under those two Letters, for his Advice upon this Subject. But as I find the Work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the Thoughts of my judicious Contemporaries, and have time to examine the several Books, they offer to me being resolved, in an Affair of this Moment, to proceed with the greatest Caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under my particular Care, I shall make it my Business to find out in the best Authors ancient and modern such Passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their Taste not questioning but the valuable Part of the Sex will easily pardon me, if from Time to Time I laugh at those little Vanities and Follies which appear in the Behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for Ridicule than a serious Censure. Most Books being calculated for Male Readers, and generally written with an Eye to Men of Learning, makes a Work of this Nature the more necessary besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the Sex daily improving by these my Speculations. My fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Brains I could name some of them who could tell much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's*, and as I frequently receive Letters from the fine Ladies and pretty Fellows, I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others not only in the Sense but in the Spelling. This cannot but have a good Effect upon the female World, and keep them from being charmed by those empty Coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the Women, tho' laugh'd at among the Men.

I am credibly informed that *Tom a little* passes for an impudent Fellow, that *Will Trippet* begins to be smacked, and that *Irauh Smoothly* himself is within a Month of a Coxcomb in case I think fit to continue this Paper. For my part, as it is my Business in some measure to detect such as would lead sorry weak Minds by their false Pretences to Wit and Judgment, Humour and Gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best Lights I am able to the fair Sex for the Continuance of these their Discoveries. L

<sup>1</sup> Michael Dalton's 'Country Justice' was first published in 1618. Joseph Mede's 'Clavis Apocalyptica', published in 1627, and translated by Richard More in 1643, was as popular in the Pulpit as 'The Country Justice' on the Bench. The negotiations of Count d'Estades were from 1637 to 1662. The translation of Bayle's Dictionary had been published by Tonson in 1680. Dr William Wall's 'History of Infant Baptism', published in 1705, was in its third edition. 'Aurengzebe' was by Dryden. 'Mithridates' and 'Theodosius' were by Lee.

No 93] Saturday, June 16, 1711 [Addison

*Sperni longam rursus. dum legu mur, sugerit  
Invidia  
Ætas carpe Diem, quam munum erid ita  
postero*—Hor

WE all of us complain of the Shortness of Time, saith Seneca,<sup>1</sup> and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our Days are few, and retung, as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philosopher has described our Inconvenieney with our selves in this Particular, by all those various Turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a Point that bears some Affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life in general, yet we wish every Period of it to end. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Business, then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honour, then to retire. Thus although the whole of Life is allowed by every one to be short the several Divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is composed. The Usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the present Moment and next Quarter-day. The Politician would be contented to lose three Years in his Life, could he place things in the Posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a Revolution of Time. The Lover would be glad to strike out of his Existence all the Moments that are to pass away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as fast as our Time runs, we should be very glad in most Parts of our Lives that it run much faster than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang upon our Hands, nay we wish away whole Years and travel through Time as through a Country filled with many wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little Settlements or imaginary Points of Rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the Life of most Men into twenty Parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are meer Gaps and Chasms, which are neither filled with Pleasure nor Business. I do not however include in this Calculation the Life of those Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action, and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to those Persons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the Exercise of Virtue, in the most general Acceptation of the Word. That particu-

lar Scheme which comprehends the Social Virtues, may give Employment to the most industrious Temper, and find a Man in Business more than the most active Situation of Life. To relieve the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our way almost every Day of our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceness of a Party, of doing Justice to the Character of a deserving Man, of softning the Lively, quieting the Angry, and rectifying the Prejudiced, which are all of them Employments suited to a reasonable Nature, and bring great Satisfaction to the Person who can busy himself in them with Discretion.

There is another kind of Virtue that may find Employment for those Retired Hours in which we are altogether left to our selves, and destitute of Company and Conversation, I mean that Interourse and Communication which every reasonable Creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual Cheerfulness of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his dearest and best of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him. It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are the most busied at such Hours when those of other Men are the most inactive. He no sooner steps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him, or, on the contrary, pours out its Tears, its Sorrow, its Apprehensions, to the great Supporter of his Existence.

I have here only considered the Necessity of a Man's being Virtuous, that he may have something to do, but if we consider further, that the Exercise of Virtue is not only an Amusement for the time it lasts, but that its Influence extends to those Parts of our Existence which lie beyond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from those Hours when we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us, for putting in Practice this Method of passing away our Time.

When a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and his opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen Parts of it to be dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Disadvantage? But because the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor strung up to a Pitch of Virtue, it is necessary to find out proper Employment for it in its Relaxations.

The next Method therefore that I would propose to fill up our Time, should be useful and innoent Diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such Diversions as are utterly innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no Hurt in them. Whether any kind of Gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine, but I think it is very wonderful to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a dozen Hours together in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game

<sup>1</sup> Epist. 49, and in his *De Brevitate Vitæ*

Ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less Degree of Rapidity.

There is a famous Passage in the *Alcoran* which looks as if *Malomet* had been possessed of the Notion we are now speaking of. It is there said that the Angel *Gabriel* took *Malomet* out of his Bed one Morning to give him a Sight of all things in Seven Heavens, in Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct View of, and after having held many Discourses and Conferences with God, was brought back again to his Bed. All this says the *Alcoran* is related in so small a space of Time that *Malomet* still in Return found his Bed still warm, and took up in his Chamber Pouch, which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away, before the Water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish Tales* which relates to this Passage of that famous Emperor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject we are now upon. A Slave of *Isoph*, who was an English vessel to which at this Circumstance in *Malomet's* Life, was not was "brought her in possession of a great Doctor in the Law who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Malomet* if he would consent to do what he should direct of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an Inch of Tub of Water which he did accordingly, and as he stood by the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men the Job Man brought him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again. The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for his Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft, but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in that strange Country. Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at work in a Neighbouring Wood these People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood where, after some Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long till he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to sink of pining in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life which had raised a fit

of Devotion in him, he threw off his Clothes with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Malometans*, before he said his Prayers.

After his first Plunge into the Sea he no sooner raised his Head above the Water but he found himself standing by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having sent him on such a Course of Adventures, and betrayed him into so long a State of Misery and Servitude, but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Delusion that he had not stirred from the Place where he then stood, and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Malometan* Doctor took this Occasion of instruction, the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God, and that *He*, with whom a Thousand Years are but as one Day, can if he pleases, make a single Day, nay a single Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a Thousand Years.

I shall leave my Reader to compare these Eastern Fables with the Notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this Paper and shall only, by way of Application, desire him to consider how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the Pursuits of Knowledge.

The Hours of a wise Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as those of a Fool are by his Passions. The Time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it, so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every Moment of it with useful or amusing Thought, or in other Words, because the one is always washing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the View of past Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Idleness? The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country that fills his Eye with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental, the other beholds a beautiful and spacious Landscape divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields, and can scarce cast his Eye on a single Spot of his Possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful Plant or Flower.

No 95] Tuesday, June 19, 1711 [Steele

*Curræ Levæ loquuntur, Ingentes Stupent*<sup>1</sup>

HAVING read the two following Letters with much Pleasure, I cannot but think the good Sense of them will be agreeable to the Town as any thing I could say either on the Topics they treat of, or any other. They both allude to former Papers of mine, and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward Mourning, will be thought the Production of a Man who is well acquainted with the generous Earnings of Distress in a manly

<sup>1</sup> The Ninth Joines of Virgil gives its Title to the 17th Book of the *Aeneid*, which is once the believer's knowledge of the Vision of Gabriel seen at the outset of the prophet's career when he was carried by night from Mecca to Jerusalem and thence through the seven heavens to the throne of God on the back of *Israhel* accompanied by Gabriel according to some traditions, and according to some in a vision. Details of the origin of this story will be found in Muir, ii. 219, Nöel, p. 102 Addison took it from the *Turkish Tales*.

<sup>2</sup> Seneca, Citation omitted also in the early reprints.



'tho' perhaps very much to its Disadvantage I  
'have heard it objected against that Piece, that  
its Instructions are not of general Use, but only  
suited for a great Lady - but I confess I am not  
of that Opinion, for I don't remember that the  
are any Rules but I find for the Expenses of a  
Woman, in which I consider only I think a  
Genl. Lesson, to know to differ from a Lady of the  
best Fortune or mind. On this, and not in their  
Principles of Honour, I would Sincerely, Pri-  
vately, or Modestly - I only perhaps to make  
an Apology for this to a Gentleman - but as I rather  
believe you a Friend to Sincerity, than Cer-  
emony, shall only assure you I am,

1

5/14

Yours most humble Servant,  
Annyball

At 9] Woburn, June 20 1711 [State

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Air SIFC-4709

I Have frequently read your Declaration your  
 Servants and, as I am in my self, have  
 been very offer'd that in that variety of  
 Farms where you considered the Bid you  
 found no Place to rent on the Good. There is  
 however one Observation of yours I approve,  
 which is That there are Men of Wit and good  
 Sense among all Orders of Men and that Ser-  
 vants report most of the Good or Ill which is  
 spoken of their Masters. That there are Men of  
 Sense who live in Servitude, I have the Vanity  
 to say I have felt to my woful Experience. You  
 attribute very justly the Source of our penur-  
 ty to Board Wages, and the Manner of  
 living out of a domestick Way. But I cannot  
 give you my Homely Opinion on this Subject very  
 so well, as by a short recount of my own life to  
 this the Forty fifth Year of my Age. This is to  
 say from my being first a Bond I was at fourteen  
 to my present Stru on of a Noll-bred Porter in  
 the Year of my Age above a Fortune.

"I know then, that my Father's was a poor I learnt  
 "to the Family of Sir Stephen Racken. Sir  
 "Stephen took me to School, or rather made me  
 "follow a Son Harry to School, from my Ninth  
 "Year, and there, the Sir Stephen paid some  
 "thing for my Learning, I was use I like a Servant,  
 "and was forced to get a hal Scraps of Learning I  
 "could by my own Industry, for the Schoolmaster  
 "took very little Notice of me. My young Master  
 "was a Lad of very sprightly Parts, and my be-  
 "ing conversant about him, and loving him was  
 "no small Advantage to me. My Master loved  
 "me extremely and was often been whipped for  
 "not keeping me at a Distance. He used always  
 "to say, That when he came to his Estate I  
 "should have a Leave of my Father's Lincement  
 "for nothing. I came up to Town with him to  
 "Westminster School, at which time he taught  
 "me at Night all he learnt, and put me to find out  
 "Words in the Dictionary when he was about his

Exercise It was the Will of Providence that Master *Harri* was taken very ill of a Fever of which he died within Ten Days after his first falling sick. Here was the first Sorrow I ever knew and I assure you, Mr SILENTATOR, I remember the beautiful Action of the sweet Youth in his I ever as fresh as if it were Yesterday. If he wanted any thing, it must be given him by *Father*. When I let any thing fall through the Grief I was under, he would cry, Do not beat the poor Boy. Give him some more Juice for me no Body else shall give it me. He would strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not bear his being in so much Danger, and comforted me saying, *I am, I am, have a good Heart*. When I was holding a Cup at his Mouth, he fell into Convulsions and at this very Time I hear my dear Master's last Groan. I was quickly turned out of the Room and left to sob and beat my Head against the Wall at my Leisure. The Grief I was in was inexpressible, and every Body thought it would have cost me my Life. In a few Days my old Lady who was one of the Hon eunes of the World thought of turning me out of Doors, because I put her in mind of her Son. Sir *Stephen* proposed putting me to Prentice but my Lady being an excellent Man never would not let her Husband throw away his Money in Acts of Charity. I had sense enough to be under the utmost Indignation to see her discard with so little Concern, one her Son I id loved so much, and went out of the House to ramble wherever my Feet would carry me.

The third Day after I left Sir Stephen's Family, I was strolling up and down the Walks in the Temple. A young Gentleman of the House who as I heard him say of afterwards seeing me half-dressed and well-dressed thought me in Equipage ready to his Hand, after very little Inquiry more than *Did I want a Master?* bid me follow him. I did so, and in a very little while thought myself the happiest Creature in this World. My Time was taken up in carrying Letters to Witches or Messages to young Ladies of my Master's Acquaintance. We rambl'd from I wern to Tavern, to the Physic-house the Mulberry Garden, and all places of Resort where any Master engaged every Night in some new Amour in which and Druling he spent all his Time when he had Money. During these Extravagancies I had the Pleasure of lying on the Stairs of a Tavern half a Night, playing at Dice with other Servants and the like Idleness. When my Master was unwell, I was generally employ'd in transcribing amorous Pieces of Poetry, old Songs, and new Lampoons. Thus I staid till my Master married, and he had then the Prudence to turn me off, because I was in the Secret of his Intrigues.

'I was utterly at a loss what Course to take next, when at last I applied my self to a Fellow-sufferer, one of his Mistresses, a Woman of the Town. She happening at that time to be pretty

<sup>2</sup> A place of open air entertainment near Buckingham House. Sir Charles Sedley, named one of his plays after it.

'full of Money, cloathed me from Head to Foot, and knowing me to be a sharp Fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad with her, and when she had pitched upon a young Fellow she thought for her Turn, I was to be dropped as one she could not trust. She would often cheapen Goods at the *New Exchange*, and when she had a mind to be attended, she would send me away on an Errand. When an humble Servant and she were beginning a Parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir John is come home then she would order another Coach to prevent being dogged. The Lover makes Signs to me as I get behind the Coach, I shake my Head it was impossible I leave my Lady at the next Turning, and follow the Cully to know how to fall in his Way on another Occasion. Beside good Offices of this Nature, I writ all my Mistress's Love-Letters, some from a Lady that saw such a Gentleman at such a Place in such a coloured Coat, some shewing the Terror she was in of a jealous old Husband others explaining that the Severity of her Parents was such (tho' her Fortune was settled) that she was willing to run away with such a one, tho' she knew he was but a younger Brother. In a Word, my half Education and Love of idle Books, made me outwrite all that made Love to her by way of Epistle and as she was extremely cunning, she did well enough in Company by a shifful Affectation of the greatest Modesty. In the midst of all this I was surprised with a Letter from her and a Ten Pound Note

*Honest Tom,*

"You will never see me more I am married to a very cunning Country Gentleman, who might possibly guess something if I kept you still therefore farewell

'When this Place was lost also in Marriage, I was resolved to go among quite another People, for the future and got in butler to one of those Families where there is a Coach kept, three or four Servants, a clean House, and a good general Outside upon a small Estate. Here I lived very comfortably for some Time, till I unfortunately found my Master, the very gravest Man alive, in the Garret with the Chambermaid. I knew the World too well to think of staying there and the next Day pretended to have received a Letter out of the Country that my Father was dying, and got my Discharge with a Bounty for my Discretion.

'The next I lived with was a peevish single Man, whom I stayed with for a Year and a Half. Most part of the Time I passed very easily for when I began to know him, I minded no more than he meant what he said so that one Day in a good Humour he said *I was the best Man he ever had, by my want of Respect to him*

'These, Sir, are the chief Occurrences of my

<sup>2</sup> In the Strand, between Durham Yard and York Buildings, in the *Spectator's* time the fashionable mart for milliners. It was taken down in 1737

Life and I will not dwell upon very many other Places I have been in, where I have been the strangest Fellow in the World, where no Body in the World had such Servants as they, where sure they were the unluckiest People in the World in Servants and so forth. All I mean by this Representation, is, to shew you that we poor Servants are not (what you called us too generally) all Rogues but that we are what we are, according to the Example of our Superiors. In the Family I am now in, I am guilty of no one Sin but Lying which I do with a grave Face in my Gown and Staff every Day I live, and almost all Day long, in denying my Lord to impatient Suitors, and my Lady to unwelcome Visitants. But, Sir, I am to let you know that I am, when I get abroad, a Leader of the Servants. I am he that keep Time with beating my Cudgel against the Boards in the Gallery at an Opera. I am he that am touched so properly at a Tragedy, when the People of Quality are staring at one another during the most important Incidents. When you hear in a Crowd a Cry in the right Place, an Humm where the Point is touched in a Speech, or an Hussa set up where it is the Voice of the People you may conclude it is begun or joined by,

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SIR,

*Your more than Humble Servant,*  
Thomas Trusty

No 97] Thursday, June 21, 1711 [Steele

*Proiecare animas—Virg*

**A**MONG the loose Papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a Conversation between *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* upon the Subject of Duels, and the Copy of an Edict issued in Consequence of that Discourse.

*Eucrate* argued, that nothing but the most severe and vindictive Punishments, such as placing the Bodies of the Offenders in Chains, and putting them to Death by the most exquisite Torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a Crime which had so long prevailed and was so firmly fixed in the Opinion of the World as great and laudable but the King answered, That indeed Instances of Ignominy were necessary in the Cure of this Evil, but considering that it prevailed only among such as had a Nicety in their Sense of Honour, and that it often happened that a Duel was fought to save Appearances to the World, when both Parties were in their Hearts in Amity and Reconciliation to each other it was evident that turning the Mode another way would effectually put a Stop to what had being only as a Mode. That to such Persons, Poverty and Shame were Torments sufficient, that he would not go further in punishing in others Crimes which he was satisfied he himself was most Guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his Displeasure sooner. Besides which the King said, he was in general averse to Tortures, which was putting Human Nature at self, rather than the

Crime, to Disgrace, and that he would be sure not to use this Means where the Crime was but in all Effect arising from a Judiciable Cause, he Lear of Shame. The King, at the same time, spoke with much Grace upon the Subject of Mercy and repented of many Acts of that kind which had a magnificent aspect in the doing, but dreadful Consequences in the Example. Mercy is a Particular he observed was Cruelty in the General. That though a Prince could not revive a Dead Man by taking the Life of him who killed him neither could he make Reparation to the next that should die by the evil Example, or answer to himself for the Partiality, in not pardoning the next as well as the former Offender. As for me says *Plamond*, I have conquered *Frue* and yet have given Laws to my People. The Laws are my Methods of Life, they are not a Diminution but a Direction to my Power. I am still absolute to distinguish the Innocent and the Virtuous, to give Honours to the Pious and Generous. I am absolute in my Good-will: none can oppose my Honour, or prescribe Rules for my Behaviour. While I am, as I please, rewarded the Good, I am under no Pain that I cannot pardon the Wicked. For which Reason, continued *Plamond*, I will effectually put a stop to this Evil by exposing no more the leniency of my Nature to the Importunity of having the same Respect to those who are miserable in their Fault, and those who are so by their Misfortune. Flatterers concluded the King smiling repeat to us Princes, that we are Heaven's Vicegerents. Let us be so, and let the only thing out of our Power be to do Ill.

Soon after the Evening, wherein *Plamond* and *Eucrat* had this Conversation the following Edict was Published

*Plamond's* Edict against Duels  
Pharamond, King of the Gauls, to all his loving Subjects sendeth Greeting

Whereas it has come to our Royal Notice and Observation, that in contempt of all Laws Divine and Human, it is of late become a Custom among the Nobility and Gentry of this our Kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent Provocations, to invite each other into the Field, there by their own Hands, and of their own Authority, to decide their Controversies by Combat. We have thought fit to take the said Custom into our Royal Consideration, and find, upon Enquiry into the usual Causes whereon such fatal Decisions have arisen, that by this wicked Custom, mangling all the Precepts of our Holy Religion, and the Rules of right Reason, the greatest Act of the human Mind, *Forgiveness of Injuries*, is become vile and shameful: that the Rules of Good Society and Virtuous Conversation are hereby inverted, that the Loose, the Vain, and the Impudent, insult the Careful, the Discreet, and the Modest: that all Virtue is suppressed, and all Vice supported, in the one Act of being capable to dare to the Death. We have also further, with great Sorrow of Mind, observed that this Dreadful Action, by long Impunity, [our Royal Attention being employed upon Matters of more general

Concern] is become Honourable, and the Refusal to engage in it ignominious. In these our Royal Cares and Enquiries We are yet farther made to understand, that the Persons of most Luminous Worth and most hopeful Abilities, accompanied with the strongest Passion for true Glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the Dangers arising from this Licence. Now taking the said Premises into our various Consideration and well weighing that all such Emergencies wherein the Mind is incapable of commanding itself, and where the Injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be born) are particularly provided for by Laws heretofore enacted and that the Qualities of less Injuries, like those of Ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under General Rules, We do resolve to blot this Fashion, or Wantonness of Anger out of the Minds of Our Subjects, by Our Royal Resolutions declared in this Edict, as follow

No Person who either Sends or Accepts a Challenge, or the Posterity of either, tho' no Death ensues thereupon shall be after the Publication of this our Edict, capable of bearing Office in these our Dominions

The Person who shall prove the sending or receiving a Challenge, shall receive to his own Use and Property, the whole Personal Estate of both Parties and their Real Estate shall be immediately vested in the next Heir of the Offenders in as ample Manner as if the said Offenders were actually Deceased

In Cases where the Laws (which we have already granted to our Subjects) admit of an Appeal for Blood, when the Criminal is condemned by the said Appeal He shall not only suffer Death, but his whole Estate, Real, Mixed, and Personal, shall from the Hour of his Death be vested in the next Heir of the Person whose Blood he spilt

That it shall not hereafter be in our Royal Power, or that of our Successors to pardon the said Offences, or restore [the Offenders] in their Estates, Honour, or Blood for ever

Given at our Court at Blois, the 8th of February, 420 In the Second Year of our Reign

No 98] Friday, June 22, 1711 [Addison

— *Tanta est quarendi cura a decoris* — Jun

THERE is not so variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head dress. Within my own Memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten Years ago it shot up to a very great Height, inasmuch that the Female

<sup>1</sup> [them]

<sup>2</sup> The Commode, called by the French *Fontange*, worn on their heads by ladies at the beginning of the 18th century, was a structure of wire, which bore up the hair and the forepart of the lace cap to a great height. The *Spectator* tells how com-

Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of such an enormous Stature, that *we appeared as Grasshoppers before them*.<sup>1</sup> At present the whole Sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of Beauties that seems almost another Species. I remember several Ladies, who were once very near seven Foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I can not learn whether the whole Sex be at present under any Penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their Head dresses in order to surprize us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new or whether some of the tallest of the Sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this Method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a Secret, tho' I find most are of Opinion, they are at present like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater Heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by Women who are taller than my self, I admire the Sex much more in their present Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimensions, than when they had extended their Persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic Figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful Edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical Superstructure upon her Plans. I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the Coiffure now in Fashion, and think it shews the good Sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable Part of the Sex. One may observe that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the Outside of their Heads, and indeed I very much admire, that those Female Architects, who raise such wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace, and Wire, have not been recorded for their respective Inventions. It is certain there has been many Orders in these kinds of Building, as in those which have been made of Marble. Sometimes they rise in the Shape of a Pyramid sometimes like a Tower, and sometimes like a Steeple. In *Furcenal's* time the Building grew by several Orders and Stories, as he has very humorously described it.

*Tot premitt ordinibus, tot ad luc con pagibus altum*

*Edificat caput Andromachen a fronte indebit, Post minor est Altum credas —* Juv

But I do not remember in any Part of my Reading, that the Head dress aspired to so great an Extravagance as in the fourteenth Century when it was built up in a couple of Cones or Spires, which stood so excessively high on each Side of the Head, that a Woman, who was but a *Pigme* without her Head dress, appeared like a *Colossus* upon putting it on. Monsieur *Paradin*<sup>2</sup> says,

pletely and suddenly the fashion was abandoned in his time.

<sup>1</sup> Numbers xiii. 33.

<sup>2</sup> Guillaume Paradin, a laborious writer of the 16th century, born at Cuizeau, in the Bresse Chalonnaise, and still living in 1581, wrote a great many books. The passages quoted by the Spec

That these old fashioned Fontanges rose an Ell above the Head, that they were pointed like Steeples, and had long loose Pieces of Crape fastened to the Tops of them, which were curiously fringed and hung down their Backs like Streamers.

The Women might possibly have carried this Gothic Building much higher, had not a famous Monk, *Thomas Conecte*, by Name, attracted it with great Zeal and Resolution. This holy Man travelled from Place to Place to preach down this monstrous Commode and succeeded so well in it, that as the Magierius sacrificed their Books to the Flames upon the Preaching of an Apostle, many of the Women threw down their Head dresses in the Middle of his Sermon, and made a Bonfire of them within Sight of the Pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the Sanctity of his Life as his Manner of Preaching that he had often a Congregation of twenty thousand People the Men placing themselves on the one Side of his Pulpit, and the Women on the other, that appeared (to use the Similitude of an ingenious Writer) like a Forest of Cedars with their Heads reaching to the Clouds. He so warmed and irritated the People against this monstrous Ornament, that it lay under a kind of Persecution and whenever it appeared in publick was pelted down by the Rabble, who sling Stones at the Persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this Prodigy vanished, while the Preacher was among them, it began to appear again some Months after his Departure, or to tell it in Monsieur *Paradin's* own Words, 'The Women that, like Saml, in a Tright, had drawn in their Horins, shot them off again as soon as the Danger was over.' This Extravagance of the Womens Head dresses in that Age is taken notice of by Monsieur *d'Argentre* in the History of *Bretagne*, and by other Historians as well as the Person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good Reign is the only proper Time for making of Laws against the Exorbitance of Power in the same manner an excessive Head dress may be attacked the most effectually when the Fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my Female Readers by way of Prevention.

I would desire the Fair Sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the Master piece of Nature. The Head has the most beautiful Appearance, as well as the highest Station, in a human Figure. Nature has hid out all her Art in beautifying the Face she has touched it with Vermilion, planted in it a double Row of Ivory,

tator are from his *Annales de Bourgoigne*, published in 1566.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Conecte, of Bretagne, was a Carmelite monk, who became famous as a preacher in 1428. After reproving the vices of the age in several parts of Europe, he came to Rome, where he reproved the vices he saw at the Pope's court, and was, therefore, burnt as a heretic in 1434.

<sup>2</sup> Bertrud d'Argentré was a French lawyer, who died, aged 71, in 1590. His *Histoire de Bretagne* was printed at Rennes in 1582.

made it the Seat of Smiles and Blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the Brightness of the Fees, hurr it on each Side with curious Organs of Sense, given it Air and Graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing Stride of Hur as sets all its Beauties in the most agreeable Light. In short she seems to have designed the Hero as the Cupola to the most glorious of her Works, and when we load it with such a Pile of supernumerary Ornaments, we destroy the Symmetry of the human Figure, and foolishly contrive to cill off the Life from great and real Beauties, to childish Gauds, Ribbands, and Hone-lace

No 67] Saturday, June 23, 1711 [Aldis u

—T r i s t e s s u s H o n e s t u m —H o r

THE Club of which I have often declared myself a Member, were last Night engaged in a Discourse upon that which passes for the chief Point of Honour among Men and Women and started a great many Hints upon the Subject, which I thought were entirely new. I shall therefore methodize the several Reflections that arose upon this Occasion, and present my Reader with them for the Speculation of this Day, after having premised, that if there is any thing in this Paper which seems to differ with any Passage of last Thursday's, the Reader will consider this as the Sentiments of the Club, and the other as my own private Thoughts, or rather those of *Pharmond*.

The great Point of Honour in Men is Courage, and in Women Chastity. If a Man loses his Honour in one Encounter it is not impossible for him to regain it in another. A Ship in a Woman's Honour is irreparable. I can give no Reason for fixing the Point of Honour to these two Qualities, unless it be that each Sex sets the greatest Value on the Qualification which renders them the most amiable in the Eyes of the contrary Sex. If Men chosen for themselves, without Regard to the Opinions of the fair Sex, I should believe the Choice would have fallen on Wisdom or Virtue, or had Women determined their own Point of Honour, it is probable that Wit or Good-Nature would have carried it against Chastity.

Nothing recommends a Man more to the Female Sex than Courage: whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a Terror to others fall like a Slave at their Feet, or that this Quality supplies their own principal Defect, in guarding them from Insults and avenging their Quarrels, or that Courage is a natural Indication of a strong and sprightly Constitution. On the other side, nothing makes a Woman more esteemed by the opposite Sex than Chastity, whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides Chastity, with its collateral Attendants, Truth, Fidelity, and Constancy, gives the Man a Property in the Person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a Passage in the

Inscription on a Monument erected in *Westminster Abbey* to the late Duke and Duchess of *Newcastle*. Her Name was *Margaret Lucas*, 'youngest Sister to the Lord *Lucas of Colchester*, 'a noble Family, for all the Brothers were 'valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous.

In Books of Chivalry, where the Point of Honour is strained to Madness, the whole Story runs on Christy and Courage. The Damsel is mounted on a white Palfrey, as a Emblem of her Innocence and, to avoid Scandal, must have a Dwarf for her Page. She is not to think of a Man, till some Misfortune has brought a Knight-Errant to her Relief. The Knight falls in Love, and did not Gratitude restrain her from murdering her Deliverer, would die at her Feet by her Dishonour. However he must wait some Years in the Desert before her Virgin Heart can think of a Surrender. The Knight goes off, attacks every thing, he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all Opportunities of being knock'd on the Head, and after seven Years Rambling returns to his Mistress, whose Chastity has been attacked in the mean time by Giants and Tyrants, and undergone as many Trials as her Lover's Valour.

In *Spain*, where there are still great Remains of this Romantick Humour, it is a transporting Favour for a Lady to cast an accidental Glance on her Lover from a Window, tho' it be two or three Stories high: as it is usual for the Lover to assert his Passion for his Mistress, in single Combat with a mad Bull.

The great Violation of the Point of Honour from Man to Man is giving the Lie. One may tell another he Whores, Drinks, Blushes, and it may pass unresented but to say he Lies, tho' but in Jest, is an Affront that nothing but Blood can expiate. The Reason perhaps may be because no other Vice implies a want of Courage so much as the making of a Lie and therefore telling a man he Lies is touching him in the most sensible Part of Honour, and indirectly calling him a Coward. [I cannot omit under this Head what *Herodotus* tells us of the ancient *Persians*, that from the Age of five Years to twenty they instruct their Sons only in three things, to manage the Horse, to make use of the Bow, and to speak Truth.]

The placing the Point of Honour in this false kind of Courage, has given Occasion to the very Refuse of Mankind, who have neither Virtue nor common Sense, to set up for Men of Honour. An *English Peer*, who has not been long dead, used to tell a pleasant Story of a *French Gentleman* that visited him early one Morning at *Paris*, and after great Professions of Respect, let him know that he laid it in his Power to oblige him which in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his Lordship the Person's Name who justified him as he came out from the Opera, but before he would proceed, he begged his Lordship that he would not deny him the Honour of making him his Second. The *English*

\* Percey said he had been told that this was William Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire, who died in 1707.

Lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish Affair, told him, that he was under Engagements for his two next Duels to a Couple of particular Friends Upon which the Gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his Lordship would not take it ill if he meddled no further in an Affair from whence he himself was to receive no Advantage.

The bating down this false Notion of Honour, in so vain and lively a People as those of France, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious Parts of their present King's Reign. It is pity but the Punishment of these mischievous Notions should have in it some particular Circumstances of Shame and Infamy, that those who are Slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their Reputations they lead them to Ignominy and Dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter Men who make it their Glory to despise it, but if every one that sought a Duel were to stand in the Pillory, it would quickly lessen the Number of these imaginary Men of Honour, and put an end to so absurd a Practice.

When Honour is a Support to virtuous Principles, and runs parallel with the Laws of God and our Country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged. But when the Dictates of Honour are contrary to those of Religion and Equity, they are the greatest Deprivations of human Nature, by giving wrong Ambitions and false Ideas of what is good and laudable and should therefore be exploded by all Governments, and driven out as the Bane and Plague of Human Society.

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No 100 ] Monday, June 25, 1711 [Steele

*Ni ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico* —Hor

A Man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that only Life which was passed with Satisfaction and Enjoyment, excluding all Parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his Infancy. Sickness, Ill humour, and Idleness, will have robbed him of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our Life. It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would be true to himself, to obtain if possible, a Disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant Aptitude for the Satisfaction of his Being. Instead of this, you hardly see a Man who is not uneasy in proportion to his Advancement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy is the common Improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others. They do not aim at true Pleasures themselves, but turn their Thoughts upon observing the false Pleasures of other Men. Such People are Valetudinarians in Society, and they should no more come into Company than a sick Man should come into the Air. If a Man is too weak to bear what is a Refreshment to Men in Health, he must still keep his Chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER's Company complains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for some Posset drink for him for which reason that sort of People who are ever bewailing their Constitution

in other Places are the Chearfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them the History of their Pains and Aches and imagine such Narrations their Quota of the Conversation. This is of all other the meanest Help to Discourse, and a Man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an Account of his Head ache answer'd by another asking what News in the last Mail? Mutual good Humour and Drunkenness we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns our selves, without it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to rejoice. But indeed there are Crowds of People who put themselves in no Method of pleasing themselves or others such are those whom we usually call indolent Persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate State between Pleasure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any Part of our Life after we are out of the Nurse's Arms. Such an Aversion to Labour creates a constant Weariness, and one would think should make Existence at self a Burthen. The indolent Man descends from the Dignity of his Nature, and makes that Being which was Rational merely Vegetative. His Life consists only in the meer Encrease and Decay of a Body, which, with relation to the rest of the World, might as well have been uninformed, as the Habitation of a reasonable Mind.

Of this kind is the Life of that extraordinary Couple *Harry Tersell* and his Lady *Harry* was in the Days of his Cebacy one of those pert Creatures who have much Vivacity and little Understanding. Mrs *Rebecca Quickly*, whom he married, had all that the fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. These two People of seeming Merit fell into each other's Arms and Passion being rited, and no Reason or good Sense in either to succeed it, their Life is now at a Stand. Their Merits are insipid, and their Time tedious. Their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their Loss of Taste reduced them below Diversion. When we talk of these as Instances of Inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live it is necessary we should always be in Jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets of Roses, as the merry Fellows among the Ancients are described but it is intended by considering these Contraries to Pleasure, Indolence, and too much Delicacy, to shew that it is Prudence to preserve a Disposition in our selves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and see.

This portable Quality of good Humour seasons all the Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no Moments lost but they all pass with so much Satisfaction, that the heaviest of Loads when it is a Load that of Time, is never felt by us. *Varillas* has this Quality to the highest Perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears. The Sad, the Merry, the Severe, the Melancholy, shew a new Chearfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that *Varillas* has ever said that deserves Repetition.

but the Man has that innate Goodness of Temper, that he is welcome to every Body, because every Man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of the Company, and yet upon Reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a Gentleman, that if *Caritas* had Wit, it would be the best Wit in the World. It is certain, when a well corrected lively Imagination and good Breeding are added to a sweet Disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest Blessings, as well as Pleasures of Life.

Men would come into Company with ten times the Pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every Person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill Will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best Light, the Entertainment must be delicate, because the Cook has nothing brought to his Hand but what is the most excellent in its Kind. Beautiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, and Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree towards the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Conversation wherein there is nothing present ed but in its Excellence and a Degree towards that of Demons, wherein nothing is shewn but in its Degeneracy. I

No 101 ] Tuesday, June 26, 1711 [Addison

*Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,  
Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templis recepti,  
Dum terras hominumque colunt gremis, aspera bella*

*Conspiciunt, agros assignant, et pida conduunt,  
Ploraverunt suis non respondere favorem  
Spectatum meritis — Hor*

CENSURE, says a late ingenious Author, is the *Pax a Man pays to the Publick for being Eminent*. It is a Pledge for an eminent Man to think of escaping it, and a Weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious Persons of Antiquity, and indeed of every Age in the World, have passed through this fiery Persecution. There is no Defence against Reproach, but Obscurity, it is a kind of Concomitant to Greatness, as Satyr and Invectives were an essential Part of a *Roman* Triumph.

If Men of Eminence are exposed to Censure on one hand, they are as much liable to Flattery on the other. If they receive Reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive Praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the Man in a high Post is never regarded with an indifferent Eye, but always considered as a Friend or an Enemy. For this Reason Persons in great Stations have seldom their true Characters drawn till several Years after their Deaths. Their personal Friendships and Enmities must cease, and the Parties they were engaged in be at an End, before their Faults or their Virtues can have Justice done

\* Swift

them. When Writers have the least Opportunities of knowing the Truth they are in the best Disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the Privilege of Posterity to adjust the Characters of illustrious Persons, and to set Matters right between those Antagonists, who by their Rivalry for Greatness divided a whole Age into Factions. We can now allow *Cæsar* to be a great Man, without derogating from *Pompey*, and celebrate the Virtues of *Cato*, without detracting from those of *Cæsar*. Every one that has been long dead has a due Proportion of Praise allotted him, in which whilst he lived his Friends were too profuse and his Enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's Calculations, the last Comet that made its Appearance in 1680, imbu'd so much Heat by its Approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot Iron, had it been a Globe of that Metal and that supposing it as big as the Earth, and at the same Distance from the Sun, it would be fifty thousand Years in cooling before it recover'd its natural Temper. In the like manner, if an *Englishman* consider the great Ferment into which our Political World is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its Parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred Years. In such a Riot of Time it is possible that the Heats of the present Age may be extinguish'd, and our several Classes of great Men represented under their proper Characters. Some eminent Historians may then probably rise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as *Lucius* expresses it) with the Passions and Prejudices of a contemporary Author, but make an impartial Distribution of Fame among the Great Men of the present Age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myself very often with the Idea of such an imaginary Historian describing the Reign of *ANNE* the First, and introducing it with a Preface to his Reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining Part of the *English* Story. The great Rivals in Fame will then be distinguish'd according to their respective Merits, and shine in their proper Points of Light. Such [an] one (says the Historian) tho' variously represented by the Writers of his own Age, appears to have been a Man of more than ordinary Abilities, great Application and uncommon Integrity. Nor was such an one (tho' of an opposite Party and Interest) inferior to him in any of these Respects. The several Antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different Parties, will then have the same Body of Admirers, and appear Illustrious in the Opinion of the whole *British* Nation. The deserving Man, who can now recommend himself to the Esteem of but half his Countrymen, will then receive the Approbations and Applauses of a whole Age.

Among the several Persons that flourish in this Glorious Reign, there is no question but such a future Historian as the Person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the Men of Genius

\* In his *Principia*, published 1687, Newton says this to show that the nuclei of Comets must consist of solid matter. [a]

'Beasts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, that display themselves to View, whilst every one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her Hand

'Upon my giving the Word to *discharge their Fans*, they give one general Crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the Wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult Parts of the *Exercise*, but I have several Ladies with me, who at their first Entrance could not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a Room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in such a manner, that it shall make a Report like a Pocket-Pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong Places, or unsuitable Occasions) to shew upon what Subject the Crack of a Fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, by the help of a little Wind which is inclosed about one of the largest Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as a Woman of fifty with an ordinary Fan.

'When the Fans are thus *discharged*, the Word of Command in course is to *ground the Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a Pack of Cards, adjust a Curl of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply her self to any other Matter of Importance. This Part of the *Exercise* is only consists in tossing a Fan with an Air upon a long Table (which stands by for this Purpose) may be learned in two Days Time as well as in a Twelve-month.

'When my Female Regiment is thus disbanded, I generally let them walk about the Room for some Time, when on a sudden (like Ladies that look upon their Wretches after a long Visit) they all of them hasten to their Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place themselves in their proper Stations upon my calling out *Receive your Fans*. This Part of the *Exercise* is not difficult, provided a Woman apohes her Thoughts to it.

'The *Fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the Master piece of the whole *Exercise*, but if a Lady does not mis spend her Time, she may make herself Mistress of it in three Months. I generally lay aside the Dog days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching this Part of the *Exercise*, for as soon as ever I pronounce *Flutter your Fans*, the Place is fill'd with so many Zephyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreshing in that Season of the Year, tho' they might be dangerous to Ladies of a tender Constitution in any other.

'There is an infinite Variety of Motions to be made use of in the *Flutter of a Fan*. There is the angry Flutter, the modest Flutter, the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any Emotion in the Mind (which does not produce a suitable Agitation in the Fan) inasmuch, that if I only see the Fan of a disciplin'd Lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a Fan so very angry, that it would have been dan-

gerous for the absent Lover [who<sup>1</sup>] provoked it to have come within the Wind of it and at other times so very hngushing, that I have been glad for the Lady's sake the Lover was at a sufficient Distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan is either a Prude or Coquet according to the Nature of the Person [who<sup>2</sup>] bears it. To conclude my Letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own Observations compiled a little Treatise for the use of my Scholars, entitled *The Passions of the Fan* which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the Publick. I shall have a general Review on *Thursday* next, to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your Presence.

I am, &c

P. S. 'I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art of Gallanting a Fan.  
'N. B. 'I have several little plum Fans made for this Use, to avoid Expence. L

No 103 ] Thursday, June 28, 1711 [Steele

Sibi quibus  
Speret idem frustra sudet frustra que laboret  
Ausus idem— Hor

MY Friend the Divine having been used with Words of Complaisance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his Absence) was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking Civilities among us, that he made a Discourse against it at the Club which he concluded with this Remark, that he had not heard one Compliment made in our Society since its Commencement. Every one was pleased with his Conclusion and as each knew his good Will to the rest, he was convinced that the many Professions of Kindness and Service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the Heart is well melind but are a Prostitution of Speech, seldom intended to mean Any Part of what they express, never to mean All they express. Our Reverend Friend, upon this Topick, pointed to us two or three Paragraphs on this Subject in the first Sermon of the first Volume of the late Arch Bishop's Posthumous Works<sup>3</sup>. I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleased me more, and as it is the Praise of *Longinus*, that he Speaks of the Sublime in a Style suitable to it, so one may say of this Author upon Sincerity, that he abhors any Pomp of Rhetorick on this Occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary Simplicity, at once to be a Preacher and an Example. With what Command of himself does he

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> This sermon 'on Sincerity,' from John 1 47, is the 1st Millotson preached. He preached it in 1694, on the 29th of July, and died, in that year, on the 24th of November, at the age of 64. John Millotson was the son of a Yorkshire clothier, and was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1691, on the deprivation of William Sancroft for his refusal to take the oaths to William and Mary.

<sup>4</sup> [that]



lay before us, in the Language and Temper of his Profession, a Fault, which by the least Liberty and Warmth of Expression would be the most lively Wit and Satyr? But his Heart was better disposed, and the good Man christened the great Wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows

—Amongst too many other Instances of the great Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age wherein we live, the great and general Want of Sincerity in Conversation is none of the least. The World is grown so full of Dissimulation and Compliment, that Mens Words are hardly any Signification of their Thoughts, and if any Man measure his Words by his Heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more kindness to every Man, than Men usually have for any Man, he can hardly escape the Censure of want of Breeding. The old *English* Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, which always argues true Greatness of Mind and is usually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a great measure lost amongst us. There hath been a long Endeavour to transform us into Foreign Manners and Fashions, and to bring us to a servile Imitation of none of the best of our Neighbours in some of the worst of their Qualities. The Direct of Conversation is now a days so swelled with Vanity and Compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect, that if a Man that lived in Age or two ago should return into the World again he would really want a Dictionary to help him to understand his own Language and to know the true intrinsic Value of the Phrase in Fashion, and would hardly at first believe it what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions of Kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current Payment and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good Countenance and a good Conscience to converse with Men upon equal Terms, and in their own way.

And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our Contempt or our Pity, to hear what solemn Expressions of Respect and Kindness will pass between Men, almost upon no Occasion how great Honour and Esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his Service and Interest, for no Reason how infinitely and eternally obliged to him, for no Benefit and how extremely they will be concerned for him, yet and afflicted too, for no Cause. I know it is said, in Justification of this hollow kind of Conversation, that there is no Harm, no real Deceit in Compliment, but the Matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another *et Verba volant et Nummi, Words are like Money*, and when the current Value of them is generally understood, no Man is cheated by them. This is something, if such Words were any thing but being brought into the Account, they are meer Cyphers. However, it is still a just Matter of Complaint, that Sincerity and Plainness are out of Fashion, and that our Language is running into a Lie, that Men have

almost quite perverted the use of Speech, and made Words to signify nothing, that the greatest part of the Conversation of Mankind is little else but driving a Trade of Dissimulation inasmuch that it would make a Man heartily sick and weary of the World, to see the little Sincerity that is in Use and Practice among Men.

When the Vice is placed in this contemptible Light, he argues unanswerably against it, in Words and Thoughts so natural, that any Man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the Author of them.

If the Show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better for why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? I or to counterfeits and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best way in the World to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it and then all his Pains and Labour to seem to have it, is lost.

In another Part of the same Discourse he goes on to shew, that all Artifice must naturally tend to the Disappointment of him that pretends it.

Whosoever Convenience may be thought to be in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousy and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set first, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither Truth nor Falshood. R.

No 104 ] Friday, June 29, 1711 [ Steele

Qualis equos Thersisa fatigat  
Harpalycce— Virg

IT would be a noble Improvement, or rather a Recovery of what we call good Breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least Transgression against that Rule of Life called Decorum, or a Regard to Decency. This would command the Respect of Mankind, because it carries in it Deference to their good Opinion as Humility lodged in a worthy Mind is always attended with a certain Homage, which no haughty Soul, with all the Arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. Truly say, Virtue and Decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our Imagination. As the Beauty of the Body always accompanies the Health of it, so certainly is Decency concomitant to Virtue As Beauty of Body, with an agreeable Carriage, pleases the Eye, and that Pleasure consists in that we observe all the Parts with a certain Elegance are proportioned to each other, so does

Decency of Behaviour which appears in our Lives obtain the Approbation of all with whom we converse, from the Order Consistency, and Moderation of our Words and Actions. This flows from the Reverence we bear towards every good Man, and to the World in general, for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these Considerations we are to distinguish how one Virtue differs from another, As it is the Part of Justice never to do Violence, it is of Modesty never to commit Offence. In this last Particular lies the whole Force of what is called Decency to this purpose that excellent Moralist above-mentioned talks of Decency but this Quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary Capacity, than expressed with all his Eloquence. This Decency of Behaviour is generally transgressed among all Orders of Men and the very Women, tho' themselves created as it were for Ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental Part of Life. It would me thinks be a short Rule for Behaviour, if every young Lady in her Dress, Words, and Actions were only to recommend her self as a Sister, Daughter, or Wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those Characters. The Care of themselves with regard to the I am lies in which Women are born is the best Motive for their being courted to come into the Alliance of other Houses. No hug can promote this End more than a strict Preservation of Decency. I should be glad if a certain Equestrian Order of Ladies, some of whom one meets in an Evening at every Outlet of the Town, would take this Subject into their serious Consideration. In order thereto the following Letter may not be wholly unworthy their Perusal.

MY SPECTATOR,

'Going lately to take the Air in one of the most beautiful Evenings this Season has produced, as I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields and the Variety of the Landscape every Way round me, my Eyes were suddenly called off from these inanimate Objects by a little party of Horsemen I saw passing the Road. The greater Part of them escaped my particular Observation, by reason that my whole Attention was fixed on a very fair Youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some Description in a Romance. His Features, Complexion, and Habit had a remarkable Effeminacy, and a certain languishing Vanity appeared in his Air. His Hair, well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a considerable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly ty'd as if by the Hands of his Mistress, in a Scarlet Ribbon, which play'd like a Streamer behind him. He had a Coat and Wastecoa of blue Camlet trimm'd and embroidered with Silver a Cravat of the finest Lace, and wore, in a smart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with Silver and made more sprightly by a Leather. His Horse too, which was a Pacer, was adorned after the same airy Manner, and seemed to

share in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this young Person, who appeared to me to have been educated only in an Object of Sight, I perceived on my nearer Approach, and as I turned my Eyes downward, a Part of the Equipage I had not observed before, which was a Petticoat of the same with the Coat and Wastecoa. After this Discovery, I looked again on the Face of the fair Amazon who had thus deceived me, and thought those Features which had before offended me by their Softness, were now strengthened into as improper a Boldness and thence her Eyes, Nose and Mouth seemed to be formed with perfect Symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in Appearance was a very handsome Youth, may not be in Reality a very indifferent Woman.

'Then is an Objection which naturally presents itself against these occasional Perplexities and Mixtures of Dress, which is that they seem to break in upon that Propriety and Distinction of Appearance in which the Beauty of different Character is preserved and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our publick Assemblies into a general Masquerade. The Model of this Amazonian Hunting-Habit for Ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from France, and well enough expresses the Gravity of a People who are taught to do any thing so it be with an Assurance but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our English Modesty. The Petticoat is a kind of Incumbrance upon it, and if the Amazons should think fit to go on in this Plunder of our Sex's Ornaments, they ought to add to their Spoils, and complete their Triumph over us, by wearing the Breecies.

'If it be natural to contract insensibly the Manners of those we imitate, the Ladies who are pleased with assuming our Dresses will do us more Honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own Expence. Why should the lovely Camilla deceive us in more Shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her Picture with a Gun and a Sprawl, while her elder Brother, the Heir of a worthy Family, is drawn in Silks like his Sister? The Dress and Air of a Man are not well to be divided, and those who would not be content with the latter, ought never to think of assuming the former. There is so large a portion of natural Agreeableness among the Fair Sex of our Island, that they seem betrayed into these romantic Habits without having the same Occasion for them with their Inventors. All that needs to be desired of them is, that they would be themselves, that is, what Nature designed them, and to see their Mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softness and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how their Sex must appear to us, when approaching to the Resemblance of a Man.

I am, SIR,  
Your most humble Servant

T

<sup>2</sup> The letter is by John Hughes.

No 105] Saturday, June 30, 1711 [Addison

— Id arbitror  
adprime in vita esse utique, ne quid nimis  
Ter And

MY Friend WILL HONEYCOMB values himself very much upon what he calls the Knowledge of Mankind, which has cost him many Disasters in his Youth, for WILL reckons every Misfortune that he has met with among the Women, and every Rencontre among the Men, as Parts of his Education, and fancies he should never have been the Man he is, had not he broke Windows, knocked down Constables, disturbed honest People with his Midnight Scuraden, and beat up a lewd Worn in's Quarters, when he was a young Fellow. The engingling in Adventures of this Nature WILL calls the studying of Mankind, and terms this Knowledge of the Town, the Knowledge of the World. WILL ingeniously confesses, that for half his Life he has herd riched every Morning with reading of Men over-night, and at present consorts himself under certain Puns which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the Gallintries of the Age. His WILL looks upon as the Learning of a Gentleman, and regards all other kinds of Science as the Accomplishments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookish Man, or a Philosopher.

For these Reasons WILL shines in mixt Company, where he has the Discretion not to go out of his Depth, and has often a certain way of making his real Ignorance appear a seeming one. Our Club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as WILL often insults with the Knowledge of the Town, we sometimes take our Revenge upon him by our knowledge of<sup>1</sup> Books.

He was last Week producing two or three Lectures which he writ in his Youth to a Coquet Lady. The Rallery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere Man of the Town but, very unluckily, several of the Words were wrong spelt. WILL blushed this off at first as well as he could, but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the *Tumpler*, he told us, with a little Passion, that he never liked Pedantry in Spelling, and that he spelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar. Upon this WILL had recourse to his old Topick of shewing the narrow-Spiritedness, the Pride, and Ignorance of Pedants which he carried so far that upon my returning to my Lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such Reflections as occurred to me upon that Subject.

A Man [who]<sup>2</sup> has been brought up among Books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent Companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the Title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his Profession and particular way of Life.

What is a greater Pedant than a mere Man of the Town? But him the Play houses, a Catalogue of the reigning Beauties, and an Account of a few fashionable Distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's Knowledge lies all within the Verge of the Court? He will tell you the Names of the principal Favourites repeat the shrewd Stringings of a Man of Quality, whisper an Intreague that is not yet blown upon by common Fame or, if the Sphere of his Observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the Incidents, Turns, and Revolutions in a Game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole Circle of his Accomplishments, his Parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further Conversation. What are these but rank Pedants? and yet these are the Men [who]<sup>3</sup> value themselves most on their Exemption from the Pedantry of Colleges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant who always talks in a Camp, and is storming Towns, making Judgments and fighting Battles from one end of the Year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of Gunpowder, if you take away his Artillery from him, he has not a Word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the Law Pedant, that is perpetually putting Cases, repeating the Transactions of *Westminster Hall*, wrangling with you upon the most trifling Circumstances of Life, and not to be convinced of the Distance of a Pace, or of the most trivial Point in Conversation, but by dint of Argument. The State Pedant is swart up in News, and lost in Politics. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *Poland* he talks very notably, but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a mere Courtier, a mere Soldier, a mere Scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid Pedantick Character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the Species of Pedants, which I have [mentioned]<sup>4</sup>, the Book-Pedant is much the most supportable: he has at least an exercised Understanding, and a Head which is full though confined, so that a Man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own Advantage, tho' they are of little Use to the Owner. The worst kind of Pedants among Learned Men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small Share of common Sense, and have read a great number of Books without Taste or Distinction.

The Truth of it is, Learning, like Travelling, and all other Methods of Improvement is it finishes good Sense, so it makes a silly Man ten thousand times more unprofitable, by supplying variety of Matter to his Impertinence, and giving him an Opportunity of rebounding in Absurdities.

Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than Men of solid and useful Learning. To read the Titles they give an Editor, or Collator of a Manuscript, you would take him for the Glory of the Commonwealth of Letters, and the Wonder of his Age, when perhaps upon Examination you

<sup>1</sup> [in]<sup>2</sup> [that]<sup>3</sup> [that]<sup>4</sup> [above mentioned]

find that he has only Rectify'd a Great Part of the Fault, or laid out a whole Sentence in proper Commence.

They are oblig'd indeed to be thus flush of their Praises, that they may keep one another in Countenance, and it is no wonder if a great deal of Knowledge, which is not capable of making a Man wise, has a natural Tendency to make him Vain and Arrogant.

L

No 106] Monday, July 2, 1711 [Addison

*Hinc tibi Copia  
Manat ut ad plerumque, et magis  
Ruris honorum opulentia cornu* Hor

HAVING often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir Roger to my Country, I last Week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his Country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir ROGER who is very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dines at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, sits still and says nothing without it lading me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the Country come to see him, he only shews me at a Distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at Ease in Sir Roger's Family, because it consists of sober and studious Persons, for as the Knight is the best Master in the World, he seldom changes his Servants, and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him by this means his Domesticks are all very steady, and grown old with their Master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his brother, his Butler is very headstuck, his Groom is one of the gravest Men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the Looks of a Privy Counsellor. You see the Goodness of the Master even in the old House-dog, and in a grey Pind that is kept in the Stable with great Care and Tenderness out of Regard in his past Services, tho' he has been useless for several Years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of Pleasure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Master every one of them press'd forward to do something for him and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered the Enquiries after his own Affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves. His Humour and good Nature engages every Body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none so much as the Person whom he diverts himself with. On the contrary, if he coughs, or

betrays any Infirmary of old Age, it is easy for a Stander-by to observe a secret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants.

My worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and as well as the rest of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their Master talk of me as of his particular Friend.

My chief Companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable Man who ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his House in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Person of good Sense and some Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging Conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Favour, so that he lies in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my Friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good Qualities, is something of an Humourist and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other Men. His Cast of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his Conversation highly agreeable, and more

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Ivers in his *Historical Essay on Mr Addison* (1733) first named Sir John Pakington of Westwood, Worcester-shire, as the original of Sir Roger de Coverley. But there is no real parallel. Sir John, as Mr W. H. Wills has pointed out in his delightful annotated collection of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, was twice married, a barrister, Recorder of the City of Worcester and M.P. for his native county, in every Parliament but one, from his majority till his death.

The name of Roger of Coverley applied to a *contra danse* (i.e. a dance in which partners stand in opposite rows) Angliensis Country-Dance, as is ascribed in the house of Calverley in Yorkshire, by an ingenious member thereof, Ralph Thoresby, who has left a MS. account of the family written in 1727. Mr Thoresby has it that Sir Roger of Calverley in the time of Richard I had a harper who was the composer of this tune. His evidence being apparently, that persons of the name of Harper had lands in the neighbourhood of Calverley. Mr W. Chappell, who reports this statement in his 'Popular Music of the Olden Time,' says that in a MS. of the beginning of the 15th century, this tune is called 'Old Roger of Coverley for exmore. A Lancashire Hornpipe.' In the *Dancing Master* of 1696, it is called 'Roger of Coverley.' Mr Chappell quotes also, in illustration of the familiar knowledge of this tune and its name in Addison's time, from 'the History of Robert Powell, the Puppet Show man (1725),' that 'upon the Prelude being ended, each party fell to braying and calling for particular tunes. The hobnailed fellows, whose breeches and hings seem'd to be of the same leather, cried out for 'Cheshire Rounds, Roger of Coverley,' &c.

delightful than the same Degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him last Night, he asked me how I liked the good Man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my Answer told me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek. At his own Table for which Reason he desired a particular Friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Sense than such Learning, of a good Aspect, a clear Voice, a sociable Temper, and, if possible, a Man that understood a little of Israel-Grammon. My Friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the Endowments [requisite] of him, as, they tell me, a good Scholar, tho' he does not shew it. I have given him the Parsonage of the Parish, and because I know his Value have settled upon him a good Annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my Esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years and tho' he does not know I have taken Notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, tho' he is every Day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Parishioners. There has not been a Law suit in the Parish since he has liv'd among them. If any Dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the Decision, if they do not acquiesce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a Present of all the good Sermons [which] I have been printed in English, and only begg'd of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued System of practical Divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of, came up to us, and upon the Knight's ask him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday Night) told us, the Bishop of St Asaph in the Morning, and Dr South in the Afternoon. He then shew'd us his List of Preachers for the whole Year, where I saw with a great deal of Pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunders, Doctor Barrow, Doctor Calamy,<sup>2</sup> with several living Authors who have

published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approv'd of my Friends insisting upon the Qualifications of a good Aspect and a clear Voice, for I was so charmed with the Gracefulness of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Discourses he pronounced, that I think I never pass'd any Time more to my Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Composition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country Clergy would follow this Example, and instead of wasting their Spirits in laborious Compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome Location, and all those other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penn'd by greater Masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the People. L.

No 107 ] Tuesday, July 3, 1711 [ Steele

*Asepe ingratum statuum praeferre Attic,  
Sermone colloquunt Aeterni in Basil,  
Nati, honore s'unt ut Cuncti vnam — Phaed*

THE Reception, number of Attendance, undisturbed Freedom and Quiet which I meet with here in the Country, has confirm'd me in the Opinion I always had, that the general Corruption of Manners in Servants is owing to the Conduct of Masters. The Aspect of every one in the Family carries so much Satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy Lot which has befallen him in being a Member of it. There is one Particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's, it is us'd in all other Places, but Servants fly from the Parts of the House through which their Master is passing on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way and it is on both Sides, as it were, understood as a Visit when the Servant appears without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal Temper of the Man of the House, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great Estate, with such Oeconomy as ever to be much better off. This makes his own Mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish Expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent Orders to those about him. Thus Respect and Love go together and a certain Chearfulness in Performance of their

been very much to the mind of Sir Roger de Coverley, 'Against Evil Speaking' Edmund Calamy, who died in 1666, was a Nonconformist, and one of the writers of the Treatise against Episcopacy call'd, from the Initials of its authors, Smeety minus, which Bishop Hall attacked and John Milton defended. Calamy oppos'd the execution of Charles I and sided in bringing about the Restoration. He became chaplain to Charles II, but the Act of Uniformity again made him a seceder. His name, added to the other three, gives breadth to the suggestion of Sir Roger's orthodoxy.

<sup>1</sup> [I required]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons appeared in 14 volumes, small 8vo, published at intervals, the first in 1671 the second in 1678 the third in 1682 the fourth in 1694 and the others after his death in that year. Robert Sanderson, who died in 1663, was a friend of Laud and chaplain to Charles I, who made him Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Lincoln. His fame was high for piety and learning. The best edition of his Sermons was the eighth, published in 1687. Thirty-six Sermons, with Life by Isaac Walton. Isaac Barrow, Theologian and Mathematician, Cambridge Professor and Master of Trinity, died in 1677. His Works were edited by Archbishop Tillotson, and include Sermons that must have

same Time he delivered a Letter, which my Friend read to me as soon as the Messenger left him

Sir ROGER,

'I Desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have caught this Season. I intend to come and stay with you a Week, and see how the Perch bite in the *Black Armer*. I observed with some Concern, the last time I saw you upon the Bowling Green, that your Whip wanted a Lash to it. I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last Week, which I hope will serve you all the Time you are in the Country. I have not been out of the Saddle for six Days last past, having been at *Lator* with Sir John's eldest Son. He takes to his Learning hugely. I am,

SIR, Your Humble Servant,  
Will Wimble.

This extraordinary Letter, and Messire that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the Character and Quality of the Gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. *Will Wimble* is younger Brother to a Baronet, and descended of the ancient Family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty, but being bred to no Business and born to no Estate, he generally lives with his elder Brother as Superintendant of his Game. He hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the County, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little Handicrafts of an idle Man. He makes a *May Fly* to a Miracle, and furnishes the whole Country with Angle Rods. As he is a good natured officious Fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his Family, he is a welcome Guest at every House, and keeps up a good Correspondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Filpoot in his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Puppy between a Couple of Friends that live perhaps in the opposite Sides of the County. *Will* is particularly yourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has woven, or a Setting dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a Pair of Garters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Sisters, and raises a great deal of Mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they war?* These Gentlemen like Manufactures and obliging little Humours, make *Will* the Darling of the Country.

<sup>2</sup> Will Wimble has been identified with Mr Thomas Morecraft, younger son of a Yorkshire Baronet. Mr Morecraft in his early life became known to Steele, by whom he was introduced to Addison. He received help from Addison and, after his death, went to Dublin, where he died in 1741 at the house of his friend, the Bishop of Kilmore. There is no ground for this or any other attempt to find living persons in the creations of the *Spectator*, although, because lifelike they were, in the usual way attributed by readers to this or that individual, and so give occasion for the statement of Rudgell in the Preface to his *Theophrastus* that 'most of the characters in the *Spectator* were conspicuously known'. The only original of Will Wimble, as Mr Wills has pointed out, is Mr Thomas Gules of No. 256 in the *Tatler*.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the Character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three Hazle Twigs in his Hand that he had cut in Sir ROGER's Woods, as he came through them, in his Way to the House. I was very much pleased to observe on one Side the hearty and sincere Welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other, the secret Joy which his Guest discovered at Sight of the good old Knight. After the first Salutes were over *Will* desired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his Servants to carry a Set of Shuttlecocks he had with him in a little Box to a Lady that lived about a Mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a Present for above this half Year. Sir ROGER's Back was no sooner turned but honest *Will* began to tell me of a large Cock Pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring Woods, with two or three other Adventures of the same Nature. Odd and uncommon Characters are the Game that I look for, and most delight in, for which Reason I was as much pleased with the Novelty of the Person that tallied to me, as he could be for his Life with the springing of a Pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary Attention.

In the midst of his Discourse the Bell rung to Dinner, where the Gentleman I have been speaking of had the Pleasure of seeing the huge Jack, he had caught served up for the Dish in a most sumptuous Manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long Account how he had hooked it, played with it, soiled it, and at length drew it out upon the Bank, with several other Particulars that lasted all the first Course. A Dish of Wild fowl that came afterwards furnished Conversation for the rest of the Dinner, which concluded with a late Invention of *Will's* for improving the Oriel Pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my Room after Dinner, I was secretly touched with Compassion towards the honest Gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider with a great deal of Concern, how so good an Heart and such busy Hands were wholly employed in Trifles that so much Humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much Industry so little advantageous to himself. The same Temper of Mind and Application to Affairs might have recommended him to the publick Interest, and have raised his Fortune in another Station of Life. What Good to his Country or himself might not a Trader or Merchant have done with such useful tho' ordinary Qualifications?

*Will Wimble* is the Case of many a younger Brother of a great Family, who had rather see their Children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a Trade or Profession that is beneath their Quality. This Humour kills several Parts of *I hope* with Pride and Idleness. It is the Impiety of a Trading Nation, like ours, that the younger Sons, tho' uncapable of any liberal Art or Profession, may be placed in such a Way of Life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their Family. Accordingly we find several Citizens that were launched into the World with narrow Fortunes, rising by an honest Industry to

<sup>2</sup> [begun]

'were to save his Country He is said to be the first that made Love by squeezing the Hand He left the Estate with ten thousand Pounds Debt upon it, but however by all Hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest Gentleman in the World That Debt lay heavy on our House for one Generation, but it was retrieved by a Gift from that honest Man you see there, a Citizen of our Name, but nothing at all a kin to us I know Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has said behind my Back, that this Man was descended from one of the ten Children of the Mud of Honour I shewed you above, but it was never made out We winked at the thing indeed, because Money was wanting at that time

Here I saw my Friend a little embarrassed, and turned my Face to the next Portraiture

Sir ROGER went on with his Account of the Gallery in the following Manner 'This Man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the Honour of our House Sir HUMPHREY DE COVERLEY, he was in his Dealings as punctual as a Tradesman, and as generous as a Gentleman He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his Word, as if it were to be followed by Bankruptcy He served his Country as Knight of this Shire to his dying Day He found it no easy matter to maintain Integrity in his Words and Actions, even in things that regarded the Offices which were incumbent upon him, in the Care of his own Affairs and Relations of Life, and therefore dreaded (tho' he had great Talents) to go into Employments of State, where he must be exposed to the Snares of Ambition Innocence of Life and great Ability were the distinguishing Parts of his Character the latter, he had often observed, had led to the Destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that Great and Good had not the same Signification He was an excellent Husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a Degree of Wealth, all above it he bestowed in secret Bounties many Years after the Sun he aimed at for his own Use was attained Yet he did not slacken his Industry, but to a decent old Age spent the Life and Fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the Service of his Friends and Neighbours

Here we were called to Dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the Discourse of this Gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the Servant, that this his Ancestor was a brave Man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars 'For,' said he, 'he was sent out of the Field upon a private Message the Day before the Battle of Worcester' The Whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a Day of Danger, with other Matters above-mentioned, mixed with good Sense, left me at a Loss whether I was more delighted with my Friend's Wisdom or Simplicity R

No 110] Friday, July 6, 1711 [Addison.

*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent* —Virg

AT a little distance from Sir ROGER's House, among the Ruins of an old Abby, there is a long Walk of aged Elms which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the Rooks and Crows that rest upon the Tops of them seem to be cawing in another Region I am very much delighted with this sort of Noise, which I consider as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation, and [who], in the beautiful Language of the *Psalmist*, feedeth the young Ravens that call upon him I like this Retirement the better, because of an ill Report it lies under of being haunted, for which Reason (as I have been told in the Family) no living Creature ever walks in it besides the Chaplain My good Friend the Butler desired me with a very grave Face not to venture my self in it after Sun set, for that one of the Footmen had been almost frighted out of his Wits by a Spirit that appear'd to him in the Shape of a black Horse without an Head, to which he added, that about a Month ago one of the Muds coming home late that way with a Pail of Milk upon her Head, heard such a Rustling among the Bushes that she let it fall

I was taking a Walk in this Place last Night between the Hours of Nine and Ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper Scenes in the World for a Ghost to appear in The Ruins of the Abby are scattered up and down on every Side, and half covered with Ivy and Elder-Bushes, the Harbours of several solitary Birds which seldom make their Appearance till the Dusk of the Evening The Place was formerly a Church-yard, and has still several Marks in it of Graves and Burying Places There is such an Echo among the old Ruins and Vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the Sound repeated At the same time the Walk of Elms, with the Crowing of the Ravens which from time to time are heard from the Tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable These Objects naturally raise Seriousness and Attention, and when Night heightens the Awfulness of the Place, and pours out her supernumerary Horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak Minds fill it with Spectres and Apparitions

Mr Locke, in his Chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious Remarks to show how by the Prejudice of Education one Idea often introduces into the Mind a whole Set that bear no Resemblance to one another in the Nature of things Among several Examples of this Kind, he produces the following Instance *The Ideas of Goblins and Spirits have really no more to do with Darkness than Light Yet let but a foolish Maid inculcate these often on the Mind of a Child, and raise them there together,*

**Creature** I considered those several Proofs, drawn,

*First*, From the Nature of the Soul it self, and particularly its Immateriality which, tho' not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a Demonstration.

*Secondly*, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Existence, its Horror of Annihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that secret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneasiness which follows in it upon the Commission of Vice.

*Thirdly*, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whose Justice, Goodness, Wisdom and Veracity are all concerned in this great Point.

But among these and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul there is one drawn from the perpetual Progress of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Possibility of ever arriving at it which is a Hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it seems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can I enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of such immense Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing thro' it as soon as it is created? Are such Abilities made for no Purpose? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection that he can never pass. In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human Soul thus at a stand in her Accomplishments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being that is in a perpetual Progress of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having just looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Discoveries of his infinite Goodness, Wisdom and Power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her Enquiries?

A Man, considered in his present State, seems only sent into the World to propagate his Kind! He provides<sup>1</sup> himself with a Successor, and immediately quits his Post to make room for him.

#### *Harres*

*Harredem alterius, velut unda superant undam*

He does not seem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in Animals, which are formed for our Use, and can finish their Business in a short Life. The Silk-worm, after having spun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full measure of Knowledge, has not time to subdue his Passions, establish his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious Creatures for so mean a Purpose? Can he delight in the Production of such abortive Intelligences, such

short-lived reasonable Beings? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that Wisdom which shines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, & tho' it looking on this World is only a Nursery for the next, and believing that the several Generations of rational Creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick Successions, are only to receive their first Quickenings of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may spread and flourish to all Eternity.

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant Consideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity that she will be still adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it must be a Prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater Degrees of Resemblance.

Methinks this single Consideration, of the Progress of a finite Spirit to Perfection will be sufficient to extinguish all my inferior Natures, and all Contempt in superior. Thy Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, I now see will that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is. Nay, when she shall look down upon that Degree of Perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher Nature still advances, and by that means preserves his Distance and Superiority in the Scale of Being; but he knows how high soever the Station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same Degree of Glory.

With what Admiration and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhausted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reserve for him. The Soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those Mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another for all Eternity without a Possibility of touching it. And can there be a Thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happiness?

<sup>1</sup> The Asymptotes of the Hyperbola

<sup>2</sup> [and provide]



No 112] Monday, July 9, 1711 [Addison

Ἁθαρτουρος μεν τρωτα θεους, νόμου ὡς διδά-  
ΛΕΙΤΑΙ  
 Τίμᾱ— Pyth

I AM always very well pleas'd with a Country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day [were] only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country People would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Lares and in their cleanliest [Habits,] to converse with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explain'd to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country-Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the Church-yard, as a Citizen does upon the Change, the whole Parish-Politicks being generally discuss'd in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

My Friend Sir ROGER, being a good Churchman, has bewitch'd the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome Pulpit Cloth, and ruled in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Parson he found [his Parishioners] very irregular, and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common prayer Book and at the same time employ'd an itinerant Singing-Master, who goes about the Country for that Purpose to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard of.

As Sir ROGER is Lord of the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no Body to sleep in it besides himself for if by chance he has been surpris'd into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthning out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it sometimes, when he is pleas'd with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times in the same Prayer, and sometimes stands up when

every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was Yesterday very much surpris'd to hear my old Friend, in the Midst of the Service, calling out to one John Mattheus to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This John Mattheus it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was licking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour, besides that the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character makes his Friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

As soon as the Sermon is finish'd, no Body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side, and every now and then enquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, whom he does not see at Church which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechising Day, when Sir ROGER has been pleas'd with a Boy that answers well, he has order'd a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement and sometimes recompens'd it with a Litch of Bacon to his Mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place, and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church Service, has promis'd upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

The fair Understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always prebending at the Squire, and the Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Litch-Stealers while the Parson instructs them every Sunday in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year, and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Free of the whole Congregation.

Faads of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People who are so used to be dazzled with Riches, that they pry as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning, and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preach'd to them, when they know there are

<sup>1</sup> [had been]    <sup>2</sup> [Dress]    <sup>3</sup> [the Parish]

several Men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it.

L

No 123 ] Tuesday, July 10, 1711 [Steele

—*Harrent infelix pector nullus*—Virg

IN my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth, which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House. As soon as we came into it, 'Tis, quoth the good Old Man, looking round him with a Smile, very hard, that any Part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of my Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and her Seventy. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her and by that Custom I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees so unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Passion by the Methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World.

Here followed a profound Silence and I was not displeased to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken Notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raised my Idea of him above what I had ever had before and gave me the Picture of that cheerful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

'I came to my Estate in my Twenty Second Year, and resolved to follow the Steps of the most Worthy of my Ancestors who have inhabited this Spot of Earth before me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, for the sake of my Fame and in Country Sports and Recreations, for the sake of my Health. In my Twenty Third Year I was

'obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County, and in my Servants, Officers and whole Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that publick Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, [rid<sup>d</sup>] well, and was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my Horse well Bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind Looks and Glances I had from all the Balconies and Windows as I rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court to hear the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This commanding Creature (who was born for De traction of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of all round the Court with such a pretty Unconsciousness, I warrant you and then recovered her self from one Eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a Murmur to her, she cast her bewitching Eyes upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised Booby, and knowing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a Captivated Calves I was, Make way for the Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the County immediately see the Sheriff also was become a Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause was upon Tryal, she behaved herself I warrant you, with such a deep Attention in her Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets handed to her Council, then would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much Company, that not only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her Favour, and all that the next Year to her Husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her Council to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the Court thought he could have urged to her Advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures, that secretly rejoice in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no further Consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes from her Slaves in Town to those in the Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of Friendship. She is always accompanied by a Confidant, who is Witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a War to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations.

However, I must needs say this accomplished Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER to be COVETOUSLY was the truest and most Humane of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me but upon the Strength of this slender Encouragement,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Catherine Bovey, widow of William Bovey, Esq, who was left a widow at the age of 22, and died in January, 1726, has one of the three volumes of the Lady's Library dedicated to her by Steele in terms that have been supposed to imply resemblance between her and the 'perverse widow' as being both readers, &c. Mrs Bovey is said also to have had a Confidant (Mary Pope) established in her household. But there is time misspent in all these endeavours to reduce to tittle-tattle the creations of a man of genius.

'of being thought least detestable, I made new Liveries new paired my Coach Horses, sent them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their Legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the Country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue suitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I set out from hence to make my Addresses. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wishes and yet command Respect. To make her Mistress of this Art, she has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit, and good Sense, than is usual even among Men of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, she will arm her self with her real Charms, and strike you with Admiration instead of Desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aspect, that Composure in her Motion that Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her House I was admitted to her Presence with great Civility at the same time she placed her self to be first seen by me in such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture of a Picture, that she discovered new Charms, and I at last came towards her with such an Awe as made me Speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her Advantage of it, and began a Discourse to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Owners of them. When she [had] discussed these Points in a Discourse, which I verily believe is as learned as the best Philosopher in *Luney* could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on these important Particulars. Her Confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last Confusion and Silence, this malicious Aid of hers, turning to her, says, I am very glad to observe Sir Robert praises upon this Subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter when he pleases to speak. They both kept their Countenances, and after I had sat half an Hour me listening how to behave before such profound Critics, I rose up and took my Leave. Chances has since that time thrown me very often in her Way, and she is often has directed a Discourse, to me which I do not understand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Distance from the most beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her but were she like other Women, and that there were any talking to her how constraint must the Pleasure of that Man be, who could converse with a Creature— But, after all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed on some one or other and yet I have been credibly informed but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom, and adjusted her Lucker. Then she cast her

Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently her Voice in her ordinary Speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a publick Table the Day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some Tansy in the Lye of all the Gentlemen in the Country. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same Condition, for as her Speech is Musick, her Form is Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men.

I found my Friend began to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House, that we might be joined by some other Company, and am convinced that the Widow is the secret Cause of all that Inconsistency which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse tho' he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render in *English*, *Dum tacet laus loquitur*. I shall end this Paper with that whole Epigram,<sup>2</sup> which represents with much Humour my honest Friend's Condition.

*Quicquid agit Rufus nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo,  
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur  
Canat, propinat, poscit, negat, amittit, una est  
Nævia, Si non sit Nævia mutus erit  
Scriberet hesterna Patri cum Lucæ Saltem,  
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen, ave*

Let *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,  
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk.  
I let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute,  
Still he must speak of *Nævia*, or be mute.  
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,  
I am, my Lovely *Nævia*, ever thine. R

No 114 } Wednesday, July 11, 1711 [Steele

—Paupe'rtatis pudor et fuga— Hor

**O** ECONOMY in our Affairs has the same Effect upon our Fortunes which Good Breeding has upon our Conversations. There is a pretending Behaviour in both Cases, which, instead of making Men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had Yesterday at Sir ROGER's a Set of Country Gentlemen who dined with him and after Dinner the Glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a Person of a tolerable good Aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of Liquor than any of the Company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with Delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his Humour grew worse. At the same time his Bitterness seem'd to be

rather an inward Dissatisfaction in his own Mind, than any Dislike he had taken at the Company. Upon hearing his Name, I knew him to be a Gentleman of a considerable Fortune in this County, but greatly in Debt. What gives the unhappy Man this Peevishness of Spirit is, that his Estate is dipped, and is eating out with Usury; and yet he has not the Heart to sell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Cost of restless Nights, constant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thousand nameless Inconveniences, preserves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of being less rich. If you go to his House you see great Plenty but served in a Manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the Master's Mind is not at home. There is a certain Waste and Carelessness in the Air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatness and Cheerfulness, which attends the Table of him who lives within Compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a Libertine Way of Service in all about him.

This Gentleman's Conduct, tho' a very common way of Management, is as ridiculous as that Officers would be, who had but few Men under his Command, and should take the Charge of an Extent of Country rather than of a small Pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a Man's Hands, a greater Estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable Vanity, and must in the End reduce the Man who is guilty of it to Dis-honour. Yet if we look round us in any County of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal Error, if that may be called by so soft a Name, which proceeds from a false Shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary Behaviour would in a short Time advance them to the Condition which they pretend to.

*Laertes* has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, which is mortgaged for six thousand Pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that Debt, he would save four Shillings in the Pound,\* which he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Master of it. [Yet<sup>2</sup>] if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps be easier in his own Fortune, but then *Irus*, a Fellow of Yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a Year, would be his Equal. Rather than this shall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well born Beggars into the World, and every Twelvemonth charges his Estate with at least one Year's Rent more by the Birth of a Child.

*Laertes* and *Irus* are Neighbours, whose Way of living are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Though the Motive of Action is of so near Affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, 'That to each of them Poverty is the greatest of all Evils,' yet are their Manners very widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unnecessary Equipage, unnecessary Expense, and lavish Entertainments. Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himself only plain Necessaries,

appear without a Servant, sell his own Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himself a Labourer. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* go every Day a step nearer to it, and Fear of Poverty stirs up *Irus* to make every Day some further Progress from it.

These different Motives produce the Excesses which Men are guilty of in the Negligence of and Provision for themselves. Usury, Stock-jobbing, Extortion and Oppression, have their Seed in the Dread of Want and Vanity, Riot and Prodigality, from the Shame of it. But both these Excesses are infinitely below the Pursuit of a reasonable Creature. After we have taken Care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining our selves in the Order of Men suitable to our Character, the Care of Superfluities is a Vice no less extravagant, than the Neglect of Necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of Nature when she is followed with Reason and good Sense. It is from this Reflection that I always read Mr Cowley with the greatest Pleasure. His Magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable Men as his Understanding, and it is a true distinguishing Spirit in the elegant Author who published his Works,<sup>1</sup> to dwell so much upon the Temper of his Mind and the Moderation of his Desires. By this means he has rendered his Friend as amiable as himself. That State of Life which bears the Name of Poverty, with Mr Cowley's great Vulgar, is admirably described, and it is no small Satisfaction to those of the same kind of Desire, that he produces the Authority of the wisest Men of the best Age of the World, to strengthen his Opinion of the ordinary Pursuits of Mankind.

It would methinks be no ill Maxim of Life, if according to that Ancestor of Sir ROGER whom I lately mentioned, every Man would point to himself what Sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a Frinquility on this Side of that Expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler Uses than his own Pleasures or Necessities. This Temper of Mind would exempt a Man from an ignorant Envy of restless Men above him and a more inexcusable Contempt of happy Men below him. This would be sailing by some Compass, living with some Design, but to be eternally bewildered in Prospects of future Gain, and putting on unnecessary Armour against improbable Blows of Fortune, is a Mechanick Being which has not good Sense for its Direction, but is carried on by a sort of required Instinct towards things below our Consideration and unworthy our Esteem. It is possible that the Frinquility I now enjoy at Sir

<sup>1</sup> Dr Thomas Sprat Bishop of Rochester, in his Life of Cowley prefixed to an edition of the Poet's works. The temper of Cowley here referred to is especially shown in his Essays, as in the opening one 'Of Liberty,' and in that 'Of Greatness,' which is followed by the paraphrase from Horace's Ode, Bk. III. Od. 1, beginning with the expression above quoted.

Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,  
Both the Great Vulgar and the Small

\* The Land Tax.

<sup>2</sup> [Yet]

ROGER's may have created in me this Way of Thinking which is so abhorred from the common Relish of the World. But as I am now in a pleasing Arbour surrounded with a beautiful Lardship, I find no Inclination so strong as to continue in these Migrations, so remote from the contentions Scenes of Life, and am at this present Writing Philosopher enough to conclude with Mr Covel,

*If e'er An' hater and his Frigid Death,  
W'd cry W'dh so mean as to be Great,  
Cen't me, Hea' n' still from me to remove  
The tur'le-buss'ngs of that Life I love*

T

No 115.] To Mrs J, July 12, 1711 (Addison)

— Utin' Meas' s' a n' Corp' n' s' me — Jun

BODILY Labour is of two Kinds either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself than any other Way of Life. I consider the Body as a System of Tubes and Glands, or to use a more Rustick Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a Manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprize all the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muscle and every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes, interwoven on all sides with invisible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a Human Body, without considering it in its Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinite of Pipes and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts a more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Cheerfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Execution of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we must ascribe the Spleen, which

is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produce those Compressions, Extensions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of [Motions] that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Rument are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up our selves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives us Increase, and when it is forced into its several Products how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty, and as for those who are not obliged to Labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exercise.

My friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man in business of this kind, and has hung several Parts of his House with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chase which he thinks the most valuable Furniture of his House, as they afford him frequent Topics of Discourse, and shew that he has not been Idle. At the lower End of the Hall, is a large Otter's Skin stuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arsenal filled with Guns of several Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and destroyed many thousands of Pheasants, Partridges and Wood-cocks. His Stable Doors are patched with Noses that belonged to Loves of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them that for Distinction sake has a Brass Nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and lost above half his Dogs. Thus the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest Exploits of his Life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some Account of, was the Death of several Boxes for Sir ROGER has told me that in the Course of his Amours he patched the Western Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Boxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his Passion for the Widow abated and old Age came on, he

<sup>1</sup> From the Essay 'Of Greatness.'

<sup>2</sup> [Motion]

left off Fox hunting, but a Hare is not yet safe that Sits within ten Miles of his House

There is no kind of Exercise which I would so recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which so much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very lavish in its Praises and if the *English* Reader will see the Mechanical Effects of it described at length, he may find them in a Book published not many Years since, under the Title of *Medicina Gymnastica*<sup>1</sup> For my own part, when I am in Town, for want of these Opportunities, I exercise myself an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are so well acquainted with my Hours of Exercise, that they never come into my Room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some Years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious Diversion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatise of Exercises that is written with great Erudition<sup>2</sup> It is there called the *σκιωμαχία*, or the fighting with a Man's own Shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short Sticks grasped in each Hand, and laden with Plugs of Lead at either End. This opens the Chest, exercises the Limbs, and gives a Man all the Pleasure of Boxing, without the Blows. I could wish that several Learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controversies and Disputes about nothing, in this Method of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Splice, which makes them uneasy to the Publick as well as to themselves.

To conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider myself as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties and I think I have not fulfilled the Business of the Day when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation. L

No 116] Friday, July 13, 1711 [Budge]l

—Vocat ingens clamore Citharon,  
Iapygetique canes— Virg

THOSE who have searched into human Nature observe that nothing so much shews the Nobleness of the Soul, as that its Felicity consists in Action. Every Man has such an active Principle in him, that he will find out something to

employ himself upon in whatever Place or State of Life he is posted. I have heard of a Gentleman who was under close Confinement in the *Bastile* seven Years, during which Time he amused himself in scattering a few small Pins about his Chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different Figures on the Arm of a great Chair. He often told his Friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this Piece of Exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his Senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my Readers, that Sir ROGER, with whose Character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth gone through the whole Course of those rural Diversions which the Country abounds in, and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious Industry a Man may observe here in a far greater Degree than in Towns and Cities. I have before hinted at some of my Friend's Exploits. He has in his youthful Days taken forty Coveys of Partridges in a Season, and tired many a Salmon with a Line consisting but of a single Hair. The constant Thanks and good Wishes of the Neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes, having destroyed more of those Vermin in one Year, than it was thought the whole Country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends that in order to establish his Reputation this Way, he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalize himself in their Destruction the next Day. His Hunting Horns were the finest and best marked in all these Parts. His servants are still full of the Praises of a grey Stone horse that unhappily straked himself several Years since, and was buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for Fox-hunting, to keep himself in Action, has disposed of his Bagles and got a Pick of *Top Hounds*. What these want in Speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the Deepness of their Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes up a compleat Consort.<sup>3</sup> He

<sup>1</sup> As to dogs, the difference is great between a hunt now and a hunt in the *Spectator's* time. Since the early years of the last century the modern foxhound has come into existence, while the beagle and the deep-slewed southern harlequin, nearly resembling the bloodhound, with its sonorous note, has become almost extinct. Absolutely extinct also is the old care to imitate the voices of a pack. Henry II., in his breeding of hounds, is said to have been careful not only that they should be fleet, but also 'well tongued' and consonous, 'the same care in Elizabeth's time is, in the passage quoted by the *Spectator*, attributed by Shakespeare to Duke Theseus, and the paper itself shows that care was taken to match the voices of a pack in the reign also of Queen Anne. This has now been for some time absolutely disregarded. In many important re-

<sup>1</sup> *Medicina Gymnastica*, or, a Treatise concerning the Power of Exercise. By Francis Fuller, M.A.

<sup>2</sup> *Artis Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos Libri VI* (Venice, 1569). By Hieronymus Mercurialis, who died at Paris, in 1606. He speaks of the shadow-fighting in Lib. iv. cap. 5, and Lib. v. cap. 2.

is so true in this Particular that a Gentleman having made him a Present of a very fine Hound the other Day, the Knight returned it by the Servant with a great many Expressions of Civility, but desired him to tell his Master, that the Dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *Base*, but that at present he only wanted a *Counter-Teror*. Could I believe my Friend had ever read *Shakspear*, I should certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from *Theseus* in the *Midas* *inner Night's Dream*.

*My Hounds are bred o' t the Spartan Kind,  
So stout, so swift, and the r' Heads are hung  
With Ears that say away the Morning Drow  
Creek kneed e d dew-lap'd like Thessalian  
Bulls,  
Sto o in Pursuit, b' r match'd in Mouth's like  
Bells,*

*Each under each A Cry more tuneable  
Was e'er hallor'd by, nor e'er d r th Horn*

Sir Roger is so keen in this Sport, that he has been out almost every Day & not I come down, and upon the Chaplain's offering to lend me his easy Pad, I was prevailed on Yesterday Morning to make one of the Company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards my Friend. The Farmers Sons thought themselves happy if they could open a Gate for the good old Knight as he passed by, which he generally requited with a Nod or a Smile, and a kind Enquiry after their Fathers and Uncles.

After we had rid about a Mile from Home, we came upon a large Heath and the Sportsmen began to hunt. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little Distance from the rest of the Company, I saw a Hare pop out from a small Firze-brake almost under my Horse's Feet. I smelt the War she took, which I endeavoured to make the Company sensible of by extending my Arm but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary Motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if I was as gone that Way? Upon my answering Yes, he immediately called in the Dogs, and put them upon the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the Country Fellows muttering to his Companion, *That 'twas a Worder they had not lost all their Sport for want of the silent Gentleman's cry u e SOLE AWAY*.

Thus, with my Aversion to leaving Hedges, made me withdraw to a rising Ground, from whence I could have the Picture of the whole Chase, without the Fatigue of keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately threw them above a Mile behind her, but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forwards, or in Hunter's Language, *Flung the Country*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheel'd about, and described a sort of Circle round the Hill where I had taken my Station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct View of the Sport.

spects the pattern harrier of the present day differs even from the harriers used at the beginning of the present century

\* Act IV. sc. 1.

I could see her first pass by, and the Dogs some time afterwards unrolling the whole Pack she had made, and following her thro' all her Doubles. It was at the same time delighted in observing that Deference which the rest of the Pack paid to each particular Hound, according to the Character he had acquired amongst them. If they were at Fault, and an old Hound of Reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole Cry while a raw Dog or one who was a noted Liar, might have yelped his Heart out, without being taken Notice of.

The Hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the Place where she was at first started. The Dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white Gelding, encompassed by his Servants and Servants, and churring his Hounds with all the Quety of Five and Twenty. One of the Sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the Chase was almost at an End, because the old Dogs, which had hitherto run behind, now headed the Pack. The Fellow was in the right. Our Hare took a large Field just under us, followed by the full Cry in View. I must confess the Brightness of the Weather, the Cheerfulness of every thing around me, the Chiding of the Hounds, which was returned upon us in a double Echo, from two neighbouring Hills, with the Hallowing of the Sportsmen, and the Sounding of the Horn, hid my Spirits into a most lively Pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any Concern, it was on the Account of the poor Hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the Reach of her Enemies, when the Huntsman getting forward threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They were now within eight Yards of that Game which they had been pursuing for almost six many Hours yet on the Signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden Strand, and tho' they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the Pole. At the same time Sir ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare in his Arms which he soon delivered up to one of his Servants with an Order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard where it seems he has several of these Prisoners of War, who live together in a very comfortable Captivity. I was highly pleased to see the Discipline of the Pack, and the Good nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a Creature that had given him so much Diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Pacha in his most excellent Discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us, *that all our Endless woe is after Greatness proceed from nothing but a Desire of being surrounded by a Multitude of Persons and Affairs that is a hinder us from looking u to eir sel-es, which is a View we cannot bear*. He afterwards goes on to shew that our Love of Sports comes from the same Reason, and is particularly severe upon HUNTING. What, says he, *unless it be a drow'n T'oigt, can make Men throw away so much Time and Pains upon a silly Animal, which they might*

*buy cheaper in the Market?* The foregoing Reflection is certainly just, when a Man suffers his whole Mind to be drawn into his Sports, and altogether loses himself in the Woods, but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable End from this Exercise, I mean, *The Preservation of Health, and keeping all the Organs of the Soul in a Condition to execute her Orders*. Had that incomparable Person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this Point, the World might probably have enjoyed him much longer, whereas thro' too great an Application to his Studies in his Youth, he contracted that ill Habit of Body, which, after a tedious Sickness, carried him off in the fortieth Year of his Age,\* and the whole History we have of his Life till that Time, is but one continued Account of the behaviour of a noble Soul struggling under innumerable Pains and Distempers.

For my own part I intend to Hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir ROGER and shall prescribe the moderate use of this Exercise to all my Country Friends, as the best kind of Physick for mending a bad Constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better than in the following Lines out of Mr Dryden<sup>2</sup>

*The first Physicians by Debauch were made,  
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade  
By Chase our long-lived Fathers earned their Food,  
Till strung the Nerves, and purg'd the Blood,  
But we their Sons, a jamper'd Race of Men,  
Are d-unvinded down to threescore Years and ten  
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,  
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Diaught  
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend  
God never made his Work for Man to mend  
X.*

No 117] Saturday, July 14, 1711 [Addison

—*Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt*—Virg

THERE are some Opinions in which a Man should stand Nether, without engaging his Assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any Determination, is absolutely necessary to a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepossessions. When the Arguments press equally on both sides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the safest Method is to give up our selves to neither.

<sup>1</sup> Pascal, who wrote a treatise on Conic sections at the age of 16, and had composed most of his mathematical works and made his chief experiments in science by the age of 26, was in constant suffering, by disease, from his 18th year until his death, in 1662, at the age stated in the text. Expectation of an early death caused him to pass from his scientific studies into the direct service of religion, and gave, as the fruit of his later years, the Provincial Letters and the *Pensées*.

<sup>2</sup> Epistle to his kinsman, J. Dryden, Esq., of Chesterton.

It is with this Temper of Mind that I consider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *East* and *West Indies*, but from every particular Nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear (tuning that there is such an Intercourse and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we express by the Name of Witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound most in these Relations, and that the Persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an Infernal Commerce, are People of a weak Understanding and a crazed Imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many Impostures and Delusions of this Nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to suspend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In short, when I consider the Question, whether there are such Persons in the World as those we call Witches? my Mind is divided between the two opposite Opinions or rather (to speak my Thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as Witchcraft but at the same time can give no Credit to any particular Instance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by some Occurrences that I met with Yesterday, which I shall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir ROGER by the side of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied herself to me for my Charity. Her Dress and Figure put me in mind of the following Description in *Ottaway*<sup>1</sup>

*In a close Lane as I pursu'd my Journey,  
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,  
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self  
Her Eyes with sealding Rheum were gall'd and red,  
Cold Palsy shook her Head her Hands seem'd  
wither'd  
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapp'd  
The tatter'd Remnants of an old striped Hang-  
ing,  
Which served to keep her Carcase from the Cold  
So there was nothing of a Piece about her  
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
With different-colour'd Rags, black, red, white,  
yellow,  
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness<sup>2</sup>*

[As I was musing on this Description, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me,<sup>3</sup> that this very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were observed to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her House which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of Miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Cross before her. If she

<sup>1</sup> [Ottaway, which I could not forbear repeating on this occasion.]

<sup>2</sup> Orphan, Act II. Chumont to Monimia.

<sup>3</sup> [The Knight told me, upon hearing the Description.]



made any Mistake at Church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Parish that would take a Pin of her, though she would offer a Bag of Money with it. She goes by the Name of *Moll White*, and has made the Country ring with several imaginary Exploits which are primed upon her. It is the Dairy Maid does not make her Butter come so soon as she should have it, *Moll White* is at the Bottom of the Churn. If a Horse sweats in the Saddle, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Horse makes an unexpected escape from the Hands, the Huntsman curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir Roger) I have known the Master of the Pick, upon such an Occasion, send one of his Servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that Morning.

This Account raised my Curiosity so far, that I begged my Friend Sir Roger to go with me into her House, which stood in a solitary Corner under the side of the Wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger walked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the Door, which, upon looking that Way, I found to be an old Broom-staff. At the same time he whispered me in the Ear to take notice of a Tabbie Cat that sat in the Chimney Corner, which, as the old Knight told me, his under was had in Report as *Moll White* herself, for besides that *Moll* is said often to accompany her in the same Shape, the Cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her Life, and to have played several Pranks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was secretly concerned to see Human Nature in so much Wretchedness and Disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old Woman, advising her is a Justice of Peace to avoid all Communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her Neighbours' Cattle. We concluded our Visit with a Bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our Return home, Sir Roger told me, that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making Children spit Fire, and giving Maids the Night Mare; and that the Country People would be tossing her into a Pond and trying Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

I have since found upon Enquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the Reports that had been brought him concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions, had not his Chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> When this essay was written, charges were being laid against one old woman, Jane Wenham, of Wilkorne, a little village north of Hertford, which led to her trial for witchcraft at assizes held in the following year, 1712, when she was found guilty and became memorable as the last person who, in this country, was condemned to capital punishment for that impossible offence. The judge got first a reprieve and then a pardon. The lawyers had refused to draw up any indictment against the poor old creature, except, in mockery,

I have been the more particular in this Account, because I hear there is scarce a Village in England that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old Woman begins to do it, and grow chargeable to a Parish, she is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole Country with extravagant Fancies, imaginary Distempers and terrifying Dreams. In the mean time, the poor Wretch that is the innocent Occasion of so many Evils begins to be frightened at her self, and sometimes confesses secret Commerce and Familiarities that her Imagination forms in a delirious old Age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greatest Objects of Compassion, and inspires People with a Malesolence towards those poor decrepid Parts of our Species, in whom Human Nature is defaced by Infirmary and Dotage. L

No 218] Monday, July 16, 1711 [Steele

—Hæret lateri lethalis arundo—Virg

THIS agreeable Seat is surrounded with so many pleasing Walks, which are struck out of a Wood, in the midst of which the House stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one Labyrinth of Delight to another. To one used to live in a City the Charms of the Country are so exquisite, that the Mind is lost in a certain Transport which raises us above ordinary Life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with Trinquillity. This State of Mind was I in, ravished with the Murmur of Waters, the Whisper of Breezes, the Singing of Birds, and whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on the Earth, or turned to the Prospects around me, still struck with new Sense of Pleasure, when I found by the Voice of my Friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly stroked into the Grove

for 'conversing familiarly with the devil in form of a cat'. But of that offence she was found guilty upon the testimony of sixteen witnesses, three of whom were clergymen. One witness, Anne Thorne, testified that every night the pins went from her cushion into her mouth. Others gave evidence that they had seen pins come jumping through the air into Anne Thorne's mouth. Two swore that they had heard the prisoner, in the shape of a cat, converse with the devil, he being also in form of a cat. Anne Thorne swore that she was tormented exceedingly with cats, and that all the cats had the face and voice of the witch. The vicar of Ardeley had used the poor ignorant creature with the Lord's Prayer, and finding that she could not repeat it, had terrified her with his moral tortures into some sort of confession. Such things, then, were said and done, and such credulity was abetted even by educated men at the time when this essay was written. Upon charges like those ridiculed in the text, a woman actually was, a few months later, not only committed by justices with a less judicious spiritual counsellor than Sir Roger's chaplain, but actually found guilty at the assizes, and condemned to death.

sacred to the Widow This Woman, says he, is of all others the most unintelligible she either designs to marry, or she does not What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she doth not either say to her Lovers she has any Resolution against that Condition of Life in general, or that she banishes them, but conscious of her own Merit, she permits their Addresses, without Fear of any ill Consequence, or want of Respect, from their Rage or Despair She has that in her Aspect, against which it is impossible to offend A Man whose Thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an Object, must be excused if the ordinary Occurrences in Conversation are below his Attention I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior Merit is such, that I cannot approach her without Awe, that my Heart is checked by too much Esteem I am angry that her Charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an Opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very Imagination, at giving her the Pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable Life in secret upon her Account but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful Animal her Confidant

Of all Persons under the Sun (continued he, calling me by my Name) be sure to set a Mark upon Confidants they are of all People the most impertinent What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the Merit of the Persons whom they have in their Custody *Orestilla* is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of Surprises, therefore full of Suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old *Themista*, her Favourite-Woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says Let the Ward be a Beauty, her Confidant shall treat you with an Air of Distance let her be a Fortune, and she assumes the suspicious Behaviour of her Friend and Patroness Thus it is that very many of our unmarried Women of Distinction, are to all Intent and Purposes married, except the Consideration of different Sexes They are directly under the Conduct of their Whisperer and think they are in a State of Freedom, while they can prate with one of these Attendants of all Men in general, and still avoid the Man they most like You do not see one Mistress in a hundred whose Fate does not turn upon this Circumstance of choosing a Confidant Thus it is that the Lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by Proxy, in her Woman In my Case, how is it possible that—Sir ROGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when we heard the Voice of one speaking very importantly, and repeating these Words, 'What, not 'one Smile?' We followed the Sound till we came to a close Thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young Woman sitting as it were in a personated Sullenness just over a transparent Fountain Opposite to her stood Mr *William*, Sir ROGER's Master of the Game The Knight whispered me, 'Hist, these are Lovers' The Huntsman looking earnestly at the Shadow of the

young Maiden in the Stream, 'Oh thou dear Picture, if thou couldst remain there in the Absence of that fair Creature whom you represent in the Water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever without troubling my dear *Betty* herself with any Mention of her unfortunate *William*, whom she is angry with But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay Tell my dearest *Betty* thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her *William*? Her Absence will make away with me as well as thou If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these Waves to lay hold on thee her self, her own dear Person, I must never embrace again—' Still do you hear me without one Smile—It is too much to bear—' He had no sooner spoke these Words, but he made an Offer of throwing himself into the Water At which his Mistress started up, and at the next Instant he jumped across the Fountain and met her in an Embrace She half recovering from her Fright, said in the most charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Complaint, 'I thought how well you would drown yourself No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of *Susan Holiday*' The Huntsman, with a Tenderness that spoke the most passionate Love, and with his Cheek close to hers, whispered the softest Vows of Fidelity in her Ear, and cried, 'Don't, my Dear, believe a Word *Kate Willow* says she is spiteful and makes Stories, because she loves to hear me talk to her self for your sake' Look you there, quoth Sir ROGER, do you see there, all Mischief comes from Confidants! But let us not interrupt them the Mud is honest, and the Man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her Father I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the Wedding *Kate Willow* is a witty mischievous Wench in the Neighbourhood, who was a Beauty and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her Condition She was so suppliant with her Answers to all the honest Fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her Beauty, that she has valued herself upon her Charms till they are ceased She therefore now makes it her Business to prevent other young Women from being more Discreet than she was herself However, the saucy Thing said the other Day well enough, 'Sir ROGER and I must make a Match, for we are both despised by those we loved' The Hussey has a great deal of Power wherever she comes, and has her Share of Cunning

However, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her Whenever she is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in my Veins This Affliction in my Life has struck all my Conduct with a Softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my Heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my Temper, which I should not have arrived at by better Motives than the Thought of being one Day hers I am pretty well satisfied such a Passion as I have had is

never well cured, and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical Effect upon my Brain. For I frequently find, that in my most serious Discourse I let fall some comical Profundity of Speech or odd Phrase that makes the Company laugh. However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent Woman. When she is in the Country I warrant she does no run into Dunes, but reads upon the Nature of Plants but has a Glass Hive, and comes into the Garden out of Books to see them work, and observe the Policies of their Commonwealth. She understands every thing. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my Friend Sir ANDREW WRETHINGTON about Trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as if were, take my Word for it she is no Fool. T

No 129] Tuesday, July 17, 1711 [Addison

*Urbem quam drunt Romani Meliore putant  
Stultus egrediens restat in urbem*—Virg

THE first and most obvious Reflections which arise in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in those two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding, as they shew themselves in the Town and in the Country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great Revolution that has happen'd in this Article of Good Breeding. Several obliging Deference, Condescensions and Submissions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the polite Part of Mankind, who lived in Courts and Cities and distinguished themselves from the Rustick part of the Species (who on all Occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual Complaisance and Intercourse of Civilities. These Forms of Conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome. The Modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish Religion*, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the Height of Good Breeding. The Fashionable World is grown free and easy. Our Manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good Breeding shews it self most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the last Age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the Fashion of the polite World, but the Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first State of Nature than to those Refinements which formerly reign'd in the Court, and still prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never conversed in the World, by his

Excess of Good Breeding. A polite Country Squire shall make you as many Bows in half an Hour, as would serve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Justices Wives, than in an Assembly of Dutchesses.

This Rural Politeness is very troublesome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Church that is next me, and walk first or last, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER's Dinner almost cold before the Company could adjust the Ceremony, and be prevail'd upon to sit down, and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his Guests, as they sat at the several Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their respective Ranks and Qualities. Honest WILL WIMBLE, who I should have thought had been altogether unimpair'd by Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Particular. Though he has been fishing all the Morning, he will not help himself at Dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me and last Night, as we were walking in the Fields, stopped short at a Stile till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious Smile, that sure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

There has happen'd another Revolution in the Point of Good Breeding, which relates to the Conversation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first Distinctions of a well-bred Man, to express every thing that had the most remote Appearance of being obscene, in modest Terms and distant Phrases whilst the Clown, who had no such Delicacy of Conception and Expression, clothed his Ideas in those plain homely Terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perhaps carried to an Excess, so as to make Conversation too stiff, formal and precise for which Reason (as Hypocrisy in one Age is generally succeeded by Atheism in another) Conversation is in a great measure relaps'd into the first Extremum so that it present several of our Men of the Town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a Clown would blush to hear.

This infamous Piece of Good Breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet invid its way into the Country, and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of Conversation to last long among a People that make any Profession of Religion, or Show of Modesty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the Lurch. Their Good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a Parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleasure.

As the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much

behind-hand The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head dresses

But a Friend of mine, who is now upon the Western Circuit, having promised to give me an Account of the several Modes and Fashions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last Topic till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Post

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No 120 ] Wednesday, July 18, 1721 [Addison

—*Eundem credo, quia sit Divinitus illos  
Ingenium*— Virg

MY Friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my Time among his Poultry He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a Bird's Nest, and several times sitting an Hour or two together near an Hen and Chickens He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every Fowl about his House calls such a particular Cock my Favourite, and frequently complains that his Ducks and Geese have more of my Company than himself

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those Speculations of Nature which are to be made in a Country-Life and as my Reading has very much run among Books of natural History, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this Occasion the several Remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own Observation The Arguments for Providence drawn from the natural History of Animals being in my Opinion demonstrative

The Make of every Kind of Animal is different from that of every other Kind and yet there is not the least Turn in the Muscles or Twist in the Fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular Animal's Way of Life than any other Cast or Texture of them would have been

The most violent Appetites in all Creatures are *Lust* and *Hunger* The first is a perpetual Call upon them to propagate their Kind, the latter to preserve themselves

It is astonishing to consider the different Degrees of Care that descend from the Parent to the Young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a Posterity Some Creatures cast their Eggs as Chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as Insects and several Kinds of Fish Others, of a milder Frame, find out proper Beds to [deposite<sup>2</sup>] them in, and there leave them as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and Ostrich Others hatch their Eggs and tend the Birth, 'till it is able to shift for itself

What can we call the Principle which directs

<sup>2</sup> [depose]

every different Kind of Bird to observe a particular Plan in the Structure of its Nest, and directs all of the same Species to work after the same Model? It cannot be *Imitation*, for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it see any of the Works of its own Kind, the Nest it makes shall be the same, to the hatching of a Stuck, with all the other Nests of the same Species It cannot be *Reason*, for were Animals indued with it to as great a Degree as Man, their Buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different Conveniences that they would propose to themselves

Is it not remarkable, that the same Temper of Weather, which raises this general Warmth in Animals, should cover the Trees with Leaves and the Fields with Grass for their Security and Concomitant, and produce such infinite Swarms of Insects for the Support and Subsistence of their respective Broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the Love of the Parent should be so violent while it lasts and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the Preservation of the Young?

The Violence of this natural Love is exemplify'd by a very barbarous Experiment which I shall quote at Length, as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Readers will pardon the mentioning such an Instance of Cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the Strength of that Principle in Animals of which I am here speaking 'A Person who was well skilled in Dissection opened a Bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite Tortures, offered her new born young Puppies, which she immediately fell a licking and for the Time seemed insensible of her own Pain On the Removal, she kept her Eye fixt on it, and began a wailing sort of Cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the Loss of her young one, than the Sense of her own Torments

But notwithstanding this natural Love in Brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational Creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the Parent than it is useful to the Young for so soon as the Want of the latter ceases the Mother withdraws her Fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves and what is a very remarkable Circumstance in this part of Instinct, we find that the Love of the Parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the Preservation of the Species requires it as we may see in Birds that drive away their Young as soon as they are able to get their Livelihood but continue to feed them if they are tied to the Nest, or confined within a Cage, or by any other Means appear to be out of a Condition of supplying their own Necessities

This natural Love is not observed in animals to descend from the Young to the Parent, which is not at all necessary for the Continuance of the Species Nor indeed in reasonable Creatures does it rise in any Proportion, as it spreads itself downwards for in all Family Affection, we find Protection granted and Favours bestowed, are greater Motives to Love and Tenderness, than Safety, Benefits, or Life received

One would wonder to hear Sceptical Men dis-

Parts of our Nature, the Passions and Senses in their greatest Strength and Perfection. And here it is worth our Observation, that all Beasts and Birds of Prey are wonderfully subject to Anger, Malice, Revenge, and all the other violent Passions that may animate them in search of their proper Food: as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose Safety lies chiefly in their Flight, are suspicious, fearful and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear, whilst others that are of Assistance and Use to Man, have their Natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a Domestic Life. In this Case the Passions generally correspond with the Make of the Body. We do not find the Fury of a Lion in so weak and defenceless an Animal as a Lamb, nor the Meekness of a Lamb in a Creature so armed for Battle and Assault as the Lion. In the same manner, we find that particular Animals have a more or less exquisite Sharpness and Sensibility in those particular Senses which most turn to their Advantage, and in which their Safety and Welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great Variety of Arms with which Nature has differently fortified the Bodies of several kind of Animals, such as Claws, Hoofs, and Horns, Teeth, and Tusks, a Tail, a Sting, a Frunk, or a Proboscis. It is likewise observed by Naturalists, that it must be some hidden Principle distinct from what we call Reason, which instructs Animals in the Use of these their Arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best Advantage, because they naturally defend themselves with that Part in which their Strength lies, before the Weapon be formed in it, as is remarkable in Lambs, which tho' they are bred within Doors, and never saw the Actions of their own Species, push at those who approach them with their Foreheads, before the first budding of a Horn appears.

I shall add to these general Observations, an Instance which Mr Lock has given us of Providence even in the Imperfections of a Creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal World. *We may, says he, from the Make of an Oyster, or Cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick Senses as a Man, or several other Animals. Nor if it had, would it, in that State and Incapacity of transferring itself from one Place to another, be bettered by them. What good would Sight and Hearing do to a Creature, that cannot move it self, to or from the Object, wherein at a distance it perceives Good or Evil? And would not Quickness of Sensation be an Inconvenience to an Animal, that must be still where Chance has once placed it, and there receive the Afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul Water, as it happens to come to it?*

I shall add to this Instance one of Mr Lock another out of the learned Dr Moor,<sup>2</sup> who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another Animal which Providence has left Defective, but at the same time has shewn its Wisdom in the Forma-

tion of that Organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable Argument of Providence than she? The Members of her Body are so exactly fitted to her Nature and Manner of Life. For her Dwelling being under Ground where nothing is to be seen, Nature has so obscurely fitted her with Eyes, that Naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any Sight at all or no. But for Amends, what she is capable of for her Defence and Warning of Danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short Tail and short Legs, but broad Fore feet armed with sharp Claws, we see by the Extent to which at Purpose they are, she so swiftly working her self under Ground, and making her way so fast in the Earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her Legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere Tightness of her Body, and her Fore feet are broad that she may scoop away much Earth at a time, and little or no Tail she has, because she courses it not on the Ground, like the Rat or Mouse, of whose Kindred she is, but lives under the Earth, and is fain to dig her self a Dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an Element, which will not yield easily, as the Air or the Water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a Train behind her, for her Enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out, before she had compleated or got full Possession of her Work.*

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr Boyle's Remark upon this last Creature, who I remember somewhere in his Works observes, that though the Mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not Sight enough to distinguish particular Objects. Her Eye is said to have but one Humour in it, which is supposed to give her the Idea of Light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this Idea is probably painful to the Animal. Whenever she comes up into broad Day she might be in Danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a Light striking upon her Eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper Element. More Sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such Animals as seem the most imperfect Works of Nature and if Providence shews it self even in the Blemishes of these Creatures, how much more does it discover it self in the several Endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such Creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several Faculties according to the condition of Life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a Body of Natural History, the best that could be gathered together from Books and Observations. If the several Writers among them took each his particular Species, and gave us a distinct Account of its Original, Birth and Education its Policies,

<sup>1</sup> Essay on Human Understanding, Bk II ch 9, § 13.  
<sup>2</sup> Antidote against Atheism, Bk II ch 10, § 5

<sup>2</sup> Disquisition about the Final Causes of Natural Things, Sect. 2

Hostilities and Alliances, with the Prime and Texture of its inward and outward Parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other Animals with their peculiar Aptitudes for the Service of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best Services their Studies could do Mankind, and not a little add to the Glory of the All wise Contriver.

It is true, such a Natural History, after all the Disquisitions of the Learned, would be infinitely Short and Defective. Seas and Deserts hide Millions of Animals from our Observation. Innumerable Antilles and Stragglers are reared in the *Hoisting of the Sails* and in the *Great Deep*, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more Species of Creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest Glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked Eye to take hold of. However from the Consideration of such Animals as lie within the Compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a Conclusion of the rest, that the same Variety of Wisdom and Goodness runs through the whole Creation, and puts every Creature in a Condition to provide for its Safety and Subsistence in its proper Station.

*Fuller* has given us an admirable Sketch of Natural History, in his second Book concerning the Nature of the Gods: and then in a Style so raised by Metaphors and Descriptions, that it lifts the Subject above Ridicule and Ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice Observations when they pass through the Hands of an ordinary Writer.

No 122] *Friday, July 20, 1711* [Addison

*Comes juvenis in - ia pro - chilo est*  
Publ. Sir Roger

A MAN'S first Care should be to avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart: his next, to escape the Censures of the World. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected: but otherwise, there cannot be a greater Satisfaction to a honest Mind, than to see those Applaudations which it gives itself seconded by the Applauds of the Publick. A Man is more sure of his Conduct when the Verdict which he passes upon his own Behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the Opinion of all that know him.

My worthy Friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at Peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable Tribute for his universal Benevolence to Mankind in the Returns of Affection and Good will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd Instances of that general Respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will Wumble* and myself with him to the County-Assizes. As we were upon the Road *Will Wumble* joined a couple of plain Men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some Time, during which

my Friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their Characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a Spaniel by his Side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honest Man. He is just within the Crime Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheasant. He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week: and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges: in short, he is a very sensible Man: shoots flying: and has been several times Foreman of the Petty-Jury.

The other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a Fellow famous for taking the Law of every Body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-Sessions. The Rogue had once the Impudence to go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespass in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced to sell the Ground it enclosed to defray the Charges of the Prosecution. His Father left him fourscore Pounds a Year: but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old Business of the Willon-Tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this Account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will Wumble* and his two Companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their Respects to Sir ROGER, *Will* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a Dispute that arose between them. *Will* it seems had been giving his Fellow Traveller an Account of his Angling one Day in such a Hole when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his Story, told him that Mr. such an One, if he pleased, might take the Law of him for fishing in that Part of the River. My Friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round Trot: and after having praised some time told them, with the Air of a Man who would not give his Judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both Sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's Determination, because neither of them found himself in the Wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our Way to the Assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir ROGER came: but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the Head of them: who for his Reputation in the Country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's Ear, *That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good Weather in his Circuit*. I was listening to the Proceeding of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleased with that great Appearance and Solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick Administration of our Laws: when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I observed to my great Surprise, in the Midst of a Trial, that my Friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some Pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Business and great Intrepidity.

Upon his first Rising the Court was hushed, and a general Whisper ran among the Country People that Sir ROGER was up. The Speech he made was so little to the Purpose, that I shall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it: and I believe was not so much designed by the King, but himself in inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and I set up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and stirring, who should compliment him most: at the same time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our Return home we met with a very old Accident which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how dangerous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him Marks of their Esteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest ourselves and our Horses. The Man of the House had it seems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family, and to do Honour to his old Master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a Sign post before the Door, so that the Knight's Head had hung out upon the Road about a Week before he himself knew any thing of the Matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it finding that his Servant's Infratraction proceeded wholly from Affection and Good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a Compliment: and when the Fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive Look. That it was too great an Honour for any Man under a Duke: but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches: and that he himself would be at the Charge of it. Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Directions to add a pair of Whiskers to the Face, and by a little Aggravation to the Features to change it into the

*Saracen's Head*. I should not have known this Story had not the Inn keeper, upon Sir ROGER's lighting, told him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was brought back last Night with the Alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend with his usual Charitableness related the Particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the Room. I could not forbear discovering greater Expressions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of this monstrous Face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant Resemblance of my old Friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for People to know him in that Disguise. I at first kept my usual Silence: but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my Countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both Sides*.

These several Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a Day as ever I met with in any of my Travels. I

No 123] Saturday, July 21, 1711 [Addison

*Delectum sed non fructu et insulam,  
lectu, ut cultus pectora r'borant  
Utique defecere mores,  
Dedecorant' leue uata culpa --Hor*

AS I was Yesterday riding the Air with my Friend Sir ROGER we were met by a fresh coloured ruddy young Man, who told by his full dress, with a couple of Servants behind him. Upon my Inquiry who he was Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a considerable Estate who had been educated by a tender Mother that lived not many Miles from the Place where we were. She is a very good Lady, says I, I think, but took some notice of her Son's Health, that she has made him a deal for nothing. She quickly found that he was a deal for his Eyes, and that Winter rode his Health. He was let loose among the Woods as soon as he was able to ride on Horse-back, so to carry a Gun upon his Shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my Friend's Account of him, that he had got a great Stock of Health but nothing else: and that if it were a Man's Business only to live there would not be a more accomplished young Fellow in the whole Country.

The Truth of it is since my residing in these Parts I have seen and read many remarkable Instances of young Heirs and other Masters who either from their own reflecting upon the Estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other Accomplishments unnecessary or from hearing these Notions frequently insinuated to them by the Flattery of their Servants and Domesticks or from the same foolish Thought prevailing in those who have the Care of their Education, are of an manner of use but to keep up their Families, and transmit their Lands and Houses in a Line to Posterity.

This makes me often think on a Story I have heard of two Friends, which I shall give my Reader at large, under several Names. The Moral of it may, I hope, be useful though there are some Circumstances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true Story.

*Fudorus* and *Leontius* began the World with small Estates. They were both of them Men of good Sense and great Virtue. They proscribed their Studies together in their earlier Years, and entered into such a Friendship as lasted to the End of their Lives. *Fudorus*, at his first setting out in the World, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural Endowments and his acquired Abilities he made his way from one Post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable Fortune. *Leontius* on the contrary sought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Conversation, and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the Interests of his Princes, with the Customs and Fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Person in the *Gazette*.



whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the most accomplished Persons of his Age. During the whole Course of his Studies and Travels he kept up a pineternal Correspondence with *Eudorus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turn'd of Forty (an Age in which, according to Mr Cowley, *there is no dailyn growth Life*<sup>1</sup>) they determined, pursuant to the Resolution they had taken in the beginning of their Lives, to retire, and pass the Remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Eudorus*, who had purchas'd an Estate of as many thousands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the same time, *Eudorus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter, but to the unspeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happiness was wrapt up) died in a few Days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper education in his own House, and *Eudorus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudorus* as his Daughter, till they were each of them arriv'd at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Eudorus*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by degrees prevail'd upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *Eudorus*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was detested by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteem'd and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produc'd so good an Effect, that he apply'd

himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finish'd his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without them. This was not *Florio's* Case, he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he studied without Intermission till he gain'd a very good Insight into the Constitution and Laws of his Country.

I should have told my Reader, that whilst *Florio* lived at the House of his Foster-father, he was always an acceptable Guest in the Family of *Eudorus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by degrees grew into Love, which in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue became a very intense Passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greatest Beauty joined with the greatest Modesty, entertain'd at the same time a secret Passion for *Florio*, but conducted her self with so much Prudence that she never gave him the least Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those Arts and Improvements that are proper to raise a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country, but secretly tormented with that Passion which burns with the greatest Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when he received a sudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the Country the next Day. For it seems *Eudorus* was so filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the House of his supposed Father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudorus* had something of great Importance to communicate to him, upon which the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arriv'd at the great House that stood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudorus* took him by the Hand, after the first Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Closet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this manner. *I have no other way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his Daughter. He shall not lose the Pleasure of being your Father by the Discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my Daughter, her filial Piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest Reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the Pleasure of seeing a great Estate fall to you, which you would have lost the Relish of had you known your self born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your Mother in*

<sup>1</sup> Essay 'on the Danger of Procrastination'.  
'There's no fooling with Life when it is once  
'turn'd beyond Forty.'



ledge and Learning suffer in [a<sup>1</sup>] particular manner from this strange Prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all Ranks and Degrees in the British Nation. As Men formerly became eminent in learned Societies by their Parts and Acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the Warmth and Violence with which they espouse their respective Parties. Books are valued upon the like Considerations. An Abusive Currious Style passes for Satyr, and a dull Scheme of Party Notions is called fine Writing.

There is one Piece of Sophistry practised by both Sides, and that is the taking any scandalous Story that has been ever whispered or invented of a Private Man, for a known undoubted Truth, and raising suitable Speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted are the ordinary Postulums of these infamous Scriblers, upon which they proceed as upon first Principles granted by all Men, though in their Hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these Foundations of Scurrility, it is no wonder that their Superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless Practice of the present Age endures much longer, Praise and Reproach will cease to be Motives of Action in good Men.

There are certain Periods of Time in all Governments when this inhuman Spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in Pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Gibellines*, and France by those who were for and against the League. But it is very unhappy for a Man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous Season. It is the restless Ambition of artful Men that thus breaks a People into Factions, and draws several well meaning [Persons<sup>2</sup>] to their Interest by a Specious Concern for their Country. How many honest Minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous Notions, out of their Zeal for the Publick Good? What Cruelties and Outrages would they not commit against Men of an adverse Party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are reprobated, they knew them as they are? Thus are Persons of the greatest Probity seduced into shameful Errors and Prejudices, and made bad Men even by that noblest of Principles, the Love of their Country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish Proverb, *If there were either swords or Knives in the World, all People would be of one Mind*.

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest Men would enter into an Association, for the Support of one another against the Endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common Enemies, whatsoever Side they may belong to. Were there such an honest [Body of Neutral<sup>3</sup>] Forces, we should never see the worst of Men in great Figures of Life, because they are useful to a Party, nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those Methods which would be grateful to their Faction. We should then single every Criminal out of the Herd, and hunt him down, however formidable

and overgrown he might appear. On the contrary, we should shelter distressed Innocence, and defend Virtue, however beset with Contempt or Ridicule, Envy or Defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our Fellow Subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the Man of Merit our Friend, and the Villain our Enemy. C

No 126 ] Wednesday, July 25, 1711 [Addison

*Tros Rutulusque fuit, nullo discrimine habebat*  
Virg

IN my Yesterday's Paper I proposed, that the honest Men of all Parties should enter into a kind of Association for the Defence of one another, and [the] Confusion of their common Enemies. As it is designed this neutral Body should act with a Regard to nothing but Truth and Equity, and divest themselves of the little Heats and Prepossessions that cleave to Parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following Form of an Association, which may express their Intentions in the most plain and simple Manner.

*We whose Names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, That we do in our Consciences believe two and two make four, and that we shall adjudge any Man whatsoever to be our Enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the Hazard of all that is near and dear to us, That six is less than seven in all Times and all Places, and that ten will not be more than three Years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, That it is our Resolution as long as we live to call Black black, and White white. And we shall upon all Occasions oppose such Persons that upon any Day of the Year shall call Black white, or White black, with the utmost Peril of our Lives and Fortunes.*

Were there such a Combination of honest Men, who without any Regard to Places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious Zealots as would sacrifice one half of their Country to the Passion and Interest of the other, as also such infamous Hypocrites, that are for promoting their own Advantage, under Colour of the Publick Good, with all the profligate immoral Returners to each Side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit Submission to their Leaders, we should soon see that furious Party-Spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the Derision and Contempt of all the Nations about us.

A Member of this Society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making Room for Merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved Part of Mankind from those conspicuous Stations of Life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any Regard to his private Interest, would be no small Benefactor to his Country.

I remember to have read in *Dionotus Siculus*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [a very]      <sup>2</sup> [People]  
<sup>3</sup> [Neutral Body of]

<sup>1</sup> Bibliotheca Historica, Lib. 1. § 87

Mr SPECTATOR,

'You have diverted the Town almost a whole Month at the Expence of the Country, it is now high time that you should give the Country their Revenge. Since your withdrawing from this Place, the Fur Sex are run into great Extravagancies. Their Petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous Conceive, and rise every Day more and more. In short, Sir, since our Women know themselves to be out of the Eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no Compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the Modesty of their Head Dresses for as the Humour of a sick Person is often driven out of one Limb into another, their Superfluity of Ornaments, instead of being entirely Banished, seems only fallen from their Heads upon their lower Parts. What they have lost in Height they make up in Breadth, and contrary to all Rules of Architecture widen the Foundations at the same time that they shorten the Superstructure. Were they, like *Spanish* Jennets, to impregnate by the Wind, they could not have thought on a more proper Invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular Use in this Petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was supposed to be in those of Scantier Make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

'The Women give out, in Defence of these wide Bottoms, that they are Airy, and very proper for the Season: but this I look upon to be only a Pretence, and a piece of Art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate Summer these many Years, so that it is certain the Heat they complain of cannot be in the Weather. Besides, I would fain ask these tender constitutioned Ladies, why they should require more Cooling than their Mothers before them.

'I find several Speculative Persons are of Opinion that our Sex has of late Years been very away, and that the Hoop Petticoat is made use of to keep us at a Distance. It is most certain that a Woman's Honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in Circle within Circle, amidst such a Variety of Out works and Lines of Circumvallation. A Female who is thus invested in Whale-Bone is sufficiently secured against the Approaches of an ill bred Fellow, who might as well think of Sir *George Ethelgrew*'s way of making Love in a Tub,<sup>1</sup> as in the midst of so many Hoops.

'Among these various Conjectures there are Men of Superstitious Tempers, who look upon the Hoop Petticoat as a kind of Prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the Downfall of the *French* King and observe that the Furthingale appeared in *England* a little before the Rumor of the *Spanish* Monarchy. Others are of Opinion that it foretels Battle and Bloodshed, and believe it of the same Prognostication as the Tail of a Blazing Star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a Sign that Multitudes are coming into the World rather than going out of it.

'The first time I saw a Lady dressed in one of

'these Petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own Thoughts for walking abroad when she was so near her Time, but soon recovered my self out of my Error, when I found all the Modish Part of the Sex as *far gone* as her self. It is generally thought some crafty Women have thus betrayed their Companions into Hoops: that they might make them necessary to their own Concealments, and by that means escape the Censure of the World as wary Generals have sometimes dressed two or three Dozen of their Friends in their own Habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular Attacks of the Enemy. The strutting Petticoat smooths all Distinctions, levels the Mother with the Daughter and sets Maids and Matrons, Wives and Widows, upon the same Bottom. In the mean while I cannot but be troubled to see so many well shaped innocent Virgins blotted up, and wraddling up and down like big-bellied Women.

'Should this Fashion get among the ordinary People our publick Ways would be so crowded that we should want Street room. Several Congregations of the best Fashion find themselves already very much streightened, and if the Mode encrease I wish it may not drive many ordinary Women into Meetings and Conventicles. Should our Sex at the same time take it into their Heads to wear Trunk Breeches (as who knows what their Indignation at this Female Treatment may drive them to) a Man and his Wife would fill a whole Pew.

'You know, Sir, it is recorded of *Alvander the Great*, that in his *Indian* Expedition he buried several Suits of Armour, which by his Direction were made much too big for any of his Soldiers, in order to give Posterity an extraordinary Idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an Army of Giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present Petticoats happen to be hung up in any Repository of Curiosities, it will lead into the same Error the Generations that live some Removes from us unless we can believe our Posterity will think so disrespectfully of their Great Grand Mothers, that they made themselves Monstrous to appear Amiable.

'When I survey this new fashioned *Rotunda* in all its Parts I cannot but think of the old *Hilosophy*, who after having entered into an *Egyptian* Temple, and looked about for the Idol of the Place at length discovered a little black Monkey Enshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, (to the great Scandal of the Worshipers) What a magnificent Palace is here for such a Ridiculous Inhabitant!

'Though you have taken a Resolution in one of your Papers, to avoid descending to Particularities of Dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an Occasion, to Unhoop the Fur Sex, and cure this fashionable Lynpany that is got among them. I am apt to think the Petticoat will shrink of its own accord at your first coming to Town at least a Touch of your Pen will make it contract it self, like the sensitive Plant, and by that means oblige several

<sup>1</sup> Love in a Tub, Act 1: sc. 6

<sup>2</sup> In Plutarch's Life of him

who are either terrified or astonished at this portentous Novelty, and among the rest,  
C Your humble Servant, &c

No 128] Friday, July 27, 1711 [Addison

—Concordia discors—Lucan

**WOMEN** in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men, whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile, or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They should each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Bias which Nature has fixed in their Mind, that it may not *draw* too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action reflects the Character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, Women by a thoughtless Gallantry. Where these Precipitations are not observed, the Man often degenerates into a Cyack, the Woman into a Coquet, the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fractious.

By what I have said, we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightliness and good Humour of the Wife. When these are rightly tempered, Care and Cheerfulness go Hand in Hand, and the Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the Country I must fetch my Allusions from thence) that only the Male Birds have Voices, That their Songs begin a little before Breeding time, and end a little after. That whilst the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a Neighbouring Bough within her Hearing, and by that means amuses and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

This Contract among Birds lasts no longer than till a Brood of young ones arises from it, so that in the furtherd Kind, the Cares and Languages of the married State, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and the Woman are joined together for Life, and the main Burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of Soothing and Blandishment to the Female, that she may cheer and animate her Companion in a constant and assiduous Application to the making a Provision for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same Duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties, but only to set forth what seems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are bestowed on the different Sexes.

But whatever was the Reason that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we observe the Conduct of the Fair Sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a Person who resembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Sense. When we see a Fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite. Noise and Flutter are such Accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the Passion of an ordinary Woman for a Man is nothing else but Self love diverted upon another Object. She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind, than those Lines of Mr Dryden,

*Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form,  
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man*

This is a Source of infinite Calumnies to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men, who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as themselves, or if they chance to be good humoured, serve only to dissipate their fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiscretions.

The same female Levity is no less fatal to them after Marriage, than before. It represents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honest tractable [and] domestic Animal, and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads astray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the same pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to recompense themselves in all those sublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what she loved in her Gallant, and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless Progeny.

The younger *Faustina* was a lively Instance of this sort of Women. Notwithstanding she was married to *Marcius Aurelius*, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the *Roman* Emperors, she thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman, and had taken such Care to accomplish her Son *Commmodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he ascended the Throne of his Father, he became the most foolish and abandoned Tyrant that was ever placed at the Head of the *Roman* Empire, signaling himself in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Men's Brains. As he had no Taste of true Glory, we see him in several Medals and Statues (which<sup>1</sup>) are still extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from

<sup>1</sup> [that]

Sir ROGER The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Divisions of the Town the Husband a morose Rustic, that frowns and frets at the Name of it The Wife is over-run with Affectation, the Husband sunk into Brutality The Lady cannot bear the Noise of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer Days, and is sick at the Sight of shady Woods and purling Streams the Husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning to Night at essenced kops and tawdry Courtiers The Children are educated in these different Notions of their Parents The Sons follow the Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother By this means it comes to pass, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than she should be

How different are the Lives of *Aristus* and *Aspasia*? the innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the cheerful Gravity of the other The Wife grows wise by the Discourses of the Husband, and the Husband good-humoured by the Conversations of the Wife *Aristus* would not be so amiable were it not for his *Aspasia*, nor *Aspasia* so much [esteemed] were it not for her *Aristus* Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuse through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction C

No 129] Saturday, July 28, 1711 [Addison

*Vertentem sese si nostra scilabere canthum,  
Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo*  
Pers

GREAT Masters in Painting never care for drawing People in the Fashion, as very well knowing that the Head-dress, or Perwig, that now prevails, and gives a Grace to their Portraits at present, will make a very odd Figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the Eyes of Posterity For this Reason they often represent an illustrious Person in a Roman Habit, or in some other Dress that never varies I could wish, for the sake of my Country Friends, that there was such a kind of *everlasting Drapery* to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the Town, and that they would agree upon such Fashions as should never be liable to Changes and Innovations For want of this *standing Dress*, a Man [who<sup>2</sup>] takes a Journey into the Country is as much surprised, as one [who<sup>3</sup>] walks in a Gallery of old Family Pictures, and finds as great a Variety of Garbs and Habits in the Persons he converses with Did they keep to one constant Dress they would sometimes be in the Fashion, which they never are as Matters are managed at present If instead of running after the Mode,

they would continue fixed in one certain Habit, the Mode would some time or other overtake them, as a Clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve Hours In this Case therefore I would advise them, as a Gentleman did his Friend who was hunting about the whole Town after a rambling Fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your self at the Corner of any one Street, I'll engage it will not be long before you see him

I have already touched upon this Subject in a Speculation [which<sup>1</sup>] shows how cruelly the Country are led astray in following the Town and equipped in a ridiculous Habit, when they fancy themselves in the Height of the Mode Since that Speculation I have received a Letter [which I there hinted at] from a Gentleman who is now in the Western Circuit

Mr SPECTATOR,

Being a Lawyer of the Middle-Temple, [as<sup>1</sup>] Cornishman by Birth, I generally ride the Western Circuit for my health, and as I am not interrupted with Clients, have leisure to make many Observations that deserve the Notice of my fellow-Travelers

One of the most fashionable Women I met with in all the Circuit was my Landlady at *Stains*, where I chanced to be on a Holiday Her Commode was not half a foot high, and her Petticoat within some Yards of a modish Circumference In the same Place I observed a young Fellow with a tolerable Perwig, had it not been covered with a Hat that was shraped in the *Ramillie* Cock As I proceeded in my Journey I observed the Petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about threescore Miles from *Leaen* was so very unfashionable, that a Woman might walk in it without any manner of Inconvenience

Not far from *Salisbury* I took notice of a Justice of Peace's Lady [who<sup>4</sup>] was at least ten Years behindhand in her Dress, but at the same time as fine as Hands could make her She was flounced and furbelowed from Head to Foot every Ribbon was wrangled, and every Part of her Garments in Curl, so that she looked like one of those Animals which in the Country we call a *New Zealand Hen*

Not many Miles beyond this Place I was informed that one of the last Year's little Muffs had by some means or other straggled into those Parts, and that all Women of Fashion were cutting their old Muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little Model [which<sup>5</sup>] was got among them I cannot believe the Report they have there, that it was sent down fringed by a Parliament man in a little Packet, but probably by next Winter this Fashion will be at the Height in the Country, when it is quite out at *London*

The greatest Beau at our next Country Sessions was dressed in a most monstrous Flaxen Perwig, that was made in King *William's* Reign The Wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own Hair, when he is at home, and lets his Wig lie in Buckle for a whole half Year, that he may

<sup>1</sup> [to be esteemed] <sup>3</sup> [that]  
<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>1</sup> [that] <sup>2</sup> [and a] <sup>3</sup> [reason of 1706]  
<sup>4</sup> [that] <sup>5</sup> [that]

put it on upon Occasions to meet the Judges in it.

I must not here omit an Adventure [which<sup>2</sup>] happened to us in a Country Church upon the Frontiers of *Corrwall*. As we were in the midst of the Service, a Lady who is the chief Woman of the Place, and had passed the Winter at *Lor-*  
*don* with her Husband, entered the Congregation in a little Head dress, and a hoop'd Petticoat. The People, who were wonderfully startled at such a Sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious Bottom, and some at the little Top of this strange Dress. In the next time the Lady of the Manor filled the [Area<sup>3</sup>] of the Church and walked up to her. Few with an unspeakable Satisfaction, amidst the Whispers, Conjectures, and Astonishments of the whole Congregation.

Upon our Way from hence we saw a young fellow riding towards us full Gallop, with a Bohemian Wig and a black Silken Bag tied to it. He stopt short at the Coach, to ask us how far the Judges were behind us. His Story was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new silk Waistcoat, [which<sup>3</sup>] was unbutton'd in several Places to let us see that he had a clean Shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

From this Place, during our Progress through the most Western Parts of the Kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's Reign, the People having made very little Variations in their Dress since that time. The smartest of the Country Squires appear still in the *Monmouth* Cock, and when they go a wooing [whether they have any Post in the Militia or not] they generally put on a red Coat. We were, indeed, very much surprized, at the Place we lay at last Night, to meet with a Gentleman that had accoutred himself in a Night Cap Wig, a Coat with long Pockets, and slit Sleeves, and a pair of Shoes with high Scalloped Tops, but we soon found by his Conversation that he was a Person who laughed at the Ignorance and Rusticity of the Country People, and was resolved to live and die in the Mode.

Sir, if you think this Account of my Travels may be of any Advantage to the Publick, I will next I fear trouble you with such Occurrences as I shall meet with in other Parts of *England*. For I am inform'd there are greater Curiosities in the Northern Circuit than in the Western, and that a Fashion makes its Progress much slower into *Cumberland* than into *Corrwall*. I have heard in particular, that the *Stenkirks* arrived but two Months ago at *Newcastle* and that there are several Commodities in those Parts which are worth taking a Journey thither to see. C

<sup>2</sup> [that]      <sup>3</sup> [that]  
<sup>4</sup> Of 1685;      <sup>5</sup> Fashion of 169-3

No 130] Monday, July 30, 1711 [Addison

*Semperque recentes  
Convectari jura prædus, et vivere rapti*—Virg

AS I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gypsies. Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a Brawl of Lawless Vagrants, but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellor on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop. But at the same time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants. If a stray Piece of Linnen hangs upon a Hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it, if the Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey, our Geese cannot live in Peace for them, if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these Parts about this time of the Year and set the Heads of our Servant-Minds so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Business done as it should be whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-maid [who<sup>2</sup>] crosses their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the Parish for her pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be seduced by them, and, though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gypsy for above half an Hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them. The Sluts have very often white Teeth and black Eyes.

Sir ROGER observing that I listened with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A *Cassandra* of the Crew, after having examined my Ives very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner that I was a good Woman's Man, with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it when one of them, [who<sup>2</sup>] was older and more Sun-burnt than the rest, told him, that he had a Widow in his Line of Life. Upon which the Knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage and at the same time smiled upon me. The Gypsy finding he was not displeased in his Heart, told him, after a far-

<sup>2</sup> [that]      <sup>2</sup> [that]

ther Enquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old Friend cried Fish, and bid her go on. The Gypsy told him that he was a Bitchelour, but would not be so long, and that he was dearer to some Body than he thought. The Knight still repeated, She was an idle Maggidge, and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gypsy, that rogish Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ache. you ha'n't that Snapper about the Month for Nothing—I he uncouth Glibberish with which all this was uttered like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roderick told me, that he knew several sensible People who believed these Gypsies now and then foretold very strange things, and for half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjuror, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was picked. That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dextrous.

I might here entertain my Reader with Historical Remarks on this idle profligate People, [who] infest all the Countries of Europe, and live in the midst of Governments in a kind of Commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into Observations of this Nature, I shall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a Story [which] is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our Monthly Accounts about twenty Years ago. 'As the *Treksehuyt*, or Hackney-boat, which carries Passengers from *Leyden* to *Amsterdam*, was putting off, a Boy running along the [Side] of the Canal desired to be taken in which the Master of the Boat refused, because the Lad had not quite Money enough to pay the usual Fare. An eminent Merchant being pleased with the Looks of the Boy, and secretly touched with Compassion towards him, paid the Money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four Languages, and learned upon farther Examination that he had been stolen away when he was a Child by a Gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a Gang of those Strollers up and down several Parts of Europe. It happened that the Merchant, whose Heart seems to have inclined towards the Boy by a secret kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child some Years before. His Parents, after a long Search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the Canals with which that Country abounds, and the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died for Grief of it. Upon lying together all Particulars, and examining the several Moles and Marks [by] which the Mother used to describe the Child [whom] he was first missing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchant whose

Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find a Father [who] was so rich, and likely to leave him a good Estate. The Father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a Son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of Understanding, and Skill in Languages. Here the printed Story leaves off. but if I may give credit to Reports, our Language having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman, wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Pretences that he had been used to in the Course of his Peripatations. Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon National Business, with great Reputation to himself and Honour to [those who sent him,] and that he has visited several Countries as a publick Minister, in which he formerly wandered as a Gypsy. C

No 131 ] Tuesday, July 31, 1711 [Addison

— Ipsa rursus concedite Sybne —Virg

IT is usual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preserve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his Neighbour. My Friend Sir Roderick generally goes two or three Miles from his House, and gets into the Frontiers of his Estate, before he begins about in search of [his] Hare or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own Fields, where he is always sure of finding Diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this Means the Breed about his House has time to encrease and multiply, besides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and [where it] does not lie so thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confusion in the Pursuit. For these Reasons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own Home.

In the same manner I have made a Month's Excursion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sports-men of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have started several Subjects, and hunted them down, with some Pleasure to my self, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of Diligence before I can spring my thing to my Mind whereas in Town, whilst I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my Way by another, and put up such a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes, that they soil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greatest Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a while Month's Rest to the Cities of London and Westminster, I promise my self abundance of new Game upon my return thither. It is indeed high time for me to leave the Chace.

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [Sides]

<sup>4</sup> About three pence

<sup>5</sup> [by when]

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [an]

<sup>2</sup> [his Country]

try, since I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my Name and Character. My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity, and particular way of Life, having raised a great Curiosity in all these Parts.

The Notions which have been framed of me are various. Some look upon me as very proud (some as very modest) and some as very melancholy. *Will Wattle*, as my Friend the Butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People seem to suspect me for a Conjuror, and some of them hearing of the Visit [which] I made to *Moll Whiffo*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunning Man with him, to cure the old Woman and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I can make in part of the Neighbourhood, is what they here call a *White Witch*.

A Juinee of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is a friend of Sir ROGER's Party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his I did, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jesuit in his House, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give some Account of my self.

On the other side some of Sir ROGER's Friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing Fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him some disreputable Whore, that is sullen, and says nothing because he is out of Place.

Such is the Variety of Opinions [which] are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected Person, and among others for a Papish Priest, among some for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer, and all this for no other Reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoar and hollow and make a Noise. It is true my Friend Sir ROGER tells me, *that it is my duty* and that I am only a Philosopher, but [this] will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

For these and other Reasons I shall set out for *London* to-morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Person of my Temper, who does not love Jollity, and what they call Good Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an Afternoon in every Chance-comer that will be the Master of his own Time, and the Pursuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unseemable Figure in this kind of Life. I shall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make use of that Phrase, and get into the Crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finish the Month and conclude these my rural Speculations, I shall here insert a Letter from my Friend

\* [that]

\* [that]

WILL HORTYCOMB who has not lived a Month for these forty Years out of the Smoke of *London*, and rather me after his way upon my Country Life.

Dear Sir,

I Suppose that I shall find thee picking of Daisies, or smelling to a Lock of Hair, or passing away this time in some innocent Country Diversion of the like Nature. I have however Orders from the Club to summon thee up to Town, being all of us curiously afraid thou wilt not be able to resist our Company, after thy Conversations with *Moll White* and *Will Wattle*. Pray thee don't send us up any more Stories of a Cock and a Bull, nor frighten the Town with Spirits and Witches. Thy Speculations begin to smell considerably of Woods and Meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude [that] thou art in Love with one of Sir ROGER's Daughters. Service to the Knight. Sir ANDREW is grown the Cock of the Club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will mile every Mother's Son of us Common wealth's Men.

Dear Sir,

Thine Literally,

WILL HORTYCOMB

No 132] Wednesday, August 1, 1711 [Steel

—*Qui aut Tempus quid postulat non tulet, aut plura loquatur aut se ostendit, aut eorum qui lucum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur* — Full

HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening, and attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County-Town at twilight in order to be ready for the Stage Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, inquired of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. Betty Trimble, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother, a recruiting Officer (who took a Piece because they were to go) a young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to) *Ephraim* the Quaker, her Guardian and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLY'S I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day break we were all called, and I, who know my own natural Shyness,

\* The man who would not fight received the name of Ephraim from the 9th verse of Psalm lxxviii, which says 'The children of Ephraim, being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle.'

and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting-out was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coach man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled, upon which his Cloak bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach. And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of Military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity, and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word, continued he, I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character. You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent. Take me your self, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, Sir!' This was followed by a run Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. 'Come, said he, resolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town. We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep, to be (tho' the Bride man, and' (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, 'Thus sly Sunt, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father. The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good Part that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child, and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Birth, Friend, savour eth of Folly. Thou art a Person of a light Mind. thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, but thy Emptiness that thou hast spoken this.' Day Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies we cannot help it, Friend I say if thou wilt we must hear thee. But if thou wert a Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take Advantage of thy courageous Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier, give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou sleep at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he [said] nothing but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in

² [sayeth]

'the hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it is an Outrage against a distressed Person that cannot get from thee. To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being lapsed up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some Degree assailing on the high Road.'

Here Ephraim paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be envied and support it self at the same time) cries, 'Faith, Friend, I thank thee. I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a snaky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly, the ensuing Part of the Journey. I was [going] to give my self Aurs, but, Ladies, I beg Pardon.'

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowered by this little Ruffle that Ephraim and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under Ephraim and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to London of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the Relation of them. But when I considered the Company we were in, I took it for no small good Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arriv'd at London, had to me an Air not only of good Understanding but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows. 'There is no ordinary Part of humane Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him. Such a Man, when he falleth in the way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend, (continued he, turning to the Officer) thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again. But be advised by a plain Man. Modes and Apparel are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my perceivable Demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it.'

² [a going]



No 133] *Thursday, August 2, 1711* [Steel

*Quis Devisi ostendit pudor aut melius  
Tam Chari capitis?—Hor*

THERE is a sort of Delight, which is alternately mix'd with Terror and Sorrow, in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curiosity more than ordinarily awaken'd, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an Equal, a Resigned, a Cheerful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity. We are affected with these respective Manners of Behaviour, as we secretly believe the Part of the Dying Person unimitable by our selves, or such as we imagine ourselves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are, to the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for their Admiration than Example. However, there are no Ideas strike more forcibly upon our Imaginations, than those which are rais'd from Reflections upon the Exits of great and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have suffered as Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to Human Society, seem to be Persons of the highest Distinction, among the vastly greater Number of Human Race, the Dead. When the Iniquity of the Times brought *Socrates* to his Execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the Testimony of his own Conscience and Conjectures of Hereafter, receive the Poison with an Air of Mirth and good Humour, and as if going on in agreeable Journey bespeak some Deity to make it fortunate.

When *Phocion's* good Actions had met with the like Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death with many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, he walking composedly to wards the Place of Execution, how gracefully does he support his Illustrious Character to the very last Instant. One of the Rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual Authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himself. When a Poor spirited Creature that died at the same time for his Crimes bemoan'd himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this Question, Is it no Consolation to such a Man as thou art to die with *Phocion*? At the Instant when he was to die, they asked him what commands he had for his Son, he answered, To forget this Injury of the *Athenians*. *Nicoles*, his Friend, under the same Sentence, desired he might drink the Potion before him. *Phocion* said, because he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult Request he had ever made.

These Instances were very noble and great, and the Reflections of those Sublime Spirits had made Death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of Nature, a Relief from a various Being ever subject to Sorrows and Difficulties.

*Epamirondas*, the Theban General, having re-

\* From *Plutarch's Life of Phocion*

cived in Fight a mortal Stab with a Sword, which was left in his Body, lay in that Posture 'till he had Intelligence that his Troops [had] obtained the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn [out], at which Instant he expressed himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow-Soldiers, it is now your Epamirondas is born, who dies in so much Glory*

It were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have filled the World of Noble and Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being, as if the Termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence of it.

This common place way of Thinking I fell into from an unwar'd Endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over Books in a melancholy Mood but it is not easy to remove Grievs which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Human Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend, with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privy of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy which I have done for very many Years, and walk'd directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death. What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness. In vain called upon him he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother, dumb with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour and her Comfort, and never till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

'How surprising is this Change! from the Possession of vigorous Life and Strength, to be reduced in a few Hours to this fatal Extremity! Those Lips which look so pale and livid, within these few Days gave Delight to all who heard their Utterance. It was the Business, the Purpose of his Being, next to Obeying him to whom he is goug, to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the Motive of his Actions, and with all the Capacity requisite for making a Figure in a contentious World, Moderation, Good-Nature, Affability, Temperance and Chastity, were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There as he lies in helpless Agony, no Wise Man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the World can bestow to be so near the end of such a Life. Why does my Heart so little obey my Reason as to lament thee, thou excellent Man?—Heaven receive him, or restore him.—'

\* This friend was Stephen, son of Edmund Clay, his brother Stephen Clay was of the Inner Temple, and called to the bar in 1700.

'Thy beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy helpless Servants, stand around thee without Distinction How much wouldst thou, boast thou thy Senses, say to each of us

'But now that good Heart bursts, and he is at rest—with that Breath expired a Soul who never indulged a Passion unfit for the Place he is gone to Where are now thy Plans of Justice, of Truth, of Honour? Of what use the Volumes thou hast collated, the Arguments thou hast invented, the Examples thou hast followed Poor were the Expectations of the Studious, the Modest and the Good, if the Reward of their Labours were only to be expected from Man No, my Friend, thy intended Pleadings, thy intended good Offices to thy Friends, thy intended Services to thy Country, are already performed (as to thy Concern in them) in his Sight before whom the Past, Present, and Future appear at one View While others with thy Talents were tormented with Ambition, with Van-glory, with Envy, with Emulation, how well didst thou turn thy Mind to its own Improvement in things out of the Power of Fortune, in Probity, in Integrity, in the Practice and Study of Justice how silent thy Passage, how private thy Journey, how glorious thy End! Many have I known more Famous, some more Knowing, not one so Innocent! R

No 134] Friday, August 3, 1711 [Steele

—*Opusculum per Orbem*  
Dico— Ovid

**D**URING my Absence in the Country, several Packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, because I was expected every Day in Town The Author of the following Letter, dated from *Tower-Hill*, having sometimes been entertained with some Learned Gentlemen in Plush Doublets, who have vended their Wares from a Stage in that Place, has pleasantly enough addressed Me, as no less a Sage in Morality, than those are in Physick To comply with his kind Inclination to make my Cures famous, I shall give you his Testimonial of my great Abilities at large in his own Words

*SIR,*

'Your saying t'other Day there is something wonderful in the Narrowness of the e Minds which can be pleased, and be burthen of Bounty to those who please them, makes me in print that I am not a Man of Power If I were, you should soon see how much I approve your Speculations In the mean time, I beg leave to supply that Inability with the empty Tribute of an honest Mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you for your daily Refreshments. I constantly peruse your Paper as I smoke my Morning's Pipe, (tho' I can't forbear reading the Motto before I fill and light) and really it gives a grateful Relish to every Whif each Paragraph is freight either with useful or delightful Notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improved The Variety of

'your Subjects surprizes me as much as a Box of Pictures did formerly, in which there was only one Face, that by pulling some Pices of Isinglass over it, was changed into a grave Senator or a *Merry Andrew*, a pitch'd Lady or a Nun, a Beau or a Black-a-moor, a Prude or a Coquet, a Country Squire or a Conjurer, with many other different Representations very entertaining (as you are) tho' still the same at the Bottom This was a childish Amusement when I was carried away with outward Appearance, but you make a deeper Impression, and affect the secret Springs of the Mind you charm the Fancy, sooth the Passions, and insensibly lead the Reader to that Sweetness of Temper that you so well describe, you rouse Generosity with that Spirit, and inculcate Humanity with that Ease, that he must be miserably Stupid that is not affected by you I can't say indeed that you have put Impertinence to Silence, or Unity out of Countenance, but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any Man that ever appeared upon a publick Stage And offer an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly, for the Price of One Penny And since it is usual for those who receive Benefit by such famous Operators, to publish an Advertisement, that others may reap the same Advantage, I think my self obliged to declare to all the World, that having for a long time been splenetic, ill natured, forward, suspicious, and unsociable, by the Application of your Medicines, taken only with half an Ounce of right *Virgin a Tobacco*, for six successive Mornings, I am become open, obliging, officious, frank, and hospitable

*Tower-hill,*  
July 5, 1711

*I am,*  
*Your humble Servant,*  
*and great Admirer,*  
*George Trusty*

This careful I rather and humble Petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under Difficulties about the just Management of Fans, will soon receive proper Advertisements relating to the Professors in that behalf, with their Places of Abode and Methods of Teaching

*SIR,*

*July the 5th, 1711*

'In your Spectator of *June* the 7th you transcribe a Letter sent to you from a new sort of Muster-master, who teaches Ladies the whole Exercise of the Fan I have a Daughter just come to Town, who tho' she has always held a Fan in her Hand at proper Times yet she knows no more how to use it according to true Discipline, than an awkward School boy does to make use of his new Sword I have sent for her on purpose to learn the Exercise, she being already very well accomplished in all other Arts which are necessary for a young Lady to understand my Request is, that you will speak to your Correspondent on my behalf, and in your next Paper let me know what he expects, either by the Month, or the Quarter, for teaching and where he keeps his Place of Rendezvous I have a Son too, whom I would fain have taught to gallant Fans, and should be glad to know what the Gentleman will have for teaching them both, I finding Fans for Price

Word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the best Judge in this Case, would very much disapprove of such Innovations, which indeed we do our selves in some measure, by retaining the old Form of Words in Writing, and in all the solemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, so on other Occasions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our Language, and elogged it with Consonants, as *mayn't, can't, shan't, won't*, and the like, for *may not, can not, shall not, will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Conversations they often lose all but their first Syllables, as in *nob res pos vrog* and the like, and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our Tongue. We see some of our Poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras's* Doggrel Expressions in their serious Compositions, by throwing out the Signs of our Substantives, which are essential to the *English* Language. Nay, this Humour of shortning our Language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L'Estrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all superfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the Spelling to the Pronunciation which would have confounded all our Etymologies, and have quite destroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper Names, when familiarized in *English*, generally dwindle to Monosyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they receive a softer Turn on this Occasion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French* *Jaquet*, and so of the rest.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Instance of our Frugality of Words, and that is the suppressing of several Particles which must be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best Writers, when they find the Relations *whom, which, or they* at their Mercy whether they may have Admission or not and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages shall settle all Controversies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only considered our Language as it shows the Genius and natural Temper of the *English*, which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has spoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the same I thought into other Languages, and deduce a greater Part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be shown by many

Instances, as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is so much addicted to Musick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phrases to those particular Uses. The Statelyness and Gravity of the *Spaniards* shews itself to Perfection in the Solemnity of their Language, and the blunt honest Humour of the *Germans* sounds better in the Roughness of the *Hugh Dutel*, than it would in a politer Tongue. C

No 136] Monday, August 6, 1711 [Steele

—Parthus mendacior— Hor

ACCORDING to the Request of this strange Fellow, I shall Print the following Letter

MR SPECTATOR,

'I shall without any manner of Preface or Apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my Youth upward, one of the greatest Liars this Island has produced. I have read all the Moralists upon the Subject, but could never find any Effect their Discourses had upon me, but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts and Ideas, and making me more ready in my Language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming Truths with my Improbabilities. With this strong Passion towards Falshood in this kind, there does not live in honestest Man or a sincerer Friend, but my Imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started I have such a Scene of Adventures appears in an Instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, tho', to my immediate Confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first Man I meet.

'Upon occasion of the mention of the Battel of *Pultown*, I could not forbear giving an Account of a Kinsman of mine, a young Merchant who was bred at *Mosco*, that had too much Merit to attend Books of Entries and Accounts, when there was so active a Scene in the Country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a Volunteer. This warm Youth, born at the Instant the thing was spoke of, was the Man who unhorsed the *Suedish* General, he was the Occasion that the *Moscovites* kept their fire in so soldier like a manner, and brought up those Troops which were covered from the Enemy at the beginning of the Dry, besides this, he had at last the good Fortune to be the Man who took Count *Peper*. With all this Fire I knew my Cousin to be the Civillest Creature in the World. He never made any impertinent Show of his Valour, and then he had an excellent Genius for the World in every other kind. I had Letters from him (here I felt in my Pocket) that exactly spoke the Czar's Character, which I knew [perfectly<sup>2</sup>] well and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his Imperial Majesty twice or thrice a Week all the while he lodged at *Deftford*.<sup>3</sup> What is worse than all this, it is

<sup>1</sup> Prime Minister of Charles XII

<sup>2</sup> [exactly]

<sup>3</sup> In the Spring of 1698

'one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or Merchant as I have now described in the whole World, that I know of. But I will catch my self 'once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak 'one Truth, to wit that I am

T Your Humble Servant, &c

No 137] Tuesday, August 7, 1711 [Steele

*At hæc etiam Servus semper libera si erunt, timere, gaudere, dolere, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio*—Tull Epist.

IT is no small Concern to me that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. I here are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a cheerful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning if a little sour, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together. The Master knows not how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so sullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content, in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Possession of the Whole. Unhappy Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

SIR,

August 2, 1711

'I have read your *Spectator* of the third of the last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir ROGER. The Character of my Master is the very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and his Mind revealed, by way of Contraries. As when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar Cast of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now*. If I am to make haste back, *Don't come these two Hours, be sure to call by the Way upon some of your Companions*. Then another excellent Way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a Day, he calls ten times in a Quarter of an Hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his Manner, and the same Perverseness runs through all his Actions, according as the Circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his Servants. He is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleasure and Liberty than as a Gaoles and a Prisoner. He

lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes a Discovery, but falls into such Language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of nine Years, and tho' I have never wronged him, I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a Sentence out of my Master's *Charadon*, I shall tell you my Case in a Word, *Being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done*

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

RALPH VALET

Dear Mr SIECTER,

'I am the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the SIECTER. My Lady herself is of no Mind in the World, and for that Reason her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows what to do with herself, she pulls on and puts off every thing she wears twenty times before she resolves upon it for that Day. I stand at one end of the Room, and reach things to her Woman. When my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the Woman meets me in the middle of the Room to receive it, and at that instant she says No she will not have it. I then go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and by this time she will have that and two or three things more in an instant. The Woman and I run to each other. I am loaded and delivering the things to her, when my Lady says she wants none of all these things, and we are the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be dressed in any time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good Lady with all the Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will have Temper because we have no manner of Understanding, and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of our selves what we are to do. When she is dressed she goes to Dinner, and after she has dished every thing there, she calls for the Coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot. Now, good Mr SIECTER, I desire you would in the Behalf of all who serve froward Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can be done without allowing Time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for if one is called back before one can go a Step for that they want. And if you please let them know that all Mistresses are as like as all Servants.

I am

Your Loving Friend,

PATIENCE GIDDY

These are great Calamities, but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards Chelsea, a pleasanter Fellow than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was pulling on in his open Waistcoat, a Boy of fourteen in a Livery, carrying

after him his Clerk, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy Young Dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that People cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them, when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and his own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. Equanimity in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family. *Pamphilo* has the happiest Household of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister, and the other I don't expect to wait, because his Father died but two Days ago.*

No 138 ] Wednesday, August 6, 1711 [Steele

*Utitur in re non Dubia testis est: ot. necessarius*  
Iull

ONE meets now and then with Persons who are extremely learned and knotty in Expounding clear Cases. *Tully* tells us of an Author that spent some Pages to prove that Cicero's could not perform the great Enterprizes which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had Men. He asserted also, it seems, that a Minister at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Instruments and Assistants. On this Occasion he produces the Example of *Themistocles*, *Pericles*, *Cyrus*, and *Alexander* himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such Persons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

The Author above mentioned by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Conversation such as deserve the same kind of Renown, for troubling those with whom they converse with the like Certainties. The Persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest Admiration in this kind are

your ordinary Story tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumstance of a Narration, whether it concern the main End or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Honour to be in Company with the other Day, upon some Occasion that he was pleased to tale, said, He remembered a very pretty Repartee made by a very witty Man in King *Charles's* time upon the like Occasion. I remember (said he, upon entering into the Tale) much about the time of *Oates's* Plot, that a Cousin-German of mine and I were at the *Bear in Holborn*. No, I am out, it was at the *Cross Keys*, but *Jack Thompson* was there, for he was very great with the Gentlemen who made the Answer. But I am sure it was spoken some where thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening. But no matter for all that, the thing is the same but—

He was going on to settle the Geography of the Jest when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the Purpose, still observing its own Impertinencies, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he informed the rest of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small Misfortune to any who have a just Value for their Time, when this Quality of being so very Circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to shew it self in a Man whose Quality obliges them to attend his Proofs, that it is now Dry, and the like. But this is augmented when the same Genius gets into Authority, as it often does. Nay I have known it more than once ascend the very Pulpit. One of this sort taking in his Head to be a great Admirer of Dr *Tillotson* and Dr *Beveridge*, never failed of proving out of these great Authors Things which no Man living would have denied him upon his [own] single Authority. One Day resolving to come to the Point in hand, he said, According to that excellent Divine, I will enter upon the Matter, or in his Words, in the fifteenth Sermon of the Folio Edition, Page 160.

*I shall briefly explain the Words, and then consider the Matter contained in them.*

This honest Gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his Modesty so far as to alter his Design of *Entering into the Matter*, to that of *Briefly explaining*. But so it was that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added also the other Divine to strengthen his Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr *Beveridge*, Page 4th of his 9th Volume, *I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read, wherein for that Purpose we shall consider*—This Wiserere was reckoned by the Fash, who did not understand him, a most excellent Preacher, but that he read too much, and was so Humble that he did not trust enough to his own Parts.

Next to these ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no body can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of People who do not indeed attempt to

prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to ruse Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the least Controversy. One of these People told a Gentleman who said he saw Mr such a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the *Gravel-Pits*, Sir, I must beg your pardon for that, for tho' I am very loath to have any Dispute with you, yet I must take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at St James's. When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove that Snow is white, and when you are upon that Topick can say that there is really no such thing as Colour in Nature in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have into a ready Capacity of rusing Doubts into a Capacity of being always frivolous and always unanswerable. It was of two Disputants of this impudent and laborious kind that the Cynick said, *One of these Fellows is Milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail*

## ADVERTISEMENT

*The Exercise of the Snuff-Box, according to the most fashionable Arts and Motions, in opposition to the Exercise of the Fan, will be Taught with the best plain or perfumed Snuff, at Charles Lillie's Perfumer at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings in the Strand, and Attendance given for the Benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except Saturdays, at a Toy-shop near Garraway's Coffee-House. There will be likewise Taught the Ceremony of the Snuff-box, or Rules for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend, or a Mistress, according to the Degrees of Familiarity or Distance, with an Explanation of the Carless, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pouch, and the Gestures proper to each of them.*

N B The Undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a Body of Regular Snuff-Boxes ready to meet and make head against [all] the Regiment of Fans which have been lately Disciplined, and are now in Motion

No 139] Thursday, August 9, 1711 [Steele

*Vera Gloria radices agit, atque etiam profugatur. Ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam flosculi, decidunt, nec simulatam potest quidquam esse duritumum.*—Jull

OF all the Affections which attend Human Life, the Love of Glory is the most Ardent. According as this is Cultivated in Princes, it produces the greatest Good or the greatest Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impressions received from Education only, it creates an Ambitious rather than a Noble Mind: where it is the natural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him to the Pursuit of Things truly Glorious. The two greatest Men now in Europe (according to the common Acceptation of the Word Great) are Lewis King of France, and Peter Emperor of Russia. As it is certain that all Fame does not

arise from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing Amusement to examine the Glory of these Potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing, and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting, and important. Lewis of France had his Infancy attended by Crafty and Worldly Men, who made Extent of Territory the most glorious [Instance<sup>1</sup>] of Power, and mistook the spreading of Fame for the Acquisition of Honour. The young Monarch's Heart was by such Conversation easily deluded into a Fondness for vain glory, and upon these unjust Principles to form or fall in with suitable Projects of Invasion, Rapine, Murder, and all the Guilt that attend War when it is unjust. At the same time this Tyranny was hid, Sciences and Arts were encouraged in the most generous Manner, as if Men of higher Faculties were to be bribed to permit the Massacre of the rest of the World. Every Superstructure which the Court of France built upon their first Designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to its false Foundation. The Ostentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equipage, Shrieks of Poverty, and Ignominy of Modesty, were the common Arts of Life. The generous Love of one Woman was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friendships among Men turned into Commercials of Interest, or mercenary Professions. While these were the Rules of Life, Perjuries in the Prince, and a general Corruption of Manners in the Subject, were the Snarls in which France has Et tangled all her Neighbours. With such false Colours have the Eyes of Lewis been enchanted, from the Debauchery of his early Youth, to the Supposition of his present old Age. Hence it is, that he has the Pretence to have Statues erected to his Prowess, his Valour, his Fortitude, and in the Softness and Luxury of a Court, to be applauded for Magnanimity and Enterprise in Military Achievements.

Peter Alexievitch of Russia, when he came to Years of Manhood, though he found himself Emperor of a vast and numerous People, Master of an endless Territory, absolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, in the midst of this unbounded Power and Greatness turned his Thoughts upon Himself and People with Sorrow. Sordid Ignorance and a Brute Manner of Life this Generous Prince beheld and contemned from the Light of his own Genius. His Judgment suggested this to him, and his Courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the Nation from whence the rest of the World has borrowed its Politeness, but himself left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, and Application to useful Arts, wherein to employ the Laborious, the Simple, the Honest part of his People. Mechanical Employments and Operations were very justly the first Objects of his Labour and Observation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into Foreign Nations in an obscure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more Consequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and lasting Fame, by

<sup>1</sup> [Instances]

'Authors, whose Merit in some respects has given a Satisfaction to their Faults in others. Thus the Imitators of *Milton* seem to place all the Excellency of that sort of Writing either in the uncouth or antique Words, or something else which was highly vicious, tho' pardonable, in that Great Man. The Admirers of what we call Point, or Turn, look upon it as the particular Happiness to which *Corley*, *Ovid* and others owe their Reputation, and therefore imitate them only in such Instances what is Just, Proper and Natural does not seem to be the Question with them, but by what means a quaint Antithesis may be brought about, how one Word may be made to look two Ways, and what will be the Consequence of a forced Allusion. Now tho' such Authors appear to me to resemble those who make themselves fine, instead of being well dressed or graceful, yet the Mischief is, that these Beauties in them, which I call Blemishes, are thought to proceed from Luxuriance of Fancy and Overflowing of good Sense. In one word, they have the Character of being too Witty, but if you would acquaint the World they are not Witty at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

SIR,  
Your Most Benevolent Reader,  
R. D

SIR,  
'I am a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty, therefore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to decide a Wager between me and a Cousin of mine, who is always contradicting one because he understands *Latin*. Pray, Sir, is *Dumple* spelt with a single or a double P?

I am, Sir,  
Your very Humble Servant,  
Betty Saunter

'Pray, Sir, direct it us, To the kind Quaker, and leave it at Mr Lillie's, for I don't care to be known in the thing at all. I am, Sir, again Your Humble Servant

MR SPECTATOR,  
'I must needs tell you there are several of your Papers I do not much like. You are often so Nice there is no enduring you, and so Learned there is no understanding you. What have you to do with our Petticoats?

Your Humble Servant,  
Parthenope.

MR SPECTATOR,  
'Last Night as I was walking in the Park, I met a couple of Friends. Prince Jack, says one of them, let us go drink a Glass of Wine, for I am fit for nothing else. Thus put me upon reflecting on the many Viscarrages which happen in Conversations over Wine, when Men go to the Bottle to remove such Humours as it only stir up and warrens. Thus I could not attribute more to any thing than to the Humour of putting Company upon others which Men do not like themselves. Pray, Sir, declare in your Papers, that he who is a troublesome Companion to himself, will not be an agreeable one to others. Let People reason themselves into good Humour before they molest them

selves upon their Friends. Pray, Sir, be as Eloquent as you can upon this Subject, and do Human Life so much Good, as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can swallow who is fit to drink a Glass of Wine.

Your most Humble Servant

SIR,  
'This Morning cast my Eye upon your Paper concerning the Expence of Time. You are very obliging to the Women, especially those who are not Young and past Gallantry, by touching so gently upon Gaming. Therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leisure Time in that Diversion, but I should be glad to hear you say something upon the Behaviour of some of the Female Gamblers.

'I have observed Ladies, who in all other respects are Gentle, Good humoured, and the very Pinks of good Breeding, who as soon as the Ombré Table is called for, set down to their Business, are immediately transmigrated into the vilest Wraps in Nature.

'You must know I keep my Temper, and win their Money but am out of Countenance to take it, it makes them so very uneasy. Be pleased, dear Sir, to instruct them to lose with a better Grace, and you will oblige

Yours,  
Rachel Bisto

MR SPECTATOR,  
'Your Kindness to *Eleonora*, in one of your Papers, has given me Encouragement to do myself the Honour of writing to you. The great Regard you have so often expressed for the Instruction and Improvement of our Sex, will, I hope, in your own Opinion, sufficiently excuse me from making any Apology for the Impertinence of this Letter. The great Desire I have to embellish my Mind with some of those Graces which you say are so becoming, and which you assert Reading helps us to, has made me unwise. I'll I am put in a Capacity of attaining them. This, Sir, I shall never think my self in, till you shall be pleased to recommend some Author or Authors to my Perusal.

'I thought indeed when I first cast my Eye on *Eleonora's* Letter, that I should have had no occasion for requesting it of you. But to my very great Concern, I found, on the Perusal of that Spectator, I was entirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use of my Time for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at least with one Scene, as you were pleased to entertain *Eleonora* with your Prologue. I write to you not only my own Sentiments, but also those of several others of my Acquaintance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of spending one's Time as my self. And if a fervent Desire after Knowledge, and a great Sense of our present Ignorance, may be thought a good Pre-argue and Earnest of Improvement, you may look upon your Time you shall bestow in answering this Request not thrown away to no purpose. And I can't but add, that unless you have a

This letter, signed Parthenope, was by Miss Shepherd, sister of Mrs. Perry, who wrote the Letter in No 92, signed *Eleonora*.

'particular and more than ordinary Regard for  
'*Zestron*, I have a better Title to your Favour  
'than she since I do not content myself with  
'her table Reading of your Papers, but it is my  
'Entertainment very often when alone in my  
'Closet To shew you I am capable of Improve-  
'ment, and hate Flattery I acknowledge I do  
'not like some of your Papers but even there I  
'am ready to call in question my own shallow  
'Understanding than Mr SPECTATOR's profound  
'Judgment

*I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes of  
being more) your obliged Servant,*

PARTHI NIA

This last Letter is written with so urgent and  
serious an Air, that I cannot but think it incum-  
bent upon me to comply with her Commands,  
which I shall do very suddenly

No 141 ] Saturday, August 11, 1711 [Steele

*Miserum est. Nunc voluptas  
Omnis* Hor

IN the present Impudence of the Town, I have  
several Applications from the lower Part  
of the Players, to admit Suffering to pass for Act-  
ing They in very obliging Terms desire me to  
let a Fall on the Ground, a Stumble, or a good  
Slip on the Back, be reckoned a Jest. These  
Gambols I shall tolerate for a Season, because I  
hope the Fall cannot continue longer than till  
the People of Condition and Taste return to Town  
The Method, some time ago, was to entertain that  
Part of the Audience, who have no Faculty above  
Insight, with Rope-dancers and Tumblers,  
which was a way discreet enough, because it pre-  
vented Confusion, and distinguished such as could  
show all the Postures which the Body is capable  
of, from those who were to represent all the Pas-  
sions to which the Mind is subject But tho' this  
was prudently settled, Corporal and Intellectual  
Actors ought to be kept at a still wider Distance  
than to appear on the same Stage at all For  
which Reason I must propose some Methods for  
the Improvement of the Back Garden, by dis-  
missing all Bodily Acts to that Quarter

In Cases of greater moment, where Men appear  
in Publick, the Consequence and Importance of  
the thing can bear them out And tho' a Pleader  
or Preacher is Horse or Aukward, the Weight  
of the Matter commands Respect and Attention  
but in Theatrical Speaking, if the Performer is  
not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly  
ridiculous In Cases where there is little else  
expected, but the Pleasure of the Ears and Eyes,  
the least Diminution of that Pleasure is the  
highest Offence In Acting, barely to perform the  
Part is not commendable, but to be the least out  
is contemptible To avoid these Difficulties and  
Delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out  
of Town, the Actors have flown in the Air, and  
played such Pranks, and run such Hazards, that  
none but the Servants of the Fire office, Filers  
and Masons, could have been able to perform the

like The Author of the following Letter, it seems,  
has been of the Audience at one of these En-  
tertainments and has accordingly complained to  
me upon it but I think he has been to the ut-  
most degree Severe against what is exception-  
able in the Play he mentions, without dwelling so  
much as he might have done on the Author's most  
excellent Talent of Humour The pleas in the Pic-  
tures he has drawn of Life should have been more  
kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes  
his Witches, who are too dull Devils to be at-  
tracted with so much Warmth

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'Upon a Report that *Moll White* had followed  
'you to Town, and was to act a Part in the *Lan-  
cashire Witches*, I went last Week to see that  
'Play It was my Fortune to sit next to a  
'Country Justice of the Peace, a Neighbour (as  
'he said) of Sir Roderick's, who pretended to shew  
'her to us in one of the Drinces. There was  
'Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almost  
'to incline me to believe him, *Ben Johnson* was  
'almost hanged young *Bullock* narrowly saved  
'his Neck the Audience was astonished, and an  
'old Acquaintance of mine, a Person of Worth,  
'whom I would have bowed to in the Pit, at two  
'Yards distance did not know me

'If you were what the Country People reported  
'you, a white Witch, I could have wished you had  
'been there to have exorcised that Rabble of  
'Broomsticks, with which we were haunted for  
'above three Hours I could have allowed them  
'to set *Clod* in the Tree, to have scared the  
'Sportsmen, plagued the Justice, and employed  
'*Shakespeare* with his holy Water This was  
'the proper Use of them in Comedy, if the Author  
'had stopped here, but I cannot conceive what  
'Return the Sacrifice of the Black Lamb, and  
'the Ceremonies of their Worship to the Devil,  
'have to the Business of Mirth and Humour

'The Gentlemen who writ this Play, and has  
'drawn some Characters in it very justly, appears  
'to have been misled in his Witchcraft by an unwar-  
'y following the mimitable *Shakespeare* The In-  
'cantations in *Macbeth* have a Solemnity admir-  
'ably adapted to the Occasion of that Tragedy,  
'and fill the Mind with a suitable Horror besides,

<sup>1</sup> This letter is by John Hughes

<sup>2</sup> *Shadwell's* Play of the *Lancashire Witches*  
was in the bill of the Theatre advertised at the  
end of this number of the *Spectator*

'By her Majesty's Company of Comedians

'At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, on Tuesday  
next, being the 14th Day of August, will be pre-  
sented, A comedy call'd the *Lancashire Witches*,  
Written by the Ingenious Mr Shadwell, late Poet  
Laureat Carefully Revised With all the Original  
Decorations of Scenes, Witches Songs and  
Drinces, proper to the Drama The Principal  
Parts to be perform'd by Mr Mills, Mr Booth,  
Mr Johnson, Mr Bullock, Sen, Mr Norris, Mr  
Pack, Mr Bullock, Jun, Mrs Lington, Mrs  
Powel, Mrs Bridshaw, Mrs Cox And the  
Witches by Mr Burkhead, Mr Ryan, Mrs Mills,  
and Mrs Willis It being the last time of Acting  
in this Season'



'that the Witches are a Part of the Story it self, as we find it very particularly related in *Hector Boetius*, from whom he seems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper Machine where the Business is dark, horrid, and bloody but is extremely foreign from the Affair of Comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by passing through an Imagination like *Shakespeare's* to form them, for which Reason Mr *Dryden* would not allow even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* capable of imitating him

*But Shakespeare's Magic could not copy'd be,  
Within that Circle none durst walk but He*<sup>x</sup>

'I should not, however, have troubled you with these Remarks, if there were not something else in this Comedy, which wants to be excoriated more than the Witches. I mean the Freedom of some Passages, which I should have overlook'd, if I had not observed that those Jest can raise the loudest Mirth, though they are painful to right Sense and an Outrage upon Modesty.

'We must attribute such Liberties to the Taste of that Age, but indeed by such Representations a Poet sacrifices the best Part of his Audience to the worst and, as one would think, neglects the Boves, to write to the Orange Witches.

'I must not conclude till I have taken notice of the Moral with which this Comedy ends. The two young Ladies living, given a notable Example of outwitting those who had a Right in the Disposal of them, and marrying without Consent of Parents, one of the unjust Parties, who is easily reconciled, winds up all with this Remark,

—Design whatever we will,  
Here is a Tale which over rules us still

'We are to suppose that the Gallants are Men of Merit, but if they had been Rakes the License might have serv'd as well. *Hans Carvel's* Wife<sup>2</sup> was of the same Principle, but has express'd it with a Delicacy which shews she is not serious in her License, but in a sort of humorous Philosophy turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and says,

*That if weak Women go astray,  
Her Stars are more in fault than they*

'This, no doubt, is a full Reparation, and dis-misses the Audience with very edifying Impressions.

'These things fall under a Province you have partly pursued already, and therefore demand your Annidversion, for the regulating so Noble an Entertainment as that of the Stage. It were to be wished, that all who write for it hereafter would raise their Genius, by the Ambition of pleasing People of the best Understanding, and leave others who show nothing of the Human Species but Risibility, to seek their Diversion at the Bear Garden, or some other Privileged Place,

<sup>1</sup> Prologue to *Davenant* and *Dryden's* version of the *Lepfest*

<sup>2</sup> In Prior's Poem of *Hans Carvel*

'where Reason and Good manners have no Right to disturb them

August 8, 1711

I am, &c

T

No 142] Monday, August 13, 1711 [Steele

—*Irrupta tenet Copula*— Hor

THE following Letters being Genuine,<sup>1</sup> and the Images of a Worthy Passion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my self, and the Representation of her own Happiness, a Place in my Writings

Mr SPECTATOR, August 9, 1711

'I am now in the sixty seventh Year of my Age, and read you with Approbation but methinks you do not strike at the Root of the greatest Evil in Life, which is the false Notion of Gallantry in Love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill Foot but I who have been a Wife Forty Years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the Folly of it. In a Word, Sir, when I was a young Woman, all who avoided the Vices of the Age were very carefully educated, and all fantastical Objects were turned out of our Sight. The Tapestry Hangings, with the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scripture Stories, had better Effects than now the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* or *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* in your fine present Prints. The Gentleman I am married to made Love to me in Rapture, but it was the Rapture of a Christian and a Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero or a Whining Coxcomb. Thus put our Life upon a right Basis. To give you an Idea of our Regard one to another, I enclose to you several of his Letters, writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover, and our writt other Day, after so many Years Cohabitation

Your Servant,  
Andromache

Madam, August 7, 1671

'If my Vigilance and ten thousand Wishes for your Welfare and Repose could have any force, you last Night slept in Security, and had every good Angel in your Attendance. I have my Thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant Fear of every Accident to which Human Life is liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers to avert them from you. I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for Her who is in Pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow impertinence. You are now before my Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing

<sup>1</sup> They are, after the first, with a few changes of phrase and the alteration of date proper to the design of this paper, copies of Steele's own love-letters addressed to Mrs Scurllock, in August and September, 1707, except the first, a recent one, written since marriage

'Heart, that dictates what I am now Saying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings How art thou, oh my Soul, stoln from thy self! How is all thy Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, and my Friends Intruders I have no hope of Quiet but from your Pity, To grant it, would make more for your Triumph To give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Happy the true Empire of Beauty If you would consider aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in dismissing the Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaisance of a Companion I bear the former in hopes of the latter Condition As I live in Chains without murmuring at the Power which inflicts 'em, so I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the Mercy that gave it.

MADAM, I am

Your most devoted, most obedient Servant

That I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you see he had Hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month following

Madam,

September 3, 1671

'Before the Light this Morning dawned upon the Earth I awaked, and lay in Expectation of its return, not that it cou'd give any new Sense of Joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its cheerful Face, after a Quiet which I wish'd you last Night If my Prayers are heard, the Day appeared with all the Influence of a Merciful Creator upon your Person and Actions Let others, my lovely Charming, talk of a blind Being that disposes their Hearts, I condemn their low Images of Love I have not a Thought which relates to you, that I cannot with Confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in May he direct you in all your Steps, and reward your Innocence, your Sincerity of Manners, your Prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with the Continuance of his Grace and Protection This is an unusual Language to Ladies, but you have a Mind elevated above the giddy Motions of a Sex unwearied by Flattery, and misled by a false and short Adoration into a solid and long Contempt Beauty, my fairest Creature, falls in the Possession, but I love also your Mind, your Soul is as dear to me as my own, and if the Advantages of a liberal Education, some Knowledge, and as much Contempt of the World, join'd with the Endeavour towards a Life of strict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raise new Ideas in a Breast so well disposed as yours is, our Days will pass away with Joy and old Age, instead of introducing melancholy Prospects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal Youth in a better Life I have but few Minutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first Hints of my Mind, which I have expressed in so little Order

I am, dearest Creature,

Your most Obedient,  
most Devoted Servant

The two next were written after the Day of our Marriage was fix'd.

Madam,

September 25, 1671

'It is the hardest thing in the World to be in

'Love, and yet attend Business As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other People will do it for me A Gentleman asked me this Morning what News from Holland, and I answered, She's Exquisitely handsome Another desir'd to know when I had been last at Windsor, I reply'd, She designs to go with me Prudence, allow me at least to kiss your Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in so ne Composure Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but all the Language on Earth would fail in saying how much, and with what dis interested Passion,

I am ever Yours

September 30, 1671

Dear Creature, Seven in the Morning

'Next to the Influence of Heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning Day with Pleasure. To pass my Evenings in so sweet a Conversation, and have the Esteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a Purity of Happiness no more to be express'd than return'd But I am, my lovely Creature, contented to be on the obliged Side, and to employ all my Days in new Endeavours to convince you and all the World of the Sense I have of your Condescension in Chusing,

MADAM, Your Most Faithful,

Most Obedient Humble Servant

He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleasant a Man as any in England

Madam,

October 20, 1671

'I Beg Pardon that my Paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a Coffee-house where I am attending about Business. There is a dirty Crowd of Busy Faces all round me talking of Money, while all my Ambition, all my Wealth is Love Love which unmutes my Heart, softens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects every Action of my Life 'Tis to my lovely Charming I owe that many noble Ideas are continually affix'd to my Words and Actions 'Tis the natural Effect of that generous Passion to create in the Admirer some Similitude of the Object admired thus, my Dear, in every Day to improve from so sweet a Companion Look up, my Fair One, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to explore its Influence on our tender innocent Hours, and beseech the Author of Love to bless the Kites he has ordn'd, and mingle with our Happiness a just Sense of our transient Condition, and a Resignation in his Will, which only can regulate our Minds to a steady Endeavour to please him and each other

I am, for Ever,  
Your Faithful Servant

I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but if you saw the poor wretched Hand which sends you these Minutes, I am sure you will smile to think that there is one who is so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a Present, after I or your Years Possession of the Woman whom he writes to

Madam,

Nov 23, 1711

'I heartily beg your Pardon for my Omission to write yesterday It was no failure of my

'tender Regard for you but having been very much perplexed in my Thoughts on the Subject of my List, made me determine to suspend speaking of it till I came to myself. But, my Lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power of Age, or Misfortune, or any other Accident which hangs over Human Life, to take from me the pleasing Esteem I have for you, or the Memory of the bright Figure you appeared in when you gave your Hand and Heart to,

MADAM,

Your most Grateful Husband,  
and Obedient Servant

T

No 143] Tuesday, August 14, 1711 [Steele

*Non est vivere sed valere Vita* — MURIEL

IT is an unreasonable thing some Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or Displeased, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a Reason for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any body to do with Accounts of a Man's being Indispos'd but his Physician? If a Man laments in Company, where the rest are in Humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a Servant is ordered to present him with a Porringer of Cowdrie or Posset drink, by way of Admonition that he go Home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily understand by the Word Conversation, is an Indulgence to the Sociable Part of our Make and should incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned Affliction. Cares, Distresses, Diseases, Uneasinesses and Dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would consider how little of this Vicissitude of Motion and Rest, which we call Life, is spent with Satisfaction, we should be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life but cheerful Life: therefore Voluntary Sorrows should be sworn before they enter into Company, not to say a Word of themselves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always [sitting] with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roses, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us, but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be Merry seldom are so, it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the Cheerfulness of our Spirits, and never let them sink below an Inclination at least to be well pleased. The Way to this, is to keep our Bodies in Exercise, our Minds at Ease. That insipid State wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be

accounted any part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of some Innocent Pleasure, or Pursuit of some laudable Design, we are in the Possession of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Disappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottius*, among so many real Evils, a Chronical Distemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal Spirit of his, which my Man may have, that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands is necessary, if it is not the Way to an Estate, is the Way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate. His Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind. *Cottius* sees the World in a Hurry, with the same Scorn that a Sober Person sees a Man Drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a Disappointment? If another had valued his Mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her Power. If her Virtue had had a Part of his Passion, her Levity had been his Cure, she could not then have been false and variable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant Health, let us endeavour at such a Temper as may be our best Support in the Decay of it. *Uranus* has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind is enhearted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him present Ease. *Uranus* is so thoroughly persuaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an Interest in it that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is Mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the Time of his Birth he entered into an Eternal Being, and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, since that Moment is not of half the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. This is his Being one uniform and consistent Series of cheerful Divisions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickness less affecting to him than in disposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard Life after this manner, none but Ideots can pass it away with any tolerable Patience. Take a Fine Lady who is of a Delicate Frame, and you may observe from the Hour she rises a certain Weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful People that they meet, one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the same Air with them. You see this is so very true, that a

great Part of Ceremony and Good breeding among Ladies turns upon their Uneasiness, and I'll undertake, if the How d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a Weekly Bill of Sickness, as the Parish Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of seven Days, nine in thirty that was not downright Sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy Life and Health is a constant I erst, we should not think Pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon Occasions of Good Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumstances of Distress. Laughter in one Condition is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We should not form our Minds to expect Transport on every Occasion, but know how to make it Enjoyment in the out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vaingrant Desire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can possess our selves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Prospect towards nothing to live but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of our Time has set this in an excellent Light, when with a Philosophick Pity of Human Life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth*,<sup>1</sup> in the following manner.

*For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, root or play, and are w array, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw ourselves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? And ought not his Ambitions and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance, and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals: and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are Eternally Happy.*

No 144 ] Wednesday, August 15, 1711 [ Steele

— *Notis quam elegans formatus Spectator sicut —* 1er

BEAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever since it began. The Philosophers have felt its Influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some Saying or other, which has intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One<sup>2</sup> has told us, that a graceful Person is a more powerful Recommendation than the best Letter that can be writ in

your Favour. Another<sup>3</sup> desires the Possessor of it to consider it as a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third<sup>2</sup> calls it a short liv'd Tyranny, a Fourth,<sup>3</sup> a silent Fraud, because it imposes upon us without the Help of Language. But I think *Carnades* spoke as much like a Philosopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he call'd it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a Beauteous Form, the most Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Prepossession in Favour of the Handsome. No one denies them the Privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Consideration. At the same time the Handsome should consider that it is a Possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or preserve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Consolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the Force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handsome People usually are so fantastically pleas'd with themselves, that if they do not kill at first Sight, as the Phrase is, a second Interview disarms them of all their Power. But I shall make this Paper rather a Warning piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propose Instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handsome Men shall be the Subject of another Chapter, the Women shall take up the present Discourse.

*Amazylis*, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extremely improved with the Arts of Good-Breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not lost the Native Simplicity of her Aspect, to substitute that Patience of being stared at, which is the usual Triumph and Distinction of a Town Lady. In Publick Assemblies you meet her careless Eye diverting itself with the Objects around her, insensible that she herself is one of the brightest in the Place.

*Dulcissa* is quite [of] another Make, she is almost a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were possible for her to let her Fan or any Lamb about her rest, she would do some Part of the Execution she meditates. But tho' she designs her self a Prey she will not stay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aspects of *Dulcissa* in half a Moment, wherever she appears. So little does she accomplish what she takes so much pains for, to be gazy and careless.

*Meral* is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accomplishments of Man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of Wit, if she were not such a Beauty. And she would have more Beauty had she not so much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If she has a Mind to speak such a Thing, it must be done with such an Air of her Body and if she has an Inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart Thing to be said at the same Time, that the Design of being admired destroys it self. Thus the unhappy *Meral*, tho' a

<sup>1</sup> Ed Amsterdam, 1699, p. 211

<sup>2</sup> Aristotle

<sup>3</sup> Plato

<sup>2</sup> Socrates

<sup>3</sup> Theophrastus

Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both

*Abacuda* has the Skill as well as Power of pleasing Her Form is majestic, but her Aspect humble All good Men should beware of the Destroyer She will speak to you like your Sister, till she has you sure but is the most venacious of Tyrants when you are so Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Questions, and general Conversation, make the silly Part of her Votaries full of Hopes, while the wise fly from her Power She well knows she is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by Familiarity, but gains Occasions of Admiration, by seeming Ignorance of her Perfections

*Eudasia* adds to the Height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her Sex Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive but in *Eudasia* it is commanding Love towards *Eudasia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory The Lovers of other Women are softened into Fondness, the Admirers of *Eudasia* exalted into Ambition

*Eucratia* presents her self to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleasure, and as she is Woman, her Praise is wholly Feminine If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we should give him Wisdom and Valour, as being essential to the Character of Manhood In like manner, if you describe a right Woman in a judicious Sense, she should have gentle Softness, tender Fear and all those Parts of Life, which distinguish her from the other Sex, with some Subordination to it, but such an Inferiority that makes her still more lovely *Eucratia* is that Creature, she is all over Woman, Kindness is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms Her Look, her Voice, her Gesture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine A Goodness mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to use Art to gain her Others are beautiful, but [*Eucratia*,<sup>1</sup>] thou art Beauty

*Onnamente* is made for Decent, she has an Aspect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrèce*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra* Her Face speaks a Vestal, but her Heart a *Messalina* Who that beheld *Onnamente's* negligent unob-serving Air, would believe that she hid under that regardless Manner the witty Prostitute, the rapacious Welch, the prodigal Courtesan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid She can cast down that pretty Face in Confusion, while you rage with Jealousy, and storm at her Perfidiousness she can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frightened, till you think yourself a Brute for your Rage, own yourself an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Presents

But I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauties, which I design for the Instruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders and shall end this Rhapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an Ancient Sage to a Beautiful Youth, whom he

saw admiring his own Figure in Brass What, said the Philosopher, could that Image of yours say for it self if it could speak? It might say, (answered the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful And are not you ashamed, reply'd the Cynick, to value your self upon that only of which a Piece of Brass is capable?* T

No 145] Thursday, August 16, 1711 [Steele

*Stultitiam patiuntur ope*— Hor

IF the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire further Notice from my Correspondents

MR SPECTATOR,

I am obliged to you for your Discourse the other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with great Warmth, and Enumeration of many Circumstances and Authorities, undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies You cannot employ your self more usefully than in adjusting the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses and accidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates Among many other things which your own Experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take notice of Wagerers I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* says of such Disputants, which is so true, that it is almost Proverbial<sup>2</sup> but shall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of Court, whose Fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar but are of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents is) to the Temple to know how to keep their own One of these Gentlemen is very loud and capacious at a Coffee house which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give himself the Air of a very learned and knowing Man, by the Strength of his Pocket The Misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Money The Gentleman I am speaking of, takes Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive Air, and with such powerful Arguments, that from a very Learned Person I am thought a mere Pretender Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a Passage in *Tacitus*, up starts my young Gentleman in a full Company, and pulling out his Purse offered to lay me ten Guineas, to be struck immediately in that Gentleman's Hands, (pointing to one smoking at another Table) that I was utterly mis-

<sup>1</sup> Antisthenes Quoted from Diogenes Laertius, Lib vi cap 1

<sup>2</sup> I have heard old cunning Stagers Say Fools for Arguments lay Wagers  
*Hudibras*, Part II c 1

<sup>2</sup> [*Eudasia*]

any thing else therefore I shall translate a Passage in the one, and transcribe a Paragraph out of the other, for the Speculation of this Day Cicero tells us,<sup>1</sup> that *Plato* reports *Socrates*, upon receiving his Sentence, to have spoken to his Judge in the following manner

'I have great Hopes, oh my Judges, that it is infinitely to my Advantage that I am sent to Death For it is of necessity that one of these two things must be the Consequence Death must take away all these Senses, or convey me to another Life If all Sense is to be taken away, and Death is no more than that profound Sleep without Dreams, in which we are sometimes buried, oh Heavens! how desirable is it to die? how many Days do we know in Life preferable to such a State? But if it be true that Death is but a Passage to Places which they who lived before us do now inhabit, how much still happier is it to go from those who call themselves Judges, to appear before those that really are such, before *Minos*, *Achadamanthus*, *Æneus*, and *Triptolemus*, and to meet Men who have lived with Justice and Truth? Is this, do you think, no happy Journey? Do you think it nothing to speak with *Orpheus*, *Musæus*, *Homer*, and *Hesiod*? I would, indeed, suffer many Deaths to enjoy these Things With what particular Delight should I talk to *Palamedes*, *Ajax*, and others, who like me have suffered by the Iniquity of their Judges I should examine the Wisdom of that great Prince, who carried such mighty Forces against *Troy* and argue with *Ulysses* and *Sisyphus*, upon difficult Points, as I have in Conversation here, without being in Danger of being condemned But let not those among you who have pronounced me an innocent Man be afraid of Death No Harm can arrive at a good Man whether dead or living, his Affairs are always under the direction of the Gods, nor will I believe the Fate which is allotted to me myself this Day to have arrived by Chance nor have I ought to say either against my Judges or Accusers, but that they thought they did me an Injury — But I detain you too long, it is Time that I retire to Death, and you to your Affairs of Life which of us has the Better is known to the Gods, but to no Mortal Man

The Divine *Socrates* is here represented in a Figure worthy his great Wisdom and Philosophy, worthy the greatest mere Man that ever breathed But the modern Discourse is written upon a Subject no less than the Dissolution of Nature itself Oh how glorious is the old Age of that great Man, who has spent his Time in such Contemplations as has made this Being, what only it should be, an Education for Heaven! He has, according to the Lights of Reason and Revelation, which seemed to him clearest, traced the Steps of Omnipotence He has, with a Celestial Ambition, as far as it is consistent with Humility and Devotion, examined the Ways of Providence, from the Creation to the Dissolution of the visible World How pleasing must have been the Speculation, to observe Nature and Providence move together,

the Physical and Moral World march the same Pace To observe Paradise and eternal Spring the Seat of Innocence, troubled Seasons and angry Skies the Portion of Wickedness and Vice When this admirable Author has reviewed all that has past, or is to come, which relates to the habitable World, and run through the whole Fate of it, how could a Guardian Angel, that had attended it through all its Courses or Changes, speak more emphatically at the End of his Charge, than does our Author when he makes, as it were, a Funeral Oration over this Globe, looking to the Point where it once stood?

'I let us only, if you please, to take leave of this Subject, reflect upon this Occasion on the Vanity and transient Glory of this habitable World How by the Force of one Element breaking loose upon the rest, all the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, are reduced to Nothing All that we admired and adored before is great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished and another Form and Face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole Earth Where are now the great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory? Shew me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victor's Name What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference or Distinction, do you see in this Mass of Fire? Rome it self, eternal Rome, the great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domination and Superstition, ancient and modern, make a great Part of the History of this Earth, what is become of her now? She had her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong and sumptuous She glorified her self, and lived deliciously, and said in her Heart, I sit a Queen, and shall see no Sorrow But her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in everlasting Oblivion But it is not Cities only, and Works of Mens Hands, but the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and their Place is no where found Here stood the Alps, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the Black Sea, this huge Mass of Stone is softened and dissolved as a tender Cloud into Rain Here stood the African Mountains, and Atlas with his Top above the Clouds there was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Inaus, and the Mountains of Asia, and yonder towards the North, stood the Rhiphaean Hills, cloath'd in Ice and Snow All these are Vanished, dropt away as the Snow upon their Heads Great and Marvellous are thy Works, Just and True are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Halleluyah

<sup>1</sup> Theory of the Earth, Book III, ch. xii

No 147.] *Satur. Aug. 18, 1711* [Steel

*Propter interitum est Vox et Virtus et Gestus moderatio cum modestia — Iull*

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE well Reading of the Common Prayer is of so great Importance and so much neglected, that I take the Liberty to offer to your Consideration some Particulars on that Subject. And what more worthy your Observation than this? A thing so Publick, and of so high Consequence. It is indeed wonderful that the frequent Exercise of it should make the Performers of that Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little Care that is taken of their Reading, while Boys and at School, where when they are got into *Le's*, they are looked upon as above *Englis*, the Reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose without any due Observations made to them of the proper Accent and Manner of Reading by this means they have acquired such ill Habits as won't easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some Person of great Ability, that may be a Pattern for them. Example being most effectual to convince the Learned, as well as instruct the Ignorant.

You may know, Sir, I have been a constant frequenter of the Service of the Church of *St. Giles* for above these so many Years last past, and till Sunday was Seven might never discovered, to my great Regret the Inconvenience of the Common Prayer. When being at *St. Giles's Church-Hill* Church I heard the Service read so dutifully, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My Eyes and my Thoughts could not wander as usual but were confined to my Prayers. I then considered I addressed my self to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful Piece. And what reflected on my former Performances of that Duty, I found I had run over as a writer of Form, in comparison to the Manner in which I then discharged it. My Mind was really affected, and fervent Wishes accompanied my Words. The Confession was read with such a reverend Humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable Authority, the Thanksgivings with such a Religious Joy, as made me feel those Affections of the Mind in a Manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the Grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent Reader, upon the next and every Annual Assembly of the Clergy of *Ston College*, and all other Conventions, should read Prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their Months, and spoiling their soft Voice, will learn to Read with Clarity, Loudness, and Strength. Others that affect a ridiculous elegant Air by folding their Arms and talking on their Book, will be taught a decent Behaviour,

The Rev Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Albans,

and comely Erection of Body. Those that Read so fast as if impatient of their Work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of Persons whom I call Pundrick Readers, as being confined to no set measure these pronounce five or six Words with great Deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great Celerity. The first part of a Sentence with a very exalted Voice, and the latter part with a submissive one. Sometimes again with one sort of a Tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These Gentlemen will learn of my admired Reader in Fervency of Voice and Delivery, and all who are innocent of these Affectations, but read with such an Indifference as if they did not understand the Language, may then be informed of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently, how to place the Emphasis, and give the proper Accent to each Word, and how to vary the Voice according to the Nature of the Sentence. There is certainly a very great Difference between the Reading a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of you to inform a Set of Readers who affect forthwith, a certain Gentlemen like Familiarity of Tone, and intend the Language as they go on, crying instead of Pardoneth and Absolveth, Pardons and Absolves. These are often pretty Classical Scholars, and would think it an unpardonable Sin to read *Irgis* or *Martial* with so little Taste as they do Divine Service.

This Indifference seems to me to arise from the Endeavour of avoiding the Imputation of Cant and the false Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the Original and Signification of this Word Cant is, by some People, derived from one *Andrew Cant*, who, they say, was a Presbyterian Minister in some illiterate Part of *Scotland*, who by Exercise and Use had obtained the Faculty, alias Gift, of Talking in the Pulpit in such a Drilect, that it's said he understood by none but his own Congregation, and not by all of them. Since *Andrew Cant's* time, it has been understood in a larger Sense, and signifies all sudden Exclamations, Whinnings, unusual Tones, and in fine all Prying and Preaching, like the unlarned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice, a due Emphasis and Accent, are not to come within this Description. So that our Readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The Dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their Voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them and that with so little Sense or Skill, that their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and Mutttering. They make use of an Emphasis, but so improperly that it is often placed on some very insignificant Particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now if these Improperities have so great an Effect on the People, as we see they have, how great an Influence would the Service of our Church, containing the best Prayers that ever were composed, and that in Terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our Wants, and Dependence on the Object of our Worship, dispensed in most proper Order, and void of all Confusion what Influence, I say, would these Prayers have, were they delivered with a due

'Emphasis, and apposite Rising and Variation of Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gentle Cadence, and, in a word, with such an Accent and Turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer?

'As the matter of Worship is now managed, in Dissenting Congregations, you find insignificant Words and Phrases rused by a lively Vehemence in our own Churches, the most exalted Sense depreciated, by a dispassionate Indolence. I remember to have heard Dr S—— say in his Pulpit, of the Common prayer, that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of Human Institution. If the Gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many Pleasuries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill Grace, they would go on to think that what in that Case is only Ridiculous, in themselves is Impious. But leaving this to their own Reflections, I shall conclude this Trouble with what *Cæsar* said upon the Irregularity of Tone in one who read before him, *Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill*."

I  
Your most Humble Servant

No 148] Monday, August 20 1711 [Steele

*Exempla juvat spinus e pluribus una* —Hor

MY Correspondents assure me that the Enormities which they lately complained of, and I published an Account of, are so far from being amended, that new Evils arise every Day to interrupt their Conversation, in Contempt of my Reproofs. My Friend who writes from the Coffee-house near the Temple, informs me that the Gentleman who constantly sings a Voluntary in spite of the whole Company, was more musical than ordinary after reading my Paper, and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the Glass in the Middle of the Room, and practised Minuet-steps to his own Humming. The incorrigible Creature has gone still further, and in the open Coffee-house, with one Hand extended as leading a Lady in it, he has danced both French and Country-Dances, and admonished his supposed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up her Head, and fall back, according to the respective Reings and Evolutions of the Dance. Before this Gentleman began this his Exercise, he was pleased to clear his Throat by coughing and spitting a full half Hour, and as soon as he struck up, he appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the Room, whether he hit as he ought *Since you from Death have saved me!* and then asked the young Fellow (pointing to a Chincery Bill under his Arm) whether that was an Opera Score he carried or not? Without staying for an Answer he fell into the Exercise above-mentioned, and practised his Airs to the full House who were turned upon him, without the least Shame or Repentance for his former Transgressions.

<sup>2</sup> Smalridge?

<sup>3</sup> Si legis cantas si cantas, male cantas. The word Cant is rather from cantare, as a chinking wluene, than from the Andrew Cants, father and son, of Charles the Second's time.

I am to the last Degree at a Loss what to do with this young Fellow, except I declare him an Outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said House which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive from any Person whatsoever any thing above mere Necessaries.

As we in England are a sober People, and generally inclined rather to a certain Bashfulness of Behaviour in Publick, it is amazing whence some Fellows come whom one meets with in this Town they do not at all seem to be the Growth of our Island, the Pert, the Talkative, all such as have no Sense of the Observations of others, are certainly of foreign Extraction. As for my Part, I am as much surprised when I see a talkative *Englishman*, as I should be to see the *Indian* Pine growing on one of our quick-set Hedges. Where these Creatures get Sun enough, to make them such lively Animals and dull Men, is above my Philosophy.

There are another Kind of Impertinents which a Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and those are your loud Speakers. These treat Mankind as if we were all deaf, they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this Outrage out of Vanity, because they think all they say is well or that they have their own Persons in such Veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be insignificant to any Body else. For these Peoples sake, I have often lamented that we cannot close our Ears with as much ease as we can our Eyes. It is very uneasy that we must necessarily be under Persecution. Next to these Bawlers, is a troublesome Creature who comes with the Air of your Friend and your Intimate, and that is your Whisperer. There is one of them at a Coffee house which I myself frequent, who observing me to be a Man pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and with a Whisper tells me things which all the Town knows. It is no very hard matter to guess at the Source of this Impertinence, which is nothing else but a Method or Mechanick Art of being wise. You never see any frequent in it, whom you can suppose to have anything in the World to do. These Persons are worse than Bawlers, as much as a secret Enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wish this my Coffee house Friend would take this for an Intimation, that I have not heard one Word he has told me for these several Years: whereas he now thinks me the most trusty Repository of his Secrets. The Whisperers have a pleasant way of ending the close Conversation, with saying aloud, *Do not you think so?* Then whisper again, and then aloud, *but you know that Person*, then whisper again. The thing would be well enough, if they whispered to keep the Tolly of what they say among Friends: but alas, they do it to preserve the Importance of their Thoughts. I am sure I could name you more than one Person whom no Man living ever heard talk upon any Subject in Nature, or ever saw in his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that I know not how can whisper something like Knowledge of what has and does pass in the World, which you would think he learned from some



former Spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in truth Whispersers deal only in half Accounts of what they entertain you with. A great Help to their Discourse is, 'That the Town says, and People begin to talk very freely, and they had it from Persons too considerable to be named, what they will tell you when things are ripe.' My friend has winked upon me my Day since I came to Town last, and has communicated to me as a Secret, that he designed in a very short time to tell me a Secret, but I shall know what he means he now assures me, in less than a Fortnight's time.

But I must not omit the dearest Part of Mankind, I mean the Ladies, to take up a whole Paper upon Grievances which concern the Men only, but shall humbly propose, that we change Tools for an Instant only. A certain Set of Ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a Visitant who affects to be wiser than they are, whose Character he hopes to preserve by an obstinate Gravity, and great Guard against discovering his Opinion upon any Occasion whatsoever. A painful Silence has hitherto gained him no further Advantage, than that as he is silent, if he had behaved himself with Freedom, been excepted against but as to this, and that Particular, he now offends in the whole. To relieve these Ladies, my good Friends and Correspondents, I shall exchange my driving Outlaw for their dumb Visitant, and assign the silent Gentleman all the Humors of the Duncer in order in which, I have sent them by the Penny post the following Letters for their Conduct in their new Conversations.

SIR,

'I have, you may be sure, heard of your Irrerigunties without regard to my Observations upon you, but shall not treat you with so much Rigour as you deserve. If you will give your self the trouble to reply to the Piece mentioned in the Postscript to this Letter at Seven this Evening, you will be conducted into a spacious Room well lighted where there are Ideas and Muscles. You will see a young Lady laughing next the Window in the Street, you may take her out for she loves you as well as she does any Man, tho she never saw you before. She never thought in her Life, any more than your self, she will not be surprised when you recost her, nor concerned when you leave her. Hasten from a Place where you are laughed at, to one where you will be admired. You are of no Consequence, therefore go where you will be welcome for being so.

Your most Humble Servant

SIR,

'The Ladies whom you visit, think a wise Man the most impudent Creature living, therefore you cannot be offended that they are displeased with you. Why will you take pains to appear wise where you would not be the more esteemed for being really so? Come in us, forget the Giggles, and let your Inclination go along with you whether you speak or are silent, and let all such Women as are in a Club or Sisterhood, go their own way, there is no Room for you in that Company who are of the common Taste of the Sex.

*For Women born to be controll'd  
Stoop to the forward and the bold,  
Affect the haughty, and the proud,  
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.*

T

No 149] Tuesday, August 21, 1711 [Steele

*Cui v. n annu sit quem esse dementem velis,  
Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum  
mijci,*

*Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti*  
Cecili apud Tull

THE following Letter and my Answer shall take up the present Speculation

My SPECTATOR,

'I am the young Widow of a Country Gentleman who has left me Entire Mistress of a large Fortune, which he agreed to as an Equivalent for the Difference in our Years. In these Circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a Crowd of Admirers, which I have abridged in my own Thoughts, and reduced to a couple of Candidates only, both young, and neither of them disagreeable in their Persons according to the common way of computing, in one the Estate more than deserves my Fortune, and in the other my Fortune more than deserves the Estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a Woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of his great, but then he seems to receive such a Degree of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on me, and the Readiness he accounts in with, makes me jealous I am only his Irrig a Repetition of the same things he has said to a hundred Women before. When I consider the other, I see my self approached with so much Modesty and Respect, and such a Doubt of himself, as betrays methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the same time that he himself would be the only Gainer by my Consent. What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both! but since that's impossible, I beg to be concluded by your Opinion, it is absolutely in your Power to dispose of

Your most Obedient Servant,  
Sylvia

Madam,

You do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occasion. I shall therefore talk to you with the Tenderness of a Father, in Gratitude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not seem to make any great Distinction between these Gentlemen as to their Persons, the whole Question lies upon their Circumstances and Behaviour. If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that Point moved by the same Principle, the Consideration of Fortune, and you must place them in each others Circumstances before you can judge

Waller 'Of Love'

of their Inclination To avoid Confusion in discussing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon*, and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon's* Estate would behave himself as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man but if you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio's* Condition, would be as obsequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own sake to choose *Strephon*, for where the Men are equal, there is no doubt Riches ought to be a Reason for Preference. After this manner, my dear Child, I would have you abstract them from their Circumstances, for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same Man in Nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the Figure they make towards you you will please, my Dear, next to consider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Discerning, they can observe the Motives of your Heart, and *Florio* can see when he is disregarded only upon your Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature and you are still the same thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only. You are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage Life is always an unspiced, & venacious, or an happy Condition. The first is, when two People of no Genius or Taste for themselves meet together, upon such a Settlement as has been thought reasonable by Parents and Conveyancers from an exact Valuation of the Land and Cash of both Parties. In this Case the young Lady's Person is no more regarded, than the House and Improvements in Purchase of an Estate but she goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. These make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the Rich, and fill up the Lumber of human Race, without Beneficence towards those below them, or Respect towards those above them and lead a despicable, independent and useless Life, without Sense of the Laws of Kindness, Good nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfaction which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The venacious Life arises from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taste and Resentment, put together for Reasons well known to their Friends, in which especial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and insure to them Riches, with every Evil besides. These good People live in a constant Constraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone when they are within Observation they fret at each other's Carriage and Behaviour when alone they revile each other's Person and Conduct. In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

The happy Marriage is, where two Persons meet and voluntarily make Choice of each other, without principally regarding, or neglecting the Circumstances of Fortune or Beauty. These may still love in spite of Adversity or Sickness. The former we may in some measure defend our selves from the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this sort of Pas-

sion, your Humour of living great will vanish out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State Solitude, with the Person beloved, has a Pleasure, even in a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your Lovers will like you best undressed, which will bear with you most when out of Humour? and your way to this is to ask your self, which of them you value most for his own sake? and by that judge which gives the greater Instances of his valuing you for your self only.

After you have expressed some Sense of the humble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Disdain at *Strephon's* Assurance in his Address, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both!* It would therefore methinks be a good way to determine your self. Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another for if you choose otherwise, there is no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival but intrinsic Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in [another.] In plainer Terms he whom you take for his personal Perfections will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his Fortune attain to Personal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accomplished and agreeable as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him so but Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon*. Therefore to make a sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not sacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

1

I am,  
Your most Obedient,  
Humble Servant

No 150 ] Wednesday, August 22, 1711 [Budge]ll

*Nil habet usque paupertas durius in se,  
Quam: quod ridiculos homines facit*— Juv

AS I was walking in my Chamber the Morning before I went last into the Country, I heard the Hawkers with great Vehemence crying about a Paper, entitled, *The needy man's Plagues of an empty Purse*. I had indeed some time before observed, that the Orators of *Grub street* had dealt very much in *Plagues*. They have already published in the same Month, *The Plagues of Matrimony*, *The Plagues of a single Life*, *The nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid*, *The Plagues of a Coachman*, *The Plagues of a Footman*, and *The Plague of Plagues*. The success these several *Plagues* met with, probably gave Occasion to the above-mentioned Poem on an *empty Purse*. However that be, the same Noise so frequently repeated under my Window, drew me insensibly to think on some of those Inconveniences and Mortifications which usually attend on Poverty, and in short, gave Birth to the present Speculation. For after my Fancy had run over the most

<sup>2</sup> [any other]

obvious and common Calumnies which Men of mean Fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little Insults and Contempts, which though they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a Man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. *For* *en*al with a great deal of Humour and Reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor Man in his Time, than the continual Ridicule which his Habit and Dress afforded to the Banns of *Ko*re

*Quid, quod mater am fratel causasque pecorum  
Omi tuis in leni si fida et scissa lacerat,  
St tgra sordidula est, et rupta calce is alter  
Pelle p'it, et s' consulto rure er crassum  
Alque reens liram os'endit i on una Creatur*  
Jus Sat 3

*Add that the Rich have still a Gile in Store,  
And will be monstrous witty on the Poor,  
For the torn Surcoat and the tatter'd Vest,  
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jest  
The grasse Gown sully'd w th often turning,  
Gr as a good Hint to say the Man is in Mourning,  
Or if the Shoe be rift, or Patch is put,  
He's wounded! see the Plaster on his Foot*  
Dryd

"Is on this Occasion that he afterwards adds the Reflection which I have chosen for my Motto  
*W'ant is the Sworn of every wealthy Fool,  
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule*—Dryd

It must be confess'd that few things make a Man appear more despicable or more prejudicial his Hectors against what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful Dress inasmuch that I fancy, had *Fully* himself pronounced one of his Orations with a Blunt at about his Shoulders, more People would have laughed at his Dress than have admired his Eloquence. This last Reflection made me wonder at a Set of Men, who, without being subjected to it by the Unkindness of their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the Ridicule of the World in this Particular. I mean such as take it into their Heads, that the first regular Step to be a Wit is to commence a Sloven. It is certain nothing has so much debased that, which must have been otherwise so great a Character and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in Complaisance to those narrow Minds who can have no Notion of the same Person's possessing different Accomplishments, or that it is a sort of Sacrifice which some Men are contented to make to Calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one Part of their Character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet however unaccountable this foolish Custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long Prescription, and probably gave too much Occasion for the Vulgar Definition still remaining among us of an *Heathen Philosopher*.

I have seen the Speech of a *Terre-filins*, spoken in King Charles II's Reign, in which he describes two very eminent Men, who were perhaps the greatest Scholars of their Age and after having mentioned the entire Friendship between them, concludes, *That they had but one Mind, one Purse, one Chamber, and one Hat*. The

Men of Business were also infected with a Sort of Singularity little better than this. I have heard my Father say, that a broad brim'd Hat, short Hair, and unfolded Hankerchief, were in his time absolutely necessary to denote a *notable Man*, and that he had known two or three, who aspired to the Character of *very notable*, wear Shoestrings with great Success.

To the Honour of our present Age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest Geniuses for *Wit* and *Business* have almost entirely broke the Neck of these Absurdities.

*Victor*, after having dispatched the most important Affairs of the Commonwealth, has appeared in an Assembly, where all the Ladies have declared him the gentlest Man in the Company and in *Atticus*, though every way one of the greatest Geniuses the Age has produced, one sees nothing particular in his Dress or Carriage to denote his Pretensions to Wit and Learning so that at present a Man may venture to cock up his Hat, and wear a fashionable Wig, without being taken for a Rake or a Fool.

The Medium between a Fop and a Sloven is what a Man of Sense would endeavour to keep yet I remember Mr *Osborn* advises his Son<sup>1</sup> to appear in his Habit rather above than below his Fortune and tells him, that he will find an hundred Suits of Clothes always procures some additional Respect. I have indeed myself observed that my Banker bows lowest to me when I wear my full bottom'd Wig, and writes me *Mr* or *Esq*, accordingly as he sees me dressed.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Adventure which I was myself an Eye-witness of very lately.

It happened the other Day to call in at a celebrated Coffee-house near the *Temple*. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly Man very meanly dressed, and sat down by me. He had a thread bare loose Coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his tender Sinit, which seemed to have been at least its Contemporary. His short Wig and Hat were both answerable to the rest of his Apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a Dish of Tea but as several Gentlemen in the Room wanted other things, the Boys of the House did not think themselves at leisure to mind him. I could observe the old Fellow was very uneasy at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands several times to no purpose till at last one of the [Lads] presented him with some stale Tea in a broken Dish accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar which so roused his Indignation, that after several obliging Appellations of Dog and Rascal he asked him aloud before the whole Company, *if by he must be i sed with less Respect than that I of them?* pointing to a well dressed young Gentleman who was drinking Tea at the opposite Table. The Boy of the House replied with a [great] deal of Pertness, that his Master had two sort of Customers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him ninety a Sexpence for wiping his Shoes. By this time

<sup>1</sup> Advice to a Son, by Francis Osborn, Esq, Part I sect 23

<sup>2</sup> [Rascals]

<sup>3</sup> [good]

the young *Templar*, who found his Honour concerned in the Dispute, and that the Lyes of the whole Coffee-house were upon him, he d throw aside a Paper he had in his Hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the Table made what haste we could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of us surprised to see him as he approached nearer put on an Air of Deference, and Respect. To whom the old Man said, *Har! you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant Bills once more, but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality shall not spirit up a Parcel of Rascals to insult your Father.*

Tho' I by no means approve either the Impudence of the Servants or the Extravagance of the Son, I cannot but think the old Gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in Masquerade, I mean appearing in a Dress so much beneath his Quality and Estate. X

No 151.] Thursday, August 23, 1711 [Steele

*Maximas Virtutes facere omnes, cecesse est  
Voluptate dominari te — Iull de I'm*

I KNOW no one Character that gives Reason a greater Shock, at the same time that it presents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleasure about the Town. This Description of a Man of Fashion, spoken by some with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity is a laudable Distinction, is in every Body's Mouth that spends any Time in Conversation. My friend WILL HOPKINSON has this Expression very frequently, and I never could understand by the Story which follows upon his Mention of such a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleasure was either a Drunkard too old for Vencheling, or a young lewd Fellow with some Liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the same time debauch your Sister, or lie with your Wife. According to his Description, a Man of Wit, when he could have Wenches for Crowns apiece which he liked quite as well, would be so extravagant as to bribe Servants, make false Friendships, fight Relations. I say, according to him, plain and simple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleasure — but he would leave us easy and accessable Wieldedness, to come it the same thing with only the Addition of certain Falshood and possible Murder. WILL thins the Town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of these Coxcombs, whom (without observing it) he describes as the most infamous Rogues in Nature, with relation to Friendship, Love, or Conversation.

When Pleasure is made the chief Pursuit of Life, it will necessarily follow that such Monsters as these will arise from a constant Application to such Blandishments as naturally root out the Force of Reason and Reflection, and substitute in their Place a general Impunity of Thought, and a constant Prurency of inordinate Desire.

Pleasure, when it is a Man's chief Purpose, dis appoints it self — and the constant Application to

it pulls the Faculty of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Sense of our Inability for that we wish, with a Dislish of every thing else. Thus the intermedrate Seasons of the Man of Pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest Criminal. I like him when he is retired too soon after a Debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living whose Being is such a Weight or Vexation as his is. He is an utter Stranger to the pleasing Reflections in the Evening of a well-spent Day, or the Gladness of Heart or Quietness of Spirit in the Morning after profound Sleep or intolent Slumbers. He is not to be at Ease any longer than he can keep Reason and good Sense without his Curtains, otherwise he will be haunted with the Persfection, that he could not believe such a rare the Woman that upon Trial he so ind her. What has he got by his Conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a Day or two before he had the highest Honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of all Men living he himself could least willingly have injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole Man who addict himself to it, and will not give him Leisure for any good Office in Life which contradicts the Gaiety of the present Hour. You may indeed observe in People of Pleasure a certain Complacency and Abreence of all Severity, which the Habit of a loose unconcerned Life gives them, but tell the Man of Pleasure your secret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows and you will find he has given up the Delicacy of his Fictions to the Cravings of his Appetite. He little knows the perfect Joy he loses, for the disappointing Gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as he approaches, and comes to him with the Recommendation of warm Wishes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his Presence with Disorder, Impotence, discontented Shriue, and conscious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age shameful.

WILL HOPEKINSON gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of several Hags whose Bloom was given up to his Arms — and would rure a Value to himself for having had, as he phrases it, very good Women. WILL's good Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and support him, I warrant, by the Memory of past Interviews with Persons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occasion wherein Vice makes so phantastical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleasure. To tell a toothless old Lady that she once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired Thing of the Town, are Satires instead of Applauses — but on the other Side, consider the old Age of those who have passed their Days in Labour, Industry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleasure. In all Orders of Men, wherever this is the chief Character, the Person who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and entails Poverty on his unhappy Descendants.

Mortgages, Diseases and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleasure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make such lamentable Speeches after every Session at *13-bell* were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleasure before they fell into the Adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and Procrastination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleasure. Dishonour to the Gentleman and Ruin to the Trader, are the Portion of either whose chief Purpose of Life is Delight. The chief Cause that this Pursuit has been in all Ages received with so much Quarter from the whole Part of Mankind has been that some Men of great Ideas have sacrificed themselves to it. The shining Qualities of such People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madness. For let any Man who knows what it is to have passed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humorous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one Instant sharp to some Man he is sorry to have so fully and impetuously to some one it was Cruelty, to treat with such Freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a Time, unskillfully open at such a Time, and from the whole Course of his applauded Satisfaction, unable in the end to recollect any Circumstance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with those who are here made for becoming Pleasures, but how monstrous is it in the generality of Mankind who pretend this Way without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to us in Extravagance, thus as if Fools should mimic Madmen. Pleasure of this kind is the interminate Meals and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whose Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as fast as they can to that little Particle of Reason they have when they are sober. These Men of Wit and Pleasure dispatch their Senses as fast as possible by drinking till they cannot taste, smoking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear. 1

more warm and pleasing than we meet with among Men who are used to adjust and methodize their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain Stryker, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the Service, forbear expressing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the rest of Mankind, arm ourselves against with so much Contemplation, Reason and Philosophy, should appear so little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet opposite Partitions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend answered what I said in the following manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the Subject of Admiration to all who are not conversant in Camps, but when a Man has spent some time in that way of Life, he observes a certain Mechanical Courage which the ordinary Race of Men become Masters of from acting always in a Crowd. They see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive, they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which, general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other Part of their Time in Pleasures upon which their Minds are so entirely lent, that short Labours or Dangers are but a cheap purchase of Jollity, Trunkion Victory, fresh Quarters, new Scenes, and uncommon Adventures. Such are the Thoughts of the Executive Part of an Army, and indeed of the Gross of Mankind in general, but none of these Men of Mechanical Courage have ever made any great Figure in the Profession of Arms. Those who are formed for Command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a Consideration of greater Good than Length of Days, into such a Negligence of their Being, as to make it their first Position, that it is one Duty to be resigned, and since it is, in the Prosecution of worthy Actions and Service of Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. The Event of our Designs, say they, as it relates to others, is uncertain, but as it relates to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the Pursuit of our Duty, and within the Terms upon which Providence has ensured our Happiness, whether we die or live. All [that] Nature has prescribed must be good, and as Death is natural to us, it is Absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its Purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw Resolution to meet it from the Impossibility to escape it. Without a Resignation to the Necessity of dying, there can be no Capacity in Man to attempt any thing that is glorious, but when they have once attained to that Perfection, the Pleasures of a Life spent in Martial Adventures, are as great as any of which the human Mind is capable. The Force of Reason gives a certain Beauty, mixed with the Conscience of well doing and Thirst of Glory, to all which before was terrible and ghastly to the Imagination. Add to this, that the Fellowship of Danger, the common good of Mankind, the general Cause, and the manifest

No 152] Friday, August 24, 1711 [Steele

Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεὴ ταινιδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν  
Hom II 6, v. 146

THERE is no sort of People whose Conversation is so pleasant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflection. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Conversation so full of Incidents, and gives them so frank an Air in speaking of what they have been Witnesses of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Discourse, which has something

<sup>1</sup> [which]

'Virtue you may observe in so many Men, who made no Figure till that Day, are so many Centives to destroy the little Consideration of their own Persons. Such are the Heroick Part of Soldiers who are qualified for Leaders. As to the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain Habit of being void of Thought, insomuch that on occasion of the most imminent Danger they are still in the same Indifference. Nay I remember an Instance of a gay French man, who was led on in Battle by a superior Officer, (whose Conduct it was his Custom to speak of always with Contempt and Raillery) and in the Beginning of the Action received a Wound he was sensible was mortal; his Reflection on this Occasion was, *I wish I could be another Hour, to see how this blundering Coxcomb will get clear of this business!*

I remember two young Fellows who rid in the same Squadron of a Troop of Horse, who were ever together, they eat, they drink, they in, they in a word, all their Passions and Affections seemed to tend the same Way, and they appeared serviceable to each other in them. We were in the Park of the Evening to march over a River, and the Troop these Gentlemen dismounted to be transported in aerry boat as fast as they could. One of the Friends was now in the Boat while the other was drawn up with others by the Water-side waiting the Return of the Boat. A Disorder happened in the Passage by an unruly Horse and a Gentleman who had the Reins of his Horse negligently under his Arm, was forced into the Water by his Horse's Jumping over the Bank. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out, 'Who's that is drowned now?' He was immediately answer'd, Your Friend, *Harry Thompson*. He very gravely reply'd, *Ay, he had a mail Horse*. This short Epitaph from such a Gentleman, without more Words, gave me, at that Time, under Twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the Friendship of Companions. Thus is Affection and every other Motive of Life in the Generality rooted out by the present busy Scene about them: they lament no Man whose Capacity can be supplied by another and where Men converse without Delicacy, the next Man you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your Life. To such the Devastation of Countries, the Misery of Inhabitants, the Cries of the Pillaged, and the silent Sorrow of the great Unfortunate, are ordinary Objects: their Minds are bent upon the little Gratifications of their own Senses and Appetites forgetful of Compassion, insensible of Glory, avoiding only Shame: their whole Hearts taken up with the trivial Hope of meeting and being merry. These are the People who make up the Gross of the Soldierly. But the fine Gentleman in that Band of Men is such a One as I have now in my Eye, who is foremost in all Danger to which he is ordered. His Officers are his Friends and Companions as they are Men of Honour and Gentle men the private Men his Brethren, as they are

of his Species. He is beloved of all that behold him. They wish him in Danger as he views their Ranks, that they may have Occasions to save him at their own Hazard. Mutual Love is the Order of the Files where he commands, every Man afraid for himself and his Neighbour, not lest their Commander should punish them, but lest he should be offended. Such is his Regiment who knows Mankind, and feels their Distresses, so far as to prevent them. Just in distribution, what is their Due, he would thrust himself below their Sailor to wear a Ship of their Cloaths in Lace upon his own and below the most rapacious Agent, should he enjoy a Parthing, above his own Pay. Go on, brave Man, immortal Glory is thy Fortune, and unimmortal Happiness thy Reward.

No 153] Saturday, August 25, 1733 [Stale

*Mabet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic  
et cunctis modum, senectus autem fenestrol  
Aetatis est iniquum Fabulæ. Cuius defectu  
gationem fugere delictis, praesertim adjuvanti  
Satiestate — Inll de Senec.*

Of all the impertinent Wishes which we hear expressed in Conversation, there is not one more unworthy a Gentleman or a Man of liberal Education, than that of wishing one's self Younger. I have observed this Wish is usually made upon Sight of some Object which gives the Idea of a past Action, that it is no Dishonour to us that we cannot repeat, or else on what was in itself unuseful when we performed it. It is a certain Sign of a foolish or a dissolute Mind if we want our Youth again only for the Strength of Bones and Sinews which we once were Masters of. It is as my Author has it as absurd in an old Man to wish for the Strength of a Youth, as it would be in a young Man to wish for the Strength of a Bull or a Horse. These Wishes are both equally out of Nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to Justice, Law and Reason. That tho' every old Man has been Young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural Misunderstanding between those two Stages of Life. The unhappy Want of Commerce arises from the insolent Arrogance or Exultation in Youth, and the irrational Despondence or Self pity in Age. A young Man whose Passion and Ambition is to be good and wise, and an old one who has no Inclination to be led or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this Speculation: but the Cocking young Fellow who treads upon the Toes of his Elders, and the old Fool who envies the sawey Pride he sees in him, are the Objects of our present Contempt and Derision. Contempt and Derision are harsh Words, but in what manner can one give Advice to a Youth in the Pursuit and Possession of sensual Pleasures, or afford Pity to an old Man in the Impotence and Desire of Enjoying them? When young Men in

<sup>1</sup> This is told in the 'Memoirs of Conde' of the Chevalier de Flouilles, a lieutenant general of his killed in 1674, at the Battle of Senef.

public Places betwixt in their Deportment an abundance of Re-ignation to their Appetites they give to other Minds a Prospect of a despicable Age which, if not interrupted by Death in the midst of their Follies must certainly come. When an old Man bewails the Loss of such Grati- fication which are passed, he discovers a mon- strous Inhumanity to that which is not in the Course of Providence to recede. The Slave of an old Man, who is dissatisfied merely for his being such as the most out of all Measures of Reason and good Sense of any being, we have any Ac- count of from the highest Attrib to the lowest Worry. How miserable is the Contemplation to consider a blind, lame old Man (while all Created things, besides himself and Devils are following the Order of Providence) fretting at the Course of things, and being blind to the sole Miscontent in the Creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of Years. The Pri- vilege is which he had in Youth are not to be abused as they were then, but Reason is more powerful now without the Disturbance of them. An old Gentleman told me this Day in Discourse with a Friend of his reflecting upon some Adventures they had in Youth together cry'd out, *Oh Jack, those were happy Days! I bet is true*, reply'd his Friend, *but it will not do you about our business more quietly than we did then*. One would think it should be no small Satisfaction to have come so far in our Journey that the Heat of the Day is over with us. When Life itself is a Fever, as it is in licentious Youth, the Pleasures of it are no other than the Dreams of a Man in that Dis- temper, and it is as absurd to wish the Return of that Season of Life, as for a Man in Health to be sorry for the Loss of gilded Palaces, fast Walks, and flowery Pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled Slumbers of a Fit of Sickness.

As to all the rational and worthy Pleasures of our Being, the Continuance of a good Fame, the Contemplation of another Life, the Respect and Commerce of honest Men, our Capacities for such Enjoyments are enlarged by Years. While Health endures, the latter Part of Life, in the Eye of Reason, is certainly the more eligible. The Memory of a well spent Youth gives a perceivable, unmix'd, and elegant Pleasure to the Mind, and to such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on Youth with Satisfaction, they may give themselves no little Consolation that they are under no Impulsion to repeat their Follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'He that would be long an old Man, must begin early to be one.' It is too late to resign a thing after a Man is robbed of it: therefore it is necessary that before the Arrival of Age we bid adieu to the Pursuits of Youth, otherwise several Habits will live in our Imagination when our Limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor Fellow who lost his Arm last Siege, will tell you, he feels the Fingers that were buried in *Flinders* like every cold Morning at *Chelsea*.

The fond Humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable World and being applauded for trivial Excellencies, is what most Youth have Age in Contempt, and makes Age resign with so ill a

Grace the Qualifications of Youth. But this in both Sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural Course of our Minds, which should build their Appointments and Dislikes upon what Na- ture and Reason dictate, into Chimeras and Con- fusion.

Age in a virtuous Person, of either Sex, car- ries in it an Authority which makes it preferable to all the Pleasures of Youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with Deference, are In- stances of Pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old Age. In the Enumeration of the Imperfections and Advantages of the younger and later Years of Man, they are so near in their Co-incident, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little Commerce of Kindness between them. If we consider Youth and Age with *Justice*, regarding the Assu-nt to Death, Youth has many more Chances to be near it than Age. What Youth can say more than an old Man, 'He shall live till Night?' Youth catches Distempers more easily, its Sickness is more violent, and its Recovery more doubtful. The Youth indeed hopes for many more Days, so earnest the old Man. The Youth's Hopes are ill-grounded for what is more foolish than to place any Confidence upon an Uncer- tainty? But the old Man has not Room so much as for Hope. He is still happier than the Youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for. One wishes to live long the other has lived long. But this is there any thing in human Life, the Duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end to be valued for its Continuance. If Hours, Days, Months, and Years pass away, it is an matter what Hour, what Day, what Month, or what Year we die. The Applause of a good Actor is due to him at what ever Scene of the Play he makes his Exit. It is thus in the Life of a Man of Sense, a short Life is sufficient to manifest himself a Man of Honour and Virtue when he comes to be such he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no Consequence to him how long he shall be so, pro- vided he is so to his Life's End.

No 154] Monday, August 27, 1711 [Steele

*Admo repente sunt turpissimus*— Jun

MR SPECTATOR,  
YOU are frequent in the mention of Matters which concern the feminine World, and take upon you to be very severe against Men upon all those Occasions. But all this while I am afraid you have been very little conversant with Wo- men, or you would know the generosity of them are not so angry as you imagine at the general Vices (among 'em). I am apt to believe (beg- ging your Pardon) that you are still what I my- self was once, a queer modest Fellow, and therefore, for your Information, shall give you a short Account of my self, and the Reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every

1 [amongst]





the Commerce of Lovers, and that of all other Dealers, who are, in a kind, Adversaries. A sealed Bond, or a Bank-Note, would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unseen into the Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; otherwise the City-Loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other End of the Town. At the *New Exchange* they are eloquent for want of Cash, but in the City they ought with Cash to supply their want of Eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing Folly, one might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the World is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very Persons, that young Women, tho' they have never so great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in Marriage. I say, it is very hard under this Necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their very Excellencies and personal Perfections shall be a Disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their Persons to Prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy Circumstance to one who has made any Observation in the World, than one of those erring Creatures exposed to Bankruptcy. When that happens, none of these toying Tools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preserve her from Infamy, Insult, and Distemper. A Woman is naturally more helpless than the other Sex, and a Man of Honour and Sense should have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconsideration, Ribaldry, and Nonsense, would not be more natural to entertain Women with than Men, and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

MR SPECTATOR,

I have read your Account of Beauties, and was not a little surprized to find no Character of my self in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give Audience as I am such. Here are Merchants of no small Consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to *Change*, to say something of my roguish Eye. And here is one who makes me once or twice a Week tumble over all my Goods, and then owns it was only a Gallantry to see me act with these pretty Hands. Then lays out three Pence in a little Ribbon for his Wrist bands, and thinks he is a Man of great Vivaity. There is an ugly Thing not far off me, whose Shop is frequented only by People of Business, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a Beauty be treated with for nothing but my Beauty? Be pleased to assign Rates to my kind Glances, or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my Admirers for want of Customers. *Albacinda*, *Eudasia* and all the rest would be used just as we are, if they were in our Condition: therefore pry consider the Distress of us the lower Order of Beauties, and I shall be

Your obliged humble Servant

No 156 ] Wednesday, August 29, 1711 [Steele

— Sed tu simul obligasti  
Perfidum votis capisti, en tescis  
Pulchrior multo — Hor

I DO not think any thing could make a pleasanter Entertainment, than the History of the reigning Favourites among the Women from Time to Time about this Town. In such an Account we ought to have a faithful Confession of each Lady for what she liked such and such a Man, and he ought to tell us by what particular Action or Dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a Judgment when a Man dresses for the Ladies, as when he is equipped for Hunting or Coursing. The Woman's Man is a Person in his Air and Behaviour quite different from the rest of our Species. His Garb is more loose and negligent, his Manner more soft and indolent, that is to say, in both these Cases there is an apparent Ludeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching Birds the Fowlers have a Method of imitating their Voices to bring them to the Snare; and our Women's Men have always a Similitude of the Creature they hope to betray, in their own Conversation. A Woman's Man is very knowing in all that passes from one Family to another, has little pretty Officeusesness, is not at a loss what is good for a Cold, and it is not amiss if he has a Bottle of Spirits in his Pocket in case of any sudden Indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing Passion, and indeed the sole Entertainment of my Life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the Course of Intrigues as well as the Manners and Accomplishments of such as have been most successful that Way. In all my Observation, I never knew a Man of good Understanding a general Favourite; some Singularity in his Behaviour, some Whim in his Way of Life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the Men, has recommended him to the other Sex. I should be very sorry to offend a People so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking, but let any one look over the old Beau's, and he will find the Man of Success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their Sales, for dressing unlike the rest of the World, or passing his Days in an insipid Assiduity about the Fair Sex, to gain the Figure he made amongst them. Add to this that he must have the Reputation of being well with other Women, to please any one Woman of Gallantry for you are to know, that there is a mighty Ambition among the light Part of the Sex to gain Slaves from the Dominion of others. My Friend WILL HONEYCOMB says it was a common Bite with him to lay Suspicious that he was favoured by a Lady's Enemy, that is some rival Beauty, to be well with herself. A little Spite is natural to a great Beauty, and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable Fellow lest another should have him. That impudent Lord *Barbace* fares well among all the Ladies he converses with, for no other Reason in the World

but that he has the Skill to keep them from Explication one with another Did they know there is not one who likes him in her Heart, each would declare her Scorn of him the next Moment but he is well received by them because it is the Fashion, and Opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an Imitation of each other What adds to him the greatest Grace is, the pleasant Thief, as they call him, is the most constant Creature living, has a wonderful deal of Wit and Humour, and never wants something to say besides all when, he has a most successful danger is Tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a Woman's Man he must not be a Man of Sense, or a Fool the Business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a Facility of arguing, than a Capacity of judging right. But the pleasures of all the Women's Equipage are your regular Visitors these are Volunteers in their Service, without Hopes of Pay or Preferment It is enough that they can lead out from a publick Place, that they are admitted on a publick Day, and can be allowed to pass away part of that heavy Load, their Time, in the Company of the Fair But commend me above all others, to those who are known for your Runners of Ladies these are the choicest Spirits which our Age produces We have several of these irresistible Gentlemen among us when the Company is in Town These Fellows are accomplished with the Knowledge of the ordinary Occurrences about Court and Town, have that sort of good Breeding which is exclusive of all Morality, and consists only in being publickly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond Opinion of herself can carry a Woman to make her have the least Regard to a professed known Woman's Man But is scarce one of all the Women who are in the Tour of Gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common Sense of sober Minds but are entertained with a continual Round of Flatteries, they cannot be Mistresses of themselves enough to make Arguments for their own Conduct from the Behaviour of these Men to others It is so far otherwise, that a general Name for Falseness in this kind, is a Recommendation and the Coxcomb, loaded with the Favours of many others, is received like a Victor that disdains his Trophies, to be a Victim to the present Charmer

If you see a Man more full of Gesture than ordinary in a publick Assembly, if loud upon no Occasion, if negligent of the Company round him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that Negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a Fair One The Woman's Man expresses himself wholly in that Motion which we call Strutting In elevated Chest, a pined Hat, a measurable Step, and a surveying Eye, are the Marks of him Now and then you see a Gentleman with all these Accomplishments but alas any one of them is enough to undo Thousands When a Gentleman with such Perfections adds to it suitable Learning there should be publick Warning of his Residence in Town, that we may remove our Wives and Daughters It happens sometimes that such a fine Man has read all the Miscellany Poems, a few of our Comedies, and has the Translation of Ovid's Epistles by

Heart Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming but that is too much, the Women will share such a dear false Man A little Gallantry to hear him Talk one would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the 'Sticks of one's Fun, say something of the *Cupids* 'in it, and then call one so many soft Names which 'a Man of his Learning has at his Fingers Ends 'There sure is some Excuse for Frailty, when 'attracted by such a Force against a weak Woman' Such is the Soliloquy of many a Lady one might name, at the sight of one of these who makes it no Iniquity to go on from Day to Day in the Sin of Woman's Slaughter

It is certain that People are got into a Way of Affectation, with a manner of overlooking the most solid Virtue, and admiring the most trivial Excellencies The Woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly Animal, that while she can preserve her Features and her Vein, she knows she is still the Object of Desire and there is a sort of secret Ambition, from reading frivolous Books, and keeping a frivolous Company, each side to be unable in Imperfection, and arrive at the Characters of the Dear Deceiver and the Perjured Fair T

No 157] Thursday, August 30, 1711 [Steele

— *Gei ius natale corus qui temperat astrum*  
*Nature Deus humanæ Mortalis in unum*  
*Quodque Caput—* Hor

I AM very much at a loss to express by any Word that occurs to me in our Language that which is understood by *Indols* in *Latin* The natural Disposition to any Particular Art, Science, Profession, or Trade, is very much to be consulted in the Care of Youth, and studied by Men for their own Conduct when they form to themselves any Scheme of Life It is wonderfully hard indeed for a Man to judge of his own Capacity impartially that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by Fondness towards myself so far, as to attempt Things too high for my Talents and Accomplishments But it is not methinks so very difficult a Matter to make a Judgment of the Abilities of others, especially of those who are in their Infancy My Common place Book directs me on this Occasion to mention the Dawning of Greatness in *Alexander*, who being asked in his Youth to contend for a Prize in the Olympick Games, answered he would, if he had Kings to run against him *Cassius*, who was one of the Conquerors against *Cæsar*, gave us great a Proof of his Temper, when in his Childhood he struck a Play fellow, the Son of *Sylla*, for saying his Father

To this number is appended the following

# ADVERTISEMENT

Mr SPECTATOR gives his most humble Service to Mr R M of Chippingham in Wilts, and hath received the Patridges

was Master of the *Roman* People. *Scipio* is reported to have answered, (when some Flatterers at Supper were asking him what the *Romans* should do for a General after his Death) Take *Marius Marius* was then a very Boy, and had given no Instances of his Valour, but it was visible to *Scipio* from the Manners of the Youth that he had a Soul formed for the Attempt and Execution of great Undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much Sorrow beheld the Misfortune of the Children of *Great Britain*, when I consider the Ignorance and Undiscerning of the Generality of Schoolmasters. The hurried Liberty we talk of is but a mere Reward for the long Servitude, the many Heart aches and Terrors, in which our Childhood is exposed in going through a Grammar School. Many of these stupid Tyrants exercise their Cruelty without any manner of Distinction of the Capriciousness of Children, or the Intention of Parents in their Behalf. There are many excellent Teachers which are worthy to be no less rich and cultivated with all possible Diligence and Care, that were never designed to be acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Pully*, or *Virgil*, and there are as many who have Capriciousness for understanding every Word those great Persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any Relish of their Writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the Care of Youth we have so many hundred unaccountable Creatures every Age whipped up into great Scholars, that are for ever near a right Understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the Scandal of Letters, and these are generally the Men who are to teach others. The Sense of Shame and Honour is enough to keep the World itself in Order without Corporal Punishment, much more to train the Minds of uncorrupted and innocent Children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a Year, that a Lad is christened for a Block-head, when it is good Apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his Teacher means. A brisk Imagination very often may suggest an Error, which I had could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his Master in explaining. But there is no Mercy even towards a wrong Interpretation of his Learning, the Sufferings of the Scholars Body are to rectify the Mistakes of his Mind.

I am confident that no Boy who will not be allured to Letters without Blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good Mind must necessarily be the worse for such Indignities, and it is a sad Charge to lose of its Virtue for the Improvement of its Knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great School, but must remember to have seen Children of excellent and ingenious Natures, (as has afterwards appeared in their Manhood) I say no Man has passed through this way of Education, but must have seen an ingenious Creature expiring with Shame with pale Looks, beseeching Sorrow, and silent Tears, throw up its honest Eyes, and kneel on its tender Knees to no inexorable Block-head, to be forgiven the false Quantity of a Word in making a Latin Verse. The Child is punished, and the next Day he commits a like Crime, and so a third with the same Consequence. I would

have asked any reasonable Man whether this I had, in the Simplicity of his native Innocence, full of Shame, and capable of any Impression from that Grace of Soul, was not fitter for any Purpose in this Life, than after that Spark of Virtue is extinguished in him, tho' he is able to write twenty Verses in an Evening?

*Seneca* says, after his exalted way of Talking, *As the immortal Gods never want any Virtue, tho' they are endow'd with all that is good, so then are some Men who have so natural a Propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they learn it.* Plants and Vegetables are cultivated into the Production of finer Fruit than they would yield without that Care and yet we cannot entertain Hopes of producing a tenacious conscious Spirit into Acts of Virtue, without the same Method as is used to cut Limber, or give new Shape to a Piece of Stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful Practice that we may attribute a certain Hardness and Ferocity which some Men, tho' liberally educated, carry about them in all their Behaviour. So be bred like a Gentleman, and punished like a Malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal Stupidity which we see sometimes in Men of Letters.

The *Spartan* Boy who suffered the Fox (which he had stolen and hid under his Coat) to eat into his Bowels, I dare say had not half the Wit or Petulance which we learn at great Schools among us. But the glorious Scour of Honour, or rather Fear of Shame, which he demonstrated in that Action, was worth all the Learning in the World without it.

It is an unthinking very melancholy Consideration, that a little Negligence can spoil us, but great Industry is necessary to improve us: the most excellent Natures are soon depreciated, but evil Tempers are long before they are exalted into good Habits. To help this by Punishments, is the same thing as killing a Man to cure him of a Drunkenness, when he comes to suffer Punishment in that one Circumstance, he is brought below the Existence of a rational Creature, and is in the State of a Brute that moves only by the Administration of Stripes. But since this Custom of educating by the Lash is suffered by the Gentry of *Great Britain*, I would prevail only that honest heavy Lads may be dismissed from Slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth Year, whether they expect any Progress from them or not. Let the Child's Capriciousness be forthwith examined, and [he] sent to some Melancholy Way of Life, without respect to his Birth, if Nature designed him for nothing higher. Let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a Dereliction of Mind for being what it is no Guilt to be, a plain Man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned Men of either Robe who have been whipped at School, are not still Men of noble and liberal Minds, but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that Infamy.

But tho' there is so little Care, as I have ob-

'at our Church. There was something particular in his Accent, but without any manner of Affectation. This Particularity a Set of Gigglers thought the most necessary Thing to be taken notice of in his whole Discourse, and made it an Occasion of Mirth during the whole time of Sermon. You should see one of them run to burst behind a I ut, another pointing to a Communion in another Verse, and a fourth with a rich Composure, as if she would if possible stifle her Laughter. There were many Gentlemen who looked at them stedfastly but this they took for ogling and admiring them. There was one of the merry ones in particular, that found out but just then that she had but five Fingers, for she fell a reckoning the pretty Pieces of Ivory over and over again to find her self Imployment and not laugh out. Would it not be expedient, Mr SPECTATOR, that the Churchwarden should hold up his Wand on these Occasions and keep the Decency of the Place as a Magistrate does the Peace in a Court of law here?

Mr SPECTATOR

'I am a Woman's Man and read with a very fine Lady your Paper wherein you fall upon us whom you envy. What do you think I did? You must know she was dressing I read the Spectator to her and she laugh'd at the Pieces where she thought I was touch'd. I threw away your Moral, and taking up her Girdle cried out,

*Græce sit (that this little hand,  
Take all the rest the Sun) goes round*

'She smiled, Sir, and said you were a Peasant so say of me what you please, read Seneca and quote him against me if you think fit

I am,  
Sir,  
Your humble Servant

No 159] Saturday, September 1, 1711 [Addison

—*Omniem quæ iunc obducunt tuerit  
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et hinc idæ circum  
Culicat, ungem eripiam*— Virg.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental Manuscripts which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great Pleasure. I intend to give it to the Publick when I have no other Entertainment for them and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated Word for Word as follows

'On the fifth Day of the Moon which according to the Custom of my Forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed my self, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hills of Megadot in order to pass the rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here

'uring my self on the Tops of the Mountains I

'fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of human Life and pressing from one Thought to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow and I live a Dream. While I was thus musing, I cast my Eyes towards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I discerned one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little Musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding sweet, and I wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were inexpressibly melodious and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the dejected Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of the last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Rapture.

'I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius, and that several of us had been entertained with Musick who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had ended my Thoughts by these transporting Airs which he played to taste the Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonish'd, he beckon'd to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature and as my Heart was entirely subd'd by the ravishing Strain I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smel'd upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that furnished him to my Imagination, and at once dispell'd all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the hand *Mirzah*, said he I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies follow me.

'He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it. Cast thy Eyes Eastward and he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley and prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest said he is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Immortality. What is the Reason said I that the Tide I see rises out of it? The first Mist at once I nd, and again loses itself in the thick Mist at the other? What thou seest said he, is that Portion of Immortality which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. I examine now, said he this Sea that is bound'd with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Mist of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest said he is human Life consider it attentively. Upon a more search Survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches which added to those that were entire made up the Number about a hundred. As I was counting the Arches the Genius told me that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches but that a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the

<sup>1</sup> [World] <sup>2</sup> Waller, On a Girdle

'Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping thro' the Bridge, into the great Tide that flowed underneath it, and upon further Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell thro' them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. The hidden Pit falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that the Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

There were indeed some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

I passed some time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes, and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their Footing failed and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with Scyteters in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trip-door, which did not seem to lie in their Way, and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean said I, those great Flocks of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see Vultures, Harpies, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feathered Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest human Life.

I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given way to Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit

'so uncomfortable a Prospect. Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity, but cast thine Eye on that thiel Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the further End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one half of it, inasmuch that I could discover nothing in it. But the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interspersed with a thousand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Side of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers, and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats. But the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that he so rich and great before thee, and with which the whole Tree of the Ocean appears spotted is far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands on the Sea shore, there are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine Eye, or even thine Imagination can extend itself. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death who according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them. Every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I grazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that he hid under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling Tide, the reeling Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

<sup>1</sup> [have been laid for them,] corrected by an erratum in No. 162

No 160 ] Monday, September 3, 1711 [Addison

—*Cum mens divinos, atque os  
Magna sonaturum, des rominis Iugis honorem*  
Hor

THERE is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius*. There is not an Heroick Scribler in the Nation, that has not his Admirers who think him a *great Genius*, and as for your Smatterers in Tragedy, there is scarce a Man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius*.

My design in this Paper is to consider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw some Thoughts together on so uncommon a Subject.

Among great Geniuses those few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and stand up as the Prodiges of Mankind, who by the meer Strength of natural Parts, and without any Assistance of Arts or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times, and the Wonder of Posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural Geniuses, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the Turn and Polishing of what the *French* call a *Bel Esprit*, by which they would express a Genius refined by Conversation, Reflection, and the Reading of the most polite Authors. The greatest Genius [which] runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of Tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into Imitation.

Many of these great natural Geniuses that were never disciplined and broken by Rules of Art, are to be found among the Ancients, and in particular among those of the more Eastern Parts of the World. *Homer* has innumerable Flights that *Virgil* was not able to reach, and in the Old Testament we find several Passages more elevated and sublime than any in *Homer*. At the same time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were very much above the Nicety and Correctness of the Moderns. In their Similitudes and Allusions, provided there was a Likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison. Thus *Solomon* resembles the Nose of his Beloved to the Tower of *Labanon* which looketh toward *Damascus*, as the Coming of a Thief in the Night, is a Similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make Collections of this Nature. *Homer* illustrates one of his Heroes encompassed with the Enemy by an Ass in a Field of Corn that has his Sides belaboured by all the Boys of the Village without stirring a Foot for it and another of them tossing to and fro in his Bed and hurring with Resentment, to a Piece of Flesh broiled on the Coals. This particular Failure in the Ancients, opens a large Field of Rallery to the little Wits, who can laugh at an Indecency but not relish the

<sup>1</sup> [that]

Sublime in these Sorts of Writings. The present Emperor of *Persia*, conformable to this Eastern way of Thinking, amidst a great many pompous Titles, denominated himself The Sun of Glory and the Nutmeg of *Deli*. In short, to cut off all Cavilling against the Ancients and particularly those of the warmer Climates, who had most Heat and Life in their Imaginations, we are to consider that the Rule of observing what the *French* call the *Bienstance* in an Allusion, has been found out of later Years, and in the colder Regions of the World, where we would make some Amends for our want of Force and Spirit, by a scrupulous Nicety and Exactness in our Compositions. Our Countryman *Shakespear* was a remarkable Instance of this first kind of great Geniuses.

I cannot quit this Head without observing that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the first Class, who was hurried on by a natural Fire and Impetuosity to vast Conceptions of things and noble Salies of Imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for Men of a sober and moderate Fancy to imitate this Poet's Way of Writing in those monstrous Compositions which go among us under the Name of *Pindricks*? When I see People copying Works which, as *Horace* has represented them, are singular in their Kind, and immutable, when I see Men following Irregularities by Rule, and by the little Tricks of Art straining after the most unbounded Flights of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that Passage in *Seneca*.

—*Incerta hæc si tu postules  
Ratione certis facere, nihil plus agas,  
Quàm si des operam, ut cum ratione insanas*

In short a modern *Pindarick* Writer, compared with *Pindar*, is like a Sister among the *Camisars*<sup>1</sup> compared with *Virgil's* Sibl. There is the Distortion, Grimace, and outward Figure, but no thing of that divine Impulse which raises the Mind above its self, and makes the Sounds more than human.

[There is another kind of great Geniuses which I shall place in a second Class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for Distinction's sake, as they are of a different kind. This second Class of great Geniuses are those that have formed themselves by Rules, and submitted the Greatness of their natural Talents to the Corrections and Restrains of Art. Such among the *Graeks* were *Plato* and *Aristotle*, among the *Romans*, *Virgil* and *Tully*, among the *English*, *Milton* and Sir *Francis Bacon*.

<sup>2</sup> The Genius in both these Classes of Authors may be equally great, but shews itself [after <sup>4</sup>] a

<sup>1</sup> The *Camisars*, or French Prophets, originally from the *Cevennes*, came into England in 1707. With violent agitations and distortions of body they prophesied and claimed also the power to work miracles, even venturing to prophesy that Dr *Emes*, a convert of theirs, should rise from the dead five months after burial.

<sup>2</sup> [The]

<sup>3</sup> Not a new paragraph in the first issue

<sup>4</sup> [in]

'and seemed to carry such an Air of Importance in his Looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was, and was immediately answered, *That he did not value himself upon nothing, for that he and his Ancestors had won so many Hats, that his ParLOUR looked like a Haberdasher's Shop*. However this Thirst of Glory in them all, was the Reason that no one Man staid Lord of the Ring for above three Falls while I was amongst them.

'The young Muds, who were not Lookers on at these Exercises, were themselves engaged in some Diversion and upon my asking a Farmer's Son of my own Parish what he was gazing at with so much Attention, he told me, *That he was seeing Betty Welch, whom I knew to be his Sweet-Heart, pitch a Bar*.

'In short, I found the men endeavour'd to shew the Women they were no Cowards, and that the whole Company strived to recommend themselves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect State of Health, and fit to undergo any Fatigues of bodily Labour.

'Your Judgment upon this Method of Love and Gallantry, as it is at present practised amongst us in the Country, will very much oblige,  
SIR, Yours, &c

If I would here put on the Scholar and Politician I might inform my Readers how these bodily Exercises or Games were formerly encouraged in all the Commonwealths of Greece, from whence the Romans afterwards borrowed their *Pentathlon*, which was composed of *Running, Wrestling, Leaping, Throwing, and Boxing*, tho' the Prizes were generally nothing but a Crown of Cypress or Parsley, Hats not being in fashion in those Days. That there is an old Statute, which obliges every Man in England, having such an Estate, to keep and exercise the long Bow by which Means our Ancestors excelled all other Nations in the Use of that Weapon, and we had all the real Advantages, without the Inconvenience of a standing Army. And that I once met with a Book of Projects, in which the Author considering to what noble Ends that Spirit of Emulation, which so remarkably shews itself among our common People in these Wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the Improvement of all our handicraft Trades there should be annual Prizes set up for such Persons as were most excellent in their several Arts. But laying aside all these political Considerations, which might tempt me to pass the Limits of my Paper, I confess the greatest Benefit and Convenience that I can observe in these Country Festivals is the bringing young People together, and giving them an Opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous Light. A Country Fellow that throws his Rival upon his Back, has generally as good Success with their common Mistress as nothing is more usual than for a nimble footed Wench to get a Husband at the same time she wins a Smock. Love and Marriages are the natural Effects of these anniversary Assemblies. I must therefore very much approve the Method by which my Correspondent tells me each Sex

endeavour's to recommend it self, to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy Offspring or a happy Cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my Country Friend, that there has been many a Court Lady who would be contented to exchange her crony young Husband for Tom Short, and several Men of Quality who would have parted with a tender Yoke fellow for Black Kate.

I am the more pleas'd with having Love made the principal End and Design of these Meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable in the Intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr Kenet, with whose Words I shall conclude my present Paper.

*These Wakes, says he, were in Imitation of the ancient agapai, or Love-Fests, and were first established in England by Pope Gregory the Great, who in an Epistle to Melitus the Abbot gave Order that they should be kept in Sheds or Arbores made up with Branches and Boughs of Trees round the Church.*

He adds, *That this laudable Custom of Wakes prevailed for many Ages, till the nice Puritans began to exclaim against it as a Remnant of Popery and by degrees the precise Humour grew so popular, that at an Exeter Assizes the Lord Chief Baron Walter made an Order for the Suppression of all Wakes, but on Bishop Laud's complaining of this innovating Humour, the King commanded the Order to be reversed.* X

No 162] Wednesday, September 5, 1711 [Addison

—*Servetur ad unum,  
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet*—HOR

NOTHING that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear so contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconstancy, especially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of these Cases, tho a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great Articles of Life, therefore, a Man's Conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly Advantages may seem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill natured enough to think he does not change Sides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Prospects of Interest. Converts and Renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the World see they set upon honourable Motives or whatever Approbations they may receive from themselves, and Applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the publick Marks of Infamy and Derision.

Irresolution on the Schemes of Life [which?] offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in

<sup>1</sup> Principal Antiquities (1795), pp 610, 614

<sup>2</sup> [titiat]

pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness. When [Ambition] pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time but ill who has so many different Parties to please. When the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, it had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World as the greatest Part of Mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one Method of setting our selves at Rest in this Particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the Dictates of Reason, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Design, we may go through Life with Steadiness and Pleasure but if we act by several broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value set upon it by the World, we shall live and die in Misery and Repentance.

One would take more than ordinary Care to guard ones self against this particular Imperfection, because it is that which our Nature very strongly inclines us to for if we examine our selves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable Beings in the Universe. In respect of our Understanding we often embrace and reject the very same Opinions, whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at least no Wavering and Uncertainties in those they have. Our Superiors are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiors by Instinct. In respect of our Wills, we fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of sinning nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the Possibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Course of Sin, or an eternal Course of Virtue.

There is scarce a State of Life, or Stage in it which does not produce Changes and Revolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are lost in those of Youth these too take a different Turn in Manhood, till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our Identity. A cloudy Day, or a little Sun shine, have as great an Influence on many Constitutions, as the most real Blessings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being, and changes our Condition while it lasts and every Passion, not to mention Health and Sickness, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almost different Creatures. If a Man is so distinguished among other Beings by this Infirmary, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character to be one of the most variable Beings

of the most variable Kind, especially if we consider that He who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the same Yesterday, To-day, and for ever.

As this Mutability of Temper and Inconsistency with our selves is the greatest Weakness of human Nature, so it makes the Person who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmary whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater Variety of foolish Lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an Opposition of partly coloured Characters. The most humorous Character in *Horace* is founded upon this Unevenness of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct.

Sardus habebat

*Ille Tigellus hoc Caesar qui cogere posset  
Si peleret per amicitiam patris, atque suavi, non  
Quidquam proficeret Si collidisset, ab ovo  
Usque ad mala citaret. Io Bacche, modo sum mihi  
Vece, modo huc, resonat que choridis quatuor una  
Nil aequale homini fuit illi. Serpe velut qui  
Currit bal fugiens hostem Persae velut qui  
Junonis sacra ferret Hubebat saepe ducentos,  
Serpe decem seruos. Modò reges atque tetrarchus,  
Omnia magni loquens. Modò sibi mihi mensa  
tristes, et*

*Concha salis puri, et toga, quae defendere frigens,  
Quamvis crassa, queat Decies centena didissis  
Hinc parca paucis contento, quinque diebus  
Nil erat in loculis Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum  
Planè Diem totum in staretat Nil fuit unquam  
Sic impar sibi — Hor Sat. 3, Lib. 1*

Instead of translating this Passage in *Horace*, I shall entertain my English Reader with the Description of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr *Dryden*,<sup>2</sup> and raised upon the same Foundation.

*In the first Rank of these did Zamir stand  
A Man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome  
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was ev'ry thing by Starts, and nothing long,  
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,  
Was Chemist, Fiddler, Statesman, and Buffoon  
Heu all for Women, Painting, Rhiming,  
Drinking  
Besides ten thousand Freaks that daz'd in thinking  
Blest Madman, who cou'd ev'ry Hour employ,  
With something New to wish, or to enjoy! C*

No 163.] Thursday, Sept 6, 1711 [Addison]

*Si quid ego adjuvero, curvarum levasso,  
Quare ne te coquit, et visat sub pectore fiza,  
Legid erit pretiū — Linn ap Tullium*

ENQUIRILS after Happiness, and Rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to Mankind as the Arts of Consolation, and sup-

<sup>2</sup> In his 'Absalom and Achitophel' The character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham

<sup>2</sup> [Honour]



porting [ones'] self under Affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this World is Contentment, if we run at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but Grief and Disappointments. A Man should direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The Truth of it is, if all the Happiness that is dispersed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World were drawn together, and put into the Possession of any single Man, it would not make a very happy Being. I thought on the contrary, if the Miseries of the whole Species were fixed in a single Person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious Name, I have reason to believe is not Imaginary.

### Mr SPECTATOR.<sup>2</sup>

'I am one of your Disciples, and endeavour to 'have up to your Rules, which I hope will incline 'you to pity my Condition. I shall open it to you 'in a very few Words. About three Years since 'a Gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself 'would have approved, made his Addresses to me. 'He had every thing to recommend him but in 'I state, so that my Friends, who all of them ap- 'plauded his Person, would not for the sake of 'both of us favour his Passion. For my own 'part, I resigned my self up entirely to the Dis- 'cretion of those who knew the World much 'better than my self, but still lived in hopes that 'some Juncture or other would make me happy 'in the Man, whom, in my Heart, I preferred to 'all the World being determined if I could not 'have him, to have no Body else. About three 'Months ago I received a Letter from him, re- 'quainting me, that by the Death of an Uncle he 'had a considerable Estate left him, which he said 'was welcome to him upon no other Account, but 'as he hoped it would remove all Difficulties that 'lay in the Way to our mutual Happiness. You 'may well suppose, Sir, with how much Joy I re- 'ceived this Letter, which was followed by se- 'veral others filled with those Expressions of Love 'and Joy, which I verily believe no Body felt 'more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe 'than the Gentleman I am speaking of. But Sir, 'how shall I be able to tell it you by the first 'Week's Post I received a Letter from an intimate 'Friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting 'me that as he had just settled his Affairs, and 'was preparing for his Journey, he fell sick of a 'Fever and died. It is impossible to express to 'you the Distress I ran in upon this Occasion. I 'can only have Recourse to my Devotions and 'to the reading of good Books for my Consola- 'tion. And as I always take a particular Delight 'in those frequent Admonitions which 'you give to the Publick, it would be a very great 'Piece of Charity in you to lend me your Assist- 'ance in this Conjunction. If after the reading 'of the Letter you and your self in a Humour, 'rather to rally and ridicule, than to Comfort

'me, I desire you would throw it into the Fire, 'and think no more of it but if you are touched 'with my Misfortune, which is greater than I 'know how to bear, your Counsels may very 'much Support, and will infinitely Oblige the af- 'flicted

LEONORA

A Disappointment in Love is more hard to get over than any other, the Passion itself so softens and subdues the Heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the Woes and Distresses which befall it. The Mind meets with other Misfortunes in her whole Strength she stands collected within her self, and sustains the Shock with all the Force (which) is natural to her but a Heart in Love has its Foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the Weight of Accidents that are disagreeable to its Favourite Passion.

In Afflictions Men generally draw their Consolations out of Books of Morality, which indeed are of great use to fortify and strengthen the Mind against the Impressions of Sorrow. Monsieur St. Evremont, who does not approve of this Method, recommends Authors (who) are apt to stir up Mirth in the Mind of the Readers, and fancies *Don Quixote* can give more Relief to an heavy Heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca*, as it is much easier to divert Grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its Effects on some Tempers. I should rather have recourse to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us Instances of Calamities and Misfortunes, and shew Human Nature in its greatest Distresses.

If the Affliction we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some Consolation in the Society of great Sufferers as our selves, especially when we find our Companions Men of Virtue and Merit. If our Afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the Comparison we make between our selves and our Fellow Sufferers. A Loss at Scr, a Fit of Sickness, or the Death of a Friend, are such Trifles when we consider whole Kingdoms laid in Ashes, Families put to the Sword, Wretches shut up in Dungeons, and the like Calamities of Mankind, that we are out of Countenance for our own Weakness, if we sink under such little Strokes of Fortune.

Let the Disconsolate *Leonora* consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the Loss of her deceiver I over, there are Persons in several Parts of the World just perishing in a Shipwreck others crying out for Mercy in the Terror of a Death bed Repentance others lying under the Tortures of an infamous Execution, or the like dreadful Calamities and she will find her Sorrows vanish at the Appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the Consideration of my afflicted Disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest Misfortune, is not really such in itself. For my own part, I question not but our Souls in a separate State will look back on their Lives in quite another View, than what they had of them in the Body, and that what they

<sup>1</sup> [sic]

<sup>2</sup> It is Letter is by Mr. Shepherd, the 'Paragon of No. 143

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

now consider as Misfortunes and Disappointments, will very often appear to have been Blessings and Blessings

The Mind that hath any Cast towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Afflictions

When I was in France I heard a very remarkable Story of two Lovers, which I shall relate at length in my to-Morrow's Paper, not only because the Circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an Illustration to all that can be said on this last Head and shew the Power of Religion in abating that particular Anguish which seems to lie so heavy on *Leopold*. The Story was told me by a Priest, as I travelled with him in a Stage Coach. I shall give it my Reader as well as I can remember, in his own Words, after having premised, that if Consolations may be drawn from a wrong Religion and a misguided Devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from those which are founded upon Reason, and established in good Sense

No 164] Friday, September 7, 1711 [Addison

*Ille Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Ophion?*

*Tamque vale feror ingenti curæ mdata iecti, Involvitasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, pater as*

Arg

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Industry, took delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodosius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous Education. When he was in the twentieth year of his Age, he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles Distance from her Father's House, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her and by the Advantages of a good Person and a pleasing Conversation, made such an Impression in her Heart as it was impossible for time to efface. He was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long Acquaintance made them still discover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees roused in them that mutual Passion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of Love and Friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one blaming himself too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Possessions. The Father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable Aversion towards his Son, insomuch that he forbade him his House, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to see him more. In the mean time to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained secret Hopes of some

favourable Opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Person, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He soon conceived this Affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his Design to marry her to such a Gentleman, and that her Wedding should be celebrated on such a Day. *Constantia*, who was conversed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object anything to so advantageous a Match, received the Proposal with a profound Silence, which her Father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a Virgin's giving her Consent to an Overture of that kind. The Noise of this intended Marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who, after a long tumult of Passions which naturally rise in a Lover's Heart on such an Occasion, writ the following letter to *Constantia*.

'The Thought of my *Constantia*, which for some years has been my only Happiness, is now become a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The Streets, the Fields and Meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me. Life itself is become a Burden. May you long be happy in the World, but forget that there was ever such a Man in it.

# THEODOSIUS

This Letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the Reading of it and the next Morning she was much more alarmed by two or three Messengers, that came to her Father's House one after another to inquire if she had heard any thing of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep Melancholy, which had hung upon his Mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to such Extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accused her self for having so tamely given an Ear to the Proposal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *Theodosius*. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost Effects of her Father's Displeasure, rather than enmesh with a Marriage which appeared to her so full of Guilt and Horror. The Father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and desirous to keep a considerable Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate Refusal of his Daughter and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon this Account to his intended Son in Law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience than of Love. *Constantia* had now no Relief but in her Devotions and Exercises of Religion, to which her Afflictions had so entirely subjected her Mind, that after some Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and settled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquillity, she resolved to pass the Remainder of her Days in a Convent. Her Father was not displeased with [1] Resolution, [which?] would save Money in

<sup>1</sup> [defree]

<sup>1</sup> [her]

<sup>2</sup> [dirt]

his Family, and readily complied with his Daught-  
ter's Intentions. Accordingly in the twenty-  
fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet  
in all its Height and Plomb, he carried her to a  
neighbouring City, in order to look out a Sister-  
hood of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter.  
There was in this Place a Father of a Convent  
who was very much renowned for his Piety and  
exemplary Life and as it is usual in the *Romish*  
Church for those who are under any great Afflic-  
tion, or Trouble of Mind, to apply themselves to  
the most eminent Confessors for Pardon and Con-  
solation, our beautiful Virgin took the Opportu-  
nity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who the  
very Morning that the above mentioned Inquiries  
had been made after him, arrived at a religious  
House in the City, where now *Constantia* resided  
and desiring that Secrecy and Concealment of the  
Fathers of the Convent, which is very usual upon  
any extraordinary Occasion, he made himself one  
of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire  
after *Constantia* whom he looked upon as given  
away to his Rival upon the Day on which, ac-  
cording to common Fame, their Marriage was to  
have been solemnized. Having in his Youth made  
a good Progress in Learning, that he might de-  
cate [himself]<sup>1</sup> more entirely to Religion, he  
entered into holy Orders, and in a few Years  
became renowned for his Sanctity of Life and  
those pious Sentiments which he inspired into all  
[whom]<sup>2</sup> conversed with him. It was this holy Man  
to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply her-  
self in Confession, tho' neither she nor any other  
besides the Prior of the Convent, knew any thing  
of his Name or Family. The day, the amiable  
*Theodosius* had now taken upon him the Name of  
Father *Francis*, and was so far concealed in a  
long Beard, a [shaven]<sup>3</sup> Head, and a religious  
Habit, that it was impossible to discover the Man  
of the World in the venerable Conventual.

As he was one Morning shut up in his Con-  
fessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him opened the  
State of her Soul to him and after having given  
him the History of a Life full of Innocence, she  
burst out in Tears, and entered upon that Part  
of her Story in which he himself had so great a Share.  
My Behaviour, says she, has I fear been the Death  
of a Man who had no other Fault but that of lov-  
ing me too much. Heaven only knows how dear  
he was to me whilst he liv'd, and how bitter the  
Remembrance of him has been to me since his  
Death. She here paused, and lifted up her Eyes  
that stream'd with Tears towards the Father  
who was so moved with the Sense of her Sorrows  
that he could only command his Voice, which was  
broke with Sighs and Sobbings, so far as to bid  
her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in  
a Flood of Tears pour'd out her Heart before him.  
The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, in  
somewhat that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat  
shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the  
good Man was thus moved by his Compassion to-  
wards her, and by the Horror of her Guilt, pro-  
ceeded with the utmost Contrition to acquaint  
him with that Vow of Virginity in which she was

going to engage herself, as the proper Atonement  
for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make  
to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who  
by this time had pretty well composed himself,  
burst out in unmuterous joy, hearing that Name to  
which he had been so long desirous, and upon re-  
ceiving this his news of an unparalleled Fidelity  
from one who he thought had several Years since  
given herself up to the Possession of another.  
Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his  
Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only  
able to bid her from time to time be comforted  
— I tell her that her Sins were forgiven her—

That her Guilt was not so great as she appre-  
hended— That she should not suffer her self to  
be afflicted above Measure. After which he re-  
covered himself enough to give her the Absolu-  
tion in Form directing her at the same time to  
return to him again the next Day, that he might  
encourage her in the pious Resolutions she had  
taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her  
behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the  
next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theo-  
dosius* having renewed his Soul with proper  
Thoughts and Reflections, exerted himself on this  
Occasion in the best Manner he could to animate  
his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering  
upon, and wear out of her Mind those groundless  
Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Pos-  
session of it concluding with a Promise to her,  
that he would from time to time continue his Ad-  
monitions when she should have taken upon her  
the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders,  
says he, will not permit that I should see you, but  
you may assure your self not only of having a  
Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such fre-  
quent Instructions as I can convey to you by  
Letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious Course  
you have undertaken and you will quickly find  
such a Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind,  
which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

*Constantia's* Heart was so elevated with the  
Discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next  
Day she entered upon her Vow. As soon as the  
Solemnities of her Reception were over, she re-  
turned, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own  
Apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the Night be-  
fore of all that had passed between her Novice and  
Father *Francis*. From whom she now de-  
livered to her the following Letter.

'As the first fruits of those Joys and Consola-  
'tions which you may expect from the Life you  
'are now engaged in, I must requirunt you that  
'*Theodosius*, whose Death sits so heavy upon  
'your Thoughts, is still alive and that the Father,  
'to whom you have confessed your self, was once  
'that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament.  
'The love which we have had for one another will  
'make us more happy in its Disappointment than  
'it could have done in its Success. Providence  
'has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho' not  
'according to our Wishes. Consider your *Theo-  
'dosius* still as dead, but assure your self of one  
'who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS

*Constantia* saw that the Hand writing agreed

<sup>1</sup> [himself up]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [shaved]

with the Contents of the Letter and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, it is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being. I shall live with Comfort and die in Peace.

The Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet current in the Nunnery where she resided and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloyster, a violent Plaver broke out in the Place, which swept away great Multitudes and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his Death bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving Manner to *Constantia*, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal Disorder that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sickneses of this Nature, the Abbess, finding that the Physician had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure. And now, says she, If I do not ask anything improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope no Violation of it. — She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose.

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance*. They were lonely in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided. C

No 165.] Saturday, September 8, 1711 [Addison

*Si fortè necesse est,  
Fingere cunctis non exaudita Cethegis  
Continget dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.*<sup>1</sup>  
Hor

I HAVE often wished, that as in our Constitution there are several Persons whose Business it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be set apart as Superintendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from passing among us, and in particular to prohibit any French Phrases from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when those of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The present War has so adulterated our Tongue with strange Words, that it would be impossible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Posterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News Paper. Our Warriors are very industrious in propagating the French Language, at the same time that they are

so gloriously successful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of strong Heads for Action, and perform such Feats as they are not able to express. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they Achieve, and therefore send us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phrases, which they learn among their Conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and assisted by our Foreign Ministers, to tell their Story for them in plain English, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-Men are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publish the News of the present War in English Phrases, and make their Campaigns intelligible. Their People might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus polluted with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obscurity, but the English cannot be too clear in their Narrative of those Actions, which have raised their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable Difficulties, that I scarce know what Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is surrendered. I do indeed make some Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in foreign Terms. But when we have won Battels (which I may be described in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with so many unintelligible Exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a Part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquered? They must be made necessary to their own Disgrace, as the Britons were formerly so artificially wrought in the Curtin of the Roman Theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the Spectators an Opportunity of seeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage. For so Mr Dryden has translated that Verse in *Virgil*

[*Pirphura u texti*]<sup>2</sup> tollunt aulæ Britanni  
Georg 3, v 25

*It has* interwoven Britons seem to raise,  
And shew the Fru uph that their Shame displays

The Histories of all our former Wars are translated to us in our Vernacular Idiom, so that the Phrase of a great Modern Critick.<sup>3</sup> I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Lilawant* the third ever reconquered the French, tho' he often discovered the Posture of the French, and as often vanquished them in Battle. The *Black Prince* passed many a River without the help of Pontoons, and filled a Dutch with 1 aggot as successfully as the Generals of our Times do it with 1 rascals. Our Commanders lose half their Praise, and our People half their Joy, by means of those

<sup>1</sup> The motto in the original edition was  
Semivirumque bovem Semibovemque virum  
Ovid

<sup>2</sup> [that]  
<sup>3</sup> Dr Richard Bentley

hard Words and dark Expressions in which our News Papers do so much abound I have seen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, inquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greatest Fears and Apprehensions, and raised in the greatest Height of Gladness it had ever felt since it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *bi centum*, I had the Copy of a Letter sent me out of the Country, which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Estate and plain Sense. As the Letter was very modestly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a Copy of it.

SIR,

Upon the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Post behind a great Morass which they thought impracticable. Our General the next Day sent a Party of Horse to reconnoitre them from a little Hauteur, at about a [Quarter of an Hour's] distance from the Army, who returned again to the Camp unobserved through several Defiles, in one of which they met with a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made them all Prisoners at Discretion. The Day after a Drum arrived at our Camp, with a Message which he would communicate to none but the General: he was followed by a Trumpet who they say behaved himself very bravely, with a Message from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy. You will hear in the Public Prints how we treated them, with the other Circumstances of that glorious Day. I had the good Fortune to be in that Regiment that pushed the *Genes d'Armes*. Several *French* Battalions, who some say were a Corps de Reserve, made a Show of Resistance, but it only proved a Gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fossé, in order to attack them, they bent the Charge, and sent us *Charlie Blanche*. Their Commandant, with a great many other General Officers, and Troops without number, are made Prisoners of War, and will I believe give you a Visit in *England*, the Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these Particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful Son, &c.

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Perusal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a Passion, and told him that his Son had sent him a Letter that was neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring. I wish, says he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Messages then who is this *Charlie Blanche*? He must either banter us or he is out of his Senses. The Father, who always looked upon the Curate

as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Usage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Posts before, You see here, says he, when he writes for Money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough: there is no Man in *England* can express himself clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horse. In short, the old Man was so puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not seen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the same Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men. L

No 166 ] Monday, September 10, 1711 [Addison

Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere virtutas  
Ovid

ARISTOTLE tells us that the World is a Copy or Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of the first Being, and that those Ideas, which are in the Mind of Man, are a Transcript of the World. To this we may add, that Words are the Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, and that Writing or Printing are the Transcript of Words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his Ideas in the Creation, Men express their Ideas in Books, which by this great Invention of these latter Ages may last as long as the Sun and Moon, and perish only in the general Wreck of Nature. This *Cowley* in his Poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the Destruction of the Universe, has those admirable Lines

Now all the rude extended Sky,  
And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,  
And Virgil's sacred Work shall die

There is no other Method of fixing those Thoughts which arise and disappear in the Mind of Man, and transmitting them to the last Periods of time: no other Method of giving a Permanency to our Ideas, and preserving the Knowledge of any particular Person, when his Body is mixed with the common Mass of Matter, and his Soul retired into the World of Spirits. Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to Mankind, which are delivered down from Generation to Generation, as Presents to the Posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other Arts of perpetuating our Ideas continue but a short Time. Statues can last but a few Thousands of Years, Edifices fewer, and Colours still fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo*, *Ioniana*, and *Raphael*, will hereafter be what *Phidias*, *Vitruvius*, and *Apelles* are at present the Names of great Statuaries, Architects and Painters, whose Works are lost. The several Arts are expressed in moulding Materials. Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the Ideas which are imprinted upon it.

The Circumstance which gives Authors an Advantage above all these great Masters, is this, that they can multiply their Originals, or rather can make Copies of their Works, to what Number

<sup>x</sup> [Mile]

But the Folly of him who lets his Fancy place him in distant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I shall harken to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himself a CASTLE-BUILDER, describe himself with the same Unreservedness as formerly appeared in my Correspondent above mentioned. If a Man were to be serious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to those who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE BUILDERS. Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Prospect pleasing Illusions, but they who come to possess any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happiness, to be regarded only in the second Place, and that when they are valued in the first Degree, they are as disappointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter

Mr SPECTATOR,

Sept 6, 1711

'I am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you will find by the Sequel and think myself too fool enough to deserve a Place in your Paper. I am unhappily far gone in Building, and am one of that Species of Men who are properly denominated Castle Builders, who scorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foundation, or dig in the Bowels of it for Materials, but erect their Structures in the most unstable of Elements, the Air, Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the Extent, and shaping the Model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august Palaces and stately Porticoes have grown under my forming Imagination, or what verdant Meadows and shady Groves have started into Being, by the powerful Force of a warm Fancy. A Castle builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary Scepters, and delivered uncontrollable Edicts, from a Throne to which conquered Nations yielded Obedience. I have made I know not how many Inroads into France, and ravaged the very Heart of that Kingdom, I have dined in the *Lozars*, and drunk Cham-pagne at *Versailles*, and I would have you take Notice, I am not only able to vanquish a People already cowed and accustomed to Flight, but I could, *Almanzor-like*, drive the British General from the Field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the Confederates. There is no Art or Profession, whose most celebrated Masters I have not eclipsed. Where ever I have afforded my Salutary Preference, I have ceased to burn, and Agues to shake the Human Fabric. When an eloquent I have been upon me, in apt Gesture and proper Ordeence, I have animated each Sentence, and grazing Crowds have found their Passions work'd up into Rage, or soothed into a Calm. I am short and not very well made, yet upon Sight of a fine Woman, I have stretched into proper Stature, and filled with a good Air and Mien. These are the very Phantoms that dance before my willing Eyes

'and compose my Day-Dreams. I should be the most contented happy Man alive, were the Chimerical Happiness, which springs from the Paintings of the Fancy less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with Grief of Mind I tell you, the least Breath of Wind has often demolished my magnificent Edifices, swept away my Groves, and left no more Trace of them than if they had never been. My Lachrypher has sunk and vanished by a Rap on my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has cost me a whole Continent, and in the same Moment I have been pulled by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head. The ill Consequence of these Reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary Possessions makes Impressions of real Woe. Besides, had Oeconomy in visible and apparent in Builders of invisible Mansions. My Tenant's Advertisements of Ruins and Dilapidations often cast a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Instant when the Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my Eastern Palaces. Add to this the pensive Drudgery in Building, and constant grasping Aerol frowels, districts and shatters the Mind, and the fond Builder of *Babel's* is often cursed with an incoherent Diversity and Confusion of Thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply myself for Relief from this fantastical Evil, than to your self, whom I earnestly importune to accommodate me with a Method how to settle my Head and cool my Brain-pan. A Discretion on Castle Building may not only be serviceable to myself, but all Architects, who display their Skill in the thin Element. Such a Favour would oblige me to make my next Soliloquy not contain the Prizes of my dear Self, but of the SPECTATOR, who shall, by complying with this, make me

His Obliged, Humble Servant,

Vitruvius

F

No 168 ] Wednesday, September 12, 1711 [Stable

—Pectus Præceptis format amicus—HOR

It would be Arrogance to neglect the Application of my Correspondents so far as not sometimes to insert their Anniversaries upon my Paper, that of this Day shall be therefore wholly composed of the Hints which they have sent me

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I Send you this to congratulate your late Choice of a Subject, for treating on which you deserve publick Thanks. I mean that on how licensed I yrants the Schoolmasters. If you can disarm them of their Rods, you will certainly have your old Age rewarded by all the young Gentlemen of Great Britain who are now between seven and sixteen Years. You may boast that the incomparably wise *Quintilian* and you are of one Mind in this Particular. *Si cui est* (says he) *in eius tam liberalis et oburgatione non corrigatur, ut etiam ad plagas, ut pessima quæque*

<sup>1</sup> Almanzor is in Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada.'

*'mancipia, durabitur' If any Child be of so  
'disingenuous a Nature, as not to stand corrected  
'by Reproof, he, like the very worst of Slaves, will  
'be hardened even against Blows themselves And  
afterwards 'Pudet dicere in quæ probra escaudi  
'Iomines isto cadendi jure abstantur, i.e. I  
'durst to say how shamefully those wicked Men  
'abuse the Power of Correction*

'I was bred myself, Sir, in a very great School,  
'of which the Master was a Welchman, but cer-  
'tainly descended from a Spanish Family, as  
'plainly appeared from his Temper as well as his  
'Name I leave you to judge what sort of a  
'Schoolmaster a Welch man ingrafted on a Span-  
'iard would make So very dreadful had he  
'made him-self to me, that altho' it is above twenty  
'Years since I felt his heavy Hand, yet still once  
'a Month at least I dream of him, so strong an  
'Impression did he make on my Mind 'Tis a  
'Sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still  
'continues to haunt me sleeping

'And yet I may say without Vanity, that the  
'Business of the School was what I did without  
'great Difficulty and I was not remarkably  
'unlucky, and yet such was the Master's Severity  
'that once a Month, or oftner, I suffered as much  
'as would have satisfied the Law of the Land for  
'a Petty Larceny

'Many a white and tender Hand, which the  
'fond Mother has passionately kissed a thousand  
'and a thousand times, have I seen whipped till  
'it was covered with Blood perhaps for smiling,  
'or for going a Yard and half out of a Gate, or  
'for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O  
'These were our great Faults Many a brave  
'and noble Spirit has been there broken others  
'have run from thence and were never heard of  
'afterwards

'It is a worthy Attempt to undertake the Cause  
'of distressed Youth and it is a noble Piece of  
'Knight-Errantry to enter the Lists against so  
'many armed Pedagogues 'Tis pity but we had  
'a Set of Men, polite in their Behaviour and  
'Method of Teaching, who should be put into a  
'Condition of being above flattering or flogging the  
'Parents of those they instruct We might then  
'possibly see Learning become a Pleasure, and  
'Children delighting themselves in that which  
'now they abhor for coming upon such hard  
'Terms to them What would be a still greater  
'Happiness arising from the Cure of such In-  
'structors, would be, that we should have no more  
'Pedants, nor any bred to Learning who had not  
'Genius for it I am, with the utmost Sincerity,

SIR,

Your most affectionate  
humble Servant

Richmond, Sept 5th, 1712

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Boy of fourteen Years of Age, and have  
'for this last Year been under the Tuition of a  
'Doctor of Divinity, who has taken the School of  
'this Place under his Care I from the Gentle-

'man's great Tenderness to me and Friendship to  
'my Father, I am very happy in learning my  
'Book with Pleasure We never leave off our  
'Diversions any further than to salute him at  
'Hours of Play when he pleases to look on It  
'is impossible for any of us to love our own Pa-  
'rents better than we do him He never gives any  
'of us an harsh Word, and we think it the greatest  
'Punishment in the World when he will not speak  
'to any of us My Brother and I are both to-  
'gether inditing this Letter He is a Year older  
'than I am, but is now ready to break his Heart  
'that the Doctor has not taken any Notice of  
'him these three Days If you please to print  
'thus he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my  
'Brother's earnest Desire to be restored to his  
'Favour, he will again smile upon him

Your most obedient Servant,

T S

MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have represented several sorts of Imper-  
'fections singly, I wish you would now proceed,  
'and describe some of them in Sets It often  
'happens in publick Assemblies, that a Party who  
'came thither together, or whose Impertinencies  
'are of an equal Piece, set in Concert, and are so  
'full of themselves as to give Disturbance to all  
'that are about them Sometimes you have a Set of  
'Whisperers, who lay their Heads together in order  
'to sacrifice every Body within their Observa-  
'tion sometimes a Set of Laughers, that keep  
'up an insipid Mirth in their own Corner, and by  
'their Noise and Gestures shew they have no  
'Respect for the rest of the Company You  
'frequently meet with these Sets at the Opera,  
'the Play, the Water-works, and other publick  
'Meetings, where their whole Business is to draw  
'off the Attention of the Spectators from the  
'Entertainment, and to fix it upon themselves,  
'and it is to be observed that the Impertinence  
'is ever loudest, when the Set happens to be made  
'up of three or four Females who have got what  
'you call a Woman's Man among them

'I am at a loss to know from whom People of  
'Fortune should learn this Behaviour, unless it be  
'from the Footmen who keep their Places at a  
'new Play, and are often seen passing away  
'their Time in Sets at All four in the Price of  
'a full House, and with a perfect Disregard to  
'People of Quality sitting on each Side of them  
'For preserving therefore the Decency of pub-  
'lick Assemblies, methinks it would be but reason-  
'able that those who Disturb others, should pay  
'at least a double Price for their Places or rather  
'Women of Birth and Distinction should be in-  
'formed that a Levity of Behaviour in the Eyes  
'of People of Understanding degrades them below  
'their merited Attendants, and Gentlemen should  
'know that a fine Coat is a Livery, when the

sification of the Psalms He was Rector of Clapham and Minister of Richmond, where he had the school He died in 1726, aged 67

<sup>2</sup> The Water Theatre, invented by Mr Win-  
stanley, and exhibited by his widow at the lower  
end of Piccadilly

<sup>1</sup> Insat Orat Pl 1 eh 3

<sup>2</sup> Dr Charles Roderick, Head Master of Eton

<sup>3</sup> Dr Nicholas Brady late colleague in verse

'Person who wears it discovers no higher Sense  
'than that of a Footman I am

SR,

Your most humble Servant

Bedfordshire, Sept 1, 1711

MR SPECTATOR,

'I am one of those whom every Body calls a  
'Poacher, and sometimes go to course with a  
'Brace of Greyhounds, a Mastiff, and a Spaniel  
'or two and when I am weary with Coursing,  
'and have killed Hares enough, go to an Ale-  
'house to refresh my self I beg the Favour of  
'you (as you set up for a Reformer) to send us  
'Word how many Dogs you will allow us to go  
'with, how many Full Pots of Ale to drink, and  
'how many Hares to kill in a Day, and you will  
'do a great Piece of Service to all the Sports-  
'men Be quick then, for the Time of Coursing  
'is come on.

Yours in Haste,  
Isaac Hedgeditch.

T

No 169] Thursday, Sept 13, 1711 [Addison

*Sic vita erat facile omnes perferre ac pati  
Cum quibus erat cuique una, his sese dedere,  
Eorum obsequi studiis adversus neminem,  
Nunquam præponens se alius Ita facillime  
Sine invidia invenias laudem — Ter And*

MAN is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, in aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another Every Man's natural Weight of Afflictions is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injustice of his Neighbour At the same time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another

Half the Misery of Human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence, and Humanity There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than that Disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the Subject of this Day's Speculation

Good nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty It shows Virtue in the fairest Light takes off in some measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good nature, or something which must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificer Humankind, which is what we express by the Word *Good-breeding* For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call so we shall find it to be nothing else but in Imitation and Mimicry of

Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Comphiance and easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Snows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature but without it are like Hypocrisy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety

Good nature is generally born with us Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Chenshers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon<sup>1</sup> in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several Parts of his Life Nay, on his Death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him (who<sup>2</sup>) made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind For which Reason, he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Instance of such an Overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind

In that celebrated Passage of *Salust*,<sup>3</sup> where *Cæsar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights *Cæsar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good nature, as it shewed it self in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependents, the Guilty or the Distressed As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather awful than amiable Justice seems most agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himself, may reward every Man according to his Works but he whose very best Actions must be seen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving For this reason, among all the monstrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exorbitantly Ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper in a Worthless Man

This Part of Good nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of Faults, is to be exercised only in doing our selves Justice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life for in the publick Administrations of Justice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others

It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the most Wit This Observation, in my Opinion, has no

<sup>1</sup> Cyropædia, lib. viii. ch. 6

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> Catiline, c. 54



Foundation in Nature. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occasioned by two Reasons. First, Because Ill nature. Among ordinary Observers passes for Wit. A spiteful Saying gratifies so many little Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh rises upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd Satyrast. This may be one Reason, why a great many pleasant Compositions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavour'd to be Merry in Print, the Publick being more just than Private Clubs or Assemblies, in disingushing between what is Wit and what is Ill nature.

Another Reason why the Good-natured Man may sometimes bring his Wit in Question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with Com-

pression for those Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himself a larger Field to expatiate in: he exposes those Faults in Human Nature which the other would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to Reflections which the other stifles, fills indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposes the Person [who] has oblig'd him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods, is more likely to grow Rich than the Fair Trader. L.

\* [that]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY BOYLE, ESQ.:

SIR,

AS the profest Design of this Work is to entertain its Readers in general, without giving Offence to any particular Person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a Patron for it as Your Self, there being none whose Merit is more universally acknowledged by all Parties, and who has made himself more Friends and fewer Enemies. Your great Abilities, and unquestioned Integrity, in those high Employments, which You have passed through, would not have been able to have rais'd You this general Approbation, had they not been accompanied with that Moderation in an high Fortune, and that Affability of Manners, which are so conspicuous through all Parts of your Life. Your Aversion to any Ostentatious Arts of setting to Show those great Services which you have done the Publick, has not hith-

erwise a little contributed to that Universal Acknowledgment which is paid You by your Country.

The Consideration of this Part of Your Character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those Extraordinary Talents, which have given You so great a Figure in the *British Senate*, as well as on that Elegance and Politeness which appear in Your more retir'd Conversation. I should be unpardonable, if, after what I have said, I should longer detain You with an Address of this Nature. I cannot, however, conclude it without owning those great Obligations which You have had upon,

SIR,  
Your most obedient,  
humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR

No 170 } Friday, Septen<sup>r</sup> 14, 1711 [Addison]

*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia injuria,  
Suspiciones, inimicitia, et c. cia.  
Bellum, pax rursum* — Ter Eun

UPON looking over the Letters of my female Correspondents, I find several from Women

<sup>1</sup> Henry Boyle, to whom the third volume of the Spectator is dedicated was the youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford one of the family founded by the Richard, Earl of Cork, who bought Raleigh's property in Ireland from March, 1701, to February, 1707. Henry Boyle was King William's Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was then, till September, 1720, one of the principal Secretaries of State. He had materially helped

complaining of jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own Innocence and desiring my Advice on this Occasion. I shall therefore take this Subject into my Consideration, and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of Halifax, who in his *Advice to a Daughter*,<sup>2</sup> has instructed a Wife how to behave her self towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly Husband, has not spoken one Word of a Jealous Husband.

Addison by negotiating between him and Lord Godolphin respecting the celebration of the Battle of Blenheim. On the accession of George I Henry Boyle became Lord Carlton and President of the Council. He died in 1724 and had his Life written by Addison's cousin Budgell.

<sup>2</sup> *Miscellanies* by the late Lord Marquis of Halifax. (George Saville, who died in 1695), 1701, pp 18—31

*Jealousy is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the Person whom he entirely loves* Now, he cause our Inward Passions and Inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous Man to be thoroughly cured of his Suspensions. His Thoughts hung it best in a State of Doubtfulness and Uncertainty and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side so that his Enquiries are most successful when they discover nothing His Pleasure arises from his Disappointments, and his Life is spent in Pursuit of a Secret that destroys his Happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent Love is always a strong Ingredient in this Passion for the same Affection which stirs up the jealous Man's Desires, and gives the Party beloved so beautiful a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same Passion in others, and appears as amiable to all Beholders And as Jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary Love, it is of so delicate a Nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmest Expressions of Affection, the softest and most tender Hypocrisy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual I or the jealous Man wishes himself a kind of Deity to the Person he loves He would be the only Pleasure of her Senses, the Employment of her Thoughts and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes Delight in, besides himself

Phaedra's Request to his Mistress, upon his leaving her for three Days, is immutably beautiful and natural

*Cum milite isto praesens, absens ut sis  
Dies, noctesque me ames, nec desideres  
Me somnia me expectas de me cogites  
Me speras me te oblectes in eum tota sis  
Meus fac sis postremo cum unus, quando ego sum  
tutus — Ter. Eun.*

The Jealous Man's Discourse is of so malignant a Nature, that it converts all he takes into its own Nourishment A cool Behaviour sets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an instance of Aversion or Indifference a fond one raises his Suspensions, and looks too much like Dissimulation and Artifice If the Person he loves be cheerful, her Thoughts must be employed on another and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself In short, there is no Word or Gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suspensions, and furnishes him with fresh Matters of Discovery So that if we consider the effects of this Passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred than an excessive Love for certainly none can meet with more Disquietude and Uneasiness than a suspected Wife, if we except the jealous Husband

\* When you are in company with that Soldier, behave as if you were absent but continue to love me by Day and by Night want me dream of me expect me think of me wish for me delight in me be wholly with me in short, be my very Soul, as I am yours

But the great Unhappiness of this Passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is so solicitous to engross, and that for these two Reasons, because it lays too great a Constraint on the Words and Actions of the suspected Person, and at the same time shows you have no honourable Opinion of her both of which are strong Motives to Aversion

Nor is this the worst Effect of Jealousy for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Consequences, and makes the Person you suspect guilty of the very Crimes you are so much afraid of It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to soothe and to swage their secret Resentments Besides, Jealousy puts a Woman often in Mind of an ill Thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with such an unlucky Idea, as in time grows familiar, excites Desire, and loses all the Shame and Horror which might at first attend it Nor is it a Wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Esteem, resolves to give him reason for his Suspensions, and to enjoy the Pleasure of the Crime, since she must undergo the Ignominy Such probably were the Considerations that directed the wise Man in his Advice to Husbands, *Be not jealous over the Wife of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil Lesson against thy self* Eccles.

And here, among the other Torments which this Passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Person [who] provoked their Jealousy is taken from them Then it is that their Love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the Mixture of Suspicion [which] Jealousy and smothered it before The beautiful Parts of the Character rise uppermost in the jealous Husband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill Usage of so divine a Creature as was once in his Possession whilst all the little Imperfections, that were [before] so unwise to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and shew themselves no more

We may see by what has been said, that Jealousy takes the deepest Root in Men of morose Dispositions and of these we may find three kinds who are most over run with it

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of an Infirmary, whether it be Weakness, Old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like These Men are so well acquainted with the inamiable Part of themselves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved, and are so distrustful of their own Merits, that all Fondness towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jest upon their Persons They grow suspicious in their first looking in a Glass, and are stung with Jealousy at the sight of a Wrinkle A handsome Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their Wives

A Second Sort of Men, who are most liable to

\* Eccles. ix. 1

3 [that]

2 [that]

4 [formerly]

this Passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful Tempers. It is a Fault very justly found in Histories composed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are still for deriving every Action from some Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Causes and Events, and preserving a constant Correspondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Construction on a Look, and find out a Design in a Smile: they give new Senses and Significations to Words and Actions, and are ever tormenting themselves with Fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a Disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward Shows and Appearances for Hypocrisy in others: so that I believe no Men see less of the Truth and Reality of Things, than these great Refiners upon Incidents [who] are so wonderfully subtle and over-wise in their Conceptions.

Now what these Men fancy they know of Women by Reflection, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learned by Experience. They have seen the poor Husband so misled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the midst of his Enquiries so lost and bewilder'd in a crooked Intreague, that they still suspect an Under-Plot in every female Action, and especially where they see any Resemblance in the Behaviour of two Persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same Design in both. These Men therefore bear hard upon the suspected Party, pursue her close through all her Turnings and Windings, and are too well acquainted with the Chace, to be slung off by any false Steps or Doubles. Besides, their Acquaintance and Conversation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Woman-kind, and therefore it is no Wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private Experience, they can get over these Prejudices, and entertain a favourable Opinion of some Women, yet their own loose Desires will stir up new Suspicions from another Side, and make them believe all Men subject to the same Inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other Motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern Histories of America, as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealousy is no Northern Passion, but rages most in those Nations that lie nearest the Influence of the Sun. It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born between the Tropicks, for there lie the hottest Regions of Jealousy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately situated in this respect, and if we meet with some few disordered with the Violence of this Passion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Constitutions than in their Climate.

After this frightful Account of Jealousy, and the Persons [who] are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the Passion

may be best allay'd, and those who are possessed with it set at Ease. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her Observation, but Jealousy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deserves all her Art and Application in the Attempt. Besides, she has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the Affection of her Husband rising towards her in proportion as his Doubts and Suspicion wax sh for as we have seen all along, there is so great a Mixture of Love in Jealousy as is well worth separating. But this shall be the Subject of another Paper. L

No 171 ] Saturday, Sept 15, 1711 [Addison

*Credula res amor est*— Ovid Met.

HAVING in my Yesterday's Paper discovered the Nature of Jealousy, and pointed out the Persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to my fair Correspondents, who desire to live well with a Jealous Husband, and to ease his Mind of its unjust Suspicions.

The first Rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the Jealous Man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A Jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Injunctive, and to draw a Satyr on himself out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the Person, but to direct the Character, and is secretly pained or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The Commendation of any thing in another, stirs up his Jealousy, as it shews you have a Value for others, besides himself: but the Commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some Respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this View by Horace in his Ode to Lydia [1]

*Quam tibi, Lydia, Telephi  
Cerecem roseam, et cerea Telephi  
Laudas brachia, vae meum  
Ferox est difficile bile tuius securi  
Tui cuncta virei s mihi, et color  
Cui sedem manet iumor et u genas  
Furtim labitur argenteus  
Quam lentis punctis maceretur ignibus*

*When Telephus thus so oft ful Charms,  
His rose Neck and winding Arms,  
With endless Raptures you recite,  
And in the pleasing Name delight,  
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heats,  
With numberless Resentments beats,  
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,  
And all the Man and me dies*

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [part of which I find Translated to my Hand.]

*By Turns my hidden Grief appears  
In rising Sighs and falling Tears,  
That show too well the warm Desires,  
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,  
Which on my inward Vitals prey,  
And melt my wretched Soul away.*

The Jealous Man is not indeed angry, if you dislike another but if you find those Faults which are to be found in his own Character, you discover not only your Dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of improving all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which he believes his Power to raise it and if he finds by your Cares on others, that he is not so respectable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other Qualifications, and that by consequence your Affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Character be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a Jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place you must be sure to be free and open in your Conversation with him and to let in light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Designs, and discover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Aversion to Winks and Whispers, and if he does not see to the Bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confidant, and where he finds himself kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a piece for if he once finds a false Gloss put upon any single Action he quickly suspects all the rest, his warring Imagination immediately takes a false Hint and runs off with it into several remote Consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Misery.

If both these Methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and distressed for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Disquietudes he himself suffers for your Sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous Pleasure in the Jealousy of those who love them that insult over an ailing Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite so much Uneasiness.

*Anceps ipse licet tormentis gaudet amantis*  
Juv

But these often carry the Humour so far, till their affected Coldness and Indifference quite kills all the Fondness of a Lover, and are then sure to meet in their Turn with all the Contempt and Scorn that is due to so insolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected Carriage, the usual effects of injured Innocence, may often the jealous Husband into Pity, make him sensible of the Wrong he does

you, and work out of his Mind all those Fears and Suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealousy to himself and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a Weakness, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another Secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often prized by Women of greater Candour, than Virtue. This is to change Sides for a while with the jealous Man and to turn his own Passion up on himself. To take some Occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the Example he himself hath set you. This Counterfeited Jealousy will bring him a great deal of Pleasure, if he thinks it real for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with this Passion, and will besides feel something like the Satisfaction of a Revenge in seeing you under all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice so difficult and at the same time so dangerous, that it ought never to be put in Practice, but by such as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this Essay with the Story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*, which may serve almost as an Example to whatever can be said on this Subject.

*Mariamne* had all the Charms that Beauty, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that such Charms are able to raise in a man and voracious Disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death as he did her Father not many Years after. The Arbitrariness of the Action was represented to *Mar' Antioch*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into Egypt, to answer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antioch's* Desire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure he gave into the Custody of his Uncle *Joseph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any such Violence was offered to himself. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Conversation, and endeavoured, with all his Art and Rhetoric, to set out the excess of *Herod's* Passion for her but when he still found her Cold and Incredulous, he inconsiderately, told her, as a certain Instance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to *Joseph's* Interpretation, that he could neither Live nor Die without her. This Barbarous Instance of a wild unreasonable Passion quite put out, for a time, those little Remains of Affection she still had for her Lord. Her Thoughts were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her Irrigation, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length requited and dis-

<sup>1</sup> [it]

<sup>2</sup> [receive]

<sup>3</sup> Antiquities of the Jews, Bk. xv. ch. iii. § 5, 6, 9, ch. vii § 1, 2, &c.

<sup>1</sup> [that]

missed by *Mari* *At* *ory*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Marianne* but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This therefore was the first Discourse he entertain'd with her in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his Suspensions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her Innocence that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them rep. very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Hercl* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protestations of Love and Constancy when amidst all his Sighs and Languishings she asked him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joseph* were an Instance of such an unkind Affection. The Jealous King was immediately rosed at so unexpected a Question and concluded his Uncle must have been too Familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Marianne*.

After this he was forced on a second Journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Solernus*, with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle if any Mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Marianne* so vor upon *Solernus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secre. from him, with which *Ferns* had intrusted him so that after his Return when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. His Reception so stirred up his Inigation that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was no long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him *Marianne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavour'd to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal Caresses and Endearments but she declined his Embraces, and answer'd all his Fondness with bitter Injunctives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour so incensed *Hercl*, that he very hardly refrained from striking her when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, subjoind some of *Marianne's* Enemies, who accus'd her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Hercl* was now prevail'd to hear any thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her Servant, to be stretch'd upon the Rack who in the Extremity of his Torments confess'd, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King rose from [something] *Solernus* is told her but as for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disown'd the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly prov'd fatal to *Solernus*, who now lay under the same Suspensions and Sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like Occasion. Nor would *Hercl* rest here but accus'd her with great Vehemence of a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges had her publicly Condemned and Executed. *Hercl* soon after her Death grew melan-

choly and dejected retiring from the Publick Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations, which naturally arise from a Passion made up of Love, Remorse Pity and Despair, he used to rave for his *Marianne*, and to call upon her in his distracted Fits and in all probability would soon have follow'd her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an Object by Publick Storms, which at that time were nearly threaten'd him. L

No 172 ] Monday, September 17, 1711 [Steele

No sol ri Scier hic q a est remota a Jistitia, Calliditas potius quae in Sapientia est esse-larile, etiam etiam si is parat is ei ferantur, si ei ei confidit, non ut liate co-r in u ferat, Audacia potius in iudicat, quam Fortitudo. Plauto apud Tull

THERE can be no greater Injury to humane Society than that good Talents among Men should be held honourable to those who are endowed with them without any Regard to their use. The Gifts of Nature and Accomplishments of Art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the Interest of Virtue or governed by the Rules of Honour. We ought to abstract our Minds from the Observation of any Excellence in those we converse with, all we have taken some Notice, or received some good Information of the Disposition of their Minds otherwise the Beauty of their Persons, or the Charms of their Wit may make us fond of those whom our Reason and Judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we suffer our selves to be thus carried away by meer Beauty or meer Wit, *Omnis arte*, with all her Vice, will wear away as much of our Good-will as the most innocent Virgin or discreetest Matron and there cannot be a more abject Slavery in this World, than to doat upon what we think we ought to contemn. Yet this must be our Condition in all the Parts of Life, if we suffer our selves to approve any Thing but what tends to the Promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true Pains with our selves to consider all Things by the Light of Reason and Justice, tho' a Man were in the Height of Youth and amorous Inclinations, he would look upon a Coquet with the same Contempt or Inaffection as he would upon a Coxcomb. The wanton Carnage in a Woman, would disappoint her of the Admiration which she meets and the vain Dress or Discourse of a Man would destroy the Comeliness of his Shape or Goodness of his Understanding. I say the Goodness of his Understanding for it is no less common to see Men of Sense commerce Coxcombs, than beautiful Women become unamorous. When this happens in either, the Favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good Qualities they have from Nature should abate in Proportion. But however just it is to measure the Value of Men by the Application of their Talents, and not by the Erudence of those

<sup>a</sup> [some thing that]

Qualities abstracted from their Use I say, however just such a Way of judging is, in all Ages as well as this, the Contrary has prevailed upon the Generality of Mankind. How many low Devices have been preserved from one Age to another, which had perished as soon as they were made, if Painters and Sculptors had been esteemed as much for the Purpose as the Execution of their Designs? Modest and well-governed Imaginations have by this Means lost the Representations of Ten Thousand charming Portraits, filled with Images of innate Truth, generous Zeal, courageous Truth, and tender Humanity, instead of which, Satyrs, Furies, and Monsters are recommended by those Arts to a shameful Utility.

The unjust Application of laudable Talents, is tolerated, in the general Opinion of Men, not only in such Cases as are here mentioned, but also in Matters which concern ordinary Life. If a Lawyer were to be esteemed only as he uses his Parts in contending for Justice, and were immediately despicable when he appeared in a Cause which he could not but know was an unjust one, how honourable would his Character be? And how honourable is it in such among us, who follow the Profession no otherwise than as labouring to protect the Injured, to subdue the Oppressor, to imprison the careless Debtor, and do right to the painful Artificer? But many of this excellent Character are overlooked by the greater Number who affect covering a weak Place in a Client's Title, diverting the Course of an Enquiry, or finding a skilful Refuge to palliate a Falsehood. Yet it is still called Eloquence in the latter, though thus unjustly employed, but Resolution in an Assassin is according to Reason quite as laudable, as Knowledge and Wisdom exercised in the Defence of an ill Cause.

Were the Intention stedfastly considered, as the Measure of Approbation, all Falsehood would soon be out of Countenance and an Address in imposing upon Mankind, would be as contemptible in one State of Life as another. A Couple of Courtiers making Professions of Esteem, would make the same Figure under Breach of Promise, as two Knights of the Post convicted of Perjury. But Conversation is fallen so low in point of Morality, that as they say in a Burgum, *Let the Buyer look to it*, so in Friendship, he is the Man in Danger who is most apt to believe. He is the more likely to suffer in the Commerce, who begins with the Obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But those Men only are truly great, who place their Ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the Conscience of worthy Enterprizes, than in the Prospect of Glory which attends them. These exalted Spirits would rather be secretly the Authors of Events which are serviceable to Mankind, than, without being such, to have the public Fame of it. Where therefore an eminent Man is robbed by Artifice, or Detraction, it does but increase by such Endeavours of its Enemy. The impotent Pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a Crowd to the Injury of a single Person will naturally produce the contrary Effect. The Inc will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother what they cannot extinguish.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the Possession of true Glory, which is, to hear the Opposers of it with Patience, and preserve the Virtue by which it was acquired. When a Man is thoroughly perswaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his Duty, it is not in the Power of Seasons, Persons, or Accidents to diminish his Value. He only is a great Man who can neglect the Applause of the Multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its Favour. This is indeed an arduous Task, but it should comfort a glorious Spirit that it is the highest Step to which human Nature can arrive. Triumph, Applause, Acclamation, are dear to the Mind of Man, but it is still a more exquisite Delight to say to your self, you have done well, than to hear the whole human Race pronounce you glorious, except you your self can join with them in your own Reflections. A Mind thus equal and uniform may be deserted by little fashionable Admirers and Followers, but will ever be had in Reverence by Souls like it self. The Branches of the Oak endure all the Seasons of the Year, though its Leaves fall off in Autumn, and these too will be restored with the returning Spring.

No 173 ] Tuesday, September 18, 1711 [Addison

—*Remove fera monstra, tuasque  
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ*  
Ovid Met

IN a late Paper I mention'd the Project of an Ingenious Author for the erecting of several Handicraft Prizes to be contended for by our British Artizans, and the Influence they might have towards the Improvement of our several Manufactures. I have since that been very much surprized by the following Advertisement which I find in the *Post Boy* of the 11th Instant, and again repeated in the *Post-Boy* of the 15th.

On the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill Heath in Warwickshire, a Plate of 6 Guineas Value, 3 Heats, by any Horse, Mare or Gelding that hath not won above the Value of £5, the winning Horse to be sold for £10, to carry 10 Stone Weight, if 14 Hands high, if above or under to carry or be allowed Weight for Inches, and to be entered Friday the 5th at the Swan in Coleshill, before Six in the Evening. Also a Plate of less Value to be run for by Asses. The same Day a Gold Ring to be run for by Men.

The first of these Diversions, that is to be exhibited by the £10 Race Horses, may probably have its Use, but the two last, in which the Asses and Men are concerned seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep Running Asses at Coleshill or how making Mouths turns to account in *Warwickshire*, more than in any other Parts of *England*, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic Games, and do not find any thing in them like an Ass-Race, or a Match at Grinning.

How ever it be, I am informed that several Asces are now kept in Body Cloaths, and sweated every Morning upon the Heath, and that all the Country Fellows within ten Miles of the *Stew*, grinn an Hour or two in their Glasses every Mornint, in order to qualify themselves for the gth of *October*. The Prize, which is proposed to be Grinn'd for, has rused such an Amlution among the Common People of Out-grinnint, one another that many very discerning Persons are afraid it should spoil mo t of the Faces in the Country and that a *Warwickshire* Man will be known by his Grinn, as Roman Catholics, imagine a *Kentish* Man is by his Jail. The Gold Ring which is made the Prize of Deformity, is just the Reverse of the Golden Apple that was formerly made the Prize of Beauty, and should carry for its Posy the old Motto inverted

*Detur tetrora*

Or to accommodate it to the Capreity of the Combatants,

*The frightfull st Grinner  
Be the Winner*

In the mean while I would advise a *Dutch* Painter to be present at this great Controversy of Faces, in order to make a Collection of the most remarkable Grinns that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an Account which I lately received of one of these Grinning-Matches from a Gentleman, who, upon reading the above-mentioned Advertisement, entertained a Coffee house with the following Narrative. Upon the taking of *Namur*, amidst other publick Rejoicings made on that Occasion, there was a Gold Ring given by a Whig Justice of Peace to be grinn'd for. The first Competitor that entered the Lists, was a blisk swarthy *French* Man, who accidentally passed that way, and being a Man naturally of a sutherd Look, and hard Features, promised himself good Success. He was placed upon a Table in the great Point of View, and looking upon the Company like *Milton's* Death,

*Grinn'd [horribly\*] a Ghastly Smile*—

His Muscles were so drwn together on each side of his Face, that he shew'd twenty Teeth at a Grinn, and put the County in some pain, lest a Foreigner should carry away the Honour of the Day but upon a further Tryal they found he was Master only of the merry Grinn.

The next that mounted the Table was a Mile-content in those Days, and a great Master in the whole Art of Grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry Grinn. He did his Part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen Women miscarry but the Justice being appressed by one who stood near him, that the Fellow who Grinn'd in his Face was a *Jacobite*, and being unwilling that a Disaffected Person should win the Gold

Ring and be looked upon as the best Grinner in the Country, he ordered the Oath to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the Table, which the Grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified Person. There were several other Grin-ticque figures, that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a Ploughman who lived in the farther Part of the Country, and being very lucky in a Pair of long Lanthorn Jaws, wrung his face into such a hideous Grinnace that every Feature of it appeared under a different Distortion. The whole Company stood astonished at such a complicated Grinn, and were ready to assign the Prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his Antagonists, that he had practised with Verjuice for some Days before, and had a Crib found upon him at the very time of Grinning, upon which the best Judges of Grinning declared it is their Opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair Grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a Cheat.

The Prize, it seems, fell at length upon a Coblur *Giles Gorryon* by Name, who produced several new Grinns of his own Invention, having been used to cut Faces for many Years together over his Last. At the very first Grinn he cast every Human Feature out of his Countenance at the second he became the Face of a Spout at the third a P'phoon, at the fourth the Head of a Bree Viol and at the fifth a Pair of Nut-Cracks. The whole Assembly wondered at his Accomplishments, and bestowed the King on him unanimously but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a Country Wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five Years before, was so charmed with his Grinns, and the Appluses which he received on all Sides, that she Married him the Week following, and to this Day wears the Prize upon her Finger, the Coblur having made use of it as his Wedding-Ring.

This Piper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the Conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the Consideration of those who are the Patrons of this monstrous Trial of Skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an Affront to their Species, in treating after this manner the *Human Face Divine*, and turning that Part of us, which has so great an Image impressed upon it, into the Image of a Monkey, whether the raising such silly Competitions among the Ignorant, proposing Prizes for such useless Accomplishments, filling the common People's Heads with such Senseless Ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd Ideas of Superiority and Preheminence, has not in it something Immoral as well as Ridiculous. L

\* Two volumes of Original Letters sent to the Printer and Spectator and not inserted, were published by Charles Lillie in 1725. In Vol II (pp 72, 73), is a letter from Coleshill, informing the Spectator that in deference to his opinion and chiefly through the mediation of some neighbouring ladies, the Grinning Match had been abandoned, and requesting his advice as to the disposal of the Grinning Prize.

\* Sept 1, 1695

\* [horribly] Neither is quite right

'Death  
'Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile'  
P L, Bk II 1 864

No 174 ] Wednesday, September 19, 1711 [Steele

*Hæc mentium et victi ni frustra contendere Thyrsus* —Virg

THERE is scarce any thing more common than Animivities between Parties that cannot subsist by their Agreement this was well represented in the Sedition of the Members of the humane Body in the old *Roman* Fable It is often the Case of lesser confederate States against a superior Power, which are hardly held together, though the Union is necessary for their common Safety and this is always the Case of the landed and trading Interest of *Great Britain* the Trader is sed by the Product of the Land, and the landed Man cannot be clothed but by the Skill of the Trader and yet those Interests are ever jarring

We had last Winter an Instance of this at our Club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, Opposition of Opinions It happened that one of the Company, in an Historical Discourse, was observing, that *Carthaginians* Faith was a proverbial Phrase to intimate Breach of Leagues Sir ROGER said it could hardly be otherwise That the *Carthaginians* were the greatest Traders in the World and as Gain is the chief End of such a People, they never pursue any other The Means to it are never regarded, they will, if it comes easily, get Money honestly but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by Fraud or Cozenage And indeed, what is the whole Business of the Trader's Account, but to over reach him who trusts to his Memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose Attention is for ever fixed upon brilliancing his Books, and watching over his Expenses? And at best, let Frugality and Parsimony be the Virtues of the Merchant, how much is his punctual Dealing below a Gentleman's Charity to the Poor, or Hospitality among his Neighbours?

CAPTAIN SENTRY observed Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a mind to turn the Discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest Parts of human Society, there was a secret, tho' unjust, Way among Men, of indulging the Seeds of ill Nature and Envy, by comparing their own State of Life to that of another, and grudging the Approach of their Neighbour to their own Happiness and on the other Side, he who is the less at his Ease, repines at the other who, he thinks, has unjustly the Advantage over him Thus the Civil and Military Lists look upon each other with much ill Nature the Soldier repines at the Courtier's Power, and the Courtier rallies the Soldier's Honour or, to come to lower Instances, the private Men in the Horse and Foot of an Army, the Curmen and Coachmen in the City Streets, mutually look upon each other with ill Will, when they are in Competition for Quarters or the Way, in their respective Motions.

\* *Punica fides*

It is very well, good Captain, interrupted Sir ANDREW You may attempt to turn the Discourse if you think fit but I must however have a Word or two with Sir ROGER, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the Merchant I shall not, continued he, at this time remind Sir ROGER of the great and noble Monuments of Charity and Public Spirit, which have been erected by Merchants since the Reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, Parsimony and Frugality If it were consistent with the Quality of so ancient a Baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an Account, or measure Things by the most inflexible Way, that of Numbers, he would prefer our Parsimony to his Hospitality If to drink so many Hogsheads is to be Hospitable, we do not contend for the Fame of that Virtue but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many Artificers at work ten Days together by my Appointment, or so many Peasants made merry on Sir ROGER's Charge, are the Men more obliged? I believe the Families of the Artificers will thank me, more than the Households of the Peasants shall Sir ROGER Sir ROGER gives to his Men, but I place mine above the Necessity, or Obligation of my Bounty I am in very little Pain for the *Roman* Proverb upon the *Carthaginian* Traders, the *Romans* were their professed Enemies I am only sorry no *Carthaginian* Histories have come to our Hands, we might have been taught perhaps by them some Proverbs against the *Roman* Generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other People's Goods But since Sir ROGER has taken Occasion from an old Proverb to be out of Humour with Merchants, it should be no Offence to offer one not quite so old in their Defence When a Man happens to break in *Holland*, they say of him that he has not kept true Accounts This Phrase, perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact Nation it bears the highest Reproach for a Man to be Mistaken in the Calculation of his Expence, in his Ability to answer future Demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his Credit to too great Adventure, are all Instances of as much Infamy as with any Nation to be failing in Courage or common Honesty

Numbers are so much the Measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the Success of any Action, or the Prudence of any Undertaking, without them I say this in Answer to what Sir ROGER is pleased to say, That little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his Cash-book, or ballancing his Accounts When I have my Returns from abroad, I can tell to a Shilling, by the Help of Numbers, the Profit or Loss by my Adventure but I ought also to be able to shew that I had Reason for making it, either from my own Experience or that of other People, or from a reasonable Presumption that my Returns will be sufficient to answer my Expence and Hazard and this is never to be done without the Skill of Numbers For Instance, if I am to trade to *Surinam*, I ought beforehand to know the Demand of our Manufactures there, as well as of their Silks in *England*, and the customary Prices that are given for both in each Country I ought



I am afraid, by some Lines in this Letter, that my young Student is touched with a Distemper which he hardly seems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive Advice. However, I shall endeavour in due time on the Abuse which he mentions, living my self observ'd a Nest of *Jacobites* near the *Temple*, who make it their Diversion to draw up the Eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stumble in an unlucky Gutter which runs under the Window

Mr SPECTATOR,

I have lately read the Conclusion of your forty-seventh Speculation upon *Butts* with great Pleasure, and have ever since been thoroughly persuaded that one of those Gentlemen is extremely necessary to civilize Conversation. I had an Entertainment last Week upon the Water for a Lady to whom I make my Addresses, with several of our Friends of both Sexes. To divert the Company in general, and to shew my Mistress in particular my Genius for Raillery, I took one of the most celebrated *Butts* in Town along with me. It is with the utmost Shame and Confusion that I must acquaint you with the Sequel of my Adventure. As soon as we were got into the Boat, I play'd a Sentence or two at my *Butt* which I thought very smart, when my ill Genius, who I verily believe inspir'd him purely for my Destruction, suggested to him such a Reply, as got all the Laughter on his Side. I was dash'd at so unexpected a Turn, which the *Butt* perceiving, resolv'd not to let me recover my self, and pursuing his Victory, rallied and tossed me in a most unmerciful and barbarous manner 'till we came to *Chelsea*. I had some small Success while we were eating *Chesse Cakes* but coming Home he renew'd his Attacks with his former good Fortune, and equal Diversion to the whole Company. In short, Sir, I must ingeniously own that I was never so handled in all my Life and to complement my Misfortune, I am since told that the *Butt*, flushed with his late Victory, had made a Visit or two to the dear Object of my Wishes, so that I am at once in danger of losing all my Pretensions to Wit, and my Mistress (into) the Bargain. This, Sir, is a true Account of my present Troubles, which you are the more oblig'd to assist me in, as you were your self in a great measure the Cause of them, by recommending to us an Instrument, and not instructing us at the same time how to play upon it.

I have been thinking whether it might not be highly convenient, that all *Butts* should wear an Inscription affixed to some Part of their Bodies, shewing on which Side they are to be come at, and that if any of them are Persons of unequal Tempers, there should be some Method taken to inform the World at what Time it is safe to attack them, and when you had best to let them alone. But, submitting these Matters to your more serious Consideration,

I am, SIR,  
Yours, &c

I have, indeed, seen and heard of several young

Gentlemen under the same Misfortune with my present Correspondent. The best Rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like Calamities for the future, is thoroughly to consider not only *Whether their Companions are weak*, but *Whether themselves are ill*.

The following Letter comes in me from *Exeter*, and being credibly inform'd that what it contains is Matter of Fact, I shall give it my Reader as it was sent me.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Exeter, Sept 7*

You were pleas'd in a late Speculation to take notice of the Inconvenience we lie under in the Country, in not being able to keep Pace with the Fashion. But there is another Misfortune which we are subject to, and is no less grievous than the former, which has hitherto escaped your Observation. I mean, the living Things paid upon us for *London* Fashions, which were never once heard of there.

A Lady of this Place had some time since a Box of the newest Ribbons sent down by the Coach. Whether it was her own malicious Invention, or the Wantonness of a *London* Milliner, I am not able to inform you. But, among the rest, there was one Cherry coloured Ribbon, consisting of about half a Dozen Yards, made up in the Figure of a small Head Dress. The said Lady had the Assurance to affirm, amidst a Circle of Ironic Inquisitors, who were present at the opening of the Box, that this was the newest Fashion worn at Court. Accordingly, the next Sunday we had several Females, who came to Church with their Heads dress'd wholly in Ribbons, and look'd like so many Victims ready to be Sacrific'd. This is still a reigning Mode among us. At the same time we have a Set of Gentlemen who take the Liberty to appear in all Public Places without any Buttons to their Coats, which they supply with several little Silver Hairs, tho' our freshest Advices from *London* make no mention of any such Fashion, and we are something shy of affording Matter to the Button-Makers for a second Petition.

What I would humbly propose to the Publick is, that there may be a Society erected in *London*, to consist of the most skillful Persons of both Sexes, for the Inspection of Modes and Fashions, and that hereafter no Person or Persons shall presume to appear singularly habited in any Part of the Country, without a Testimonial from the foresaid Society, that their Dress is answerable to the Mode at *London*. By this means, Sir, we shall know a little whereabout we are.

If you could bring this Matter to bear, you

\* In 1609 the Button-Makers sent a petition to Parliament, which produced the Act of the 8th year of Anne (1709), framed because 'the maintenance and subsistence of many thousands of men, women and children depends upon the making of silk, mohair, lamp, and thread buttons, and button holes with the needle,' and these have been ruined by 'a late unforeseen practice of making and binding button-holes with cloth, serge, &c

'would very much oblige great Numbers of your  
'Country Friends, and among the rest,  
Your very Humble Servant,

X. Jack Modish

No 176] Friday, September 21, 1711 [Steele

*Parvula, pumilo, χαρίτων μία, tota mermis*  
Sai—I ac

THERE are in the following Letter Matters, which I, a Bachelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with therefore shall not pretend to explain upon it till further Consideration, but leave the Author of the Epistle to express his Condition his own Way

MR SPECTATOR,

I do not deny but you appear in many of your Papers to understand Human Life pretty well, but there are very many Things which you cannot possibly have a true Notion of, in a single Life, these are such as respect the married State otherwise I cannot account for your having overlooked a very good Sort of People, which are commonly called in Scorn the *Hen-peck*. You are to understand that I am one of those innocent Mortals who suffer Derision under that Word for being governed by the best of Wives. It would be worth your Consideration to enter into the Nature of Affection it self, and tell us, according to your Philosophy, why it is that our Dears shall do what they will with us, shall be froward, ill natured, assuming, sometimes vaine, at others rail, then swoon away, then come to Life, have the Use of Speech to the greatest Impunity ungrainable, and then sink away again, and all because they fear we do not love them enough that is, the poor things love us so heartily, that they cannot thinl it possible we should be able to love them in so great a Degree, which makes them take on so. I say Sir, a true good natured Man, whom Rakes and Libertines call *Hen-peck*, shall fall into all these different Moods with his dear Life, and at the same time see they are wholly put on and yet not be hard hearted enough to tell the dear good Creature that she is an Hypocrite. This sort of good Man is very frequent in the populous and wealthy City of London, and is the true *Hen-peck* Man, the kind Creature cannot break through his Kindnesses so far as to come to an Explanation with the tender Soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease her when she is not angry, and to give her his Cash when he knows she does not want it, rather than be uneasy for a whole Month, which is the time which a froward Woman takes to come to her self, if you have Courage to stand out.

There are indeed several other Species of the *Hen-peck* and in my Opinion they are certainly the best Subjects the Queen has and for that Reason I take it to be your Duty to keep us above Contempt

I do not know whether I make my self under-

'stood in the Representation of an *Hen-peck* Life, but I shall take leave to give you an Account of my self, and my own Spouse. You are to know that I am reckoned no Fool, have on several Occasions been tried whether I will take ill Usage, and yet the Event has been to my Advantage and yet there is not such a Slave in Turkey as I am to my Dear. She has a good Share of Wit, and is what you call a very pretty agreeable Woman. I perfectly dote on her, and my Affection to her gives me all the Anxieties imaginable but that of jealousy. My being thus confident of her, I take, as much as I can judge of my Heart, to be the Reason, that whatever she does, tho' it be never so much against my Inclination, there is still left something in her Manner that is irritable. She will sometimes look at me with an assumed Grandeur, and pretend to resent that I have not had Respect enough for her Opinion in such an Instance in Company. I cannot but smile at the pretty Anger she is in and then she pretends she is used like a Child. In a Word, our great Debate is, which has the Supremacy in point of Understanding. She is eternally forming an Argument of Debate to which I very indolently answer, 'Thou art mighty pretty. To this she answers, 'All the World but you think I have as much Sense as your self. I repeat to her, Indeed you are pretty. Upon this there is no Patience she will throw down any thing about her, stamp and pull off her Head-Cloaths. Fie, my Dear, say I how can a Woman of your Sense fall into such an intemperate Rage? This is an Argument which never fails. Indeed, my Dear, say she, you make me mad sometimes, so you do, with the silly Way you have of treating me like a pretty Idiot. Well, what have I got by putting her into good Humour? Nothing, but that I must convince her of my good Opinion by my Practice, and then I am to give her Possession of my little Ready Money, and for a Day and half following, dislike all she dislikes, and extol every thing she approves. I am so exquisitely fond of this Daring, that I seldom see any of my Friends, am uneasy in all Companies till I see her again and when I come home she is in the Dumps, because she says she is sure I cannot so soon enjoy because I think her handsome. I dare not upon this Occasion laugh but tho' I am one of the warmest Churchmen in the Kingdom, I am forced to rail at the Times, because she is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk Politics so long, that she is convinced I kiss her for her Wisdom. It is a common Practice with me to ask her some Question concerning the Constitution, which she answers me in general out of *Harrington's Oceana*. Then I commend her

<sup>2</sup> The *Oceana* is an ideal of an English commonwealth written by James Harrington, after the execution of Charles I. It was published in 1656, having for a time been stopped at press by Cromwell's government. After the Restoration, Harrington was sent to the Tower by Charles II on a false accusation of conspiracy. Removed to Plymouth, he there lost his health and some part of his reason, which he did not regain before his

*I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my Soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine Integrity. If I did despise the cause of my manservant or my maid servant when they contended with me. What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof. If I have seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering. If his lions have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep. If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate, then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the Destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him. (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul). The stranger did not lodge in the street, but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrors likewise thereof complain. If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their Life, Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.*

No 178 ] Monday, September 24, 1711 [ Steele

Comus in uxorem ——— Hor

I CANNOT defer taking Notice of this Letter

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I am but too good a Judge of your Paper of the 15th Instant, which is a Master-piece I mean that of Jealousy. But I think it unworthy of you to speak of that Torture in the Breast of a Man, and not to mention also the Prings of it in the Heart of a Woman. You have very judiciously and with the greatest Penetration imaginable, considered it as Woman is the Creature of whom the Diffidence is raised, but not a Word of a Man who is so unmerciful as to move Jealousy in his Wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such Tyrants in the World, but alas, I can tell you of a Man who is ever out of Humour in his Wife's Company, and the pleasantest Man in the World every where else, the greatest Sloven at home when he appears to none but his Family, and most exactly well dressed in all other Places. Alas, Sir, is it of Course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a Man's Power without Possibility of Appeal to any other Jurisdiction but to his own Reflection, is so little an Obligation to a Gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a Rage, because my Heart swells Tears into my Eyes when

'I see him in a cloudy Mood? I pretend to no Succour, and hope for no Relief but from him self and yet he that has Sense and Justice in every thing else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep off an Intemperance, and spend all the Time he is there as if it were a Punishment, cannot but give the Anguish of a jealous Mind. He always leaves his Home as if he were going to Court, and returns as if he were entering a Gaol. I could add to this, that from his Company and his usual Discourse, he does not scruple being thought an abandoned Man, as to his Morals. Your own Imagination will say enough to you concerning the Condition of me his Wife and I wish you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-natured, and reads you much, that the Moment I hear the Door shut after him, I throw myself upon my Bed, and drown the Child he is so fond of with my Tears, and often frighten it with my Cries that I curse my Being, that I run to my Glass all over bathed in Sorrows, and help the Utterance of my inward Anguish by beholding the Gush of my own Calamities as my Tears fall from my Eyes. This looks like an imagined Picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my Pastimes. Hitherto I have only told you the general Temper of my Mind, but how shall I give you an Account of the Distraction of it? Could you but conceive how cruel I am one Moment in my Resentment, and at the ensuing Minute, when I place him in the Condition my Anger would bring him to, how compassionate, it would give you some Notion how miserable I am, and how little I deserve it. When I remonstrate with the greatest Gentleness that is possible against unhandsome Appearances, and that married Persons are under particular Rules, when he is in the best Humour to receive this, I am answered only, that I expose my own Reputation and Sense if I appear jealous. I wish, good Sir, you would take this into serious Consideration, and admonish Husbands and Wives what Terms they ought to keep towards each other. Your Thoughts on this important Subject will have the greatest Reward, that which descends on such, is feel the Sorrows of the Afflicted. Give me leave to subscribe me self,

Your unfortunate  
humble Servant,  
CELINDA

I had it in my Thoughts, before I received the Letter of this Lady, to consider this dreadful Prison in the Mind of a Woman, and the Smart she seems to feel does not abate the Inclination I had to recommend to Husbands a more regular Behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of Torments to those who love them, nay whose Torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible Injury, and how easily Men get into a Habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this Subject deserves a distinct Speculation, and I shall observe for a Day or two the Behaviour of two or three happy Pairs I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a System of Conjugal Morality. I design

\* Job xxix. 2, &c., xxx. 25, &c., xxxi. 6, &c.

in the first Place to go a few Miles out of Town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the Parts of a fine Gentleman in the Duty of an Husband. When he was a Butcher long Business made him particularly negligent in his Habit but now there is no young Lover living so exact in the Care of his Person. One who asked why he was so long washing his Mouth, and so delicate in the Choice and Wearing of his Linen, was answered, Because there is a Woman of Merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her Inclination go along with her Duty.

If a Man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect Debauchery and Innocence could live in Commerce together, or hope that Flesh and Blood is capable of so strict an Allegiance, as that a fine Woman must go on to improve her self 'till she is as good and impassive as an Angel, only to preserve a Fidelity to a Brute and a Satyr. The Lady who desires me for her Sake to end one of my Papers with the following Letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a Perseverance very impracticable.

*Husband,*

'Stay more at home. I know where you visited 'at Seven of [the] Clock on Thursday Evening 'The Colonel whom you charged me to see no more, is in Town

1

*Martha Housewife*

No 179] Tuesday, September 25, 1711 [Addison

*Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia fruges  
Celsi pretereunt austera Poemata Rhanus  
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo* — Hor

I MAY cast my Readers under two general Divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay Part of my Disciples, who require Speculations of Wit and Humour the others are those of a more solemn and sober Turn, who find no Pleasure but in Papers of Morality and sound Sense. The former call every thing that is Serious, Stupid, the latter look upon every thing as Impertinent that is Ludicrous. Were I always Grave, one half of my Readers would fall off from me. Were I always Merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my Endeavour to find out Entertainments of both Kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the Good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular Taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly Reader, who takes up my Paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable Course of Thinking as on the contrary, the thoughtful Man, who perhaps may hope to find something Solid, and full of deep Reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a Fit of Mirth. In a word, the Reader sits down to my Entertainment without knowing his Bill of Fare, and has therefore at least the Pleasure of hoping there may be a Dish to his Palate.

I must confess, were I left to my self, I should rather am at instructing than diverting, but if we will be useful to the World, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed Severity discourage the looser Part of Mankind from having any thing to do with their Writings. A man must have Virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The very title of a Moral Treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the careless and Inconsiderate.

For this Reason several unthinking Persons fall in my way, who would give no Attention to Lectures delivered with a Religious Seriousness or a Philosophick Gravity. They are snared into Sentiments of Wisdom and Virtue when they do not think of it, and if by that means they arrive only at such a Degree of Consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate Discourses, I shall not think my Speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the Gloominess in which sometimes the Minds of the best Men are involved, very often stands in need of such lively Incitements to Mirth and Laughter, as are apt to disperse Melancholy, and put our Faculties in good Humour. To which some will add, that the *British* Climate, more than any other, makes Entertainments of this Nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse the Variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly Laugh but in order to instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this Point, when my Mirth ceases to be instructive, it shall never cease to be Innocent. A scrupulous Conduct in this Particular has, perhaps, more Merit in it than the Generality of Readers imagine. did they know how many Thoughts occur in a Point of Humour, which a discreet Author in Modesty suppresses how many Strokes in Railery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary Taste of Mankind, but are stifled in their Birth by reason of some remote Tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the Minds of those who read them. did they know how many Glances of Ill nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing Injury to the Reputation of another they would be apt to think kindly of those Writers who endeavour to make themselves diverting, without being Immoral. One may apply to these Authors that Passage in *Wallis*,<sup>1</sup>

*Poets lose half the Praise they would have got,  
Were it but known what they discreetly blot*

As nothing is more easy than to be a Wit, with all the above-mentioned Liberties, it requires some Genius and Invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the Publick, but with an Eye to my particular Correspondent who has sent me the following Letter, which I have castrated in some Places upon these Considerations.

*SIR,*

'Having lately seen your Discourse upon a 'Misch of Grinning, I cannot forbear giving you

<sup>1</sup> Upon Ro-common's Tr of Horace's Art of Poetry

'a Manager for himself, all the People he had acquired were such only as he had reduced by his Wars, and were left in his Possession by the Peace, he had conquered not above one third Part of *Flanders*, and consequently no more than one third Part of the Inhabitants of that Province

'About 100 Years ago the Houses in that Country were all Numbered, and by a just Computation the Inhabitants of all Sorts could not then exceed 750000 Souls. And if any Man will consider the Desolation by almost perpetual Wars, the numerous Armies that have lived almost ever since at Discretion upon the People, and how much of their Commerce has removed for more Security to other Places, he will have little Reason to imagine that their Numbers have since increased, and therefore with one third Part of that Province that Prince can have gained no more than one third Part of the Inhabitants, or 250000 new Subjects, even tho' it should be supposed they were all contented to live still in their native Country, and transfer their Allegiance to a new Master

'The Fertility of this Province, its convenient Situation for Trade and Commerce, its Capacity for furnishing Employment and Subsistence to great Numbers, and the vast Armies that have been maintained here, make it credible that the remaining two Thirds of *Flanders* are equal to all his other Conquests, and consequently by all he cannot have gained more than 750000 new Subjects, Men, Women and Children, especially if a Deduction shall be made of such as have retired from the Conqueror to live under their old Masters

'It is Time now to set his Loss against his Profit, and to shew for the new Subjects he had acquired, how many old ones he had lost in the Acquisition. I think that in his Wars he has seldom brought less into the Field in all Places than 200000 fighting Men, besides what have been left in Garrisons, and I think the common Computation is, that of an Army, at the latter End of a Campaign, without Sieges or Battle, scarce Four Fifths can be mustered of those that came into the Field at the Beginning of the Year. His Wars at several Times till the last Peace have held about 20 Years, and if 40000 yearly lost, or a fifth Part of his Armies, are to be multiplied by 20, he cannot have lost less than 800000 of his old Subjects, all able body'd Men, a greater Number than the new Subjects he had acquired

'But this Loss is not all. Providence seems to have equally divided the whole Mass of Mankind into different Sexes, that every Woman may have her Husband, and that both may equally contribute to the Continuance of the Species. It follows then, that for all the Men that have been lost, as many Women must have lived single, and it were but Chirtry to believe they have not done all the Service they were capable of doing in their Generation. In so long a Course of Years great part of them must have died, and all the rest must go off at last without leaving any Representatives behind. By this Account he must have lost not only 800000 Subjects, but double

'that Number, and all the Increase that was reasonably to be expected from it

'It is said in the last War there was a Famine in his Kingdom, which swept away two Millions of his People. This is hardly credible. If the loss was only of one fifth Part of that Sum, it was very great. But 'tis no wonder there should be Famine, where so much of the People's Substance is taken away for the King's Use, that they have not sufficient left to provide against Accidents, where so many of the Men are taken from the Plough to serve the King in his Wars, and a great part of the Lillage is left to the weaker Hands of so many Women and Children. Whatever was the Loss, it must undoubtedly be placed to the Account of his Ambition

'And so must also the Destruction or Banishment of 3 or 400000 of his reformed Subjects: he could have no other Reasons for ruining those Lives so very cheap, but only to recommend himself to the Bigotry of the *Spanish* Nation

'How should there be Industry in a Country, where all Property is precarious? What Subject will sow his Land that his Prince may reap the whole Harvest? Parsimony and Frugality must be Strangers to such a People, for will any Man save to day what he has Reason to fear will be taken from him to morrow? And where is the Encouragement for marrying? Will any Man think of raising Children, without any Assurance of Cloathing for their backs, or so much as Food for their Bellies? And thus by his fatal Ambition he must have lessened the Number of his Subjects not only by Slaughter and Destruction, but by preventing their very Births, he has done as much as was possible towards destroying Posterity itself

'Is this then the great, the invincible *Le-wis*? This the immortal Man, the *tout-puissant*, or the Almighty, as his Flatterers have called him? Is this the Man that is so celebrated for his Conquests? For every Subject he has acquired, has he not lost three that were his Inheritance? Are not his Troops fewer, and those neither so well fed, or clothed, or paid, as they were formerly, tho' he has now so much greater Cause to exert himself? And what can be the Reason of all this, but that his Revenue is a great deal less, his Subjects are either poorer, or not so many to be plundered by constant Taxes for his Use?

'It is well for him he had found out a Way to steal a Kingdom, if he had gone on conquering as he did before his Ruin had been long since finished. This brings to my Mind a saying of King *Pyrrhus*, after he had a second time beat the *Romans* in a pitched Battle, and was complimented by his Generals: *I es, says he, such another Victory and I am quite undone*. And since I have mentioned *Pyrrhus*, I will end with a very good, though known Story of this ambitious mad Man. When he had shewn the utmost Fondness for his Expedition against the *Romans*, *Cynens* his chief Minister asked him what he proposed to himself by this War? Why, says *Pyrrhus*, to conquer the *Aprians*, and reduce all Italy to my Obedience. What then? says *Cynens*. To pass over into *Sicily*, says *Pyrrhus*, and then all the *Sicilians* must be our Subjects. And what

'does your Majesty intend next? Why truly, says the King, to conquer *Carthage*, and make myself Master of all *Africa*. And what, Sir, says the Minister is to be the End of all your Expeditions? Why then, says the King for the rest of our Lives we'll sit down to good Wine. How, Sir, replied *Cynæas*, to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?<sup>1</sup>

'Riot and Excess are not the becoming Characters of Princes but if *Pyrrhus* and *Lævius* had debauched like *Istellus*, they had been less hurtful to their People.

Your humble Servant,  
PHILARIMUS

T

No 181 ] *Tuesday, September 27, 1711* [Addison

*Hic lacrymis vitam damnis, et miserescit in ultro*  
Virg

I AM more pleased with a Letter that is filled with Touches of Nature than of Wit the following one is of this kind

SIR,

'Among all the Distresses which happen in Families, I do not remember that you have touched upon the Marriage of Children without the Consent of their Parents. I am one of these<sup>2</sup> unfortunate Persons. I was about fifteen when I took the Liberty to choose for my self and have ever since languished under the Displeasure of an inexorable Father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of Husbands, and blessed with very fine Children, can never be prevailed upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy Accident, that indeed it makes my Breach of Duty, in some measure, inexcusable and at the same time creates in me such a Tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I have thrown myself at his Feet, and besought him with Tears to pardon me but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him. I have written several Letters to him, but he will neither open nor receive them. About two Years ago I sent my little Boy to him, dressed in a new Apparel, but the Child returned in me crying, because he said his Grandfather would not see him, and had ordered him to be put out of his House. My Mother is on over to my Side, but dares not mention me to my Father for fear of provoking him. About a Month ago he lay sick upon his Bed, and in great Danger of his Life. I was pierced to the Heart at the News, and could not forbear going to inquire after his Health. My Mother took this Opportunity of speaking in my Behalf she told him with abundance of Tears, that I was come to see him, that I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I should certainly break my Heart if he refus'd at that time to give me his Blessing, and he recon-

'ciled to me. He was so far from relenting to wards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, unless she had a mind to disturb him in his last Moments. For, Sir, you must know that he has the Reputation of an honest and religious Man, which makes my Misfortune so much the greater. God be thanked he is since recovered. But his severe Usage has given me such a Blow, that I shall soon sink under it, unless I may be relieved by any Impressions which the reading of this in your Paper may strike upon him.

I am, &amp;c

Of all Hardnesses of Heart there is none so inexcusable as that of Parents towards their Children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving Temper is odious upon all Occasions, but here it is unnatural. The Love, Tenderness, and Compassion, which are apt to arise in us towards those [who] depend upon us, is that by which the whole World of Life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the transcendent Excellency and Goodness of his Nature, extends his Mercy towards all his Works, and because his Creatures have not such a spontaneous Benevolence and Compassion towards those who are under their Care and Protection, he has implanted in them an Instinct, that supplies the Place of this inherent Goodness. I have illustrated this kind of Instinct in former Papers, and have shewn how it runs thro' all the Species of brute Creatures, as indeed the whole Animal Creation subsists by it.

This Instinct in Man is more general and uncircumscribed than in Brutes, as being enlarged by the Dictates of Reason and Duty. For if we consider our selves attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclined to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of *στοργή*, or natural Affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its Good and Preservation. Dependence is a perpetual Call upon Humanity, and a greater Incitement to Tenderness and Pity than any other Motive whatsoever.

The Man therefore who, notwithstanding any Passion or Resentment, can overcome this powerful Instinct, and extinguish natural Affection, debases his Mind even below Brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great Design of Providence, and strikes out of his Nature one of the most Divine Principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable Arguments [which] might be brought against such an unreasonable Proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the Condition of our Forgiveness that we forgive others. In our very Prayers, we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of Retaliation. The Case therefore before us seems to be what they call a *Case in Point*. The Relation between the Child and Father being what comes nearest to that between a Creature and its Creator. If the Father is inexorable to the Child who has offended, let the Offence be of never so high a Nature, how will he address himself to the Supreme Being under the tender Appellation of a Father and desire of him such a Forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant?

<sup>1</sup> These anecdotes are from Plutarch's Life of Pyrrhus.

<sup>2</sup> [those]

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential Considerations but if the 1st mentioned Motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other, and shall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable Story, which is recorded in an old Chronicle published by *Freher*, among the Writers of the *German History*.\*

*Eginhart*, who was Secretary to *Charles* the Great, became exceeding popular by his Behaviour in that Post. His great Abilities gain'd him the Favour of his Master, and the Esteem of the whole Court. *Imma*, the Daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his Person and Conversation, that she fell in Love with him. As she was one of the greatest Beauties of the Age, *Eginhart* answer'd her with a more than equal Return of Passion. They stuf'd their Flames for some Time, under Apprehension of the fatal Consequences that might ensue. *Eginhart* at length resolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his Heart was so much set upon, convey'd himself one Night into the Princess's Apartment, and knocking gently at the Door, was admitted by a Person [who?] had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most Part of the Night, but upon his preparing to go away about Break of Day, he observ'd that there had fallen a great Snow during his Stay with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the Prints of his Feet in the Snow might make Discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his Daughter in the Morning. He acquaint'd the Princess *Imma* with his Fears, who, after some Consultations upon the Matter, prevail'd upon him to let her carry him through the Snow upon her own Shoulders. It happen'd, that the Emperor not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his Chamber, when upon looking through the Window he perceiv'd his Daughter tottering under her Burden, and carrying his first Minister across the Snow, which she had no sooner done, but she return'd again with the utmost Speed to her own Apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and as amaz'd at this Accident

\* *Marquard Freher*, who died at Heidelberg in 1614 aged 49, was Counsellor to the Lector Prince, and Professor of Jurisprudence at Heidelberg, until employ'd by the Lector (*Frederic IV*) as his Minister in Poland, and at other courts. The chief of many works of his were, on the Monetary System of the Ancient Romans and of the German Empire in his day, a History of France, a collection of Writers on Bohemian History, and another of Writers on German History, *Scriptores Germanici*, in three volumes. It is from a Chronicle of the monastery of Lorsch (or Lorschheim), in Hesse Darmstadt, under the year 805, in the first volume of the last-named collection, that the story about *Eginhart* was taken by Bayle, out of whose Dictionary Addison got it. Bayle, indeed, specially recommends it as good matter for a story. *Imma*, the chronicle says, had been betrothed to the Grecian Emperor [that]

but resolved to speak nothing of it till a proper Opportunity. In the mean time, *Eginhart* knowing that what he had done could not be long a Secret, determin'd to retire from Court, and in order to it begg'd the Emperor that he would be pleas'd to dismiss him, pretending a kind of Discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long Services. The Emperor would not give a direct Answer to his Petition, but told him he would think of it, and [appointed] a certain Day when he would let him know his Pleasure. He then call'd together the most faithful of his Counsellors, and requiring them with his Secretary's Crime, ask'd them their Advice in so delicate an Affair. They most of them gave their Opinion, that the Person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonour'd his Master. Upon the whole Debate, the Emperor declar'd it was his Opinion, that *Eginhart's* Punishment would rather encrease than diminish the Shame of his Family, and that therefore he thought it the most advisable to wear out the Memory of the Fact, by marrying him to his Daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was call'd in, and requir'd by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any Pretence of complaining his Services were not rewarded, for that the Princess *Imma* should be given [him] in Marriage, with a Dowry suitable to her Quality, which was soon after performed accordingly. L

No 182 ] Friday, September 28, 1711 [Sat.]

Plus aloës quam i tellis halet— Juv

AS all Parts of humane Life come under my Observation, my Reader must not make uneharitable Inferences from my speaking knowingly of that Sort of Crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the Letters of Correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow

MR SPECTATOR,

'It is wonderful to me that among the many Enormities which you have treated of, you have not mentioned that of Wenching, and particularly the Insinuating Part I mean, that it is a Thing very fit for your Pen to expose the Villany of the Practice of deluding Women. You are to know, Sir, that I myself am a Woman who have been one of the Unhappy that have fallen into this Misfortune, and that by the Insinuation of a very worthless Fellow, who serv'd others in the same Manner both before my Ruin and since that Time. I had, as soon as the Rascal left me, so much Indignation and Resolution, as not to go upon the Down, as the Phrase is, but took to Work for my Living in an obscure Place, out of the Knowledge of all with whom I was before acquainted.

It is the ordinary Practice and Business of Life with a Set of idle Fellows about this Town, to write Letters, send Messages, and form Ap

\* [fired on]

\* [to him]

'pointments with little raw unthinking Girls, and leave them after Possession of them, without any Mercy, to Shame, Infamy, Poverty, and Distress. Were you to read the nauseous Impertinences which are written on these Occasions, and to see the silly Creatures sighing over them, it could not but be Matter of Mirth as well as Pity. A little Prentice Girl of mine has been for some time applied to by an Irish Fellow, who dresses very fine, and struts in a laced Coat, and is the Admiration of Seamstresses who are under Age in Town. Ever since I have had some Knowledge of the Matter, I have debarred my Prentice from Pen, Ink and Paper. But the other Day he bespoke some Cravats of me. I went out of the Shop, and left his Mistress to put them up into a Band box in order to be sent to him when his Man called. When I came into the Shop again, I took occasion to send her away, and found in the Bottom of the Box written these Words, *Why would you ruin a harmless Creature that loves you?* then in the Lid, *There is no resisting Strephon.* I screeched a little louder, and found in the Rim of the Box, *At Eleven of clock at Night come in an Hackney-Coach at the End of our Street.* This was enough to alarm me. I sent away the things, and took my Measures accordingly. An Hour or two before the appointed Time I examined my young Lady, and found her Trunk stuffed with impertinent Letters, and an old Scroll of Parchment in Latin, which her Lover had sent her as a Settlement of Fifty Pounds a Year. Among other things, there was also the best Lace I had in my Shop to make him a Present for Cravats. I was very glad of this last Circumstance, because I could very conscientiously swear against him that he had enticed my Servant away, and was her Accomplish in robbing me. I procured a Warrant against him accordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and the tender Hour of Love approaching, I, who had acted for myself in my Youth the same senseless Part, knew how to manage accordingly. Therefore after having looked up my Mind, and not being so much unlike her in Height and Shape, as in a huddled way not to pass for her, I delivered the Bundle designed to be carried off to her Lover's Man, who came with the Signal to receive them. Thus I followed after to the Coach, where when I saw his Master take them in, I cried out, Thieves! Thieves! and the Constable with his Attendants seized my expecting Lover. I kept my self unobserved till I saw the Crowd sufficiently encreased, and then appeared to declare the Goods to be mine, and had the Satisfaction to see my Man of Mode put into the Round House, with the stolen Wares by him, to be produced in Evidence against him the next Morning. This Matter is notoriously known to be Fact, and I have been contented to save my Prentice, and take a Year's Rent of this mortified Lover, and to appear further in the Matter. This was some Penance but, Sir, is this enough for a Villany of much more pernicious Consequence than the Injuries for which he was to have been indicted? Should not you, and all Men of any Parts or Honour, put things upon so

'right a Foot, as that such a Rascal should not laugh at the Imputation of what he was really guilty, and dread being accused of that for which he was arrested?

'In a word, Sir, it is in the Power of you, and such as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to rob a poor Creature of her Honour as her Cloaths. I leave this to your Consideration, only take Leave (which I cannot do without sighing) to remark to you, that if this had been the Sense of Mankind thirty Years ago, I should have avoided a Life spent in Poverty and Shame.

*I am, Sir,  
Your most humble Servant,  
Alice Thredneedle.*

*Mr SPECTATOR, Round-House, Sept 9*  
'I am a Man of Pleasure about Town, but by the Stupidity of a dull Rogue of a Justice of Peace, and an insolent Constable, upon the Oath of an old Harbinger, am imprisoned here for Theft, when I designed only Ornament. The Midnight Magistrate, as he conveyed me along, had you in his Mouth, and said, this would make a pure Story for the SPECTATOR. I hope, Sir, you won't pretend to Wit, and take the Part of dull Rogues of Business. The World is so altered of late Years, that there was not a Man who would knock down a Watchman in my Behalf, but I was carried off with as much Triumph as if I had been a Pick-pocket. At this rate, there is an end of all the Wit and Humour in the World. The Time was when all the honest Whore masters in the Neighbourhood would have rose against the Cuckolds to my Rescue. If Fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things that have been writ by most of the Wits of the last Age may be burnt by the common Hangman. Harkye, [Mr] SIRC, do not be queer after having done some things pretty well, don't begin to write at that rate that no Gentlemen can read thee. Be true to Love, and burn your *Seneca*. You do not expect me to write my Name from hence, but I am

*Your unwhomun humble, &c*

*No 183] Saturday, Sept 29 1711 [Addison*

*Ἰδμεν ψευδεα πολλὰ λεγεω ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.*

*Ἰδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθεῖα μυθῖοσασθαι.*  
Hesiod.

FABLES were the first Pieces of Wit that made their Appearance in the World, and have been still highly valued, not only in Times of the greatest Simplicity, but among the most polite Ages of Mankind. *Zotham's* Fable of the Trees<sup>1</sup> is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that Time. *Nathan's* Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb<sup>2</sup> is likewise more ancient than any that is extant,

<sup>1</sup> Judges ix 8—15

<sup>2</sup> 2 Sam xii 1—4



besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an Effect, as to convey Instruction to the Lar of a King without offending it, and to bring the Man after God's own Heart to a right Sense of his Guilt and his Duty. We find *Aesop* in the most distant Ages of *Greece*, and if we look into the very Beginnings of the Commonwealth of *Rome*, we see a Mutiny among the Common People appeased by a Fable of the Bully and the Lamb<sup>1</sup> which was indeed very proper to gain the Attention of an incensed Rabble at a Time when perhaps they would have torn to Pieces any Man who had preached the same Doctrine to them in an open and direct Manner. As Fables took their Birth in the very Infancy of Learning, they never flourished more than when Learning was at its greatest Height. To justify this Assertion, I shall put my Reader in mind of *Homer*, the greatest Wit and Critick in the *Augustan* Age, and of *Boileau*, the most correct Poet among the Moderns. Not to mention *La Fontaine*, who by this Way of Writing is come more into Vogue than any other Author of our Times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon Brutes and Vegetables, with some of our own Species mixt among them, when the Moral hath so required. But besides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the Actors are Passions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary Persons of the like Nature. Some of the ancient Criticks will have it that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of *Homer* are Fables of this Nature, and that the several Names of Gods and Heroes are nothing else but the Affections of the Mind in a visible Shape and Character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the first *Iliad*, represents Anger, or the Irascible Part of Human Nature. Thit upon drawing his Sword against his Superior in a full Assembly, *Pallas* is only another Name for Reason, which cheeks and advises him upon this Occasion, and at her first Appearance touches him upon the Head, that Part of the Man being looked upon as the Seat of Reason. And thus of the rest of the Poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that *Heraeus* considered it as one of these Allegorical Fables by the Moral which he has given us of several Parts of it. The greatest Italian Wits have applied themselves to the Writing of this latter kind of Fables. As *Shakespeare's Fairy Queen* is one continued Series of them from the Beginning to the End of this admirable Work. If we look into the finest Prose Authors of Antiquity, such as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Aeschylus*, and many other, we shall find that this was likewise their Favourite Kind of Fable. I shall only further observe upon it, that the first of this Sort that made any considerable Figure in the World, was that of *Heraeus* meeting with Pleasure and Virtue, which was invented by *Protagoras* who lived before *Socrates*, and in the first Drawings of Philosophy. He used to travel through *Greece* by vertue of this Fable, which procured him a kind Reception in all the Market towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an Audience about him.<sup>2</sup>

After this short Preface, which I have made up of such Materials as my Memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my Reader with a Fable of this kind, which I design as the Entertainment of the present Paper, I must in a few Words open the Occasion of it.

In the Account which *Plato* gives us of the Conversation and Behaviour of *Socrates*, the Morning he was to die, he tells the following Circumstance.

When *Socrates* his Fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the Day that the condemned Person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his Disciples, and tying one of his Legs over the other, in a very unconcerned Posture he began to rub it where it had been galled by the Iron, and whether it was to shew the Indifference with which he entertained the Thoughts of his approaching Death, or (after his usual Manner) to take every Occasion of Philosophizing up in some useful Subject, he observed the Pleasure of that Sensation which now arose in those very Parts of his Leg, that just before had been so much pained by the Fetter. Upon this he reflected on the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another. To this he added, that if a Man of a good Genius for a Fable were to represent the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in that Way of Writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any Place without being followed by the other.<sup>1</sup>

It is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a Time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a Discourse [which] was not of a piece with the Business of the Day, he would have enlarged upon this Hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful Allegory or Fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the Spirit of that Divine Author.

There were two Families which from the Beginning of the World were as opposite to each other as Light and Darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest Descendant of the first Family was Pleasure, who was the Daughter of Happiness, who was the Child of Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite Family was Pain, who was the Son of Misery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offspring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle Station of Nature between these two opposite Extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of a middle Kind, neither so Virtuous as the one, nor so Vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of these two opposite Families. Jupiter considering that this Species commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy, that he might make a Distinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned Families,

<sup>1</sup> Livy, Bk. II. see 32.

<sup>2</sup> Xenophon's Memorabilia Socrates Bk. II.

<sup>1</sup> Phaedon, § 10.

<sup>2</sup> [that]

Pleasure who was the Daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the Son of Misery, to meet one another upon this Part of Nature's Field, by the half-Way between them, in a private way to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the Division of it, so as to share Mankind let them.

Pleasure and Pain were recovered in their new Habitator, but they immediately agreed upon this Point that Pleasure should take Possession of the Virtuous, and Pain of the Vicious Part of that Species which is, or up to them, but upon examining to which of them any Individual they are entitled to, they found each of them had a Right to him, for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old Places of Residence, there was no Person so Virtuous who had not some Good in him, nor any Person so Vicious who had not some Fault in him. The Truth of it is, they generally find upon Search that in the virtuous is Man Pleasure, and in the Claim to an hundredth Part and ten in the most virtuous Man Pain might come in for at least two thirds. Thus it is a very old and endless Dispute between them, unless they could come to some Accommodation. Both said there was a Marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded by this, that it is the just Pleasure and Pain are suitors to a virtuous Fellow, and that they either make the virtuous together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a Heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure, and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this Marriage was very convenient for the Vicious Parties, it did not seem to answer the Intention of Jupiter in sending them an old Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was stipulated to be inserted by Article, and confirmed by the Consent of each Party, that notwithstanding they here possessed the Species differently, upon the Death of every single Person, if he was found to have in him a certain Proportion of Pleasure, he should be dispatched into the infernal Kingdom by a Passport from Pain, there to dwell in the Misery, Torment and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a Passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Peace and the Gods.

No 184] Monday, October 1, 1711 [Edinburgh

Operes in longo fax est obsequere communem  
Hor

WHEN a Man has discovered a new Vein of Humour, it often carries him much further than he expected from it. My Correspondents take the Hint I gave them, and pursue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the Fate of my Paper on the Match of Grunning, which has already produced a second Paper on parallel Subjects,

and here, hit me the following Letter by the last Post. I shall not premise any thing to it further than that it is built on Matter of Fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

You have already obliged the World with a Discourse upon Grunning, and have since proceeded to Whetting, from whence you (it has been called) have brought forth. I think you may make a very natural Transition to Sleep, I therefore recommend to you for the Subject of a Paper the following Advertisment, which about two Months ago was given into every Body's Hand, and is very seen with some Additions in the Daily Comment of August the Ninth.

Nicholas Hart who slept in a Year in St Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this Year at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain.

Having since inured it to the Master of Fate, I find that the above mentioned Nicholas Hart is every Year seized with a periodical Fit of Sleeping, which he usually sleeps the Fifth of August, and ends on the Twelfth of the same Month.

That  
On the First of that Month he grew dull  
On the Second appeared drowsy  
On the Third fell a slumber  
On the Fourth began to nod  
On the Fifth dropped asleep  
On the Sixth was heard to snore  
On the Seventh turned himself in his Bed  
On the Eighth recovered his former Posture  
On the Ninth fell a stretching  
On the Tenth about Midnight, awaked  
On the Eleventh in the Morning called for a little Sleep

This Account I have extracted out of the Journal of this sleeping Worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, who has undertaken to be his Chronographer. I have sent it to you not only as it represents the Actions of Nicholas Hart, but as it seems a very natural Picture of the Life of many honest English Gentlemen who whose whole History very often consists of Yawning, Nodding, Stretching, Fawning, Sleeping, Drunken, and the like extraordinary Particulars. I do not question Sir, that, if you please, you could put out an Advertisment not unlike the above men-

[I am at length come]

Nicholas Hart born at Leyden was at this time 22 years old, one of ten children of a learned mathematician who for two years had been a tutor to King William. Nicholas was a sailor from the age of twelve, and no scholar, although he spoke French, Dutch, and English. He was a patient at St Bartholomew's for some and I travel some weeks before, and on the 3rd of August 1711, set his mark to a record of himself which he expected to fall asleep on the fifth of August, two days later. This account was also signed by William Hill, Sen. No. 1 Lincoln's Inn, the Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, presently alluded to.

[that]

No 185] Tuesday, October 2, 1711 [Addison

—*I autane At miss cales, bus Ine ?—* Virg

‘tuned, of several Men of Figure, that Mr. Yo<sup>rs</sup> in such a one, Gentleman, or *Thou* as such a one, Esquire, who slept in the Country last Summer, intends to sleep in Town this Winter. The worst of it is, that the drowsy Part of our Species is chiefly made up of very honest Gentlemen, who live quietly among their Neighbours, without ever disturbing the publick Peace. They are Drones without Stings. I could heartily wish, that several turbulent, restless ambitious Spirits, would for a while change Places with these good Men, and enter themselves into *Nicholas Hart’s* Fraternity. Could I one but lay asleep a few busy Heads which I could name, from the First of November next to the First of May ensuing, I question not but it would very much redound to the Quiet of particular Persons, as well as to the Benefit of the Publick.

‘But to return to *Nicholas Hart*. I believe, Sir, you will think it a very extraordinary Circumstance for a Man to gain his Livelihood by Sleeping, and that Resolute procure a Man Subsistence as well as Industry, yet so it is that *Nicholas* got last Year enough to support himself for a Twelvemonth. I am likewise informed that he has this Year had a very comfortable Nap. The Poets value themselves very much for sleeping on *Parnassus*, but I never heard they got a Groat by it. On the contrary, our Friend *Nicholas* gets more by Sleeping than he could by Working, and may be more properly said, than ever *Homer* was, to have had Golden Dreams. *Juvenal* indeed mentions a drowsy Husband who raised an Estate by Snoring, but then he is represented to have slept what the common People call a Dog’s Sleep, or if his Sleep was real, his Wife was awake, and about her Business. Your Pen, [which] loves to mortelize upon all Subjects may use something, methinks, on this Circumstance also, and point out to us those Sets of Men, who instead of growing rich by an honest Industry recommend themselves to the Favour of the Great, by making themselves agreeable Companions in the Participations of Luxury and Pleasure.

I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the most eminent Pens in *Grub-street* is now employed in Writing the Dream of this miraculous Sleeper, which I hear will be of a more than ordinary Length, as it must contain all the Particulars that are supposed to have passed in his Imagination during so long a Sleep. He is said to have gone already through three Days and [three] Nights of it, and to have comprised in them the most remarkable Passages of the four first Empires of the World. If he can keep free from Puri-Strokes, his Work may be of Use, but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of his Friends and Confidants that he has spoken some things of *Nimrod* with too great Freedom.

L I am ever, Sir, &c

<sup>1</sup> That is, when Parliament is sitting  
<sup>2</sup> [that]

THERE is nothing in which Men more deceive themselves than in what the World calls Zeal. There are so many Passions which hide themselves under it, and so many Mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the Benefit of Mankind if it had never been reckoned in the Catalogue of Virtues. It is certain, where it is once Laudable and Prudential, it is an hundred times Criminal and Erroneous: nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal Violence in all Religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the Subdivisions of each Religion in particular.

We are told by some of the *Jeish Rabbins* that the first Murder was occasioned by a religious Controversy: and if we had the whole History of Zeal from the Days of *Cain* to our own Times, we should see it filled with so many Scenes of Slaughter and Bloodshed, as would make a wise Man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a Principle, when it only regards Matters of Opinion and Speculation.

I would have every Zealous Man examine his Heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a Zeal for his Religion, is either Pride, Interest, or Ill nature. [A Man who] differs from another in Opinion sets himself above him in his own Judgment, and in several Particulars pretends to be the wiser Person. This is a great Provocation to the proud Man, and gives a very keen Edge to what he calls his Zeal. And that this is the Case very often, we may observe from the Behaviour of some of the most zealous for Orthodoxy, who have often great Friendships and Intimacies with vicious immoral Men, provided they do but agree with them in the same Scheme of belief. The Reason is, because the vicious believer gives the Precedence to the virtuous Man and allows the good Christian to be the worthier Person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his Perfections. This we find exemplified in that true Passage which we see quoted in almost every System of Ethics, tho’ upon another Occasion

—*Viduo meliora proboque,  
De’tiora sequor*— Ov

On the contrary, it is certain, if our Zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a Sinner than a Heretic: since there are several Cases [which] may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none [which] can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great Inflamer, and sets a Man on Persecution under the colour of Zeal. For this Reason we find none are so forward to promote the true Worship by Fire and Sword, as those who find their present Account in it. But I

<sup>1</sup> [The Man that]  
<sup>2</sup> [that]  
<sup>3</sup> [that]

shall extend the Word Interest to a larger Mean than what is generally given it, as it relates to our Spiritual Safety and Welfare, as well as to our Temporal. A Man is glad to gain Numbers on his Side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private Opinions. Every Proselyte is like a new Argument for the Establishment of his Faith. It makes him believe that his Principles carry Conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the Reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this Temper of Mind deludes a Man very often into an Opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common Behaviour of the Atheist, who maintains and spreads his Opinions with as much Heat as those who believe they do it only out of Passion for God's Glory.

All nature is another dreadful Imitator of Zeal. Many a good Man may have a natural Rancour and Malice in his Heart, [which<sup>1</sup>] has been in some measure quelled and subdued by Religion; but if it finds any Pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the Duties of a Christian, it throws off all Restraint, and rages in its full Fury. Zeal is therefore a great Ease to a malicious Man, by making him believe he does God Service, whilst he is gratifying the Bent of a perverse revengeful Temper. For this Reason we find, that most of the Massacres and Devastations, [which<sup>2</sup>] have been in the World, have taken their Rise from a furious pretended Zeal.

I love to see a Man zealous in a good Matter, and especially when his Zeal shows it self for advancing Morality, and promoting the Happiness of Mankind. But when I find the Instruments he works with are Racks and Gibbets, Gallies and Dungeons, when he imprisons Mens Persons, confiscates their Estates, ruins their Families, and burns the Body to save the Soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his Faith and Religion) his Faith is vain, and his Religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false Zealots in Religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous Species of Men, who one would not think had any Existence in Nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary Conversation, I mean the Zealots in Atheism. One would fancy that these Men, tho' they fall short, in every other Respect of those who make a Profession of Religion, would at least outshine them in this Particular, and be exempt from that single Fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent Fervours of Religion. But so it is, that Infidelity is propagated with as much Ferocity and Contention, Wrath and Indignation as if the Safety of Mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of Zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper Colours. They are a Sort of Gamesters [who<sup>3</sup>] are eternally upon the Edge, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teasing their Friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the Bargain. In

short, the Zeal of spreading Atheism is, if possible, more absurd than Atheism it self.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in Atheists and Infidels, I must further observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the Spirit of Bigotry. They are wedded to Opinions full of Contradiction and Impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest Difficulty in an Article of Faith as a sufficient Reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common Reason of Mankind, that are conformable to the Sense of all Ages and all Nations, not to mention their Tendency for promoting the Happiness of Societies, or of particular Persons, are exploded as Errors and Prejudices, and Schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant Credulity to embrace them. I would not ask one of these bigotted Infidels, supposing all the great Points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal Formation of the World, the Materiality of a thinking Substance, the Mortality of the Soul, the fortuitous Organization of the Body, the Motions and Gravitation of Matter, with the like Particulars, were laid together and formed [into] a kind of Creed, according to the Opinions of the most celebrated Atheists, I say, supposing such a Creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one People in the World, whether it would not require an infinitely greater Measure of Faith, than any Set of Articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this Generation of Wranglers, for their own and for the publick Good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with Zeal for Irreligion, and with Bigotry for Nonsense. C

No 186] Wednesday, October 3, 1711 [Addison

*Colum æsum pectus stultitiæ* — Hor

UPON my Return to my Lodgings last Night I found a Letter from my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I have given some Account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter Part of my Yesterday's Speculation, and at the same time enclosed the following Essay, which he desires me to publish as the Sequel of that Discourse. It consists partly of uncommon Reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger Light.

'A Believer may be excused by the most hardened Atheist for endeavouring to make him a Convert, because he does it with an Eye to both their Interests. The Atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a Believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the Believer any Good by such a Conversion.

'The Prospect of a future State is the secret Comfort and Refreshment of my Soul: it is that which makes Nature look grey about me: it

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>1</sup> [in]

'doubles all my Pleasures, and supports me under all my Afflictions. I can look on Disappointments and Misfortunes, Pain and Sickness, Death itself, and what is worse than Death, the Loss of those who are dearest to me, with Indifference so long as I keep in view the Pleasures of Eternity, and the State of Being in which there will be no Pains nor Apprehensions, Pains nor Sorrows, Sickness nor Separation. Why will my Man be so impertinently Oficious to tell me all this is only Fruity and Delusion? Is there a Man Merit in being the Messenger of all New? If it is a Dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better Man.

I must confess I do not know how to trust a Man [who] believes neither Heaven nor Hell, or in other Words, a future State of Rewards and Punishments. Not only natural Self-love, but Reason directs us to promote our own Interest above all Things. It can never be for the Interest of a Believer to do me a Mischief, because he is sure upon the Balance of Account to find himself a Loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own Welfare in his Behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the Good he can, and at the same Time restrain him from doing me any Injury. An Unbeliever does not act like a reasonable Creature, if he favours me contrary to his present Interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present Advantage. Honour and Good will may indeed lead him to do me all the Good he can, but it is these would be very much strengthened by Reason and Principle, so without them they are only Instincts, or wavering unsettled Notions, which rest on no Foundation.

Infidelity has been attacked with so good Success of late Years, that it is driven out of all its Outworks. The Atheist has not so much to boast of as is therefore retired into Denial and a Disbelief of revealed Religion only. But the Truth of it is, the greatest Number of these sort of Men are those who for want of a virtuous Education or examination the Grounds of Religion, know so very little of the Matter in Question, that their Infidelity is but another Term for their Ignorance.

As Iolly and Lucan's derativeness are the Foundations of Infidelity, the great Pillars and Supports of it are either a Vanity of opinion, wiser than the rest of Mankind, or an Contention of Courage in despising the Terrors of another World, which have so great an Influence on what they call weaker Minds, or an Aversion to a Belief that must cut them off from many of the Pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with Remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

The great received Articles of the Christian Religion have been so clearly proved, from the Authority of that Divine Revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have Eyes to hear, and Ears to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for anything in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill Consequences in adhering to it.

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

The great Points of the Incarnation and Sufferings of our Saviour produce naturally such Habits of Virtue in the Mind of Man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken to them, the Infidel himself must at least allow that no other System of Religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of Morality. They give us, great Ideas of the Dignity of human Nature, and of the Love which the Supreme Being bears to his Creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest Acts of Duty towards our Creator, our Neighbour and ourselves. How many noble Arguments has this Foundation of the Church of Art, for our Religion, for the edification of Mankind in its three great Branches? To give a single Example in each kind. What can be a stronger Motive to a firm Trust and Reliance on the Mercy of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can excite a Love and Reverence even the most considerable of our Kind more than the Thought that Christ died for him? Or what disposition to a stricter Guard upon the Points of our own Honour, than our being Members of a Church, and a Part of the Society of which that immortal Person is the Head? But these are only a Specimen of the admirable Reinforcement of Morality, which the Apostle has drawn from the History of our blessed Saviour.

If a modern Infidel considered the Matters with that Candour and Seriousness which they deserve, he should not see them act with such a Spirit of Incessant, Arrogance, and Ill-humour. They would not be raising such insignificant Cavils, Doubts, and Senples, as may be started against every thing, that is not capable of mathematical Demonstration in order to mislead the Minds of the Ignorant, disturb the publick Peace, subvert Morality, and throw all things into Confusion and Disorder. It were of these Reflections can have any Influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their Vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their Reason. I would therefore have a Man consider, that he wise and best of Men, in all Ages of the World, have been those who have lived up to the Religion of their Country, where they saw nothing but opposite to Morality, and that the last of these they had of the Divine Nature. The first kind directs us to worship the Gods as it is commanded by Law, for that is the most natural Expression of the Precept. The second shows the most renowned among the Heathens both for Wisdom and Virtue, in his last Moments desires his Friends to offer a Cock in sacrifice, and double out of a submissive Deference to the established Worship of his Country. Xenophon tells us, that his Prince (whom he sets forth as a Pattern of Perfection), when he found his Death approaching, offered Sacrifices on the Mountains to the Persian Jupiter, and the Sun according to the Custom of the Persians, for those are the Words of the Historian. Nay, the Epicureans and Atomical Philosophers shewed a very remarkable

<sup>1</sup> Which is motto to No 172

<sup>2</sup> Phadon.

<sup>3</sup> Corymbus, Bk viii

'Modesty in this Particular, for though the Being of a God was entirely repugnant to their Schemes of natural Philosophy they contented themselves with the Denial of a Providence, asserting at the same Time the Existence of Gods in general because they would not shock the common Belief of Mankind, and the Religion of their Country

No 187] Thursday, October 4, 1711 [Steel

Miseri quibus  
Intentata mites— Hor

THE Intelligence given by this Correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the Persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his Letter at length

MR SPECTATOR,

'I do not know that you have ever touched upon a certain species of Women, whom we ordinarily call Jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a more useful Work, than the Consideration of these dangerous Animals. The Coquet is indeed one Degree towards the Jilt but the Heart of the former is bent upon admiring her self, and giving false Hopes to her Lovers but the latter is not contented to be extremely unfaithful, but she must add to that Advantage a certain Delight in being a Torment to others. Thus when her Lover is in the full Expectation of Success, the Jilt shall meet him with a sudden Indifference, and Admiration in her Face at his being surprised that he is received like a Stranger, and a Cast of her Head another Way with a pleasant Scorn of the fellow's Insolence. It is very probable the Lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected, sits down to his Scrutator, sends her word in the most object Terms, That he knows not what he has done, that all which was desirable in this Jilt is so suddenly vanished from him, that the Charmer of his Soul should withdraw the vital Heat from the Heart which pants for her. He continues a mournful Absence for some time, pining in Secret, and out of Humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a Resolution to try his Fate, and explain with her resolutely upon her unaccountable Carriage. He walks up to her Apartment, with a thousand Inquietudes and Doubts in what Manner he shall meet the first Cast of her Eye, when upon his first Appearance she flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuses him of his Absence, and treats him with a Familiarity as surprising as her former Coldness. His good Correspondence continues till the Lady observes the Lover grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it with some new Inconsistency of Behaviour. For (as I just now said) the Happiness of a Jilt consists only in the Power of making others uneasy. But such is the Folly of this Sect of Women that they carry on this pretty skittish Behaviour, till they have no charms left to

render it supportable. *Corinna*, that used to torment all who conversed with her with false Glances, and little heedless ungurded Motions, that were to betray some Inclination towards the Man she would ensnare, finds at present all she attempts that way unregarded, and is obliged to indulge the Jilt in her Constitution, by laying Artificial Plots, writing perplexing Letters from unknown Hands, and making all the young Fellows in Love with her, till they find out who she is. Thus as before she gave Torment by disguising her Inclination, she is now obliged to do it by lulling her Person.

'As for my own Part, Mr SPECTATOR, it has been my unhappy Fate to be jilted from my Youth upward and as my Taste has been very much towards Intreague, and living Intelligence with Women of Wit, my whole Life has passed away in a Series of Impositions. I shall for the Benefit of the present Race of young Men, give some Account of my Loves. I know not whether you have ever heard of the famous Girl about Town called *Kitty*. This Creature (for I must take Shame upon my self) was my Mistress in the Days when keeping was in Fashion. *Kitty*, under the Appearance of being Wild, Thoughtless, and Irregular in all her Words and Actions, concealed the most accomplished Jilt of her Time. Her Negligence had to me a Charm in it like that of Christianity, and Want of Desires seemed to great a Merit as the Conquest of them. The Air she gave herself was that of a Romping Girl, and whenever I talked to her with any Turn of Fondness, she would immediately snivel off my Periwig, try it upon herself in the Glass, clap her Arms a Round, draw a Sword, and make Passes on the Wall take off my Cravat, and seize it to make some other Use of the Laces, or run into some other unaccountable Rompsiness, till the Time I had appointed to pass away with her was over. I went from her full of Pleasure at the Reflection that I had the keeping of so much Beauty in a Woman, who, as she was too heedless to please me, was also too unattentive to form a Design to wrong me. Long did I divert every Hour that hung heavy upon me in the Company of this Creature, whom I looked upon as neither Guilty or Innocent, but could laugh at my self for my unaccountable Pleasure in an Expende upon her, till in the End it appeared my pretty Insensible was with Child by my Footman.

'This Accident roused me into a Disdain against all Libertine Women, under what Appearance soever they hid their Insincerity, and I resolved after that Time to converse with none but those who lived within the Rules of Decency and Honour. To this End I formed my self into a more regular Turn of Behaviour, and began to make Visits, frequent Assemblies, and laid out I rides from the Theatre, with all the other insignificant Duties which the professed Servants of the Fair place themselves in constant Readiness to perform. In a very little time, (having a plentiful Fortune) Fathers and Mothers began to regard me as a good Match, and I found easy Admittance into the best Families in Town to observe their Daughters but I, who was born to

'follow the Fair to no Purpose, have by the Force of my ill Stars made my Application to three Jilts successively

'*Hyæna* is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent Air, and endeavour to gain Admirers from their Inattention to all round them. *Hyæna* can loll in her Couch, with something so fixed in her Countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her Meditation is employed only on her Dress and her Charms in that Posture. If it were not too coarse a Simile, I should say, *Hyæna*, in the Figure she affects, to appear in, is a Spider in the midst of a Cobweb, that is sure to destroy every Fly that approaches it. The Net *Hyæna* throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can observe any Part of her Work. I attempted her for a long and weary Season, but I found her Piss on went no further than to be admired, and she is of that unreasonable Temper, is not to value the Inconstancy of her Lovers, provided she can boast she once had their Addresses.

'*Biblis* was the second I aimed at, and her Vanity lay in purchasing the Adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their Love it self. *Biblis* is no Man's Mistress, but every Woman's Rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in Love with *Chloe*, who is my present Pleasure and Torment. I have writ to her, dined with her, and fought for her, and have been her Man in the Sight and Expectation of the whole Town [these] three Years, and thought myself near the End of my Wishes, when the other Day she called me into her Closet, and told me, with a very grave Face, that she was a Woman of Honour, and scorned to deceive a Man who loved her with so much Sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by Nature the most inconstant Creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her. If I insisted upon it, I should, but that she was lately fallen in Love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,  
Charles Yellow

## ADVERTISEMENT

Mr Sly, Haberdasher of Hats, at the Corner of Devereux Court in the Strand, gives notice, That he has prepared very neat Hats, Rubbers, and Brushes for the Use of young Tradesmen in their last Year of Apprenticeship, at reasonable Rates.

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<sup>2</sup> Last night died of a mortification in his Leg, after a long time enduring, the same John Sly, the late famous haberdasher, so often mentioned in the Spectator. *Evening Post*, April 15, 1729

No 188 ] Friday, October 5, 1711 [ Steele

*Lætus sum Laudari à te Laudato viro*—Tull

HE is a very unhappy Man who sets his Heart upon being admired by the Multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing Applause among Men. What pious Men call the Testimony of a good Conscience, should be the Measure of our Ambition in this Kind, that is to say, a Man of Spirit should condemn the Praise of the Ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own Heart he deserves. Besides, which the Character of the Person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a Value upon his Esteem. The Praise of an ignorant Man is only Good will, and you should receive his Kindness as he is a good Neighbour in Society, and not as a good Judge of your Actions in Point of Fame and Reputation. The Satisfactions and very well of popular Praise and Acclamations, Give the *Fuellers* and *Cohlers* their Presents again, and learn to live of your self. It is an Argument of a loose and ungoverned Mind to be affected with the promiscuous Approbation of the Generality of Mankind, and a Man of Virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an Appetite of Fame. Men of Honour should endeavour only to please the Worthy, and the Man of Merit should desire to be tried only by his Peers. I thought it a noble Sentiment which I heard Yesterday uttered in Conversation, I know, said a Gentleman, *a Way to be greater than any Man. If he has Worth in him, I can rejoice in his Superiority to me, and that Satisfaction is a greater Act of the Soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me.* I thus thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous Spirit, and the Approbation of such Minds is what may be esteemed true Praise. For with the common Rate of Men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be Partakers of, or arrive at, but the Motive truly glorious is, when the Mind is set rather to do Things laudable, than to purchase Reputation. Where there is that Sincerity is the Foundation of a good Name, the kind Opinion of virtuous Men will be an unsought but a necessary Consequence. The *Lacedæmonians*, tho' a plain People, and no Pretenders to Politeness, had a certain Delicacy in their Sense of Glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when they entered upon any great Enterprise. They would have the Commemoration of their Actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted Memorialists. The Din which attends Victories and publick Triumphs is by far less eligible, than the Recital of the Actions of great Men by honest and wise Historians. It is a frivolous Pleasure to be the Admiration of gaping Crowds, but to have the Approbation of a good Man in the cool Reflections of his Closet, is a Gratification worthy an heroic Spirit. The Applause of the Crowd makes the Head giddy, but the Attestation of a reasonable Man makes the Heart glad.

<sup>1</sup> Persius, Sat. IV. sec. 52

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No 188 ] Friday, October 5, 1711 [Steele

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<sup>1</sup> Persius, Sat. IV. see 52

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch in Life of Lycurgus

What makes the Love of popular or general Praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for Circumstances which are foreign to the Persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary Attendants on Power and Riches, which may be taken out of one Man's Hands, and put into another's. The Application only, and not the Possession, makes those outward things honourable. The Vulgar and Men of Sense agree in admiring Men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of, the wise Man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the World, him who is most wealthy.

When a Man is in this way of Thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see Persons of Ingenuity address their Services and Performances to Men no way addicted to Liberal Arts. In these Cases, the Praise on one hand, and the Patronage on the other, are equally the Objects of Ridicule. Dedications to ignorant Men are as absurd as any of the Speeches of *Bulfinch* in the *Drill*. Such an Address one is apt to translate into other Words, and when the Different Parties are thoroughly considered, the Panegyrick generally implies no more than if the Author should say to the Patron: My very good Lord, You and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate Friends for the future.

The Rich may as well ask to borrow of the Poor, as the Man of Virtue or Merit hope for Addition to his Character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own Reputation as he gives to that Person commended, and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of Ability to be such a Surety. The wise *Phocion* was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the Multitude approved, that upon a general Acclamation made when he was making an Oration, he turned to an intelligent Friend who stood near him, and asked, in a surprized Manner, What Slip have I made?<sup>2</sup>

I shall conclude this Paper with a *Pillet* which has fallen into my Hands, and was written to a Lady from a Gentleman whom she had highly commended. The Author of it had formerly been her Lover. When all Possibility of Commerce between them on the Subject of Love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give Occasion for this Letter.

Madam,

'I should be insensible to a Stupidity, if I could forbear making you my Acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much Applause. It is, I think, your Fate to give me new Sentiments as you formerly inspired me with the true Sense of Love, so do you now with the true Sense of Glory. As Desire had the least Part in the Passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has Vanity no Share in the Glory to which you have now roused me. Innocence, Knowledge, Beauty, Virtue, Sincerity, and Discretion, are the constant Ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a Babbler, but I have arrived at the highest Glory

'in this World, the Commendation of the most deserving Person in it

1

No 289] Saturday, October 6, 1711 [Addis

—Patruæ pietatis imago—Virg

THE following Letter being written to my Bookseller, upon a Subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this Paper, together with the Letter that was inclosed in it.

Mr Buckley,

'Mr SPECTATOR having of late descanted upon the Cruelty of Parents to their Children, I have been induced (at the Request of several of Mr SPECTATOR's Admirers) to inclose this Letter, which I assure you is the Original from a Father to his own Son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no Provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the World, if Mr SPECTATOR would give his Opinion of it, in some of his Speculations, and particularly to

(Mr Buckley)

Your Humble Servant

SIRRAH,

'You are a sawcy audacious Rascal, and both Fool and Mad, and I care not a Farthing whether you comply or no: that does not run out my Impressions of your Insolence, going about railing at me, and the next Day to solicit my Favour. These are Inconsistencies, such as discover thy Reason deprived. To be brief, I never desire to see your Face, and, Sirrah, if you go to the Work house, it is no Disgrace to me for you to be supported there: and if you starve in the Streets, I'll never give anything under-hand in your Behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling Nonsense I'll break your Head the first Time I set Sight on you. You are a stubborn Beast: is this your Gratitude for me, giving you Money? You Rogue, I'll better your Judgment, and give you a greater Sense of your Duty to (I regret to say) your Father, &c.

'P S It's Prudence for you to keep out of my Sight, for to reproach me, that might overcome Right, on the Outside of your Letter, I shall give you a great knock on the Skull for it.

Was there ever such an Image of Paternal Indulgence? It was usual among some of the *Greeks* to make their Slaves drunk to Excess, and then expose them to their Children, who by that means conceived an early Aversion to a Vice which makes Men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this Picture of an unnatural Father with the same Intention, that its Deformity may deter others from its Resemblance. If the Reader has a mind to see a Father of the same Stamp represented in the most exquisite Strokes of Humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest Comedies that ever appeared upon

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch in Life of Phocion



'Care till they expire This manner of treating poor Sinners has, methinks, great Humanity in it, and as you are a Person who pretend to carry your Reflections upon all Subjects, whatever occur to you, with Candour, and act above the Sense of what Misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the Favour of you to try before all the World the unhappy Condition of us poor Vagrants, who are really in a Way of Labour instead of Idleness. There are Crowds of us whose Manner of Livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us, and who would willingly lead a new Life, if the Rigour of the Virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming into the World again. As it now happens, to the eternal Infamy of the Male Sex, Filthiness among you is not reproachful, but Credulity in Women is infamous.

'Give me Leave, Sir, to give you my History. You are to know that I am a Daughter of a Man of a good Reputation, Tenant to a Man of Quality. The Heir of this great House took it in his Head to cast a favourable Eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend to say he promised me Marriage. I was not a Creature silly enough to be taken by so foolish a Story. But he ran away with me up to this Town, and introduced me to a grave Matron, with whom I lived for a Day, or two with great Gravity, and was not a little pleased with the Change of my Condition, from that of a Country Life to the finest Company. As I believed, in the whole World. My humble Servant made me to understand that I should be always kept in the plentiful Condition I then enjoyed when after a very great Fondness towards me, he one Day took his Leave of me for four or five Days. In the Evening of the same Day my good Landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive began to comfort me, and with a Smile told me I must see the World. When I was deaf to all she could say to divert me, she began to tell me with a very frank Air that I must be treated as I ought, and not take these squeamish Humours upon me, for my Friend had left me to the Town, and, as their Phrase is, she expected I would see Company, or I must be treated like what I had brought my self to. This put me into a Fit of Crying. And I immediately, in a true Sense of my Condition, threw myself on the Floor, deploring my Fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred to succour me. While I was in all my Agony, I observed a decrepit old Fellow come into the Room, and looking with a Sense of Pleasure in his Face at all my Vehemence and Transport. In a Pause of my Distress I heard him say to the shameless old Woman who stood by me, She is certainly a new Face, or else she acts it rarely. With that the Gentlewoman, who was making her Market of me, in all the Turn of my Person, the Heaves of my Passion, and the suitable Changes of my Posture, took Occasion to commend my Neck, my Shape, my Eyes my Limbs. All this was accompanied with such Speeches as you may have heard Horse-courers make in the Sale of Nags, when they are warranted for their Soundness. You understand by this Time that I was left in a Brothel, and exposed to the next Bidder that could purchase me of my Patroness.

'This is so much the Work of Hell, the Pleasure in the Possession of us Wenches, is in proportion to the Degrees we go beyond the Bounds of Innocence, and no Man is gratified, if there is nothing left for him to debase. Well, Sir, my first Man, when I came upon the Town, was Sir Jeffery Toible, who was extremely lavish to me of his Money, and took such a Fancy to me that he would have carried me off, if my Patroness would have taken any reasonable Terms for me. But as he was old, his Covetousness was his strongest Passion, and poor I was soon left exposed to be the common Refuse of all the Rakes and Debauchees in Town. I cannot tell whether you will do me Justice or no, till I see whether you print this or not otherwise, as I now live with Sal, I could give you a very just Account of who and who is together in this Town. You perhaps won't believe it, but I know of one who pretends to be a very good Protestant who lies with a Roman-Catholic. But more of this hereafter, as you please me. There do come to our House the greatest Politicians of the Age, and Sal is more shrewd than any Body thinks. No Body can believe that such wise Men could go to Brothel houses out of idle Purposes. I have heard them often talk of Augustus Caesar, who had Intrigues with the Wives of Senators, not out of Wantonness but Stratagem.

'It is a thousand Pities you should be so secretly virtuous as I fear you are, otherwise, if I a Visit or two, you would soon understand that we Women of the Town are not such useless Correspondents as you may imagine. You have undoubtedly heard that it was a Courtisan who discovered Cataline's Conspiracy. If you print this I'll tell you more and am in the meantime,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,  
REBECCA NUTTLETON

MR SPECTATOR,

'I am an idle young Woman that would work for my Livelihood, but that I am kept in such a Manner as I cannot stir out. My Fyrant is an old jealous Fellow, who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one Shoe and one Slipper, no Head-dress, and no upper Petticoat. As you set up for a Reformer, I desire you would take me out of this wicked Way, and keep me your self

EVE AFTERDAY

MR SPECTATOR,

'I am to complain to you of a Set of impertinent Coxcombs, who visit the Apartments of us Women of the Town, only, as they call it, to see the World. I must confess to you, this to Men of Delicacy might have an Effect to cure them, but as they are stupid, noisy and drunken Fellows it tends only to make Vice in themselves, as they think, pleasant and humorous, and at the same Time nauseous in us. I shall Sir, hereafter from Time to Time give you the Names of these Wretches who pretend to enter our Houses merely as Spectators. These Men think it Wit to use us ill. Pray tell them, however

'worthy we are of such Treatment' it is unworthy them to be giddy of it towards us. Pray, Sir, take Notice of this, and pay the Oppressed. I wish we could add to it, the Innocent.

No 191] Tuesday, October 9, 1711 [1711]

— or — or — or —

SOME Indifferent Schoolmen have put the Case, that if an Ass were placed between two Bundles of Hay, which affected his Senses equally on each Side, and tempted him in the very same Degree, whether it would be possible for him to Part of either. They generally determine this Question to the Disadvantage of the Ass, who they say would starve in the midst of Plenty, as not having a single Grain of Reason to determine him more to the one than to the other. The Bundle of Hay on either Side striking his Sight and Smell in the same Proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suspence like the two Vagabonds which Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Road, and the other in the Floor of Mahomet's Purim place at Alesia, and by that means say they pull the Impostor's Iron Coffin with such an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Ass's Behaviour in such nice Circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his Neutrality to the two Bundles of Hay, I shall not presume to determine, but only take Notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the same Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Money in a Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and is likely to succeed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the same Pretension to good Luck, and upon the same sort of Conjecture, and no manner of Reason can be given why a Man should prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Case therefore Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reason, and forms to it self some Groundless Imaginary Motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well meaning Man that is very well pleased to risque his good Fortune upon the Number 1711, because it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Jester that would give a good deal for the Number 1734. On the contrary I have been told of a certain Zealous Dissenter, who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the most fortunate in this World, will lay two to one on the Number 666<sup>1</sup> against any other Number, because, says he, it is the Number of the Beast. Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own Age in their Number, some that they have got a number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers, and others because it is the same Number that succeeded in the last

Lottery. Each of these, upon no other Grounds, thinks he stands surest for the great Lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number*.

These Principles of Election are the Pastimes and Extravagancies of Humankind, which is of a human Nature, that it will be exerting itself in the most trifling and unimportant when it wants Materials. The wisest of Men are sometimes acted by such unreasonable Motives, as the Fate of the Fool and the Superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprised that none of the Fortune tellers, or as the French call them the *Maîtres de bonnet d'avenir*, who Publish their Bills in every Quarter of the Town have not turned our Lotteries to their Advantage. And any of them set up for a Caster of fortunate Figures what might he not get by his pretended Discoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertisements in the *Post* of September the 29th, I was surprised to see the following one.

*This is to give notice, That Ten Shillings more and more the Market's for the Lottery, No 132, by Nath. Cliff at the Pill and Three Crowns in Change to*

This Advertisement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-house Theorists. Mr. Cliff's Principles and Conversation have been canvassed upon this Occasion, and various Conjectures made why he should thus set his Heart upon Number 132. I have examined all the Powers in those Numbers, broken them into Frictions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all Ways, but could not arrive at the secret till about three Days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand, by which I find that Mr. Nathaniel Cliff is only the Agent, and not the Principal, in this Advertisement.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am the Person that lately advertised I would give ten Shillings more than the current Price for the Ticket No 132 in the Lottery now drawing, which is a Secret I have communicated to some Friends who rally me incessantly upon that Account. You must know I have but one Ticket, for which Reason, and a certain Dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the Number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great Lot, that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My Visions are so frequent and strong upon this Occasion, that I have not only purchased the Lot, but disposed of the Money which in all probability it will sell for. This Morning, in particular, I set up an Lampage which I look upon to be the greatest in the Town. The Jokers are very Rich, but not Grady. I should be very glad to see a Speculation or two upon Lottery Subjects, in which you would oblige all People concerned, and in particular

Your most humble Servant,  
George Gosling

P. S. 'Dear Sir, if I get the 12000 Pound, I'll make thee a handsome Present

<sup>1</sup> The number of the minority who were in 1704 for Treating a Bill against Occasional Conformity to a Money Bill [1666], and in first reprint.

be miss to give an Account of that Market for Preferment, a great Man's Levée.

For ought I know, this Commerce between the Mighty and their Slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good as to incline the Great to regard Business rather than Ostentation and make the Little know the Use of their Time too well, to spend it in vain Applications and Addresses.

The famous Doctor in *Noorfields*, who gained so much Reputation for his Horry Predictions is said to have had in his Parlour different Ropes to little Bells which hung in the Room above stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be consultations. If a Girl had been deceived by her Lover, one Bell was pulled, and if a Peasant had lost a Cow, the [Servant] rung another. This Method was kept in respect to all other Passions and Concerns, and [the skillful Water below<sup>2</sup>] sifted the Inquirer, and gave the Doctor Notice accordingly. The Levée of a great Man is had after the same manner, and twenty Whispers, false Alarms, and private Intimations, pass backward and forward from the Porter, the Valet, and the Patron himself, before the gaping Crew who are to pay their Court are gathered together. When the Scene is ready, the Doors fly open and discover his Lordship.

There are several Ways of making this first Appearance. You may be either half dressed, and washing your self which is indeed the most strictly, but this Way of Opening is peculiar to Military Men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked. But the Politicians, or Civil Officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a secret in Civility of Deportment. Whether it be Hieroglyphical or not, this Difference in the Military and Civil Levée, [I will not say] but [have<sup>3</sup>] ever understood the Fact to be, that the slow Minister is buttoned up, and the brave Officer open breasted on these Occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the Business of a Levée is to receive the Acknowledgments of a Multitude that a Man is Wise, [Bounteous,<sup>4</sup>] Valiant and Powerful. When the first Shot of Lyes [is<sup>5</sup>] made, it is wonderful to observe how much Submission the Patron's Modesty can bear, and how much Servitude the Client's Spirit can descend to. In the vast Multiplicity of Business, and the Crowd about him, my Lord's Parts are usually so great, that, to the Astonishment of the whole Assembly, he has something to say to every Man there, and that so suitable to his Capacity, as any Man may judge that it is not without Talents that Men can arrive at great Employments. I have known a great Man ask a Lay Officer, which way was the Wind, a Commander of Horse the present Price of Oats, and a Stock-Jobber at what Discount such a Fund was, with as much Ease as if he had been bred to each of those several Ways of Life. Now this is extremely obliging for at the same time that the Patron informs himself of Matters, he gives the Person of whom he enquires an Opportunity to

exert himself. What adds to the Pomp of those Interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest Silence and Order imaginable. The Patron is usually in the midst of the Room, and some humble Person give him a Whisper, which his Lordship answers aloud *It is well. Yes I am of your Opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you may be sure of my Part in it.* This happy Man is dismissed, and my Lord can turn himself to a Business of a quite different Nature, and oftentimes give as good an Answer as any great Man is obliged to. For the chief Point is to keep in General, and if there be any thing offered that is Particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the Height of the Affair, and my Lord's Creatures have all had their Whispers round to keep up the Force of the thing, and the Dumb Show is become more general. He is his Eye to that Corner, and there to Mr. such a one, to the other, and *when did you come to Town?* And perhaps just before he goes to another, and enters with him, *But Sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it.* Lack of time are happy for the next four and twenty Hours, and those who bow in Ruffs and tinguished, and by Dozens at a Time, think they have very good Prospects if they hope to arrive at such Notices half a Year hence.

The Satyrst says,<sup>1</sup> there is seldom common Sense in high Fortune, and one would think, to behold a Levée, that the Great were not only instructed with their Station but also that they believed all below were eyed too else how is it possible that they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a Levée for any thing but a direct Lie? But such is the Weakness of our Nature, that when Men are a little exalted in their Condition, they immediately conceive they have additional Senses, and their Capricious enlarged not only above other Men, but above human Comprehension itself. Thus it is ordinary to see a great Man attend one his ring, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A Girl in new Ribbands is not more taken with her self, nor does she betray more apparent Coquetries, than even a wise Man in such a Circumstance of Courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distrustful as the Affectation which is recorded of *Cæsar*, to wit, that he would dictate to three several Writers at the same time. This was an Ambition below the Greatness and Candour of his Mind. He indeed if any Man had Pretensions to greater Faculties than any other Mortal was the Person, but such a Way of acting is childish, and inconsistent with the Manner of our Being. And it appears from the very Nature of Things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the Distraction of a Public Levée, but the whole seems to be a Conspiracy of a Set of Servile Slaves, to give up their own Liberty to take away their Patron's Understanding.

<sup>1</sup> Juvenal, viii 73

<sup>2</sup> [Rope]    <sup>3</sup> [I have]    <sup>4</sup> [Beauteous], and in first reprint    <sup>5</sup> [are]

No 194 ] Friday, October 12, 1711 [State

Difficult Bile Tumet Jecur—Hor

THE present Paper shall consist of two Letters, which observe upon Faults that are easily cured both in Love and Friendship. In the latter, as far as it meer's regards Conversation, the Person who neglects visiting an agreeable Friend is punished in the very Transgression, for a good Companion is not found in every Room we go into. But the Case of Love is of a more delicate Nature, and the Anxiety is insupportable if every little Instance of Kindness is not reciprocal. There are Things in this Sort of Commerce which there are not Words to express, and a Man may not possibly know how to represent, what yet may tear his Heart into ten thousand Tortures. To be grave to a Man's Mirth, unattentive to his Discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a Disinclination to be entertained by him, is in it something so disagreeable, that the utmost Steps which may be made in further Enmity cannot give greater Torment. The gay Corinna, who sets up for an Indifference and becoming Headlessness, gives her Husband all the Torment ungrateful out of meer Insolence, with this peculiar Vanity, that she is to look as gay as a Maid in the Character of a Wife. It is no Matter what is the Reason of a Man's Grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy Man is convinced that she means him no Dishonour, but pines to Death because she will not have so much Deference to him as to avoid the Appearances of it. The Author of the following Letter is perplexed with an Injury that is in a Degree yet less criminal, and yet the Source of the utmost Unhappiness.

MR SPECTATOR,

I have read your Papers which relate to Jealousy, and desire your Advice in my Case, which you will say is not common. I have a Wife, of whose Virtue I am not in the least doubtful, yet I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives me as great Uneasiness as being faulty the other Way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that Case, for she keeps Possession of my Heart, without the Return of hers. I would desire your Observations upon that Temper in some Women, who will not condescend to convince their Husbands of their Innocence or their Love, but are wholly negligent of what Reflections the poor Men make upon their Conduct (so they cannot call it Criminal,) when at the same time a little Indifference of Behaviour, or Regard to shew an Inclination to please them, would make them Entirely at Ease. Do not such Women deserve all the Misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the actual Possession of Guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my Wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her Sister, or taking the Air with her Mother, it is always carried with the Air of a Secret. Then she will sometimes tell a thing of no Consequence, as if it was only Want of Memory made her conceal it before, and thus only to

'dally with my Anxiety. I have complained to her of this Behaviour in the gentlest Terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who desired only to live with her like an indulgent Friend, as the most morose and unsoberble Husband in the World. It is no easy Matter to describe our Circumstance, but it is insupportable with this Aggravation, that it might be easily mended, and yet no Remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a Phrase or two in this Letter which she will know came from me. If we enter into an Explanation which may tend to our future Quiet by your Means, you shall have our joint Thanks. In the mean time I am (as much as I can in this ambiguous Condition be any thing)

SIR,  
Your humble Servant

MR SPECTATOR,

Give me Leave to make you a Present of a Character not yet described in your Papers, which is that of a Man who treats his Friend with the same odd Variety which a Fantastical Female Tyrant practises towards her Lover. I have for some time had a Friendship with one of these Mercenary Persons. The Rogue I know loves me, yet takes Advantage of my Fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by Turns the best Friends and the greatest Strangers imaginable. Sometimes you would think us inseparable at other times he avoids me for a long time, yet neither he nor I know why. When we meet next by Chance, he is amazed he has not seen me, is unpunctual for an Appointment the same Evening and when I expect he should have kept it, I have known him slip away to another Place where he has sat reading the News, when there is no Post smoking his Pipe, which he seldom cares for, and staring about him in Company with whom he has had nothing to do, as if he wondered how he came there.

That I may state my Case to you the more fully, I shall transcribe some short Minutes I have taken of him in my Almanack since last Spring, for you must know there are certain Seasons of the Year, according to which, I will not say our Friendship, but the Enjoyment of it rises or falls. In March and April he was as various as the Weather. In May and part of June I found him the sprightliest best-humoured Fellow in the World. In the Dog-Days he was much upon the Indolent. In September very agreeable but very busy and since the Glass fell last to chugable he has made three Appointments with me, and broke them every one. However I have good Hopes of him this Winter, especially if you will lend me your Assistance to reform him, which will be a great Ease and Pleasure to,

October 9,

SIR,  
Your most humble Servant

T 1711

No 195] Saturday, October 13, 1711 [Addison

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσω τ' ἰόνῃ μισυπαντός,  
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλαχίῃ τε δε ἀσφοδελῶ μεγ'  
ὄνειρα — Hes

THERE is a Story in the *Arabian Nights Tales* of a King who had long languish'd under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken abundance of Remedies to no purpose. At length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method. He took an hollow Ball of Wood, and fill'd it with several Drugs after which he clos'd it up so artfully that nothing appear'd. He likewise took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle, and thro' that which strikes the Ball, he enclud'd in them several Drugs after the same Manner as in the Ball it self. He then order'd the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these *rightly prepar'd* Instruments, till such time as he should sweat. When, as the Story goes, the Virtue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood, had so good an Influence on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern Allegory is finely contriv'd to shew us how beneficial bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physick. I have described in my Hundred and Fifteenth Paper, from the general Structure and Mechanism of an Human Body, how absolutely necessary Exercise is for its Preservation. I shall in this Place recommend another great Preservative of Health, which in many Cases produces the same Effects as Exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its Place, where Opportunities of Exercise are wanting. The Preservative I am speaking of is Temperance, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practis'd by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season or in any Place. It is a kind of Regimen into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption to Business, Expence of Money, or Loss of Time. If Exercise throws off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them: If Exercise clears the Vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them: It Exercise raises proper Ferments in the Humours, and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert her self in all her Force and Vigour: If Exercise dissipates a growing Distemper, Temperance starves it.

Physick, for the most part, is nothing else but the Substitute of Exercise or Temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, that cannot wait the slow Operations of these two great Instruments of Health: but did Men live in an habitual Course of Exercise and Temperance, there would be but little Occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those Parts of the World are the most healthy,

where they subsist by the Chace, and that Men lived longest when their Lives were employ'd in hunting, and when they had little Food besides what they caught. Blistering, Cupping, Bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and Intemperate: as all those inward Applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but Expedients to make Luxury consistent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employ'd in counterminding the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*,<sup>1</sup> that meeting a young Man who was going to a Feast, he took him up in the Street and carried him home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a Family, mad, and have begged his Servants to tie down his Hands, had he seen him devour Fowl, Fish, and Flesh, swallow Oyl and Vinegar, Wines and Spices, throw down Salads of twenty different Herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberless Sweetness and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments must such a Medley of Intemperance produce in the Body? For my Part, when I behold a fashionable Table set out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I see Gouts and Dropsies, Feavers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers lying in Ambuscade among the Dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Dish. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fish of that, and Flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his Way, not the smallest Fruit or Excrescence of the Earth, scarce a Berry or a Mushroom can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, because what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another: but there are few that have lived any time in the World, who are not Judges of their own Constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what Proportions of Food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my Readers as my Patients, and to prescribe such a kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our Climate and Way of Living, I would copy the following Rules of a very eminent Physician. Make your whole Repast out of one Dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing Strong, till you have finish'd your Meal [at<sup>2</sup>] the same time abstain from all Sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A Man could not be well guilty of Gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy Rules. In the first Case there could be no Variety of Tastes to solicit his Palate, and occasional Excess nor in the second any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satety, and create a false Appetite. Were I to prescribe a Rule for Drinking, it should be form'd upon a Saying quoted by Sir William Temple,<sup>3</sup> *The first Glass for my*

<sup>1</sup> The History of the Greek King and Douban 'the Physician' told by the Fisherman to the Genie in the story of 'the Fisherman'

<sup>2</sup> Diog. Laert., Lives of the Philosophers, Bk. vi ch 2

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Temple does not quote as a say-



self, the second for my Friends, the third for good Humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies. But because it is impossible for one who lives in the World to diet himself always in so Philosophical a manner, I think every Man should have his Days of Abstinence, according to his Constitution will permit. These are great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualify her for struggling with Hunger and Thirst, whenever any Distemper or Duty of Life may put her upon such Difficulties, and at the same time give her an Opportunity of extricating herself from her Oppressions, and recovering the several Tones and Springs of her distended Vessels. Besides that Abstinence well timed often kills a Sickness in Embryo, and destroys the first Seeds of an Indisposition. It is observed by two or three Ancient Authors,<sup>1</sup> that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great Plague, which has made so much Noise through all Ages and has been celebrated at different Times by so eminent Hands, I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring Pestilence, he never caught the least Infection, which those Writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an Observation which I have often made, upon reading the Lives of the Philosophers, and comparing them with any Series of Kings or great Men of the same number. If we consider these Ancient Sages, a great Part of whose Philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious Course of Life, one would think the Life of a Philosopher and the Life of a Man were of two different Dates. For we find that the Generality of these wise Men were nearer in hundred than sixty Years of Age at the Time of their respective Deaths. But the most remarkable Instance of the Efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of long Life, is what we meet with in a little Book published by *Levis Cornaro the Venetian* which I rather mention, because it is of undoubted Credit, as the late *Venetian* Ambassador, who was of the same Family, attested more than once in Conversation, when he resided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the Author of the little Treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm Constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact Course of Temperance, he recovered a perfect State of Health inasmuch that at fourscore he published his Book, which has been translated into *English* upon the Title of *[Sure and certain Methods of attaining a long and healthy Life]*. He lived to give a 3rd or 4th Edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth Year, died without Pain or Agony, and like one who falls asleep. The Treatise I mention has

ing, but says himself, near the end of his Essay upon Health and Long Life of Government of Diet and Exercise, 'In both which, all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine.' Whereof the first Glass may pass for Health, the second for good Humour, the third for our Friends but the fourth is for our Enemies.

<sup>1</sup> Diogenes Laertius in Life of Socrates, *Aelian* in *Var. Hist.* Bk. xii.

<sup>2</sup> *[The Sure Way]*

been taken notice of by several Eminent Authors, and is written with such a Spirit of Cheerfulness, Religion, and good Sense, as are the natural Concomitants of Temperance and Sobriety. The Mixture of the old Man in it is rather a Recommendation than a Discredit to it.

Having designed this Paper as the Sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance as it is a Moral Virtue, which I shall make the Subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the Means of Health.

No 196 ] Monday, October 15, 1711 [ Steele

*Est Ulubris, armus si te uo i defuit agnus*  
Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

THERE is a particular Fault which I have observed in most of the Moralists in all Ages, and that is, that they are always professing themselves, and teaching others to be happy. This State is not to be arrived at in this Life, therefore I would recommend to you to talk in a humbler Strain than your Predecessors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The Thoughts of him who would be direct, and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our Pain rather than promoting our Joy. Great Inquietude is to be avoided, but great Felicity is not to be attained. The great Lesson is Aequanimity, a Regularity of Spirit, which is a little above Cheerfulness and below Mirth. Cheerfulness is always to be supported if a Man is out of Pain, but Mirth to a prudent Man should always be accidental. It should naturally arise out of the Occasion, and the Occasion seldom be laid for it, for those Tempers who want Mirth to be pleased, are like the Constitutions which sing without the use of Brandy. Therefore, I say, let your Precept be, *Be easy*. That Mind is disolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud Laughter or sensual Pleasure, or else [be] wholly unactive.

There are a Couple of old Fellows of my Acquaintance who meet every Day and smok a Pipe, and by their mutual Love to each other, tho' they have been Men of Business and Bustle in the World, enjoy a greater Tranquillity than either could have worked himself into by any Chapter of *Seneca*. Indolence of Body and Mind, when we run at no more, is very frequently enjoyed, but the very Enquiry after Happiness is something restless in it, which a Man who lives in a Series of temperate Meals, friendly Conversations, and easy Slumbers, gives himself no Trouble about. While Men of Refinement are talking of Tranquillity, he possesses it.

What I would by these broken Expressions recommend to you, MR SPECTATOR, is, that you would speak of the Way of Life, which pleases

'Men may pursue, to fill up the Spaces of Time with Satisfaction. It is a lamentable Circumstance, that Wisdom, nor, as you call it, Philosophy, should furnish Ideas only for the Learned, and that a Man must be a Philosopher to know how to pass away his Time agreeably. It would therefore be worth your Pains to place in an handsome Light the Relations and Affinities among Men, which render their Conversation with each other so grateful, that the highest Talents give but an impotent Pleasure in Comparison with them. You may find Descriptions and Discourses which will render the Fire side of an honest Artificer as entertaining as your own Club is to you. Good nature has an endless Source of Pleasure in it, and the Representation of domestick Life, filled with its natural Grati- fications, (instead of the necessary Vexations which are generally insisted upon in the Writings of the Witty) will be a very good Office to Society.

The Vicissitudes of Labour and Rest in the lower Part of Mankind, and their Being press- ed away with that Sort of Relish which we express by the Word Comfort and should be treated of by you, who are a SPECTATOR, as well as such Subjects which appear indeed more speculative, but are less instructive. In a word, Sir, I would have you turn your Thoughts to the Advantage of such as want you most and shew that Simplicity, Innocence, Industry and Temperance, are Arts which lead to Tranquillity, as much as Learning, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Contem- plation.

I am, Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

T B

MR SPECTATOR, Hackney, [October 12<sup>th</sup>]  
'I am the young Woman whom you did so much Justice in some time ago, in acknowledging that I am perfect Mistress of the Fan, and use it with the utmost Knowledge and Dexterity. Indeed the World, as malicious as it is, will allow, that from an Hurry of Laughter I recollect myself the most suddenly, make a Curtesie, and let fall my Hands before me, closing my Fan at the same instant, the best of any Woman in England. I am not a little delighted that I have had your Notice and Approbation and however other young Women may rilly me out of Envy, I triumph in it, and demand a Praise in your Friendship. You must therefore permit me to say before you the present State of my Mind. I was reading your *Spectator* of the 9th Instant, and thought the Circumstance of the Ass divided between two Bundles of Hay which equally affected his Senses, was a lively Representation of my present Condition. For you are to know that I am extremely enamoured with two young Gentlemen who at this Time pretend to me. One must lude nothing when one is asking Advice, therefore I will own to you, that I am very amorous and very covetous. My Lover *Will* is very rich, and my Lover *Tom* very handsome. I can have either of them when I please, but

2 [the 12th of October]

'when I debate the Question in my own Mind I cannot take *Tom* far from losing *Will's* Estate, nor enter upon *Will's* Estate, and bid adieu to *Tom's* Person. I am very young, and yet am one in the World, dear Sir, has the main Chance more in her Hand than my self. *Tom* is the gayest, the blindest Creature. He dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all Hours and Seasons. Oh! he is the Joy of my Eyes! But then again *Will* is so very rich and careful of the Man. How many pretty Dresses does *Tom* appear in to charm me? But then it immediately occurs to me that a Man of his Circumstances is so much the poorer Upon the whole I have at last examined both these Desires of Love and Ambition, and upon strictly weighing the Matter I begin to think I shall be covetous longer than fond; therefore if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall take *Will* Alas, poor *Tom*!

Your Humble Servant,

BIDDY LOTTRESS

No 197] Tuesday, October 16 1711 [Budgeell

*Alter vixatur de laud saepe caprina  
Prægnat nunc aratus scilicet, ut non  
Sis mihi prima fides, et erigat placet, ut non  
Acriter elatam pretium ætas altera sordet  
Amplius quid enim? Castor sciat an Poetus  
plus,  
Brundisium Numici melius rina ducat an Adri-*  
Hor

EVERY Age a Man passes through, and Way of Life he engages in, has some particular Vice or Imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest Care to avoid. The several Weaknesses, to which Youth, Old Age and Manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the Poets and Philosophers. But I do not remember to have met with any Author who has treated of those ill Habits Men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different Ages and Tempers, as the particular Profess on or Business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this Subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent as not to escape the most vulgar Observation. The Business Men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain Cast or Turn to their Minds, but is very often apparent in their outward Behaviour, and some of the most indifferent Actions of their Lives. It is this Air diffusing itself over the whole Man, which helps us to find out a Person at his first Appearance so that the most careless Observer scarcely can scarce be mistaken in the Carriage of a Seaman or the Gait of a Taylor.

The liberal Arts, though they may possibly have less Effect on our external Mien and Behaviour, make so deep an Impression on the Mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one Way.

The Mathematician will take little less than

Demonstration in the most common Discourse, and the Schoolman is as great a Friend to Definitions and Syllogisms. The Physician and Divine are often heard to dictate in private Companies with the same Authority which they exercise over their Patients and Disciples, while the Lawyer is putting Cases and raising Matter for Disputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other inadvertent more at large on the particular Faults of this Profession is most infected with, but shall it present wholly apply myself to the Cure of what I just mentioned, namely, that Spirit of Strife and Contention in the Conversations of Gentlemen of the Long Robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these Gentlemen regarding Argument as their own proper Province, and very often making ready Money of it, think it unsafe to yield before Company. They are shewing in common Talk how zealously they could defend a Cause in Court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that Temper which is absolutely requisite to render Conversation pleasant and instructive.

CAPTAIN SENTRY pushes this Matter so far, that I have heard him say, *He has known but few Pleaders that were tolerable Company*.

The Captain, who is a Man of good Sense, but dry Conversation, was last Night giving me an Account of a Discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young Wrangler in the Law. I was giving my Opinion, says the Captain, without apprehending any Debité that might arise from it, of a General's Behaviour in a Battle that was fought some Years before either the Temple or my self were born. The young Lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a Quarter of an Hour upon a Subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to shew me that my Opinions were ill grounded. Upon which, says the Captain, to avoid any further Contests, I told him, That truly I had not considered those several Arguments which he had brought against me, and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but says my Antagonist, who would not let me escape so, there are several Things to be urged in favour of your Opinion which you have omitted, and thereupon begun to shine on the other Side of the Question. Upon this, says the Captain, I came over to my first Sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his Reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Temple again recovered his former Posture, and confuted both himself and me a third time. In short, says my Friend, I found he was resolved to keep me at Sword's Length, and never let me close with him, so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my Antagonist free leave to smile at his Victory, who I found, like *Hudibras*, could still change Sides, and still confute.<sup>1</sup>

For my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Courts as Nurseries of Statesmen and Law-givers, which makes me often frequent that Part of the Town with great Pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temp's Coffee houses, I found the whole

Room, which was full of young Students, divided into several Parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some Controversie. The Management of the late Ministry was attacked and defended with great Vigour, and several Preliminaries to the Peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others, the demolishing of *Dunkirk* was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a Challenge. In short, I observed that the Desire of Victory, whetted with the little Prejudices of Party and Interest, generally carried the Argument to such an Height, as made the Disputants insensibly conceive an Aversion towards each other, and part with the highest Dissatisfaction on both Sides.

The managing an Argument handsomely being so nice a Point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few Rules on that Head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young Kinsman of mine who had made so great a Proficiency in the Law, that he began to plead in Company upon every Subject that was started.

Having the entire Manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such Parts of it as I shall think requisite for the Instruction of the British Youth. What regards my present Purpose is as follows.

Avoid Disputes as much as possible. In order to appear erudite and well-bred in Conversation, you may assure your self that it requires more Wit, as well as more good Humour, to improve than to contradict the Notions of another. But if you are at any time obliged to enter on an Argument, give your Reasons with the utmost Coolness and Modesty, two Things which scarce ever fail of making an Impression on the Hearers. Besides, if you are neither Dogmatical, nor slow either by your Actions or Words, that you are full of your self, all will the more heartily rejoice at your Victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your Argument, you may make your Retreat with a very good Grace. You were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical Way of Reasoning, where while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an Absurdity, and tho' possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your Opinion, which is firmly fix'd, you seem only to desire Information from him.

In order to keep that Temper, which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your Opinion. The Interests, Education, and Means by which Men attain their Knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike, and he has at least as much Reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep your self cool, it may be of Service to ask your self fairly, What might have been your Opinion, had you all the Biasses of Education and Interest your Adversary may possibly have? but if you contend for the Honour of Victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible Maxim. That you cannot make

<sup>1</sup> Part I, canto 1, v 69, 70

<sup>2</sup> 1st ed., and in first edition

a more false Step, or give your Antagonists a greater Advantage over you, than by filling into a Passion.

When an Argument is over, how many weighty Reasons, does a Man recollect, which his Heat and Violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a Man because he does not apprehend the Force of your Reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for Reputation this makes your Victory the easier: he is certainly in all respects an Object of your Pity, rather than Anger, and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank Nature for her Favours, who has given you so much the clearer Understanding.

You may please to add this Consideration, That among your Equals no one values your Anger, which only preys upon its Master and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with Prudence or your Ease, to punish your self whenever you meet with a Fool or a Knave.

Lastly, If you propose to your self the true End of Argument, which is Information, it may be a seasonable Check to your Passion for if you search purely after Truth 'twill be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this Place omit an Observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a Man more Esteem and less Envy from the whole Company, than if he chooses the Part of Moderator, without engaging directly on either Side in a Dispute. This gives him the Character of Impartial, furnishes him with an Opportunity of sifting Things to the Bottom, shewing his Judgment, and of sometimes making handsome Compliments to each of the contending Parties.

I shall close this Subject with giving you one Caution. When you have gained a Victory, do not push it too far 'tis sufficient to let the Company and your Admirers see 'us in your Power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

X.

No 198] Wednesday, Oct 17, 1711 [Addison

*Certe infortuna præda rapacium  
Sectatur ultro, quos opinus  
Fallere et effugere est triumphus* — Hor

THERE is a Species of Women, whom I shall distinguish by the Name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of Heroine in Christianity, that trends upon Fire, and lives in the Midst of Flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no Distinction of Sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a Stranger at first Sight, and is not so narrow spirited as to observe whether the Person she talks to be in Brooches or Petticoats. She admits a Male Visitant to her Bed side, plays with him a whole Afternoon at piquette, walks with him two or three Hours by Moon-light and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of an Husband, or the severity of a Parent that would debar her Sex from such innocent Liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual Declaimer

against Jealousie, and Admirer of the French Gond breeding, and a great Stickler for Freedom in Conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible State of Simplicity and Innocence. Her Constitution is *preserved* in a kind of natural Frost, she wonders what People mean by Temptation, and defies Mankind to do their worst. Her Christianity is engaged in a constant *Ordeal*, or fiery Tryal. Like good Queen Emma, the pretty Innocent walks blindfold among burning Plough shares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the Use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single State of Life, that I design the following Paper but for such Females only as are made of Fleh and Blood, and find themselves subject to Human Frailties.

As for this Part of the fair Sex who are not of the Salamander Kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different Conduct in their Behaviour and to avoid as much as possible what Religion calls *Temptations*, and the World *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many Thousands of their Sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent Freedoms to Ruin and Infamy and how many Millions of ours have begun with Flatteries, Protestations and Endearments, but ended with Reproaches, Perjury, and Perfidiousness they would shun like Death the very first Approaches of one that might lead them into inextinguishable Labyrinths of Guilt and Misery. I must so far give up the Cause of the Male World, as to exhort the Female Sex in the Language of *Chamout* in the *Orphan*,<sup>2</sup>

*Trust not a Man, 'ere are by Nature False,  
Dissembling, Subtle, Cruel, and Unconstant  
When a Man talks of Love, with Caution trust him*

*But if he Swears, he'll certainly deceive thee*

I might very much enlarge upon this Subject, but shall conclude it with a Story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish Officers,<sup>3</sup> and which may shew the Danger a Woman incurs by too great Familiarities with a Male Companion.

An Inhabitant of the Kingdom of *Castile*, being a Man of more than ordinary Prudence, and of a grave composed Behaviour, determined about the fiftieth Year of his Age to enter upon Wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his Eye upon a young Woman who had nothing to recommend her but her Beauty and her Education, her Parents having been reduced to great Poverty by the Wars, [which] for some

<sup>1</sup> The story of Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor and her walking unhurt, blindfold and barefoot, over nine red hot ploughshares, is told in Bayle's Dictionary, a frequent suggester of allusions in the *Spectator*. Tonson reported that he usually found Bayle's Dictionary open on Addison's table whenever he called on him.

<sup>2</sup> Act 2

<sup>3</sup> That is, English officers who had served in Spain.

<sup>4</sup> [that]

Years have laid that whole Country waste. The *Castilian* having made his Addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect Happiness for some time. When at length the Husband's Affairs made it necessary for him to take a Voyage to the Kingdom of *Naples* where a great Part of his Estate lay. The Wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a Shipboard above a Day, when they unluckily fell into the Hands of an *Algerine* Pirate, who carried the whole Company on Shore, and made them Slaves. The *Castilian* and his Wife had the Comfort to be under the same Master, who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their Liberty, demanded a most exorbitant Price for their Ransom. The *Castilian*, though he would rather have died in Slavery himself, than have paid such a Sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with Compassion towards his Wife, that he sent repeated Orders to his Friend in *Spain*, (who happened to be his next Relation) to sell his Estate, and transmit the Money to him. His Friend hoping that the Terms of his Ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an Estate which he himself had some Prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole Years passed away without any thing being done for the setting of them at Liberty.

There happened to live a *French* Renegado in the same Place where the *Castilian* and his Wife were kept Prisoners. As this Fellow had in him all the Vivacity of his Nation, he often entertained the Captives with Accounts of his own Adventures to which he sometimes added a Song or a Dance, or some other Piece of Mirth, to divert them [during] their Confinement. His Acquaintance with the Manners of the *Algerines*, enabled him likewise to do them several good Offices. The *Castilian* as he was one Day in Conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the Negligence and Irregularity of his Correspondent in *Castile*, and at the same time asked his Advice how he should behave himself in that Emergency. He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the Money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his Estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him that his *Algerine* Master would never consent to his Release upon such a Pretence, at length contrived a Method for the *Castilian* to make his Escape in the Habit of a Seaman. The *Castilian* succeeded in his Attempt and having sold his Estate, being afraid lest the Money should miscarry by the Way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his Life, he returned himself in a little Vessel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impossible to describe the Joy he felt on this Occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the Wife whom he so much loved, and endeavour himself more to her by this uncommon Piece of Generosity.

The Renegado, during the Husband's Absence, so insinuated himself into the good Graces of his young Wife, and so turned her Head with Stories

of Gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest Gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her Mind was quite alienated from the honest *Castilian*, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old Fellow unworthy the Possession of so charming a Creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his Arrival, so that she received him with an Appearance of the utmost Love and Gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common Friend the Renegado with the Money he had brought over for their Ransom, as not questioning but he would bestow the Terms of it, and negotiate the Affair more to their Advantage than they themselves could do. The good Man admired her Prudence, and followed her Advice. I wish I could conceal the Sequel of this Story, but since I cannot I shall dispatch it in as few Words as possible. The *Castilian* having slept longer than ordinary the next Morning, upon his waking found his Wife had left him. He immediately arose and enquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the Renegado about Break of Day. In a Word, her Lover having got all things ready for her Departure, they soon made their Escape out of the Territories of *Algiers*, carried away the Money, and left the *Castilian* in Captivity, who partly through the cruel Treatment of the incensed *Algerine* his Master, and partly through the unkind Usage of his unfaithful Wife, died some few Months after.

L

No 199] Thursday, October 28, 1711 [Steele

— Scribere jussit amor — Ovid

THE following Letters are written with such an Air of Sincerity, that I cannot deny the insuring of them.

My SPECTATOR,

'Tho' you are every where in your Writings a Friend to Women, I do not remember that you have directly considered the mercenary Practice of Men in the Choice of Wives. If you would please to employ your Thoughts upon that Subject, you would easily conceive the miserable Condition many of us are in, who not only from the Law of Custom and Modesty are restrained from making any Advances towards our Wishes, but are also, from the Circumstance of Fortune, out of all Hope of being addressed to by those whom we love. Under all these Disadvantages I am obliged to apply my self to you, and hope I shall prevail with you to Print in your very next Paper the following Letter, which is a Declaration of Passion to one who has made some faint Addresses to me for some time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the Inequality of my Fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to the World, if he pursues his Designs by way of Marriage, and I believe, as he does not want Discerning, he discovered me looking at him the other Day unawares in such a Manner as his

'raised his Hopes of gaining me on Terms the Men call easier But my Heart was very full on this Occasion, and if you know what Love and Honour are, you will pardon me that I use no further Arguments with you, but hasten to my Letter to him, whom I call *Oroondates*,<sup>1</sup> because if I do not succeed it shall look like Romance, and if I am regarded, you shall receive a Pair of Gloves at my Wedding, sent you under the Name of *Statira*

### TO OROONDATES

SIR,  
'After very much Perplexity in my self, and revolving how to requirunt you with my own Sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this Way, by which methinks I can be at once revealed to you, or, if you please lie concealed. If I do not within few Days find the Effect which I hope from this, the whole Affair shall be buried in Oblivion. But, alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you? But after I have done so, I am to assure you, that with all the Passion which ever entered a tender Heart, I know I can banish you from my Sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no Inclinations towards me but to my Dishonour. But, alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential Happiness of Life, to the Opinion of a World, that moves upon no other Foundation but profane Error and Prejudice? You all can observe that Riches alone do not make you happy, and yet give up every Thing else when it strids in Competition with Riches. Since the World is so bad, that Religion is left to us silly Women, and you Men act generally upon Principles of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any Thing but what may be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the World. And I will lay before you the State of the Case, supposing that you had it in your Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is more for your Interest, and will contribute more to your Pleasure.

'We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and you were now in Expectation of the approaching Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient Corner of the Town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wretched Imagination has promised you in the Possession of one who is in the Bloom of Youth, and in the Reputation of Innocence you would soon have enough of me, as I am Sprightly, Young, Gay, and Airy. When Fancy is sated, and finds all the Promises it [made] it self false, where is now the Innocence which charmed you? The first Hour you are alone you will find that the Pleasure of a Debauchee is only that of a Destroyer. He blasts all the Fruit he tastes, and where the Brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man. Reason resumes her Place after Imagination is

employed, and I am, with the utmost Distress and Confusion, to behold my self the Cause of un-ease Reflections to you, to be visited by Sterility, and dwell for the future with the two Companions (the most unfit for each other in the World) Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in, nor run over the little short Snatches of fresh Air and free Commerce which all People must be satisfied with, whose Actions will not bear Examination, but leave them to your Reflections, who have seen of that Life of which I have but a meer Idea.

'On the other hand, if you can be so good and generous as to make me your Wife, you may promise your self all the Obedience and Tenderness with which Gratitude can inspire a virtuous Woman. Whatever Gratifications you may promise your self from an agreeable Person, whatever Compliances from an easy Temper, whatever Consolations from a sincere Friendship, you may expect as the Due of your Generosity. What at present in your ill View you promise your self from me, will be followed by Distaste and Satiety. But the Transports of a virtuous Love are the least Part of its Happiness. The Raptures of innocent Passion are but like Lightning to the Day, they rather interrupt than advance the Pleasure of it. How happy then is that Life to be, where the highest Pleasures of Sense are but the lower Parts of its Felicity?

'Now am I to repeat to you the unartificial Request of taking me in direct Terms. I know there stands between me and that Happiness, the haughty Daughter of a Man who can give you suitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh the Attendance and Behaviour of her who comes to you in Partnership of your Fortune, and expects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters your House as honoured and obliged by that Permission, whom of the two will you chuse? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a Day abroad in the common Diversions of Men of Sense and Fortune. She will think herself ill-used in that Absence, and contrive at Home an Expence proportioned to the Appearance which you make in the World. She is in all things to have a Regard to the Fortune which she brought you, I to the Fortune to which you introduced me. The Commerce between you two will eternally have the Air of a Bargain, between us of a Friendship. Joy will ever enter into the Room with you, and kind Wishes attend my Benefactor when he leaves it. As for your self, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the Pleasure of having laid an immediate Obligation on a grateful Mind? such will be your Case with Me. In the other Marriage you will live in a constant Comparison of Benefits, and never know the Happiness of conferring or receiving any.

'It may be you will, after all, act rather in the prudent Way, according to the Sense of the ordinary World. I know not what I think or say, when that melancholy Reflection comes upon me but shall only add more, that it is in your Power to make me your Grateful Wife, but never your Abandoned Mistress.

<sup>1</sup> A character in Madame Scudéri's 'Grand Cyrus' <sup>2</sup> [made to]

No 300.] Friday, October 19, 1711 [Steele]

Pacat Anni Patrie ——— Vixit

THE Ambition of Princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their People. This cannot be doubted of such as have not fortune in their Wars, but it is a sadder true too of those who are celebrated for their Successes. If a severe View were to be taken of their Conduct, if the Profit and Loss by their Wars could be justly ballanced, it would be rarely found that the Conquest is sufficient to repay the Cost.

As I was the other Day looking over the Letters of my Correspondents, I met this illustrious that of *Philanthropus*<sup>1</sup>, which has turned my present Thought upon Political Arithmetic, an Art of greater Use than I entertain'd. My Friend has offer'd an Essay towards proving that *Leviathan* with all his Acquisitions is no Master of more People than at the Beginning of his Wars, nay that for every Subject he has acquired, he had lost Three that were his Inheritance. If *Philanthropus* is not mistaken in his Calculations, *Leviathan* must have been impoverished by his Ambition.

The Prince for the Publick Good has a Sovereign Property in every Private Person's Estate, and consequently his Riches must encrease or decrease in proportion to the Number and Riches of his Subjects. For Example, If Sword or Pestilence should destroy all the People of this Metropolis, God forbid there should be Room for such a Supposition! but if this could be the Case, the Queen must needs receive a great Part of her Revenue, or at least what is charged upon the City must be the Burden upon the rest of her Subjects. Perseus the Italian wants here no more than a Tenth Part of the War, yet as they are better fed, and clothed, and shod, than her other Subjects, the Customs and Land Tax upon their Consumption the Impertinence of House and other Taxes do very probably make a fifth Part of the whole Revenue of the Crown. But this is not all. The Consumption of the City takes off a great Part of the Fruits of the whole Island, and as it pays such a Proportion of the Rent or yearly Value of the Lands in the Country, so it is the Cause of paying such a Proportion of Taxes upon those Lands. The Loss then of such a People must needs be sensible to the Prince, and visible to the whole Kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from Heaven a new People equal in Number and Riches to the City, I should be ready to think their Taxes, Customs, and House Rent would raise as great a Revenue to the Crown as would be lost in the former Case. And as the Consumption of this New Body would be a new Market for the Fruits of the Country, all the Lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly Value, and pay greater yearly Taxes to the Publick. The Gain in this Case would be as sensible as the former Loss.

Whatsoever is assess'd upon the General, is levied upon Individuals. It were worth the while

then to consider what is paid by, or by means of the meanest Subjects, in order to compute the Value of every Subject to the Prince.

For my own part, I should believe that Seven Tenth's of the People are still out Property in themselves, or the Heads of their Families, and forced to work for their daily Bread, and that of this Sort there are Seven Millions in the whole Island of Great Britain. And yet one would imagine that Seven Tenth's of the whole People should consume at least three fourths of the whole Revenue of the Country. If this is the Case, the Subjects without Property pay Three fourths of the Rent, and consequently enable the Landed Men to pay Three fourths of their Taxes. Now if so great a Part of the Land Tax were to be divided by Seven Millions, it would amount to more than three Shillings to every Head. And this is the Poor are the Cause without which the Rich could not pay this Tax, even the poorest Subject upon this Account worth three Shillings yearly to the Prince.

Again. One would imagine the Consumption of seven Tenth's of the whole People, should pay two Thirds of all the Customs and Taxes. And if this Sum too should be divided by seven Millions, it is the Number of poor People, it would amount to more than seven Shillings to every Head. And therefore with this and the former Sum every poor Subject, without Property, except of his Limbs or Labour, is worth at least ten Shillings yearly to the Sovereign. So much then the Queen loves with every one of her old, and gruns with every one of her new Subjects.

When I was got into the Way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the Argument, and was so prepar'd to write a Letter of Advice to a Member of Parliament, for opening the Freedom of our Towns and Trades, for taking away all manner of Distinction between the Native and Foreigners for settling our Laws of Parish Settlements, and removing every other Obstacle to the Increase of the People. But as soon as I had reflected with what an idle Sequence my Fellow Labourers had experienced the Mischiefs of telling the Path of *British* for a Shilling, of spouting the pure *British* Plod with foreign Mixture of interbreeding a Confusion of Languages and Religions, and of letting in Strangers to eat the Bread out of the Mouths of our own People, I became so humble as to let my Project fall to the Ground, and leave my Country to encrease by the ordinary Way of Generation.

As I have always in Heart the Publick Good, so I am ever contriv'd Schemes to promote it, and I think I may without Vanity pretend to have contriv'd some as wise as any of the Castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former Project, but my Head was presently full of draining, Leas, and Marshes, banking out the Sea, and joining new Lands to my Country, for since it is thought impracticable to encrease the People to the Land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the Prince by encreasing the Lands to the People.

If the same omnipotent Power, which made the World, should at this time raise out of the Ocean and join to Great Britain an equal Extent of

<sup>1</sup> Or Henry Martyn<sup>2</sup> In No 180

Land, with equal Buildings, Corn, Cattle and other Conveniences and Necessaries of Life, but no Men, Women, nor Children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the Riches of the People, or Revenue of the Prince for since the present Buildings are sufficient for all the Inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new Part of the Island, the Increase of House Rent in this would be attended with at least an equal Decrease of it in the other. Besides, we have such a Sufficiency of Corn and Cattle, that we give Bounties to our Neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our Hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our Fellow-Subjects and for the remaining Product of the Country 'tis already equal to all our Markets. But if all these Things should be doubled to the same Buyers, the Owners must be glad with half their present Prices, the Landlords with half their present Rents and thus by so great an Enlargement of the Country, the Rents in the whole would not increase, nor the Taxes to the Publick.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished, for as the Land is only valuable for its Fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the Year, or perish without Use, the Owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their Possession. So that 'tis probable the annual Production of those perishable things, even of one Tenth Part of them, beyond all Possibility of Use, will reduce one Half of their Value. It seems to be for this Reason that our Neighbour Merchants who ingross all the Spices, and know how great a Quantity is equal to the Demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the Annual Production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an Eighth Part of their present Prices, and thus this extended Island would not exceed one Fourth Part of its present Value, or pay more than one Fourth Part of the present Tax.

It is generally observed, That in Countries of the greatest Plenty there is the poorest Living like the Schoolmen's Ass, in one of my Speculations, the People do not starve between two Mills. The Truth is, the Poor, which are the Bulk of the Nation, work only that they may live and if with two Days Labour they can get a wretched Subsistence for a Week, they will hardly be brought to work the other four. But then with the Wages of two Days they can neither pay such Prices for their Provisions, nor such Taxes to the Government.

This paradox therefore in old *Hesiod* [*πλεον ἡμισυ παντός*,<sup>1</sup>] or Half is more than the Whole, is very applicable to the present Case since nothing is more true in political Arithmetick, than that the same People with half a Country is more valuable than with the Whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir *W Petty*, when he fancied if all the Highlands of *Scotland* and the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* were sunk in the Ocean, so that the People were all saved and brought into the Lowlands of *Great Britain*;

any, though they were to be reimbursed the Value of their Estates by the Body of the People, yet both the Sovereign and the Subjects in general would be enriched by the very Loss.<sup>2</sup>

If the People only make the Riches, the Father of ten Children is a greater Benefactor to his Country, than he who has added to it 10000 Acres of Land and no People. It is certain *Levi* has join'd vast Tracts of Land to his Dominions. But if *Philurthimus* says true, that he is not now Master of so many Subjects as before we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty Armies into the Field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The Reason is plain, *Levi* must needs have been impoverished not only by his Loss of Subjects, but by his Acquisition of Lands.

[No 201] Saturday, October 20, 1711 [Addison]

*Religientem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas*  
Incerti Auctoris apud Aul. Geil.

IT is of the last Importance to season the Passions of a Child with Devotion, which seldom dies in a Mind that has received an early Impulse of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the Cares of the World, the Heats of Youth, or the Allurements of Vice, it generally breaks out and discovers it self again as soon as Discretion, Consideration, Age, or Misfortunes have brought the Man to himself. The Fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A State of Temperance, Sobriety, and Justice, without Devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid Concoction of Virtue and is rather to be styled Philosophy than Religion. Devotion opens the Mind to great Conceptions, and fills it with more sublime Ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted Science and at the same time warms and agitates the Soul more than sensual Pleasure.

It has been observed by some Writers, that Man is more distinguished from the Animal World by Devotion than by Reason, as several Brute Creatures discover in their Actions something like a faint Glimmering of Reason, though they betray in no single Circumstance of their Behaviour any Thing that bears the least Affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the Propensity of the Mind to Religious Worship, the natural Tendency of the Soul to fly to some Superior Being for Succour in Dangers and Distresses, the Gratitude to an invisible Superintendant [which<sup>2</sup>] rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good Fortune, the Acts of Love and Admiration with which the Thoughts of Men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the Divine Perfections, and the universal Concurrence of all the Nations under Heaven in the great Article of Adoration, plainly shew that Devotion or Religious Worship must be the Effect of Tradition from some first Founder of Mankind, or that it is

<sup>1</sup> [*πλεον ἡμισυ παντός*]

<sup>2</sup> A new edition of Sir *W Petty*'s *Essays in Political Arithmetick* had just appeared. <sup>2</sup> [that]



conformable to the Natural Light of Reason, or that it proceeds from an Instinct implanted in the Soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent Causes, but which ever of them shall be assigned as the Principle of Divine Worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first Author of it.

I may take some other Opportunity of considering those particular Forms and Methods of Devotion which are taught us by Christianity, but shall here observe into what Errors even this Divine Principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right Reason which was given us as the Guide of all our Actions.

The two great Errors into which a mistaken Devotion may betray us, are Enthusiasm and Superstition.

There is not a more melancholly Object than a Man who has his Head turned with Religious Enthusiasm. A Person that is crazed, tho' with Pride or Malice, is a Sight very mortifying to Human Nature: but when the Distemper arises from any indiscreet Fervours of Devotion, or too intense an Application of the Mind to its mystical Duties, it deserves our Compassion in a more particular Manner. We may however learn this Lesson from it, that since Devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the Mind, unless its Heats are tempered with Caution and Prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our Reason as cool as possible, and to guard our selves in all Parts of Life against the Influence of Passion, Imagination, and Constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the Check of Reason, is very apt to degenerate into Enthusiasm. When the Mind finds herself very much inflamed with her Devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something Divine within her. If she indulges this Thought too far, and humours the growing Passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary Raptures and Ecstasies: and when once she fancies her self under the Influence of a Divine Impulse, it is no Wonder if she slights Human Ordinance, and refuses to comply with any established Form of Religion, is thinking her self directed by a much superior Guide.

As Enthusiasm is a kind of Excess in Devotion, Superstition is the Excess not only of Devotion, but of Religion in general, according to an old Heathen Saying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *Religio est opinio*, *Religion is a way of thinking*. A Man should be Religious, no Superstitious. For as the Author tells us, *Nigidius* observed upon this Passage, that the *Latin* Words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious Characters, and the having of any Quality to an Excess.<sup>1</sup>

An Enthusiast in Religion is like an obstinate Clown, a Superstitious Man like an insipid Courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of Madness, Superstition of Folly. Most of the Sects that fall short of the Church of England have in them strong Tinctures of Enthusiasm, as the *Roman* Catholic Religion is one huge overgrown Body of childish and idle Superstitions.

The *Roman* Catholic Church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this Particular. If an absurd Dress or Behaviour be introduced in the World, it will soon be found out and discarded. On the contrary, a Habit or Ceremony, tho' never so ridiculous (which<sup>2</sup>) has taken Sanctuary in the Church, sticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Bishop perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a Form in such particular Snobs or Shippers another fancied it would be very decent if such a Part of publick Devotions were performed with a Mitre on his Head, and a Crozier in his Hand. To this a Brother *Par del*, as wise as the others, adds an antick Dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such Mysteries, till by Degrees the whole Office [has] degenerated into an empty Show.

Their Successors see the Vanity and Inconvenience of these Ceremonies: but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take Possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out: for they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at *St. Peter's* where, for six Hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different Accoutrements, according to the different Parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the Eyes of Mankind, and ornamental to Human Nature, setting aside the infinite Advantages (which<sup>3</sup>) arise from it, as a strong, staid, masculine Piety; but Enthusiasm and Superstition are the Weaknesses of human Reason, that expose us to the Scorn and Derision of Infidels, and send us even below the best of that perish.

Idoltry may be looked upon as another Error arising from mistaken Devotion: but because Reflections on that Subject would lead us too far to an *English* Reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.

L

No 202 | Monday, October 22 | Steele

*Spe deum - itus instructor edu. et horre'*  
Hor

THE other Day as I passed along the Street, I saw a sturdy Prudence-Boy Disputing with an Hackney-Cochman and in an Instant, upon some Word of Provocation throw off his Hat and (Cur-Perwig<sup>3</sup>) clench his Fist, and strike the Fellow a Slap on the Face: at the same time calling him Rascal, and telling him he was a Gentleman's Son. The young Gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith and the Debate arose about Payment for some Work done about a Coach, near which they fought. His Master, during the Combat, was full of his Boy's Praises, and as he called to him to play with his Hand and Foot, and throw in his Head, he made all us who stood round him of his Party, by declaring the Boy had very good Friends, and he could trust him with untold Gold. As I am generally in the Theory of Mankind, I could not but make my Reflections

<sup>1</sup> Noct Att. Bl. iv ch. 9.

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [Perwig]

tions upon the sudden Popularity which was raised about the Lad and perhaps, with my Friend *Tacitus*, fell into Observations upon it, which were too great for the Occasion or ascribed this general Favour to Causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young Blacksmith's being a Gentleman was, methought, what created him good Will from his present Equality with the Mob about him. Add to this, that he was not so much a Gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough Methods for his Defence as his Antagonist. The Advantage of his having good Friends, as his Master expressed it, was not loudly urged but he shewed himself superior to the Coachman in the personal Qualities of Courage and Activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his Birth was of any Service to him.

If one might Moralize from this silly Story, a Man would say, that whatever Advantages of Fortune, Birth, or any other Good, People possess above the rest of the World, they should shew collateral Eminences besides those Distinctions, or those Distinctions will avail only to keep up common Decencies and Ceremonies, and not to preserve a real Place of Favour or Esteem in the Opinion and common Sense of their Fellow Creatures.

The Folly of People's Procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than Property and superior Circumstances to support them in Distinction, appears in no way so much as in the Domestic part of Life. It is ordinary to feed their Humours into unnatural Excesses, as if I may so speak, and make their whole Being a wayward and uneasy Condition, for want of the obvious Reflection that all Parts of Human Life is a Commerce. It is not only paying Wages, and giving Commands, that constitutes a Master of a Family, but Prudence, equal Behaviour, with Readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a Man to that Character in their very Hearts and Sentiments. It is pleasant enough to Observe, that Men expect from their Dependents, from their sole Motive of Fear, all the good Effects which a liberal Education, and affluent Fortune, and every other Advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A Man will have his Servant just, diligent, sober and chaste, for no other Reasons but the Terror of losing his Master's Favour when all the Laws Divine and Human cannot keep him whom he serves within Bounds, with relation to any one of those Virtues. But both in great and ordinary Affairs, all Superiority, which is not founded on Merit and Virtue, is supported only by Artifice and Stratagem. Thus you see Flatterers are the Agents in Families of Humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but Reason. Make-Bates, distant Relations, poor Kinsmen, and indigent Followers, are the Fry which support the Oeconomy of an humoursome rich Man. He is eternally whispered with Intelligence of who are true or false to him in Matters of no Consequence, and he maintains twenty Friends to defend him against the Insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old Coat.

I shall not enter into farther Speculation upon

this Subject at present, but think the following Letters and Petition are made up of proper Sentiments on this Occasion.

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I am a Servant to an old Lady who is governed by one she calls her Friend who is so familiar in one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasy with all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleased to give us some Remarks upon voluntary Counsellors, and let these People know that to give any Body Advice, is to say to that Person, 'I am your Betters. Pray, Sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal Flirt and Disturber of Families, Mrs *Importunity* who is always visiting, and putting People in a Way, is they call it. If you can make her stay at home one Evening, you will be a general Benefactor to all the Ladies Women in Town, and particularly to

*Your loving Friend,*

Susan Civil

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I am a Footman, and live with one of those Men, each of whom is said to be one of the best humoured Men in the World, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no Care to command his Hastiness, does more Injury to his Friends and Servants in one half Hour, than whole Years can atone for. This Master of mine, who is the best Man alive in common Fame, disoblges Some body every Day he lives and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of Humour at it. If these Gentlemen [knew] that they do all the Mischief that is ever done in Conversation, they would reform and I who have been a Spectator of Gentlemen at Dinner for many Years, have seen that Indiscretion does ten times more Mischief than ill-nature. But you will represent this better than

*Your abused*

*Humble Servant,*

Thomas Smoaky

*To the SPECTATOR,*

The humble Petition of *John Steuward, Robert Butler, Harry Cook, and Abigail Chambers*, in Behalf of themselves and their Relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several Services of most of the great Families within the Cities of *London and Westminster*,

Sheweth,

'That in many of the Families in which your Petitioners live and are employed, the several Heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is Business, and are very little Judges when they are well or ill used by us your said Petitioners.

'That for want of such Skill in their own Affairs, and by Indulgence of their own Laziness and Pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous Animals called Spies.

'That whenever a Spy is entertained, the

<sup>2</sup> [know], and in first reprint.

'Peace of that House is from that Moment banished

'That Spies never give an Account of good Services but represent our Mirth and Freedom by the Words Wantonness and Disorder

'That in all Families where there are Spies, there is a general Jealousy and Misunderstanding

'That the Masters and Mistresses of such Houses live in continual Suspicion of their ingenuous and true Servants, and are given up to the Management of those who are false and perfidious.

'That such Masters and Mistresses who entertain Spies, are no longer more than Cyphers in their own Families and that we your Petitioners are with great Dissdain obliged to pay all our Respect, and expect all our Maintenance from such Spies.

'Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would represent the Premises to all Persons of Condition, and your Petitioners, as in Duty bound, shall for ever Pray, &c.

T

No 203 ] Tuesday, October 23, 1711 [Addison

*Phæto pater, si das hujus nostri nominis usum,  
Nec falsâ Clymæ culpam sub in agne celat,  
Pignora da, Genitor.* O, Met

THERE is a loose Tribe of Men whom I have not yet taken Notice of, that riddle into all the Corners of this great City, in order to seduce such unfortunate Females as fall into their Wiles. These abandoned Profligates rise up Issue in every Quarter of the Town, and very often, for a valuable Consideration, father it upon the Church warden. By this means there are several Married Men who have a little Family in most of the Parishes of London and Westminster, and several Bachelors who are undone by a Charge of Children.

When a Man once gives himself this Liberty of preying so large, and living upon the Common, he finds so much Game in a populous City, that it is surprising to consider the Numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young Fellow who is scarce of Age, that could lay his Claim to the *Jus trium Librorum*, or the Privileges which were granted by the Roman Laws to all such as were Fathers of three Children. Nay, I have heard a Rake [who] was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the Father of a seventh Son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a Physician. In short, the Town is full of these young Patriarchs, not to mention several bawdy Deans, who, like heedless Spendthrifts that squander away their Estates before they are Masters of them, have rused up their whole Stock of Children before Marriage.

I must not here omit the particular Whim of an Impudent Libertine, that had a little Smattering of Heraldry, and observing how the Genealogies

of great Families were often drawn up in the Shape of Trees, had taken a Fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate Issue in a Figure of the same kind

*Nec longum tempus et ingens  
Exiit ad cælum: namus felicitibus arbor,  
Miraturque non aspro des et non sua pueri*  
Virg.

The Trunk of the Tree was mark'd with his own Name, *Will Aph.* Out of the Side of it grew a large barren Branch, inscrib'd *Mary Aph.* the Name of his unhappy Wife. The Head was adorned with five huge Boughs. On the Bottom of the first was written in Capital Characters *Kate Cole*, who branched out into three Sprigs, viz. *William, Richard, and Helena*. *Sal Truiford* gave Birth to another Bough, that shot up into *Sarah, Tom, Will, and Ircub*. The third Arm of the Tree had only a single Infant in it, with a Sprig left for a second, the Parent from whom it sprung being near her Time when the Author took this Ingenious Device into his Head. The two other great Boughs were very plentifully loaden with Fruit of the same kind besides which there were many Orman cutl Branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing Tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

What makes this Generation of Vermin so very profligate, is the indefatigable Diligence with which they apply themselves to their Business. A Man does not undergo more Watchings and Fatigues in a Campaign, than in the Course of a vicious Amour. As it is said of some Men, that they make their Business their Pleasure, these Sons of Darkness may be said to make their Pleasure their Business. They might conquer their corrupt Inclinations with half the Pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the Invention of these Men less to be admired than their Industry or Vigilance. There is a Fragment of *Apollonius* the Comic Poet [who was Contemporary with *Mecander*] which is full of Humour as follows. *Thou mayest shut up thy Doors*, says he, *with Bars and bolts. It will be impossible for the Blacksmith to make them so fast, but a Cat and a Whoremaster will find a Way through them.* In a word, there is no Head so full of Stratagems as that of a Libidinous Man.

Were I to propose a Punishment for this infamous Race of Propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third Offence, into our American Colonies, in order to people those Parts of her Majesty's Dominions where there is a want of Inhabitants, and in the Phrase of *Dwogenes*, to Plant Men. Some Countries punish this Crime with Death but I think such a Banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative Faculty to the Advantage of the Publick.

In the mean time, till these Gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take Care of those unfortunate Creatures whom they have brought into the World by these indirect Methods, and to give their spurious Children

\* [thru]

such an Education is may render them more virtuous than their Parents. This is the best Atonement they can make for their own Crimes, and indeed the only Method that is left them to repair their past Mis carriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common Humanity, as well as by all the Obligations of Religion and Nature, to make some Provision for those whom they have not only given Life to, but entail'd upon them, [tho' very unreasonably, a Degree of] Shame and [Disgrace.] And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved Notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural Inclination to favour a Vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *Bastardy* and *Cuckoldom* should be look'd upon as Reproaches, and that the [Ignominy<sup>2</sup>] which is only due to Lewdness and Falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the Persons who [are<sup>3</sup>] innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this Discourse by the following Letter, which is drawn up with such a Spirit of Sincerity, that I question not but the Writer of it has represented his Case in a true and genuine Light.

SIR,

I am one of those People who by the general Opinion of the World are counted both Infamous and Unhappy.

My Father is a very eminent Man in this Kingdom, and one who bears considerable Offices in it. I am his Son but my Misfortune is, that I dare not call him Father, nor he without Shame own me as his Issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing Tenderness and impartial'd Satisfaction which a good Man finds in the Love and Conversation of a Parent. Neither have I the Opportunities to render him the Duties of a Son, he having always carried himself at so vast a Distance, and with such Superiority towards me, that by long Use I have contracted a Timorousness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own Necessities and giving him to understand the Inconveniences I undergo.

It is my Misfortune to have been neither bred a Scholar, [a Soldier,] nor to [any kind of] Business, which renders me Entirely incapable of making Provision for my self without his Assistance and this creates a continual Uneasiness in my Mind, fearing I shall in Time want Bread.

My Father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint Assurances of doing any thing for me. I have hitherto lived somewhat like a Gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labour for my Living. I am in continual Anxiety for my future Fortune, and under a great Unhappiness in losing the sweet Conversation and friendly Advice of my Parents, so that I cannot look upon my self otherwise than as a Monster, strangely sprung up in Nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

I am thought to be a Man of some natural Parts, and by the continual Reading what you

have offered the World, become an Admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this Confession, at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a Sense of Pity, you would then allow me the Favour of your Opinion thereupon as also what Part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the Man's Affection who begot me, and how far in your Opinion I am to be thought his Son, or he acknowledged as my Father. Your Sentiments and Advice herein will be a great Consolation and Satisfaction to,

SIR,

Your Admirer and  
Humble Servant,

C

W B

No 204 ] Wednesday, October 24, 1711 [S Steele

*Unit grata protervitas,  
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspectus*—Hor

I AM not at all displeased that I am become the Courser of Love, and that the Distressed in that Passion convey their Complaints to each other by my Means. The following Letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their Place with great Willingness. As to the Reader's Entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such Particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the Persons who wrote them of the highest Consequence. I shall not trouble you with the Prefaces, Compliments, and Apologies made to me before each Epistle when it was desired to be inserted, but in general they tell me, that the Persons to whom they are addressed have Intimations, by Phrases and Allusions in them, from whence they came.

To the Sothades.\*

'The Word, by which I address you, gives you, who understand *Portuguese*, a lively Image of the tender Regard I have for you. The SPECTATOR's late Letter from *Statira* gave me the Hint to use the same Method of explaining my self to you. I am not affronted at the Design your late Behaviour discovered you had in your Addresses to me but I impute it to the Generosity of the Age, rather than your particular Fault. As I am at nothing more than being yours, I am willing to be a Stranger to your Name, your Fortune, or any Figure which your Wife might expect to make in the World, provided my Commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign grey Dress, the Pleasure of Visits, Liqueur, Plays, Balls, and Operas, for that one Satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously con-

\* Saudades. To have *saudades* of anything is to yearn with desire towards it. *Saudades da Patria* is home sickness. To say *tenho Saudades* without naming an object would be taken to mean I am all yearning to call a certain gentleman or lady mine.

<sup>1</sup> [Infamy]    <sup>2</sup> [Shame]    <sup>3</sup> [suffer and are]

'caul the only Cause of Triumph which I can know in this Life. I wish only to have it my Duty, as well as my Inclination, to study your Happiness. If this has not the Effect this Letter seems to run at, you are to understand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readiest Way to pull you with an Offer of what you would never desist pursuing while you received all Usage. Be a true Man, be my Slave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your present Circumstance with me, but I know while I can keep this Suspence,

*I am your admired*

Belinda

*Madam,*

'It is a strange State of Mind a Man is in, when the very Imperfections of a Woman he loves turn into Excellencies and Advantages. I do assure you, I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in spite of my Reason, and think it in all Circumstance to owe one's Happiness to nothing but Infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young Fellows who look at you, and observe your Eye wander after new Conquests every Moment you are in a publick Place. And yet there is such a Beauty in all your Looks and Gestures, that I cannot but admire you in the very Act of endeavouring to gain the Hearts of others. My Condition is the same with that of the Lover in the *Way of the World*.<sup>1</sup> I have studied your Faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, and consider whether you think this gay Behaviour will appear to me as amiable when an Husband, as it does now to me. I over things are so far advanced, that we must proceed, and I hope you will try to Heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your Lover, but not in you to be still my Mistress. Gravity in the Matrimonial Life is graceful in one Sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little Hints, you will ascertain the Happiness or Uneasiness of,

*Madam,*

*Your most obedient,*

*Most humble Servant,*

I D

<sup>1</sup> In Act I. sc. 3, of Congreve's *Way of the World*, Mirabell says of Millamant, 'I like her with all her faults, nay, like her for her faults.' Her faults are so natural, or so artful, that they become her and those affectations which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Mirabell, she once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces, visited her, and separated her feelings. I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The Catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes one day or other to hate her heartily to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance, 'till in a few days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being dis-

*SIR,*

'When I sat at the Window, and you at the other End of the Room by my Cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you. Since you have the Secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by Indiscreteness, what my Eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my Hand, therefore shall not subscribe my Name.

*SIR,*

'There were other Gentlemen nearer, and I know no Necessity you were under to take up that suppliant Creature's Fan last Night, but you shall never touch a Stick of mine more, that's pos

*Phillis*

*To Colonel R——s in Spain*

'Before this can reach the best of Husbands and the fondest I over, those tender Names will be no more of Concern to me. The Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon me, and I am acquainted by my Physicians I cannot live a Week longer. At this time my Spirits fail me, and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful Thing in the Prospect of Death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a Comfort to you, that I have no Guilt hang upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me, but I pass away my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. Thus is a Fruity which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be a happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall live a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and, tho' unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of Men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment. To be present at all the Adventures to which human Life is exposed, to administer Slumber to thy Eyelids in the Agonies of a Fever, to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle, to go with thee a Guardian Angel incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart, but indeed I am not capa-

<sup>1</sup> pleased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties and, in all probability, in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

<sup>2</sup> The name was commonly believed to be Rivers, when this Paper was published.

'ble under my present Weakness of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my Departure I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament offers you Consolation My last Breath will, if I am my self, expire in a Prayer for you I shall never see thy Face again Farewell for ever 1

No 205 ] Thursday, October 25, 1711 [Addison

*Decipimur specie recti* — Hor

WHEN I meet with any vicious Character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing Mischief, I draw it to length, and set it up as a Scarecrow, by which means I do not only make an Example of the Person to whom it belongs, but give Warning to all Her Majesty's Subjects, that they may not suffer by it Thus, to change the [Allusion,<sup>1</sup>] I have marked out several of the Shoals and Quicksands of Life, and am continually employed in discovering those [which<sup>2</sup>] are still concealed, in order to keep the Ignorant and Unwary from running upon them It is with this Intention that I publish the following Letter, which brings to light some Secrets of this Nature

MR SPECTATOR,

'There are none of your Speculations which I read over with greater Delight, than those which are designed for the Improvement of our Sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable Fears and Superstitions, in your Seventh and Twelfth Papers our Fancy for Equipage, in your Fifteenth, our Love of Puppet-Shows, in your Thirty-First our Notions of Beauty in your Thirty-Third our Inclination for Romances, in your Thirty-Seventh, our Passion for French Oppenies, in your Forty-Fifth our Manhood and Party zeal, in your Fifty-Seventh our Abuse of Dancing, in your Sixty-Sixth and Sixty-Seventh our Levity, in your Hundred and Twenty-Eighth our Love of Coxcombs in your Hundred and Fifty-Fourth, and Hundred and Fifty-Seventh our Tyranny over the Henpeck, in your Hundred and Seventy-Sixth You have described the *Pict* in your Forty first the Idol, in your Seventy-Third the *Demurrer*, in your Eighty-Ninth, the *Salmander*, in your Hundred and Ninety-Eighth You have likewise taken to pieces our Dress, and represented to us the Extravagancies we are often guilty of in that Particular You have fallen upon our Patches, in your Fiftieth and Eighty-First our Commodes, in your Ninety-Eighth our Fans in your Hundred and Second, our Riding Habits in your Hundred and Fourth, our Hoop petticoats, in your Hundred and Twenty-Seventh besides a great many little Blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other Papers,

'and in those many Letters that are scattered up and down your Works At the same Time we must own, that the Compliments you pay our Sex are innumerable, and that those very Faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves nor, as you own, universal among us But, Sir, it is plain that these your Discourses are calculated for none but the fishmonger Part of Mankind, and for the Use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious But, Sir, there is a Sort of Prostitutes in the lower Part of our Sex, who are a Scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your Censure I know it would debase your Paper too much to enter into the Behaviour of these Female Libertines but as your Remarks on some Part of it would be a doing of Justice to several Women of Virtue and Honour, whose Reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the Publick some Account of this Nature You must know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this Letter by the Behaviour of an infamous Woman, who having passed her Youth in a most shameless State of Prostitution, is now one of those who gun their Livelihood by seducing others, that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal Commerce between the two Sexes Among several of her Artifices to get Money, she frequently persuades a vain young Fellow, that such a Woman of Quality, or such a celebrated Toast, entertains a secret Passion for him, and wants nothing but an Opportunity of revealing it Nay, she has gone so far as to write Letters in the Name of a Woman of Figure, to borrow Money of one of these foolish *Roderigos*,<sup>3</sup> which she has afterwards appropriated to her own Use In the mean time, the Person who has lent the Money, has thought a Lady under Obligations to him, who scarce knew his Name, and wondered at her Ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the Favour, though at the same time he was too much a Man of Honour to put her in mind of it.

'When this abandoned Baggage meets with a Man who has Vanity enough to give Credit to Relations of this nature, she turns him to very good Account, by repeating Phrases that were never uttered, and delivering Messages that were never sent As the House of this shameless Creature is frequented by several Foreigners, I have heard of another Artifice, out of which she often ruses Money The Foreigner sighs after some *British* Beauty, whom he only knows by Name Upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a Meeting Th Stranger, ravished at his good Fortune, gives a Present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary Title for you must know that this cunning Purveyer has her Representa upon this Occasion, of some of the finest Estates in the Kingdom By this Means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a *German* Count in foreign Countries, that will make his Boy's of Favour, he has received from Women of the highest Ranks, and the most

<sup>1</sup> [Metaphor,]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> As the Roderigo whose money Iago used

'unblemished Characters Now, Sir, what Safety is there for a Woman's Reputation, when a Lady may be thus prostituted as it were by Proxy, and be reputed an unchaste Woman as the Hero in the ninth Book of *Dryden's* Virgil is looked upon as a Coward, because the Phrontom which appeared in his likeness ran away from *Turris*? You may depend upon what I relate to you to be Matter of Fact, and the Practice of more than one of these female Pindars. If you print this I enter I may give you some further Accounts of this vicious Race of Women

Your humble Servant  
RELVIDERA.

I shall add two other Letters on different Subjects to fill up my Paper

MR SPECTATOR,

'I am a Country Clergyman, and hope you will lend me your Assistance in ridiculing some little Indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed from the Pulpit.

'A Widow Lady, who straggled this Summer from London into my Parish for the Benefit of the Air, as she says, appears every Sunday at Church with many fashionable Extravagancies, to the great Astonishment of my Congregation.

'But what gives us the most Offence is her theatrical Manner of Singing the Psalms. She introduces above fifty Italian Airs into the hundredth Psalm, and whilst we begin *All People* in the old solemn Tune of our Forefathers, she in a quite different Key runs Divisions on the Vowels, and adorns them with the Graces of *Nicolini*, if she meets with Eke or Aye, which are frequent in the Metre of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*. We are certain to hear her quivering them half a Minut after us to some sprightly Airs of the Opera.

'I am very far from being an Enemy to Church Music, but fear this Abuse of it may make my Parish ridiculous, who already look on the Singing Psalms as an Entertainment and no Part of their Devotion. Besides, I am apprehensive that the Infection may spread, for Squire *Squeekum*, who by his Voice seems (if I may use the Expression) to be cut out for an Italian Singer, was last Sunday practicing the same Air.

'I know the Lady's Principles, and that she will plead the Toleration which (as she fancies) allows her Non-Conformity in this Particular. But I beg you to acquaint her, That Singing the Psalms in a different Tune from the rest of the Congregation, is a Sort of Schism not tolerated by that Act.

I am, SIR,  
Your very humble Servant,  
R. S.

MR SPECTATOR,

'In your Paper upon Temperance, you prescribe to us a Rule of drinking out of Sir *Isidore's* Temple, in the following Words *The first*

'Thomas Sternhold who joined Hopkins, Norton, and others in translation of the Psalms, was groom of the robes to Henry VIII and Edward VI

'Glass for myself, the second for my Friends, the third for God-I in your, and the fourth for me *Erasmus*. Now, Sir, you must know, that I have read this your *Spectator*, in a Club whereof I am a Member when our President told us, there was certainly an Error in the Print, and that the Word *Glass* should be *Bottle*, and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this Mistake, and to desire you to publish the following Errata In the Paper of *Saturday, October 13, Col 3, Line 11, for Glass read Bottle*

L. Yours, Robin Good-fellow

No 206 ] Friday, October 26, 1711 [Steele

Quanto g usq ue sibi plura regaverit,  
A Di s plura feret— Hor

THERE is a Call upon Mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate Price upon their own Merit and Self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected Blessings, which in the End abundantly recompense such Losses as the Modest seem to suffer in the ordinary Occurrences of Life. The Curious tell us, a Determination in our Favour or to our Disadvantage is made upon our first Appearance, even before they know any thing of our Characters, but from the Intimations Men gather from our Aspect. A Man, they say, wears the Picture of his Mind in his Countenance, and one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to his who looks at him to read his Heart. But tho' that Way of raising an Opinion of those we behold in Publick is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their Words and Actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict Scrutiny of their Deserts, will find their Account lessen every Day. A modest Man preserves his Character, as a frugal Man does his Fortune, if either of them live to the Height of either, one will find Losses, the other Errors, which he has not Stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just Rule, to keep your Desires, your Words and Actions, within the Regard you observe your Friends have for you, and never, if it were in a Man's Power, to take as much as he possibly might either in Preferment or Reputation. My Walks have lately been among the mercantile Part of the World and one gets Phrases naturally from those with whom one converses. I say then, he that in his Air, his Treatment of others, or an habitual Arrogance to himself, gives himself Credit for the least Article of more Wit, Wisdom, Goodness, or Valour than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the World break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the Esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a Commission of Bankruptcy upon him and he that might have gone on to his Life's End in a prosperous Way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer Proprietor of what he really had before, but his Pretensions are all Things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny *Cinna* the Applause of an agreeable and facetious Wit, or

could possibly pretend that there is not something imitatively unforced and diverting in his Manner of delivering all his Sentiments in Conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong Desire of Applause which he betrays in every Syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the Civilities they could do to him, or the kind Things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects, and therefore instead of shewing him the Esteem they have for his Merit, their Reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the Women, and behold *Gloriana* trip into a Room with that theatrical Ostentation of her Charms, *Mertilla* with that soft Regularity in her Motion, *Chloe* with such an indifferent Familiarity, *Corinna* with such a fond Approach, and *Roxana* with such a Demand of Respect in the great Gravity of her Entrance, you find all the Sex, who understand themselves, and act naturally, wait only for their Absence, to tell you that all these Ladies would impose themselves upon you and ereb of them carry in their Behaviour a Consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw *Macbeth*, I was wonderfully taken with the Skill of the Poet, in making the Murderer form I earn to himself from the Moderation of the Prince whose Life he was going to take away. He says of the King, *He bore his Injuries so meekly*, and justly inferred from thence, that all divine and human Power would join to revenge his Death, who had made such an obstinate Use of Dominion. All that is in a Man's Power to do to advance his own Pomp and Glory, and forbear, is so much laid up against the Day of Distress and Pity will always be his Portion in Adversity, who acted with Gentleness in Prosperity.

The great Officer who foregoes the Advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential Regards to his own Person in Danger, has so far the Merit of a Volunteer and all his Honours and Glories are unenvied, for sharing the common Fate with the same Frankness as they do who have no such endearing Circumstances to part with. But if there were no such Considerations as the good Effect which Self denial has upon the Sense of other Men towards us, it is of all Qualities the most desirable for the agreeable Disposition in which it places our own Minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very Contrary of Ambition and that Modesty allays all those Passions and Inquietudes to which that Vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his Wishes from Reason and Choice, and not resigned from Sourness, Distaste, or Disappointment, doubles all the Pleasures of his Life. The Air, the Season, a [Sun shiny] Day, or a fair Prospect, are Instances of Happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the World, (by his Exemption from the Enchantments by which all the World are bewitched) are to him uncommon Benefits and new Acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with Care, nor Pleasure interrupted by

<sup>1</sup> [Sun shine], and in the first reprint

Envy. It is not to him of any Consequence what this Man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a Place an uninterrupted Walk, he can meet in such a Company an agreeable Conversation. He has no Emulation, he is no Man's Rival, but every Man's Well wisher can look at a prosperous Man, with a Pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself and has his Mind and his Fortune (as far as Prudence will allow) open to the Unhappy and to the Stranger.

*Lucius* has Learning, Wit, Humour, Eloquence, but no ambitious Prospects to pursue with these Advantages, therefore to the ordinary World he is perhaps thought to want Spirit, but known among his Friends to have a Mind of the most consummate Greatness. He wants no Man's Admiration, is in no Need of Praise. His Cloaths please him if they are fashionable and his Companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no Occasion for Superfluity at Meals, for Jollity in Company, in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer Delight to him. Want of Prejudice and Command of Appetite are the Companions which make his Journey of Life so easy, that he in all Places meets with more Wit, more good Cheer and more goodness. His hour, there is necessary to make him enjoy himself with Pleasure and Satisfaction.

No 207 ] Saturday, October 27, 1711 [Addison

*Omnibus in terris, quæ si nō a Gadibus usque  
Aurorum at Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt  
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotæ  
Erroris nebula.* Juv

IN my last Saturday's Paper I laid down some Thoughts upon Devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the Notions of the most refined Heathens on this Subject, as they are represented in *Plato's* Dialogue upon Prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave Occasion to *Juvenal's* tenth Satire, and to the second Satire of *Persius*, as the last of these Authors has almost transcribed the preceding Dialogue, entitled *Alcibiades the First*, in his Fourth Satire.

The Speakers in this Dialogue upon Prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*, and the Substance of it (when drawn together out of the Intricacies and Digressions) as follows.

*Socrates* meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his Devotions, and observing his Eyes to be fixed upon the Earth with great Seriousness and Attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that Occasion, since it was possible for a Man to bring down Evils upon himself by his own Prayers, and that those things, which the Gods send him in Answer to his Petitions, might turn to his Destruction. This, says he, may not only happen when a Man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own Nature, as *Oedipus* implored the Gods to sow Dissension between his Sons but when he prays for what he



believe would be for his Good, and against what he believes would be to his Detriment. This the Philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most Men are blinded with Ignorance, Prejudice or Passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an Instance he asks *Alexander*, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that God, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the Sovereign of the whole Earth? *Alexander* answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a Promise as the greatest Favour that he could bestow upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, If after [receiving] this great Favour he would be contented to lose his Life? or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill Use of it? To his which Questions *Alexander* answers, in the Negative. *Socrates* then shews him, from the Examples of others, how these might very probably be the Effects of such a Blessing. He then adds, That other reputed Pieces of Good fortune as that of having a Son, or procuring the highest Post in a Government are subject to the like fatal Consequences. which nevertheless, says he, Men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their Prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great Point That all the most apparent Blessings in this Life are obnoxious to such dreadful Consequences, and that no Man knows what in its Events would prove to him a Blessing or a Curse, he teaches *Alexander* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first Place he recommends to him, as the Model of his Devotions, a short Prayer, which a Greek Poet composed for the Use of his Friends, in the following Words. *O Jupiter, give us those Things which are good for us, whether they are such Things as we pray for, or such Things as we do not pray for, and I will receive from us those Things which are harmful, though they are such Things as we pray for.*

In the second Place, that his Disciple may ask such Things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the Study of true Wisdom, and to the Knowledge of that which is his chief Good, and the most suitable to the Excellency of his Nature.

In the third and last Place he informs him, that the best Method he could make use of to draw down Blessings upon himself, and to render his Prayers acceptable, would be, in his constant Practice of his Duty towards the Gods, and towards Men. Under this Head he very much recommends a Form of Prayer the *Lacedaemonians* made use of, in which they petition the Gods, to give them all good Things so long as they were virtuous. Under this Head likewise he gives a very remarkable Account of an Oracle to the following Purpose.

When the *Athenians* in the War with the *Lacedaemonians* received many Defeats both by Sea and Land, they sent a Message to the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the Reason why they who erected so many Temples to the Gods, and

adorned them with such costly Offerings, why they who had instituted so many Festivals, and accompanied them with such Pomp and Ceremonies in short, why they who had slain so many Hecatombs at their Altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedaemonians*, who fell so short of them in all these Particulars. To this, says he, the Oracle made the following Reply. *I am better pleased with the Prayer of the Lacedaemonians, than with all the Oblations of the Greeks.* As this Prayer implied and encouraged Virtue in those who made it, the Philosopher proceeds to shew how the most virtuous Man might be devout, so far as Victims could make him, but that his Offerings were regarded by the Gods as Bribes, and his Petitions as Blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this Occasion two Verses out of *Homer*, in which the Poet says, That the Scent of the *Trojan* Sacrifices was carried up to Heaven by the Winds but that it was not acceptable to the Gods, who were displeased with *Praxis* and all his People.

The Conclusion of this Dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alexander* from the Prayers and Sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned Difficulties of performing that Duty as he ought, adds these Words, *We must therefore wait till such Time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the Gods, and towards Men.* But when will that Time come, says *Alexander*, and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this Man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates* who takes care of you, but as *Homer* tells us<sup>2</sup> that *Minerva* removed the Mist from *Dionides* his Eyes, that he might plainly discover both Gods and Men so the Darkness that hangs upon your Mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is Good and what is Evil. Let him remove from my Mind, says *Alexander*, the Darkness and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better Man by it. The remaining Part of this Dialogue is very obscure. There is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the World, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a Loss, and in as great Distress as the rest of Mankind.

Some learned Men look upon this Conclusion as a Prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the High-Priest, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the World some Ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philosopher saw, by the Light of Reason that it was suitable to the Goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a Person into the World who should instruct Mankind in the Duties of Religion, and, in particular, teach them how to Pray.

Whoever reads this Abstract of *Plato's* Discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this Reflection, That the great Founder of our

<sup>1</sup> [having received], and in first request

<sup>2</sup> *Iliad*, viii 548, 9

<sup>3</sup> *Iliad*, v 127

<sup>4</sup> *John* vi 49.

Religion, as well by his own Example, as in the Form of Prayer which he taught his Disciples, did not only keep up to those Rules which the Light of Nature had suggested to this great Philosopher, but instructed his Disciples in the whole Extent of this Duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper Object of Adoration, and taught them, according to the third Rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their Closets, without Show or Ostentation, and to worship him in Spirit and in Truth. As the *Lacedaemonians* in their Form of Prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular that our Offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others. If we look into the second Rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the Knowledge of such Things as are best for us, this too is explain'd at large in the Doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several Instances to regard those things as Curses, which appear as Blessings in the Eye of the World, and on the contrary, to esteem those things as Blessings, which to the Generality of Mankind appear as Curses. Thus in the Form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that Happiness which is our chief Good, and the great End of our Existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the coming of his Kingdom, being solicitous for no other temporal Blessings but our daily Subsistence. On the other side, We pray against nothing but Sin, and against Evil in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of *Socrates*'s Rules of Prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned Form of the ancient Poet, we find that Form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the Petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that his Will may be done, which is of the same Force with that Form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of Deaths, *Nevertheless not my Will, but thine be done*. This comprehensive Petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the Creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our Good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so. L

No 208 ] Monday, October 29, 1711 [Steele

[—Veniunt spectantur ut ipsa—Ov 2]

I HAVE several Letters of People of good Sense, who lament the Depravity or Poverty of Taste the Town is fallen into with relation to Play and publick Spectacles. A Lady in particular observes, that there is such a Levity in the Minds of her own Sex, that they seldom attend any thing but Impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little Notice is taken of the most exalted Parts of the best Tragedies in *Shakespear*, nay, it is not only visible that Sen-

surity has devoured all Greatness of Soul, but the Under-Passion (as I may so call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, seems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an Audience. The Minds of Men are indeed very differently disposed, and the Reliefs from Care and Attention are of one Sort in a great Spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The Man of a great Heart and a serious Complexion, is more pleased with Instances of Generosity and Pity, than the light and ludicrous Spirit can possibly be with the lughest Strains of Mirth and Laughter. It is therefore a melancholick Prospect when we see a numerous Assembly lost to all serious Entertainments, and such Incidents, as should move one sort of Concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other Night, when the Lady who is conscious of the Crime of murdering the King, seems utterly astonished at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it, instead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occasion, that Expression is received with a loud Laugh. They were as merry when a Criminal was strangled. It is certainly an Occasion of rejoicing when the Wicked are seized in their Designs, but I think it is not such a Triumph as is exerted by Laughter.

You may generally observe, that the Appetites are sooner moved than the Passions. A sly Expression which alludes to *Lawdy*, puts a whole Row into a pleasing Smirk, when a good Sentence that describes an inward Sentiment of the Soul, is received with the greatest Coldness and Indifference. A Correspondent of mine, upon this Subject, has divided the former Part of the Audience, and accounts for their Prepossession against this reasonable Delight in the following Manner. The Prude, says he, as she acts always in Contradiction, so she is grievously sullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquette is so much taken up with throwing her Eyes round the Audience, and considering the Effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the Actors but as they are her Rivals, and take off the Observation of the Men from her self. Besides these Species of Women, there are the *Examples*, or the first of the Mode. These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the Actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain suppliant Set of Females who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the Conduct of all the People around them, and are Spectators only of the Audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the Loss of a Party whom it would be worth preserving in their right Senses upon all Occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the Innocent or the Unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well wrought Incident but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the Men, and frowned at by some insensible Superior of her own Sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the Enjoyment of the most judicious Concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a Tear, and shun as a Weakness the best and worthiest Part of our Sense.

<sup>2</sup> [Spectaret Populum Indis attentius ipsum—Hor]

<sup>2</sup> Acted Saturday, October 20

SIR,

'As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but effects it amongst People of any Sense makes me (who are one of the greatest of your Admirers) give you this Trouble to desire you will settle the Method of us Females knowing when one another is in Town For they have now got a Trick of never sending to their Acquaintance when they first come, and if one does not visit them within the Week which they stay at home, it is a mortal Quarrel Now, dear Mr S<sup>r</sup> L<sup>c</sup>, either command them to put it in the Advertisement of your Paper, which is generally read by our Sex, or else order them to breathe their saucy Footmen (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their Acquaintance If you think to print this, pray put it into a better Style as to the spelling Part The Town is now filling every Day, and it cannot be deferred, because People take Advantage of one another by this Means and break off Acquaintance, and are rude Therefore pray put this in your Paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent my future Miscarriages of this Nature I am, as I ever shall be,

'Pray settle what is to be a proper Notification of a Person's being in Town, and how that differs according to People's Quality

Dear SPEC,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

Mary Meanwell

Mr SPECTATOR,

October the 20th

'I have been out of Town, so did not meet with your Paper dated September the 28th, wherein you, to my Heart's Desire, expose that cursed Vice of insnaring poor young Girls, and drawing them from their Friends I assure you without Flattery it has saved a Prentice of mine from Ruin, and in Token of Gratitude as well as for the Benefit of my Family, I have put it in a Frame and Glass, and hung it behind my Counter I shall take Care to make my young ones read it every Morning, to fortify them against such pernicious Rascals I know not whether what you writ was Matter of Fact, or your own Invention but this I will take my Oath out, the first Part is so exactly like what happened to my Prentice, that had I read your Paper then, I should have taken your Method to have secured a Villain Go on and prosper  
Your most obliged humble Servant

Mr SPECTATOR,

'Without Rallery, I desire you to insert this Word for Word in your next, as you value a Lover's Prayers You see it is in Hue and Cry after a stray Heart (with the Marks and Blemishes, underwritten) which whoever shall bring to you, shall receive Satisfaction Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the Passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a Paper

*Noble, Generous, Great, and Good,  
But never to be understood,  
Fickle as the Wind, still changing,  
After every Female ranging,*

*Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,  
But addicted much to Lying  
When the Siren Songs & cheats,  
Equal Measures still it beats,  
Who-e'er shall wear it, it will smart her,  
And who-e'er takes it, takes a Tartar* 1

No 209 ] Tuesday, October 30, 1711 [Addison

Γυναῖκος οὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ ληίζετα.

Ἐσθλῆς ἀμεινον, οὐδὲ πύγιον κακῆς

Simonides

THERE are no Authors I am more pleased with than those who shew human Nature in a Variety of Views, and describe the several Ages of the World in their different Manners A Reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the Virtues and Vices of his own Times with those which prevailed in the Times of his Forefathers and drawing a Parallel in his Mind between his own private Character, and that of other Persons, whether of his own Age, or of the Ages that went before him The Contemplation of Mankind under these changeable Colours, is apt to shume us out of any particular Vice, or animate us to any particular Virtue, to make us pleased or displeased with our selves in the most proper Points, to clear our Minds of Prejudice and Prepossession, and rectify that Narrowness of Temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from our selves

If we look into the Manners of the most remote Ages of the World, we discover human Nature in her Simplicity, and the more we come downwards towards our own Times, may observe her hiding herself in Artifices and Refinements, Polished insensibly out of her Original Plunness, and at length entirely lost under Form and Ceremony, and (what we call) good Breeding Read the Accounts of Men and Women as they are given us by the most ancient Writers, both Sacred and Profane, and you would think you were reading the History of another Species

Among the Writers of Antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the Manners of their respective Times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in Satyr, under what Dress soever it may appear, as there are no other Authors whose Province it is to enter so directly into the Ways of Men, and set their Miscarriages in so strong a Light.

Simonides, a Poet famous in his Generation, is, I think, Author of the oldest Satyr that is now extant and, as some say, of the first that was ever written This Poet flourished about four hundred Years after the Siege of Troy, and shews, by his way of Writing, the Simplicity, or rather Coarseness, of the Age in which he lived I have taken notice, in my Hundred and sixty first Speculation, that the Rule of observing what

<sup>2</sup> Of the poems of Simonides, contemporary of Æschylus, only fragments remain He died about 467 B C

the *French* call the *bienstance*, in an Allusion, has been found out of later Years, and that the Ancients, provided there was a Likeness in their Similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison. The Satyr or Iambicks of *Symonides*, with which I shall entertain my Readers in the present Paper, are a remarkable Instance of what I formerly advanced. The Subject of this Satyr is Woman. He describes the Sex in their several Characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful Supposition rused upon the Doctrine of *Præexistence*. He tells us, That the Gods formed the Souls of Women out of those Seeds and Principles which compose several Kinds of Animals and Elements, and that their Good or Bad Dispositions arise in them according as such and such Seeds and Principles predominate in their Constitutions. I have translated the Author very faithfully, and if not Word for Word (which our Language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his Sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this Author's Wint of Delicacy, and must further premise, That the following Satyr affects only some of the lower part of the Sex, and not those who have been refined by a Polite Education, which was not so common in the Age of this Poet.

*In the Beginning God made the Souls of Woman-kind out of different Materials, and in a separate State from their Bodies.*

*The Souls of one Kind of Women were formed out of those Ingredients which compose a Sow. A Woman of this Make is a Slut in her House and a Glutton at her Table. She is uncleanly in her Person, a Slattern in her Dress, and her Family is no better than a Dung-hill.*

*A Second Sort of Female Soul was formed out of the same Materials that enter into the Composition of a Fox. Such an one is what we call a notable discerning Woman, who has an Insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this Species of Females there are some Virtuous and some Vicious.*

*A Third Kind of Women were made up of Canine Particles. These are what we commonly call Scolds, who irritate the Animals of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their Way, and live in perpetual Clamour.*

*The Fourth Kind of Women were made out of the Earth. These are our Sluggards, who pass away their Time in Indolence and Ignorance, nor care over the Fire a whole Winter, and apply themselves with Alacrity to no kind of Business but Lazing.*

*The Fifth Species of Females were made out of the Sea. These are Women of variable mien, Tempests, sometimes all Storm and Tempest, sometimes all Calm and Sunshine. The Stranger who sees one of these in her Smiles and Smoothness would cry her up for a Miracle of good Humour, but on a sudden her Looks and her Words are changed, she is nothing but Fury and Outrage, Noise and Hurricane.*

*The Sixth Species were made up of the Ingredients which compose an Ass, or a Beast of Bur-*

*den. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but, upon the Husband's exerting his Authority, will live upon hard Fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from beingaverse to Venernal Pleasure, and seldom refuse a Male Companion.*

*The Cat furnished Materials for a Seventh Species of Women, who are of a melancholy, forward, unamiable Nature, and so repugnant to the Offers of Love, that they fly in the Face of their Husband when he approaches them with conjugal Endearments. This Species of Women are likewise subject to little Liests, Cheats and Passerings.*

*The Mare with a flowing Mane, which was never broke to any servile Toil and Labour, composed an Eighth Species of Women. These are they who have little Regard for their Husbands, who pass away their Time in Dressing, Bathing, and Perfuming, who throw their Hair into the sweetest Curls, and tuck it up with the fairest Flowers and Garlands. A Woman of this Species is a very pretty Thing for a Stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the Owner, unless it be a King or Prince who takes a Fancy to such a Toy.*

*The Ninth Species of Females were taken out of the Ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.*

*The Tenth and last Species of Women were made out of the Bee, and happy is the Man who gets such an one for his Wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable, her Family flourishes and improves by her good Management. She loves her Husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a Race of beautiful and virtuous Children. She distinguishes her self among her Sex. She is surrounded with Graces. She never sits among the loose Tribe of Women, nor passes away her Time with them in wanton Discourses. She is full of Virtue and Prudence, and is the best Wife that Jupiter can bestow on Man.*

I shall conclude these Iambicks with the Motto of this Paper, which is a Fragment of the same Author. A Man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good Woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.

As the Poet has shewn a great Penetration in this Diversity of Female Characters, he has avoided the Fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last Satyr, where they have endeavour to expose the Sex in general, without doing Justice to the valuable Part of it. Such levelling Satyrs are of no Use to the World, and for this Reason I have often wondered how the French Author above mentioned, who was a Man of exquisite Judgment, and a Lover of Virtue, could think human Nature a proper Subject for Satyr in another of his celebrated Pieces, which is called *The Satyr upon Man*. What Vice or Frailty can a Discourse correct, which censures the whole Species alike, and endeavours to shew by some Superficial Strokes of Wit, that Brutes are the more excellent Creatures of the two? A Satyr should expose nothing but what is corrigible,

and make a due Discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper Objects of it.

No 210 ] Wednesday, Oct 31, 1711 [John Hughes

*Nescio quomodo inhaeret in mentibus quasi secularum quoddam augurium futurorum idque in maximis ingenis altissimisque animis et existit maxime et apparet facillime*

Cic. Iusc. Quæst.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I AM fully persuaded that one of the best Springs of generous and worthy Actions, is the having generous and worthy Thoughts of our selves. Whosoever has a mean Opinion of the Dignity of his Nature, will yet in no higher Rank than he has allotted himself in his own Estimation. If he considers his Being as circumscrib'd by the uncertain Term of a few Years, his Designs will be contracted into the same narrow Span he imagines is to bound his Existence. How can he exalt his Thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short Turn on the Stage of this World, he is to sink into Oblivion, and to lose his Consciousness for ever? For this Reason I am of Opinion, that so useful and elevated a Contemplation is that of the Soul's Immortality cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving Exercise to the human Mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own great Privileges and Endowments nor a more effectual Means to awaken in us an Ambition raised above low Objects and little Pursuits, than to value our selves as Heirs of Eternity.

It is a very great Satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of Mankind in all Nations and Ages, asserting, as with one Voice, this their Birthright, and to find it ratify'd by an express Revelation. At the same time if we turn our Thoughts inward upon our selves we may meet with a kind of secret Sense concurring with the Proofs of our own Immortality.

You have, in my Opinion, rais'd a good presumptive Argument from the increasing Appetite the Mind has to Knowledge, and to the extending its own Faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more restrain'd Perfection of lower Lectures may, in the Limits of a short Life. I think another probable Conjecture may be rais'd from our Appetite to Duration it self, and from a Reflection on our Progress through the several Stages of it. We are complaining, as you observe in a former Speculation, of the Shortness of Life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the Parts of it, to arrive at certain little Settlements, or imaginary Points of Rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.

Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these imaginary Points of Rest. Do we stop our Motion, and sit down satisfied in the Settlement we have gain'd? or are we not

removing the Boundary, and marking out new Points of Rest, to which we press forward with the like Eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our Case is like that of a Traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the Top of the next Hill must end his Journey, because it terminates his Prospect, but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new Ground and other Hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.

This is so plainly every Man's Condition in Life, that there is no one who has observed any thing, but may observe, that as fast as his Time wears away, his Appetite to something future remains. The Use therefore I would make of it is this, That since Nature is some love to express it does nothing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our Being has planted no wandering Passion in it, no Desire which has not its Object, Futurity is the proper Object of the Passion so constantly exercis'd about it, and this Restlessness in the present, this assigning our selves over to further Stages of Duration, this successive grasping at something still to come, appears to me (whatever it may to others) as a kind of Instinct or natural Symptom which the Mind of Man has of its own Immortality.

I take it at the same time for granted, that the Immortality of the Soul is sufficiently established by other Arguments. And if so, this Appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds Strength to the Conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are Creatures capable of Thought, who, in spite of every Argument, can form to themselves a sullen Satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted Ambition of that Man who can hope for Annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole Fabrick shall one Day crumble into Dust, and mix with the Mass of innumerate Beings, that it equally deserves our Admiration and Pity. The Mystery of such Men's Unbelief is not hard to be penetrated, and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid Hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

This brings me back to my first Observation, and gives me Occasion to say further, That as worthy Actions spring from worthy Thoughts, so worthy Thoughts are likewise the Consequence of worthy Actions. But the Wretch who has degraded himself below the Character of Immortality, is very willing to resign his Pretensions to it, and to substitute in its Room a dark negative Happiness in the Extinction of his Being.

The admirable *Shakespear* has given us a strong Image of the unsupported Condition of such a Person in his last Minutes, in the second Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, where *Cardinal Beaufort*, who had been concerned in the Murder of the good *Duke Humphrey*, is represented on his Death-bed. After some short confused Speeches which shew an Imagination disturbed

z 'Hills deep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise' Pope's Essay on Criticism, then newly published

'Step towards confining me, she declared to me, that I was 'll the World to her, and she thought she ought to be all the World to me. If, she said, my Dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of my Company. This Declaration was followed by my being denied to all my Acquaintance and it very soon came to that pass, that to give an Answer at the Door before my Face, the Servants would ask her whether I was within or not, and she would answer No with great Fondness, and tell me I was a good Dear. I will not enumerate more little Circumstances to give you a livelier Sense of my Condition but tell you in general, that from such Steps as these at first, I now live the Life of a Prisoner of State: my Letters are opened, and I have not the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, but in her Presence. I never go abroad, except she sometimes takes me with her in her Coach to take the Air, if it may be called so, when we drive, as we generally do, with three Glasses up. I have overheard my Servants lament my Condition, but they dare not bring me Messages without her Knowledge, because they doubt my Resolution to stand by 'em. In the midst of this insipid Way of Life, an old Acquaintance of mine, *Tom Meggot*, who is a favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in her Company because he sings prettily, has roused me to rebel, and conveyed his Intelligence to me in the following Manner. My Wife is a great Pretender to Musick, and very ignorant of it but far gone in the *Italian Taste*. *Tom* goes to *Armstrong*, the famous fine Writer of Musick, and desires him to put this Sentence of *Julius* in the Scale of an *Italian Air*, and write it out for my Spouse from him. *An ille nihil liber cui mulier imperat? Cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet, velat quod videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare audeat? Poscit? dauidum est Vocat? veniendum Ejcit? abeundum Mutatur? extimiscendum*. Does he live like a Gentleman who is commauded by a Woman? He to whom she gives Laws, gives is and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands?

'To be short, my Wife was extremely pleased with it. said the *Italian* was the only Language for Musick and admired how wonderfully tender the Sentiment was, and how pretty the Accent is of that Language, with the rest that is said by Rote on that Occasion. Mr *Meggot* is sent for to sing this Air, which he performs with mighty Applause and my Wife is in Ecstasy on the Occasion, and glad to find, by my being so much pleased, that I was at last come into the Notion of the *Italian*, for, said she, it grows upon one when one once comes to know a little of the Language and pray, Mr *Meggot*, sing those Notes, *Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil recusare*. You may believe I was not a little delighted with my Friend *Tom's* Expedient to alarm me, and in Obedience to his Summons I

gave all this Story thus at large and I am resolved, when this appears in the *Spectator*, to declare for my self. The manner of the Insurrection I contrive by your Means, which shall be no other than that *Tom Meggot*, who is at our Ter-table every Morning, shall read it to us, and if my Dear can take the Hint, and say not one Word, but let this be the Beginning of a new Life without farther Explanation, it is very well, for as soon as the *Spectator* is read out, I shall, without more ado, call for the Coach, name the Hour when I shall be at home, if I come at all if I do not, they may go to Dinner. If my Spouse only swells and says nothing, I am and I go out together, and all is well, as I said before, but if she begins to command or expostulate, you shall in my next to you receive a full Account of her Resistance and Submission, for submit the dear thing must to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,  
Anthony Freeman.

P S I hope I need not tell you that I desire this may be in your very next

No 213 ] Saturday, November 3, 1711 [Addison

—Mens sibi conscia recti—Vrg

It is the great Art and Secret of Christianity, if I may use that Phrase, to manage our Actions to the best Advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to Account at that great Day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this Consideration its full Weight, we may cast all our Actions, under the Division of such as are in themselves either Good, Evil, or Indifferent. If we divide our Intentions after the same Manner, and consider them with regard to our Actions, we may discover that great Art and Secret of Religion which I have here mentioned.

A good Intention joined to a good Action, gives it its proper Force and Efficacy joined to an Evil Action, extenuates its Malignity, and in some Cases may take it wholly away, and joined to an indifferent Action turns it to a Virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human Actions can be so.

In the next Place, to consider in the same manner the Influence of an Evil Intention upon our Actions. An Evil Intention perverts the best of Actions, and makes them in reality, what the Fathers with a witty kind of Zeal have termed the Virtues of the Heathen World, so many *shining Sins*. It destroys the Innocence of an indifferent Action, and gives an evil Action all possible Blackness and Horror, or in the emphatical Language of Sacred Writ, makes *Sin exceeding sinful*.

If, in the last Place, we consider the Nature of an indifferent Intention, we shall find that it de-

\* Rom. vii 26

\* Paradox V on the Thesis that All who are wise are Free, and the fools Slaves.

troys the Merit of a good Action, whates, but never takes away, the Malignity of an evil Action, and leaves an indifferent Action in its natural State of Indifference.

It is, therefore of unspeakable Advantage to possess our Minds with an habitual good Intention, and to run all our Thoughts, Words, and Actions at some laudable End, whether it be the Glory of our Maker, the Good of Mankind, or the Benefit of our own Soul.

This is a sort of Thrift or Good-Husbandry in moral Life, which does not throw away any single Action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the Means of Salvation increases the Number of our Virtues, and diminishes that of our Vices.

There is something, very devout, though not solid, in *Acosta's* Answer to *Lamborch's* who objects to him the Multiplicity of Ceremonies in the Jewish Religion, as Washing, Dresses, Menus, Fungitions, and the like. His Reply which the Jew makes upon this Occasion, is, to the best of my Remembrance, as follows. 'There are not Duties enough (says he) in the essential Parts of the Law for a zealous and active Obedience. Time, Place, and Person are requisite, before you have an Opportunity of putting a Moral Virtue into Practice. We have, therefore says he, enlarged the Sphere of our Duty, and made many Things, which are in themselves indifferent, a Part of our Religion, that we may have more Occasions of shewing our Love to God, and in all the Circumstances of Life be doing something to please him.'

*Monseur St Evren* and his endeavoured to palliate the Superstitions of the Roman Catholic Religion with the same kind of Apology, where

<sup>1</sup> *An ita Collatio de Veritate Religiæ Christianæ et Fruitus Juris*, published in 1687, by *Philippe de Lamborch*, who was eminent as a professor of Theology at Amsterdam from 1667 until his death in 1712, at the age of 79. But the learned Jew was the Spanish Physician *Isaac Orbio*, who was tortured for three years in the prisons of the Inquisition on a charge of Judaism. He admitted nothing, was therefore set free, and left Spain for Toulouse, where he practised physic and passed as a Catholic until he settled at Amsterdam. There he made profession of the Jewish faith, and died in the year of the publication of *Lamborch's* friendly discussion with him.

The *Uriel Acosta*, with whom *Addison* confounds *Orbio*, was a gentile Jew of Oporto who had embraced Judaism and, leaving Portugal, had also gone to Amsterdam. There he was circumcised, but was persecuted by the Jews themselves, and eventually whipped in the synagogue for attempting reformation of the Jewish usages, in which, he said, tradition had departed from the law of Moses. He took his thirty-nine lashes, recanted, and lay across the threshold of the synagogue for all his brethren to walk over him. Afterwards he endeavoured to shoot his principal enemy, but his pistol misfired. He had another about him and with that he shot himself. This happened about the year 1640, when *Lamborch* was but a child of six or seven.

he pretends to consider the differing Spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great Points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by Love, and the other by Fear, and that in their Expressions of Duty and Devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.

But notwithstanding this plausible Reason with which both the Jew and the Roman Catholic would excuse their respective Superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to Mankind, and destructive to Religion, because the Injunction of superfluous Ceremonies makes such Actions, Duties, as were before indifferent, and by this means renders Religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own Nature, betrays many into Sins of Omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the Minds of the Vulgar to the shadowy unessential Points, in stead of the more weighty and more important Matters of the Law.

This zealous and active Obedience however takes place in the great Point we are recommending, for, if, instead of prescribing to our selves indifferent Actions as Duties, we apply a good Intention to all our most indifferent Actions, we make our very Existence one continued Act of Obedience, we turn our Diversions and Amusements to our eternal Advantage, and are pleasing him (whom we are made to please) in all the Circumstances and Occurrences of Life.

It is this excellent Frame of Mind, this holy Offensiveness (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon Precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the Glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent Actions, *neither ye eat nor drink, or whatsoever ye do*.

A Person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good Intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single Circumstance of Life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the Dictates of Reason, suitable to human Nature in general, or in that particular Station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual Sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting in the whole Course of his Existence, under the Observation and Inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his Motions and all his Thoughts, who knows all his *Down sitting and his Up-rising, who is about his Path, and about his Bed, and speaketh out all his Ways*.<sup>2</sup> In a word, he remembers that the Eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every Action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This has the Character of those holy Men of old, who in that beautiful Phrase of Scripture are said to have *walked with God*.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Sic in Religion' *Cœuvres* (Ld 1752), Vol III pp 267, 268

<sup>2</sup> 2 Cor x 31

<sup>3</sup> Psalm cxxxix 2, 3.

<sup>4</sup> Genesis v 22, vi 6.



When I employ myself upon a Paper of Morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular Virtue which I treat of, by the Precepts or Examples of the ancient Heathens by that Means, if possible, to shame those who have greater Advantages of knowing their Duty, and therefore greater Obligations to perform it, into a better Course of Life. Besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan Philosopher, than to a Christian Writer.

I shall therefore produce an Instance of this excellent Frame of Mind in a Speech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Erasmus*. This great Philosopher on the Day of his Execution, a little before the Draught of Poison was brought to him, entertaining his Friends with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, has these Words: *Whether or no God will approve of my Actions, I know not, but thus I am sure of, that I have at all Times made it my Endeavour to please him, and I have a good Hope that this my Endeavour will be accepted by him.* We find in these Words of that great Man the habitual good Intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine Philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that *Erasmus*, who was an unbogged Roman Catholic, was so much transported with this Passage of *Socrates*, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him or as that ingenious and learned Writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner. *When I reflect on such a Speech pronounced by such a Person, I can scarce forbear crying out, Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis. O holy Socrates, pray for us!* L

No 214 ] Monday, November 5, 1711 [Steele

[*Perierunt tempora longi  
Servati*—Juv<sup>2</sup>]

I DID some time ago lay before the World the unhappy Condition of the trading Part of Mankind, who suffer by want of Punctuality in the Dealings of Persons above them: but there is a Set of Men who are much more the Objects of Compassion than even those, and these are the Dependents on great Men, whom they are pleased to take under their Protection as such as are to share in their Friendship and Favour. These indeed, as well from the Homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a Sort of Creditors: and these Debts, being Debts of Honour, ought, according to the accustomed Maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of Dependents, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any Call will press into the Company of their Betters. Nor, when I speak of Patrons, do I mean those who either have

it not in their Power, or have no Obligation to assist their Friends: but I speak of such Leagues where there is Power and Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expectation on the other.

The Division of Patron and Client, may, I believe, include a Third of our Nation: the Want of Merit and real Worth in the Client, will strike out about Ninety nine in a Hundred of these, and the Want of Ability in Patrons as many of that Kind. But however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service, though he has no Prospect of rewarding his Merit towards him, is as unjust in his Dealings as he who takes up Goods of a Tradesman without Intention or Ability to pay him. Of the few of the Class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, inasmuch that I know a Man of good Sense who put his Son to a Blacksmith, tho' an Offer was made him of his being received as a Page to a Man of Quality.<sup>1</sup> There are not more Cripples come out of the Wars than there are from those great Services some through Discontent lose their Speech, some their Memories, others their Senses, or their Lives: and I seldom see a Man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the Favour of some great Man. I have known of such as have been for twenty Years together within a Mouth of a good Employment, but never arrived at the Happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a Man who is got into a considerable Station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his Friends, and from that Moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in Matters which concern your self, but your Patron is of a Species above you, and a free Communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your Condition all the while he bears Office, and when that is at an End, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the Distance he prescribed you towards him in his Grandeur. One would think this should be a Behaviour a Man could fall into with the worst Grace imaginable: but they who know the World have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret Pity, heard the same Man who has professed his Abhorrence against all Kind of private behaviour, lose Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years in a fruitless Attendance on one who had no Inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the Great have one particular Privilege above the rest of the World, of being slow in receiving Impressions of Kindness, and quick in taking Offence. The Elevation above the rest of Mankind, except in very great Minds, makes Men

<sup>1</sup> A son of one of the inferior gentry received as page by a nobleman wore his lord's livery, but had it of more costly materials than were used for the footmen, and was the immediate attendant of his patron, who was expected to give him a reputable start in life when he came of age. Percy notes that a lady who described to him the custom not very long after it had become obsolete, remembered her own husband's giving £500 to set up such a page in business.

<sup>2</sup> *Erasm. Apophthegm. Bk. III*

<sup>2</sup> [*Dulcis inexpertia culturi potentis amici,  
Expertus inquit*—Hor.]



so giddy, that they do not see after the same Manner they did before. Thus they despise their old Friends, and strive to extend their Interests to new Pretenders. By this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an Employment, you will find the Man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprized into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such Occasions as these a Man may perhaps grow out of Humour, and if you are so, all Alakind will fall in with the Patron, and you are an Humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a Disappointment. But it is the same thing, whether you do or do not resent ill Usage, you will be used after the same Manner, as some good Mothers will be sure to whip their Children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two Ways of doing any thing with great People, and those are by making your self either considerable or agreeable. The former is not to be attained but by finding a Way to live without them, or concealing 'till you want them the latter is only by filling into their Taste and Pleasures. This is of all the Employments in the World the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural Humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such Qualities and Accomplishments as should render you agreeable in your self, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An Imputation of his Faults, or a Complaisance, if not Subservience, to his Vices, must be the Measures of your Conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural State a Man lives in, when his Patron pleases, is ended, and his Guilt and Complaisance are objected to him, tho' the Man who rejects him for his Vices is not only his Partner but Seducer. Thus the Client (like a young Woman who has given up the Innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his Time but also the Virtue which could render him capable of resenting the Injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the [Tricks<sup>1</sup>] of turning you off from yourselves to Persons who have less Power to serve you, the Art of being sorry for such an unaccountable Accident in your Behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your Advancement, and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a Whisper, that 'tis no Wonder People are so slow in doing for a Man of your Talents, and the like.

After all this Treatment, I must still add the pleasantest Insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen to wit, that when a silly Rogue has thrown away one Part in three of his Life in unprofitable Attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest Natures (which one who makes Observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of Applications, it is too melancholy a Scene to dwell upon, therefore

<sup>1</sup> [Trick]

I shall take another Opportunity to discourse of good Patrons, and distinguish such as have done their Duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to get without their Favour. Worthy Patrons are like *Plato's* Guardian Angels, who are always doing good to their Wards, but negligent Patrons are like *Epicurus's* Gods, that lie looting on the Clouds, and instead of Blessings pour down Storms and Tempests on the Heads of those that are offering Incense to them.

No 215 ] Tuesday, November 6, 1711 [Addison

*Ingenius delicasse fideliter artes  
Enollit mores, nec sinit esse feros — Ov*

I CONSIDER an Human Soul without Education like Marble in the Quarry, which shews none of its inherent Beauties, 'till the Skill of the Polisher fetches out the Colours, makes the Surface shine, and discovers every ornamental Cloud, Spot, and Vein that runs through the Body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble Mind, draws out to View every latent Virtue and Perfection, which without such Helps are never able to make their Appearance.

If my Reader will give me leave to churge the Allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same Iustance to illustrate the Force of Education, which *Aristotle* has brought to explain his Doctrine of Substantial Forms, when he tells us that a Statue lies hid in a Block of Marble, and that the Art of the Statuary only clears away the superfluous Matter, and removes the Rubbish. The Figure is in the Stone, the Sculptor only finds it. What Sculpture is to a Block of Marble, Education is to a Human Soul. The Philosopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the Wise, the Good, or the Great Man very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper Education might have disinterred, and have brought to Light. I am therefore much delighted with Reading the Accounts of Savage Nations, and with contemplating those Virtues which are wild and uncultivated, to see Courage exerting it self in Fierceness, Resolution in Obstinacy, Wisdom in Cunning, Patience in Sullenness and Despair.

Mens Passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of Actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by Reason. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the Death of their Masters, or upon changing their Service, hang themselves upon the next Tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* Plantations, who can forbear admiring their Fidelity, though

<sup>2</sup> The Dæmon or Angel which, in the doctrine of Immortality according to Socrates or Plato, had the care of each man while alive, and after death conveyed him to the general place of judgment (*Phædon*, § 130), is more properly described as a Guardian Angel than the gods of *Epicurus* can be said to pour storms on the heads of their worshippers. *Epicurus* only represented them as inactive and unconcerned with human affairs.

it expresses it self in so dreadful a manner? What might not that Savage Greatness of Soul which appears in these poor Wretches on many Occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what Colour of Excuse can there be for the Contempt with which we treat this Part of our Species? That we should not put them upon the common foot of Humanity, that we should only set an insignificant Fine upon the Man who murders them nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the Prospects of Happiness in another World as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper Means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested that I live no manner of Reason to suspect the Truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild Tragedy that passed about twelve Years ago at St. Christophers, one of our British Leeward Islands. The Negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the Slaves of a Gentleman who is now in England.

This Gentleman among his Negroes had a young Woman, who was look'd upon as a most extraordinary Beauty by those of her own Complexion. He had at the same time two young Fellows who were likewise Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for the Comeliness of their Persons, and for the Friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the Female Negro above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the Man. But they were both so passionately in Love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival: and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Consent. The Torments of these two Lovers were the Discourse of the Family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange Complication of Passions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, that often dropped Expressions of the Uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long Struggle between Love and Friendship, Truth and Jealousy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Mistress along with them. Where, after abundance of Lamentations, they stabbed her to the Heart, of which she immediately died. A Slave who was at his Work not far from the Place where this astonishing Piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Person, ran to see what was the Occasion of them. He then discovered the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breasts in the utmost Agonies of Grief and Despair. He immediately ran to the English Family with the News of what he had seen: who upon coming to the Place saw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing Instance of Barbarity, what strange Disorders are bred in the minds of those Men whose Passions are not regulated by Virtue, and disciplined by Reason. Though the Action which I have recited is in it self full of Guilt and Horror, it proceeded from a Temper of Mind which might have produced very noble Traits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable Education.

It is therefore an unspeakable Blessing to be born in those Parts of the World where Wisdom and Knowledge flourish: tho' it must be confessed, there are, even in these Parts, several poor uneducated Persons, who are but little above the Inhabitants of those Nations, of which I have been here speaking: as those who have had the Advantages of a more liberal Education, rise above one another by several different Degrees of Perfection. For to return to our Statue in the Block of Marble we see it sometimes only begun to be elipped, sometimes rough hewn and but just sketched into a human Figure, sometimes we see the Man appearing distinctly in all his Limbs and Features, sometimes we find the Figure wrought up to a great Elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the Hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give several more touches and finishings.

Discourses of Morality, and Reflections upon human Nature, are the best Means we can make use of to improve our Minds, and gain a true Knowledge of our selves, and consequently to recover our Souls out of the Vice, Ignorance, and Prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profess myself in this Paper a Promoter of these great Ends: and I flatter myself that I do from Day to Day contribute something to the polishing of Mens Minds: at least my Design is laudable, whatever the Execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many Letters, which I receive from unknown Hands, in Approbation of my Endeavours: and must take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my Papers, which I am sensible would be a very great Ornament to them. Should I publish the Praises which are so well penned, they would do Honour to the Persons who wrote them: but my publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient Instance to the World that I did not deserve them.

No 216 Wednesday, November 7, 1711 [Steel]

*Siquidem hercle possis, nil frans, neque fortius  
Verum si incipies, neque perficies: aviter,  
Atque ubi pati non poteris, cum vieno expelet,  
Infecta pace ultro ad eam rursus inducens,  
Te amare, et ferre non posse. Actum est, sheet,  
Peristu: cludet ubi te nictum senserit — Ter*

To Mr SPECTATOR,

SIR,  
THIS is to inform you, that Mr Freeman<sup>1</sup> had no sooner taken Coach, but his Lady

<sup>1</sup> See No 212

'was taken with a terrible Fit of the Vapours, which, 'tis feared will make her miscarry, if not endanger her Life, therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any Receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning Distemper, be pleased to communicate it for the Good of the Publick, and you will oblige

Yours,

A NOFWILL.

MR SPECTATOR,

THE Uproar was so great as soon as I had read the *Spectator* concerning Mrs *Freeman*, that after many Revolutions in her Temper, of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, putting herself, and reviling her Husband, upon an accidental coming in of a neighbouring Lady (who says she has writ to you also) she had no thing left for it but to fall in a Fit. I had the Honour to read the Paper to her, and have a pretty good Command of my Countenance and Temper on such Occasions, and soon found my historical Name to be *Tom Meggot* in your Writings, but concealed my self till I saw how it affected Mrs *Freeman*. She looked frequently at her Husband, as often at me, and she did not tremble as she filled Tea, till she came to the Circumstance of *Armstrong's* writing out a Piece of *Folly* for an Opera Tune. Then she burst out, She was exposed, she was deceiv'd, she was wronged and abused. The Tea cup was thrown in the Fire, and without taking Vengeance on her Spouse, she said of me, that I was a pretending Coxcomb, a Medler that knew not what it was to interpose in so nice an Affair as between a Man and his Wife. To which Mr *Freeman*, Madam, were I less fond of you than I am, I should not have taken this Way of writing to the SPECTATOR, to inform a Woman whom God and Nature has placed under my Direction with what I request of her but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the Hint which I gave you in that Paper, I must tell you, Madam, in so many Words, that you have for a long and tedious Space of Time acted a Part unsuitable to the Sense you ought to have of the Subordination in which you are placed. And I must acquaint you once for all, that the Fellow without, ha *Tom!* (here the Footman entered and answered Madam) Sirrah don't you know my Voice look upon me when I speak to you I say, Madam, this Fellow here is to know of me myself, whether I am at Leisure to see Company or not. I am from this Hour Master of this House and my Business in it, and every where else, is to behave myself in such a Manner, as it shall be hereafter in Honour to you to bear my Name, and your Pride, that you are the Delight, the Darling, and Ornament of a Man of Honour, useful and esteemed by his Friends, and I no longer one that has buried some Merit in the World, in Complaisance to a forward Humour which has grown upon an agreeable Woman by his Indulgence. Mr *Freeman* ended this with a tenderness in his Aspect and a downcast Eye, which shewed he was extremely moved at the Anguish he saw her in, for she sat swelling with Passion, and her Eyes

'firmly fixed on the Fire, when I, fearing he would lose all again, took upon me to provoke her out of that miserable Sorrow she was in, to fall upon me upon which I said very seasonably for my Friend, That indeed Mr *Freeman* was become the common Talk of the Town, and that nothing was so much a Jest, as when it was said in Company Mr *Freeman* had promised to come to such a Place. Upon which the good Lady turned her Softness into downright Rage, and threw the scalding Tea Kettle upon your humble Servant, flew into the Middle of the Room, and cried out she was the unfortunatest of all Women. Others kept Family Dissatisfactions for Hours of Privacy and Retirement. No Apology was to be made to her, no Expedient to be found, no previous Manner of breaking what was amiss in her, but all the World was to be acquainted with her Errors, without the least Admonition. Mr *Freeman* was going to make a softening Speech, but I interposed, Look you, Madam, I have nothing to say to this Matter, but you ought to consider you are now pratt a Chicken this Humour, which was well enough in a Girl, is insufferable in one of your Motherly Character. With that she lost all Patience, and flew directly at her Husband's Perwig. I got her in my Arms, and defended my Friend. He making Signs at the same time that it was too much I beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her Shoulder, that [he] I was lost if he did not persist. In this manner [we<sup>2</sup>] flew round and round the Room in a Moment, 'till the Lady I spoke of above and Servants entered upon which she fell on a Couch as breathless. I still kept up my Friend but he, with a very silly Air, bid them bring the Coach to the Door, and we went off, I forced to bid the Coachman drive on. We were no sooner come to my Lodgings, but all his Wife's Relations came to enquire after him, and Mrs *Freeman's* Mother writ a Note, wherein she thought never to have seen this Day, and so forth.

'In a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we have no Talents for, and I can observe already my Friend looks upon me rather as a Man that knows a Weakness of him that he is ashamed of, than one who has rescu'd him from Slavery. Mr SPECTATOR, I am but a young Fellow, and if Mr *Freeman* submits, I shall be looked upon as an Incendiary, and never get a Wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent Word home he shall be at *Hampstead* to night, but I believe Fear of the first Onset after this Rupture has too great a Place in this Resolution. Mrs *Freeman* has a very pretty Sister, suppose I delivered him up, and truced with the Mother for her for bringing him home. If he has not Courage to stand it, (you are a great Casuist) is it such an ill thing to bring myself off, as well as I can? What makes me doubt my Man, is that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with her and Capt. SENTRY will tell you, if you let your Orders be disputed, you are no longer a Commander. I wish you could ad-

<sup>1</sup> [we]

<sup>2</sup> [he], and in first reprint

'wise me how to get clear of this Business hand-  
'somerly

T

Yours,  
Tom Meggot.

No 217] Thursday, Nov 8, 1711 [Budgell

*Time sæmna simplex,  
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro*  
Juv Sat 6

I SHALL entertain my Reader to day with some Letters from my Correspondents. The first of them is the Description of a Club, whether real or imaginary I cannot determine but am apt to fancy, that the Writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of Nocturnal Orgie out of her own Fancy. Whether this be so or not, her Letter may conduce to the Amendment of that kind of Persons who are represented in it, and whose Characters are frequent enough in the World.

MR SPECTATOR,

'In some of your first Papers you were pleas'd to give the Publick a very diverting Account of several Clubs and nocturnal Assemblies, but I am a Member of a Society which has wholly escap'd your Notice, I mean a Club of She Romps. We take each a Hackney Coach, and meet once a Week in a large upper Chamber, which we hire by the Year for that Purpose. Our Landlord and his Family, who are quiet People, constantly endeavoring to be abroad on our Club-Night. We are no sooner come together than we throw off all that Modesty and Reservedness with which our Sex are oblig'd to disguise themselves in publick Places. I am not able to express the Pleasure we enjoy from Ten at Night till four in the Morning, in being as rude as you Men can be, for your Lives. As our Play runs high the Room is immediately filled with broken Fans, torn Petticoats, Lappets of Head dresses, Flouncees, Furbelows, Garters, and Working-Aprons. I had forgot to tell you at first, that besides the Coaches we come in our selves, there is one which stands always empty to carry off our *dead Men*, for so we call all those Fragments and Tatters with which the Room is strewd and which we pack up together in Bundles and put into the *fore-and Corch*. It is no small Diversion for us to meet the next Night at some Member's Chamber, where every one is to pick out what belonged to her from this confused Bundle of Silks, Stuffs, Laces, and Ribbons. I have hitherto given you an Account of our Diversion on ordinary Club Nights but must acquaint you further, that once a Month we *demolish a Prude*, that is, we get some queer formal Creature in among us, and unrig her in an Instant. Our last Month's Prude was so armed and fortified in Whalebone and Buckram that we had much ado to come at her but you would have died with laughing to have seen how the sober awkward Thing looked when she was forced out of her Intrenchments. In short, Sir,

'tis impossible to give you a true Notion of our Sports, unless you would come one Night amongst us and tho' it be directly against the Rules of our Society to admit a Male Visitor, we repose so much Confidence in your Silence and Trustworthiness, that 'twas agreed by the whole Club, at our last Meeting, to give you Entrance for one Night as a Spectator.

I am,  
Your Humble Servant,  
Kitty Loringant

P S We shall demolish a Prude next Thursday

Tho' I thank Kitty for her kind Offer, I do not at present find in my self any Inclination to venture my Person with her and her romping Companions. I should regard my self as a second *Clodius* intruding on the Mysterious Rites of the *Bona Dea*, and should apprehend being *Demolish'd* as much as the *Prude*.

The following Letter comes from a Gentleman, whose Taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least Advanc'd towards Romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the Hint he has given me, and make it the Subject of a whole *Spectator*, in the mean time take it as it follows in his own Words.

MR SPECTATOR,

'It is my Misfortune to be in Love with a young Creature who is daily committing I wits, which though they give me the utmost Uneasiness, I know not how to prove her for, or even requint her with. She is pretty, dresses well, is rich, and good humour'd but either wholly neglects or has no Notion of that which Polite People have agreed to distinguish by the Name of *Delicacy*. After our Return from a Walk the other Day she threw her self into an *Elbow-Chair*, and profess'd before a large Company, that she was *all over in a Sweat*. She told me this Afternoon that her *Stomach ached*, and was complaining Yesterday at Dinner of something that *stuck in her Teeth*. I treated her with a Basket of Fruit last Summer, which she eat so very greedily, as almost made me resolve never to see her more. In short, Sir, I begin to tremble whenever I see her about to speak or move. As she does not want Sense, if she takes these Hints I am happy, if not, I am more than in afraid, that these Things which shock me even in the Behaviour of a Mistress, will appear insupportable in that of a Wife.

I am,  
SIR,  
Yours, &c.

My next Letter comes from a Correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the Account which she gives of her self.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I am happily arriv'd at a State of Tranquillity, which few People envy, I mean that of an old Maid therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that Medley of Follies which our Sex is apt to contract from their silly Fondness of yours, I read your Raileries on us without Provocation. I can say with *Hamlet*,

*—Man delights in me,  
Nor Woman neither—*

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own  
'Sex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridicu-  
'lous in ours, and you will oblige at least one  
'Woman, who is

*Your Humble Servant,  
Susannah Frost*

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I am Wife to a Clergyman, and cannot help  
'thinking that in your Letter or Letter Character  
'of Woman-kind you meant my self, therefore I  
'have no Quarrel against you for the other Nine  
'Characters

*Your Humble Servant,  
A. B*

X.

No 218 ] Friday, November 9, 1711 [ Steele

*Quid de quoque vtro et cui dicas si se caritate  
Hor*

I HAPPENED the other Day, as my Way is, to  
strolc into a little Coffee-house beyond Ald-  
gate, and as I sat there, two or three very plain  
sensible Men were talking of the SPECTATOR.  
One said, he had that Morning drawn the great  
Benefit Ticket another wished he had but a  
third shaked his Head and said, It was pity that  
the Writer of that Paper was such a sort of Man,  
that it was no great Matter whether he lived it or  
no. He is it seems, said the good Man, the most  
extravagant Creature in the World, has run  
through vast Sums, and yet been in continual  
Want a Man, for all he talks so well of Oecono-  
my unfit for any of the Offices of Life, by reason  
of his Profuseness. It would be an unhappy  
thing to be his Wife, his Child, or his Friend  
and yet he talks as well of these Duties of Life as  
any one. Much Reflection has brought me to so  
easy a Contempt for every thing which is false,  
that this heavy Accusation gave me no manner of  
Uneasiness, but at the same Time it threw me  
into deep Thought upon the Subject of Fame in  
general and I could not but pity such as were so  
weak, as to value what the common People say  
out of their own talkative Temper to the Ad-  
vantage or Diminution of those whom they men-  
tion, without being moved either by Malice or  
Good will. It will be too long to expatiate upon  
the Sense all Mankind have of Fame, and the in-  
expressible Pleasure which there is in the Appro-  
bation of worthy Men, to all who are capable of  
worthy Actions: but methinks one may divide the  
general Word Fame into three different Species,  
as it regards the different Orders of Mankind who  
have any Thing to do with it. Fame therefore may  
be divided into Glory, which respects the Hero,  
Reputation, which is preserved by every Gentle-  
man, and Credit, which must be supported by  
every Tradesman. These Possessions in Fame  
are dearer than Life to these Characters of Men, or

rather are the Life of those Characters. Glory,  
while the Hero pursues great and noble Enter-  
prizes, is impregnable and all the Assaults of  
his Renown do but show their Pain and Im-  
patience of its Brightness, without throwing the  
least Shade upon it. If the Foundation of an high  
Name be Virtue and Service, all that is offered  
against it is but Rumour, which is too short-lived  
to stand up in Competition with Glory, which is  
everlasting.

Reputation, which is the Portion of every Man  
who would live with the elegant and knowing  
Part of Mankind, is as valuable as Glory, if it be as  
well founded and the common Cause of human  
Society is thought concerned when we hear a Man  
of good Behaviour calumniated. Besides which,  
according to a prevailing Custom amongst us, every  
Man has his Defence in his own Arm and Re-  
proach is soon checked out of Countenance,  
and overtaken by Disgrace.

The most unhappy of all Men, and the most ex-  
posed to the Vilignity or Wantonness of the com-  
mon Voice, is the Trader. Credit is undone in  
Whisper. The Tradesman's Wound is received  
from one who is more private and more cruel than  
the Russian with the Lantern and Digger. The  
Manner of repeating a Man's Name, as Mr  
Cash, Oh! do you leave your Money at his Shop?  
Why, do you know Mr Serroon? He is indeed  
a general Merchant. I say, I have seen, from  
the Iteration of a Man's Name, luding one  
Thought of him, and expelling what you hide by  
saying something to his Advantage when you  
speak, a Merchant hurt in his Credit and him  
who, every Day he lived, literally added to the  
Value of his Native Country, undone by one who  
was only a Burthen and a Blemish to it. Since  
every Body who knows the World is sensible of  
this great Evil, how careful ought a Man to be in  
his Language of a Merchant? It may possibly be  
in the Power of a very shrewd Creature to lay the  
Ruin of the best Family or the most opulent City  
and the more so, the more highly he deserves of  
his Country: that is to say, the farther he places  
his Wealth out of his Hands, to draw home that  
of another Chm's.

In this Case in all Word may change Plenty  
into Want, and by a rash Sentence a free and  
generous Fortune may in a few Days be reduced  
to Beggary. How little does a giddy Prater in-  
agine, that an idle Phrase to the Disgrace of a  
Merchant may be as pernicious in the Conse-  
quence, as the Forgery of a Deed to bar an Inhe-  
ritance would be to a Gentleman? Land stands  
where it did before a Gentleman was calumniated,  
and the State of a great Action is just as it was  
before Calumny was offered to diminish it, and  
there is Time, Place and Occasion expected to  
unravel all that is contrived against those Char-  
acters but the Trader who is ready only for pro-  
bable Demands upon him, can have no Armour  
against the Inquisitive, the Malicious, and the  
Envious, who are prepared to fill the Cry to his  
Dishonour. Fire and Sword are slow Engines of  
Destruction, in Comparison of the Babbling in the  
Case of the Merchant.

For this Reason I thought it an imitable Piece  
of Humanity of a Gentleman of my Acquaintance,

\* See No 209.

who had great Variety of Affairs, and used to talk with Warmth enough against Gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with: but he would never let any thing be urged against a Merchant (with whom he had any Difference) except in a Court of Justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a Merchant, was to begin his Suit with Judgment and Execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this Occasion, than to repeat that the Merit of the Merchant is above that of all other Subjects: for while he is untouched in his Credit, his Hand-writing is a more portable Coin for the Service of his Fellow Citizens, and his Word the Gull of *Opium* to the Country wherein he resides.

1

No 219] Saturday, Nov 10 1711 [Saturday

*Vix ea nostra vobis* — On

THERE are but few Men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in their Nation or Country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of Grind and Respect, which the meanest and most insignificant Part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. The poorest Mechanick, nay the Man who lives upon common Alms, gets in his Set of Admirers, and delights in that Superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some Respect beneath him. This Ambition, which is natural to the Soul of Man, might methinks receive a very happy turn, and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a Person's Advantage, as it generally does to his Uneasiness and Disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some Thoughts on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers, and shall set them down as they have occurred to me without being at the Pains to Connect or Methodise them.

All Superiority and Pre-eminence that one Man can have over another, may be reduced to the Notion of *Quality*, which, considered at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The first is that which consists in Birth, Title, or Riches, and is the most foreign to our Natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three Kinds of Quality. In relation to the Body, Quality arises from Health, Strength, or Beauty, which are nearer to us, and more a Part of our selves than the former Quality, as it regards the Mind, has its Rise from Knowledge or Virtue, and is that which is more essential to us and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The Quality of Fortune, tho' a Man has less Reason to value himself upon it than on that of the Body or Mind, is however the kind of Quality which makes the most shining Figure in the Eye of the World.

As Virtue is the most reasonable and genuine Source of Honour, we generally find in Titles an Imitation of some particular Merit that should recommend Men to the high Stations which they

possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope, Majesty to Kings, Serenity or Mildness of Temper to Princes, Excellence or Perfection to Ambassadors, Grace to Archbishops, Honour to Peers, Worth or Venerable Behaviour to Magistrates, and Reverence, which is of the same Import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

In the Founders of great Families, such Attributes of Honour are generally corresponded to the Virtue of the Person to whom they are applied: but in the Descendants they are too often the Mark rather of Grandeur than of Merit. The Stamp and Deumure on still continues, but the intrinsic Value is frequently lost.

The Death Bed shows the Impudence of Titles in a true Light. A poor disappointed Sonner lies trembling under the Apprehensions of the State he is entering on, and is a keil by a grave Attendant how his Holiness does? And let him himself addressed to under the Title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean Circumstances of Mortality as are the Disgrace of Human Nature. Titles at such a time look rail or like Insults and Mockery than Respect.

The truth of it is Honours are in this World under no Regulation: true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppressed, and Vice triumphant. The last Day will rectify this Disorder, and assign to every one a Station suitable to the Dignity of his Character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and Pre-eminence set right.

Methinks we should have an Ambition if not to advance ourselves in another World at least to preserve our Post in it, and out of our Inferiors in Virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a State which is to settle the Distinction for Eternity.

Men in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon Earth*, and I often *Pilgrims*. Several Heathen as well as Christian Authors, under the same kind of Metaphor, have represented the World as an Inn, which was only designed to furnish us with Accommodations in this our Passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our Tent before we come to our Journey's End, and not rather to take care of the Reception we shall there meet, than to fix our Thoughts on the little Conveniences and Advantages which we enjoy one above another in the Way to it.

*Epictetus* makes use of another kind of Allusion, which is very beautiful and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the Post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a Part allotted to him. The great Duty which lies upon a Man is to act his Part in Perfection. We may indeed say, that our Part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the Philosopher) is not our Business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the Part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the Fault is not in us, but in him who has cast our several Parts, and is the great Disposer of the Drama.

The Part that was acted by this Philosopher

himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a Slave His Motion to Contentment in this Particular, receives a very great Inforcement from the above-mentioned Consideration, if we remember that our Parts in the other World will be new cast, and that Mankind will be there rung in different Stations of Superiority and Preeminence, in Proportion as they have here excelled one another in Virtue, and performed in their several Posts of Life the Duties which belong to them

There are many beautiful Passages in the little Apocryphal Book, entitled, *The Wisdom of Solomon*, to set forth the Vanity of Honour, and the like temporal Blessings which are in so great Requite among Men, and to comfort those who have not the Possession of them It represents in very warm and noble Terms this Advancement of a good Man in the other World and the great Surprise which it will produce among those who are his Superiors in this Then shall the righteous Man stand in great Boldness before the Face of such as have afflicted him, and made no Account of his Labours When they see it they shall be troubled with terrible Fear, and shall be amazed at the Strangeness of his Salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for And they repenting and groaning for Anguish of Spirit shall say within themselves This was he whom we had sometime in Derision, and a Proverb of Reproach We Fools accounted his Life Madness and his End to be without Honour How is he numbered among the Children of God, and his Lot is among the Saints

If the Reader would see the Description of a Life that is passed away in Vanity and among the Shadows of Pomp and Greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same Place In the mean time, since it is necessary in the present Constitution of things that Order and Distinction should be kept in the World, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper Stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in Virtue, as much as in Rank, and by their Humanity and Condescension make their Superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner Posts of Life, would consider how they may better their Condition hereafter, and by a just Deference and Submission to their Superiors make them happy in those Blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them

No 220 ] Merday, November 12, 1711 [Steele

[*Rumoresque seri tarios*— Virg 3]

SIR,

WHY will you apply to my Father for my Love? I cannot help it if he will give you my Person, but I assure you it is not in his

<sup>1</sup> Wied, ch v s—5

<sup>2</sup> Ch v s—14

<sup>3</sup> [*Aliena negotia centum*

*Per caput, et circa salum latus*—Hor J

Power, nor even in my own, to give you my Heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the Inconsequence of such a Match you are Fifty-five, I Twenty-one You are a Man of Business, and mightily conversant in Arithmetick and making Calculations be pleased therefore to consider what Proportion your Spirits bear to mine and when you have made a just Estimate of the necessary Decay on one Side, and the Redundance on the other, you will act accordingly This perhaps is such Language as you may not expect from a young Lady but my Happiness is at Stake, and I must talk plainly I mortally hate you and so, as you and my Father agree, you may take me or leave me But if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

HENRIETTA

My SPECTATOR,

There are so many Artifices and Modes of false Wit, and such a Variety of Humour discover'd it self among us Votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a Subject if you would think fit to resume it The following Instances may if you think fit, be added by Way of Appendix to your Discourses on that Subject

That Feat of Poetical Activity mentioned by Horace, of an Author who could compose two hundred Verses while he stood upon one Leg, has been imitated (as I have heard) by a modern Writer who priding himself on the Hury of his Invention, thought it no small Addition to his Fame to have each Piece minuted with the exact Number of Hours or Days it cost him in the Composition He could taste no Praise till he had acquainted you in how short Space of Time he had deserved it and was not so much led to an Ostentation of his Art, as of his Dispatch

*Accipiam tabulas, detur mihi locus, tora,  
Cusoribus vincarum uter plus scribere possit*  
Hor

This was the whole of his Ambition and therefore I cannot but think the Flights of this rapid Author very proper to be opposed to those laborious Nothings which you have observed were the Delight of the German Wits, and in which they so happily got rid of such a tedious Quantity of their Time

I have known a Gentleman of another Turn of Humour, who, despising the Name of an Author, never printed his Works, but contracted his Talent, and by the help of a very fine Diamond which he wore on his little Finger, was a considerable Poet upon Glass He had a very good Epigrammatick Wit and there was not a Parlour or Tavern Window where he visited or dined for some Years, which did not receive some Sketches or Memorials of it It was his Misfortune at last to lose his Genius and his Ring to a

<sup>1</sup> This letter is by John Hughes.

<sup>2</sup> —in hora saepe ducentos,

Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno  
Sat. I. iv. 10.

'Shriller at Phys, and he has not attempted to make a Verse since

'But of all Contractions or Expedients for Wit, I admire that of an ingenious Projector whose Book I have seen'. This Virtuoso being a Mathematician, has, according to his Taste, thrown the Art of Poetry into a short Problem, and contrived Tables by which any one without knowing a Word of Grammar or Sense, may, to his great Comfort, be able to compose or rather to erect Latin Verses. His Tables are a kind of Poetical Logarithms, which being divided into several Squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent Words, appear to the Eye somewhat like a Fortune telling Screen. What a Joy must it be to the unlearned Operator to find that these Words, being carefully collected and writ down in Order according to the Problem, start of themselves into Hexameter and Pentameter Verses?

A Friend of mine, who is a Student in Astrology, meeting with this Book, performed the Operation, by the Rules there set down he shewed his Verses to the next of his Acquaintance, who happened to understand Latin, and being informed they described a Tempest of Wind, very luckily perceived them, together with a Translation, to an Almanack he was just then printing, and was supposed to have foretold the last great Storm.

I think the only Improvement beyond this, would be that which the late Duke of Buckingham mentioned to a stupid Pretender to Poetry, as the Project of a Dutch Mechanick, viz. a Mill to make Verses. This being the most compendious Method of all which have yet been proposed, may deserve the Thoughts of our modern Virtuosi, who are employed in new Discoveries for the publick Good and it may be worth the while to consider, whether in an Island where few are content without being thought Wits, it will not be a common Benefit, that Wit as well as Labour should be made cheap.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I often dine at a Gentleman's House, where there are two young Ladies, in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in their Behaviour, because they understand me for a Person that is to break my Mind, as the Phrase is, very suddenly to one of them. But I take this Way to requit them, that I am not in Love with either of them, in Hopes they will use me with that agreeable Freedom and Indifference which they do all the rest of the World, and not to drink to one or other [only,] but sometimes cast a kind Look, with their Service to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Gentleman, and take it for a Piece of Good breeding to pull off my Hat when

a pamphlet by John Peter, 'Artificial Versifying, a New Way to make Latin Verses' Lond 1768

Of Nov 26, 1703, which destroyed in London alone property worth a million

'I see any thing particularly charming in my Woman, whether I know her or not. I take care that there is nothing ludicrous or irreverent in my Manner, as if I were to betray a Woman into a Salutation by Way of Jest or Humour, and yet except I am acquainted with her, I find she never takes it for a Rule, that she is to look upon this Civility and Homage I pay to her supposed Merit, as an Impertinence or I own rudeness which she is to observe and neglect. I wish, Sir, you would settle the Business of Salutation, and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden Impulse I have to be civil to what gives an Idea of Merit, or tell these Creatures how to behave themselves in Return to the Esteem I have for them. My Affairs are such, that your Decision will be a favour to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary Expence of wearing out my Hat so fast as I do at present.

There are some that I am,  
do know me, and won't SIR,  
bow to me Yours,  
I D

No 221 ] Tuesday, November 13, 1711 [Addison

Ab O. o

Usque ad Mala— Hor

WHEN I have finished any of my Speculations, it is my Method to consider which of the ancient Authors have touched upon the Subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated Thought upon it, or a Thought of my own expressed in better Words, or some Similitude for the Illustration of my Subject. Thus is what gives Birth to the Motto of a Speculation, which I rather chuse to take out of the Poets than the Prose-writers, as the former generally give a finer Turn to a Thought than the latter, and by couching it in few Words, and in harmonious Numbers, make it more portable to the Memory.

My Reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good Line in every Paper, and very often finds his Imagination entertained by a Hint that awakens in his Memory some beautiful Passage of a Classic Author.

It was a Saying of an ancient Philosopher, which I find some of our Writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good Face is a Letter of Recommendation. It naturally makes the Beholders inquisitive into the Person who is the Owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his Favour. A handsome Motto has the same Effect. Besides that, it always gives a Supernumerary Beauty to a Paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the Writer is engaged in what may appear a Paradox to vulgar Minds, as it shews that he is supported by good Authorities, and is not singular in his Opinion.

I must confess, the Motto is of little Use to an

Diogenes Laertius, Bk. V ch 1



many Years in hard Study before he can arrive at the Knowledge of them

We had a Rabbinical Divine in *England*, who was Chaplain to the Earl of *Essex* in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, that had an admirable Head for Secrets of this Nature Upon his taking the Doctor of Divinity's Degree, he preached before the University of *Cambridge*, upon the *First* Verse of the *first* Chapter of the *first* Book of *Chronicles*, in which, says he, you have the three following Words,

*Adam, Sheth, Enosh.*

He divided this short Text into many Parts, and by discovering several Mysteries in each Word, made a most Learned and Elaborate Discourse The Name of this profound Preacher was Doctor *Alabaster*, of whom the Reader may find a more particular Account in Doctor *Fuller's* Book of *English Worthies* This Instance will, I hope, convince my Readers that there may be a great deal of fine Writing in the Capital Letters which bring up the Rear of my Paper, and give them some Satisfaction in that Particular But as for the full Explication of these Matters, I must refer them to Time, which discovers all things C.

No 222 ] Wednesday, Nov 14, 1711 [Steel.

*Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ugi,  
Præferat Herodis palmætis pinguibus—* Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

THERE is one thing I have often look'd for in your Papers, and have as often wonder'd to find myself disappointed the rather, because I think it a Subject every way agreeable to your Design, and by being left unattempted by others, seems reserved as a proper Employment for you, I mean a Disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that Men of the brightest Parts, and most comprehensive Genius, completely furnished with Talents for any Province in humane Affairs, such as by their wise Lessons of Oeconomy to others have made it evident, that they have the justest Notions of Life and of true Sense in the Conduct of it — from what unhappy contradictory Cause it proceeds, that Persons thus finished by Nature and by Art, should so often fail in the Management of that which they so well understand, and want the Address to make a right Application of their own Rules This is certainly a prodigious Inconsistency in Behaviour, and makes much such a Figure in Morals as a monstrous Birth in Naturals, with this Difference only, which greatly aggravates the Wonder, that it happens much more frequently and what a Blemish does it cast upon Wit and Learning in the general Account of the World? And in how disadvantageous a Light does it expose them to the busy Class of Man-

<sup>1</sup> Where it is explained that Adam meaning Man Sch placed and I must, Misery the mystic inference is that Man was placed in Misery

kind, that there should be so many Instances of Persons who have so conducted their Lives in spite of these transcendent Advantages, as neither to be happy in themselves, nor useful to their Friends, when every Body sees it was entirely in their own Power to be eminent in both these Characters? For my part, I think there is no Reflection more astonishing, than to consider one of these Gentlemen spending a fair Fortune, running in every Body's Debt without the least Apprehension of a future Reckoning, and at last leaving not only his own Children, but possibly those of other People, by his Means in starving Circumstances while a Fellow, whom one would scarce suspect to have a humane Soul, shall perhaps ruse a vast Estate out of Nothing, and be the Founder of a Family capable of being very considerable in their Country, and doing many illustrious Services to it That this Observation is just, Experience has put beyond all Dispute But though the Fact be so evident and glaring, yet the Causes of it are still in the Dark which makes me persuade myself, that it would be no unacceptable Piece of Entertainment to the Town, to inquire into the hidden Sources of so unaccountable an Evil

I am,

SIR,

Your most Humble Servant

What this Correspondent wonders at, has been Matter of Admiration ever since there was any such thing as humane Life *Horne* reflects upon this Inconsistency very agreeably in the Character of *Sigellus*, whom he makes a mighty Pretender to Oeconomy, and tells you, you might one Day hear him speak the most philosophick Things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his Contempt of every thing but mere Necessaries, and in Half a Week after spend a thousand Pound When he says this of him with Relation to Expence, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other Circumstance of Life And indeed, if we consider lavish Men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain Incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding Enjoyment in their own Minds Mr *Dryden* has expressed this very excellently in the Character of *Zuiri*

*A Man so various, that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome  
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,  
Was every Thing by Starts, and Nothing long,  
But in the Course of one revolving Moon,  
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon  
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drunk-  
ing,*

*besides ten thousand Freaks that died in think-  
ing,  
Blest Madman, who could every Hour employ  
In something new to wish or to enjoy  
In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art,  
Nothing went unrewarded but Desert*

This loose State of the Soul hurries the Le-

<sup>1</sup> i.e. The Duke of Buckingham, in Part 1 of *Absalom and Achitophel*

travagant from one Pursuit to another, and the Reason that his Expenses are greater than another's, is, that his Wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this Way to their Lives End, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the Eyes of the rest of Mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. *Jully* says, it is the greatest of Wickedness to lessen your paternal Estate. And if a Man would thoroughly consider how much worse than Banishment it must be to his Child, to ride by the Estate which should have been his had it not been for his Father's Injustice to him, he would be smitten with the Reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a Father. Sure there can be nothing more afflictive than to think it had been happier for his Son to have been born of any other Man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important Lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary Life, and to be able to relish your Being without the Transport of some Passion or Gratification of some Appetite. For want of this Capacity, the World is filled with Whetters, Tipplers, Cutters, Sippers, and all the numerous Train of those who, for want of Thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their Feeling or Lust. It would be hard on this Occasion to mention the harmless Smokers of Tobacco and Takers of Snuff.

The slower Part of Mankind, whom my Correspondent wonders should get Estates, are the more immediately formed for that Pursuit. They can expect distant things without Impatience, because they are not carried out of their Way either by violent Passions or keen Appetite to any thing. To Men addicted to Delights, Business is an Interruption, to such as are cold to Delights, Business is an Entertainment. For which Reason it was said to one who commended a dull Man for his Application, *No thanks to him, if he had no Business, he would have nothing to do*.

T

No 223] Thursday, Nov 15, 1711 [Addison

*O snavis Animal! qualem te dicunt bonant  
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquis!*  
Phaed

WHEN I reflect upon the various Fate of those Multitudes of Ancient Writers who flourished in *Greece* and *Italy*, I consider Time as an Immense Ocean, in which many noble Authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the Common Wreck, but the Number of the last is very small.

*Apparuit rari nantes in gurgite vasto*

Among the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whose Fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a taste of her Way of

Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary Character we find of her, in the Remarks of those great Critics who were conversant with her Works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without descending to those little Points, Conceits, and Turns of Wit with which many of our modern Lyicks are so miserably infected. Her Soul seems to have been made up of Love and Poetry. She felt the Passion in all its Warmth, and described it in all its Symptoms. She is called by ancient Authors the Tenth Muse, and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but Flame. I do not know, by the Character that is given of her Works, whether it is not for the Benefit of Mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching Tenderess and Rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a Reading.

An Inconstant Lover, called *Phaon*, occasioned great Calumnies to this Poetical Lady. She fell desperately in Love with him, and took a Voyage into *Sicily* in Pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that Island, and on this Occasion, she is supposed to have made the Hymn to *Venus*, with a Translation of which I shall present my Reader. Her Hymn was infectious for the procuring that Happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* so transported with the Violence of her Passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any Price.

There was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called [*Leucate*], on the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for despairing Lovers to make their Vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This Place was therefore called, *The Lover's Leap*, and whether or no the Knight they had been in, or the Resolution that could push them to so dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruises which they often received in their Fall, banished all the tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn, those who had taken this Leap were observed never to relapse into that Passion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment.

After having given this short Account of *Sappho* so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the Translation of it as it was sent me by a Friend, whose admirable Pastorals and *Winter-Piece* have been already so well received.<sup>2</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> [Leucas]

<sup>2</sup> Ambrose Philips, whose *Winter Piece* appeared in No. 12 of the *Spectator*, and whose six Pastorals preceded those of Pope. Philips's Pastorals had appeared in 1709 in a sixth volume of a Poetical Miscellany issued by Jacob Tonson. The first four volumes of that Miscellany had been edited by Dryden, the fifth was collected after Dryden's death, and the sixth was notable for opening with the Pastorals of Ambrose Philips and closing with those of young Pope when Tonson had volunteered to print, thereby, said Wycherley, furnishing a

Reader will find in it that Pathetic Simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the Ode he has here translated. This Ode in the Greek (besides those Beauties observed by Madam Dacier) has several harmonious Turns in the Words, which are not lost in the English. I must further add, that the Translation has preserved every Image and Sentiment of *Sappho*, notwithstanding it has all the Ease and Spirit of an Original. In a Word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the Manner of Writing practised by the so much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here see it in its genuine and natural Beauty, without any foreign or affected Ornaments.

### AN HYMN TO VENUS

#### I

O Venus, Beauty of the Skies,  
To whom a Thousand Temples rise,  
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,  
Full of Love perplexing Wiles,  
O Goddess! from my Heart remove  
All wasting Cares and Pains of Love

#### II

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
A Song in soft Distress prefer'd,  
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,  
O gentle Goddess! hear me now  
Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,  
In all thy radiant Charms consist

#### III

Thou once didst Love Almighty Jove,  
And all the Golden Roofs above  
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew,  
How ring in Air they lightly flew,  
As to my Lover they wing'd their Way  
I saw their quivering Pinions play

#### IV

The Birds dismiss (while you remain)  
Bore back their empty Carr again  
Then You, with Looks divinely mild,  
In every heavenly Feature smil'd,

Jacob's ladder by which Pope mounted to immortality. In a letter to his friend Mr Henry Cromwell, Pope said, generously putting himself out of account, that there were no better eclogues in our language than those of Philips; but when afterwards Iickell in the *Guardian*, criticizing Pastoral Poets from Theocritus downwards, evicted Philips and prised over Pope, the slighted poet took his revenge by sending to Steele an amusing one paper more upon Pastorals. This was ironical exaltation of the worst he could find in Philips over the best bits of his own work, which Steele inserted (it is No. 40 of the *Guardian*). Hereupon Philips, it is said, stuck up a rod in Button's Coffee House, which he said was to be used on Pope when next he met him. Pope retained his wrath, and celebrated Philips afterwards under the character of Maceer, saying of this *Spectator* time,

When simple Maceer, now of his high renown,  
First sought a Poet's fortune in the town  
Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,  
To wear red stockings, and to dine at his Club

And ask'd what new Complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my Aid!

#### V

What Phrenzy in my Bosom rag'd,  
And by what Carr to be assuag'd?  
What gentle Youth I could allure,  
Whom in my artful Toiles secure?  
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,  
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me Who?

#### VI

Tho' now he Shows thy longing Arms,  
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms  
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,  
He soon to thee shall Sacrifice  
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy Victim in his turn

#### VII

Celestial Visitant, once more  
Thy needful Presence I implore!  
In Pity come and ease my Grief,  
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief,  
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,  
And give me All my Heart desires

Madam Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that Circumstance of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is described as sending away her Christ upon her Arrival at *Sappho's* Lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient Visit which she intended to make her. This Ode was preserved by an eminent Greek Critick,<sup>1</sup> who inserted it intire in his Works, as a Pattern of Perfection in the Structure of it.

*Longinus* has quoted another Ode of this great Poetess, which is likewise admirable in its Kind, and has been translated by the same Hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my Reader with it in another Paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished Pieces have never been attempted before by any of our Countrymen. But the Truth of it is, the Compositions of the Ancients which have not in them any of those unnatural Witticisms that are the Delight of ordinary Readers, are extremely difficult to render into another Tongue, so as the Beauties of the Original may not appear weak and faded in the Translation.

No 224 ] Friday, November 16, 1711 [Hinges

—In gente trahit constrictos Gloria currus  
Non minus ignotos generosis— Hor Sat 6

If we look abroad upon the great Multitudes of Mankind, and endeavour to trace out the Principles of Action in every Individual, it will I think, seem highly probable that Ambition runs through the whole Species, and that every Man in Proportion to the Vigour of his Conception is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with Men, who by the natural Bent of their Inclinations, and without the Discipline of Philosophy, aspire not to the Heights

<sup>1</sup> Dionysius of Halicarnassus

of Power and Grandeur, who never set their Hearts upon a numerous Train of Chents and Dependancies, nor other gay Appendages of Greatness, who are contented with a Competency, and will not molest their Tranquillity to gain an Abundance. But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a Man is not ambitious: his Desires may have cut out another Channel and determined him to other Pursuits: the Motive however may be still the same: and in these Cases likewise the Man may be equally pushed on with the Desire of Distinction.

Though the pure Consciousness of worthy Actions, abstracted from the Views of popular Applause, be to a generous Mind an ample Reward, yet the Desire of Distinction was doubtless implanted in our Natures as an additional Incentive to exert our selves in virtuous Excellence.

This Passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble Purposes, so that we may account for many of the Excellencies and Follies of Life upon the same innate Principle, to wit, the Desire of being remarkable. For this, as it has been differently cultivated by Education, Study and Commerce, will bring forth suitable Effects as it falls in with (ingenious<sup>1</sup>) Disposition, or a corrupt Mind: it does accordingly express itself in Acts of Magnanimity or selfish Cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak Understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the Mind, or adorning the Outside, it renders the Man eminently Praise-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one Passion or Pursuit: for as the same Humours in Constitutions otherwise different, affect the Body after different Manners, so the same aspiring Principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one Object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted but that there is as great a Desire of Glory in a Ring of Wrestlers or Cudgel-Players, as in any other more refined Competition for Superiority. No Man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his Head to be broken but out of a Principle of Honour. This is the secret Spring that pushes them forward: and the Superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those Wounds they have received in the Combat. 'Tis Mr Waller's Opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been Master of the Roman Empire, would in all Probability have made an excellent Wrestler.

*Great Julius on the Mount taw a breed,  
A Flock perhaps or Herd I ad led,  
He that the World subdued, had been  
Put the best Wrestler on the Green.<sup>2</sup>*

That he subdued the World, was owing to the Accidents of Art and Knowledge, had he not met with those Advantages, the same Sparks of Emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some Enterprize of a lower Nature. Since therefore no Man's Lot is so unalterably fixed in this Life, but that a thousand Accidents may either forward or

disappoint his Advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive Speculation, to consider a great Man as divested of all the advantageous Circumstances of Fortune, and to bring him down in one's Imagination to that low Station of Life, the Nature of which bears some distant Resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in Mankind those Talents of Nature, which being drawn out by Education to their full Length, enable him for the Discharge of some important Employment. On the other Hand, one may ruse uneducated Merit to such a Pitch of Greatness as may seem equal to the possible Extent of his improved Capacity.

Thus Nature furnishes a Man with a general Appetite of Glory, Education determines it to this or that particular Object. The Desire of Distinction is not, I think, in any Instance more observable than in the Variety of Outrides and new Apperances, which the modish Part of the World are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable for any thing glaring and particular, either in Behaviour or Apparel, is known to have this good Effect, that it catches the Eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the Person so adorned without due Notice and Observation. It has likewise, upon this Account, been frequently resented as a very great Slight, to leave any Gentleman out of a Lampoon or Satyr, who has as much Right to be there as his Neighbour, because it supposes the Person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate Fondness for Distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular Proceedings, as sailing out into Nocturnal Exploits, breaking of Windows, singing of Catches, beating the Watch, getting Drunk twice a Day, killing a great Number of Horses with many other Enterprizes of the like fiery Nature. For certainly many a Man is more Rakish and Extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their Approbation.

One very Common, and at the same time the most absurd Ambition that ever shewed it self in Humane Nature, is that which comes upon a Man with Experience and old Age, the Season when it might be expected he should be wisest: and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening Circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly Ferments of youthful Blood. I mean the Passion for getting Money, exclusive of the Character of the Provident Father, the Affectionate Husband, or the Generous Friend. It may be remarked, for the Comfort of honest Poverty, that this Desire reigns most in those who have but few good Qualities to recommend them. This is a Weed that will grow in a barren Soil. Humility, Good Nature, and the Advantages of a Liberal Education, are incompatible with Avarice. 'Tis strange to see how suddenly this abject Passion kills all the noble Sentiments and generous Ambitions that adorn Humane Nature: it renders the Man who is over-run with it, peevish and cruel Master, a severe Parent, an unsociable Husband, a distant and mistrustful Friend. But it is more to the present Purpose to consider it as an inward Passion of the Heart,

<sup>1</sup> [ingenious]

<sup>2</sup> In the Poem 'to Zeluada'

rather than as a vicious Affection of the Mind. As there are frequent Instances to be met with of a proud Humility, so this Passion, contrary to most others, affects Applause, by avoiding all Show and Appearance, for this Reason it will not sometimes endure even the common Decencies of Apparel. *A co-let is Man will call himself poor, that you may sceth his Vanity by contradicting him.* Love and the Desire of Glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational Passions. 'Tis true, the wise Man who strikes out of the secret Paths of a private Life, for Honour and Dignity, allured by the Splendour of a Court, and the unsifted Weight of publick Employment, whether he succeeds in his Attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted Greatness to discern the Drawing: he is then desirous of extracting himself out of the Hurry of Life, that he may pass away the Remainder of his Days in Tranquillity and Retirement.

It may be thought then that common Prudence in a Man not to chinge a better State for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with Pleasure, and yet if human Life be not a little moved with the gentle Gales of Hopes and Fears, there may be some Danger of its stragling in an unsteady Indulgence and Security. It is a known Story of *Demetrius*, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman Empire, his Desires turn'd upon catching, like Active and Masculine Spirits, in the Vigour of Youth neither can nor ought to remain at Rest. If they debir themselves from aiming at a noble Object, their Desires will move downward, and they will feel themselves recruited by some low and sordid Passion. Thus if you cut off the top Branches of a Tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the Nodding. The Man indeed who goes into the World only with the narrow Views of Self Interest, who catches at the Applause of an idle Multitude, as he can find no solid Contentment at the End of his Journey, so he deserves to meet with Disappointments in his Way, but he who is actuated by a noble Principle, whose Mind is so far enlarged as to take in the Prospect of his Country's Good, who is enamoured with that Prize which is one of the fair Attendants of Virtue, and whose not those Acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial Testimony of his own Mind, who repines not at the low Station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable Means to a more rising and advantageous Ground, such a Man is warmed with a generous Emulation: it is a virtuous Movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his Power of doing Good may be equal to his Will.

The Man who is fitted out by Nature, and sent into the World with great Abilities, is capable of doing great Good or Mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the Care of Education to infuse into the untainted Youth early Notices of Justice and Honour, that so the possible Advantages of good Parts may not take in evil Turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy Purposes. It is

the Business of Religion and Philosophy not so much to extinguish our Passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen Objects. When these have pointed out to us which Course we may lawfully steer, 'tis no Harm to set out all our Sail: if the Storms and Tempests of Adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the Haven where we would be, it will however prove no small Consolation to us in these Circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our Course, nor fallen into Calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the Affairs of this Life, is highly valuable, and worthy of great Veneration: as it settles the various Pretensions, and otherwise interposes in the Affairs of mortal Man, and thereby consults the Harmony and Order of the great Community, as it gives a Man room to play his Part, and exert his Abilities, as it invites to Actions truly laudable in themselves, in their Effects beneficial to Society, as it inspires rational Ambitions, correct Love, and elegant Desires. Z.

No 225.] Saturday, Nov<sup>r</sup> 17, 1711 [ *Edin* ]

*William Hunter a 21<sup>st</sup> at 1<sup>st</sup> 1711—* Jun

I HAVE often thought if the Minds of Men were laid open, we should see but little Difference between that of the Wise Man and that of the Fool. There are infinite *Acervities*, numberless Intricacies, and a perpetual Train of Vanities which pass through both. The great Difference is that the first knows how to pick and cull his Thoughts for Conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others, whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in Words. This sort of Discretion however, has no Place in private Conversation between intimate Friends. On such Occasions the wisest Men very often talk like the wisest, else but *thinking aloud*.

*Fully* has therefore very justly expounded a Precept delivered by some Ancient Writers, That a Man should live with his Enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his Friend, and with his Friend in such a manner, that if he became his Enemy, it should not be in his Power to hurt him. The first Part of this Rule, which regards our Behaviour towards an Enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudent, but the latter Part of it which regards our Behaviour towards a Friend, savours more of Cunning than of Discretion, and would cut a Man off from the greatest Pleasures of Life which are the Pleasures of Conversation with a Bosom Friend. Besides, that when a Friend is turned into an Enemy, and (as the Son of *Simeon* calls him) a Betrayal of Secrets, the World is just enough to accuse the Perverseness of the Friend, rather than the Indiscretion of the Person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew it self in Words, but in all the Circumstances of Action: and is like an Under-Agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary Concerns of Life.

There are many more shining Qualities in the Mind of Man, but there is none so useful as Discretion, it is this indeed which gives a Value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper Times and Places, and turns them to the Advantage of the Person who is possessed of them. Without it Learning is Pedantry, and Wit Impertinence. Virtue itself looks like Weakness, the best Parts only qualify a Man to be more spitefully in Errors, and active to his own Prejudice.

Nor does Discretion only make a Man the Master of his own Parts, but of other Mens. The discreet Man finds out the Talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper Uses. Accordingly if we look into particular Communities and Divisions of Men, we may observe that it is the discreet Man, not the Witty, nor the Learned, nor the Brave, who guides the Conversation, and gives Measures to the Society. A Man with great Talents, but void of Discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the Fable, Strong and Blind, endued with an irresistible Force, which for want of Sight is of no Use to him.

Though a Man has all other Perfections, and wants Discretion he will be of no great Consequence in the World, but if he has this single Talent in Perfection, and but a common Share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular Station of Life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful Talent a Man can be Master of, I look upon Cunning to be the Accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous Minds. Discretion points out the noblest Ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable Methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private selfish Aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended Views, and, like a well formed Eye, commands a whole Horizon. Cunning is a Kind of Short sightedness, that discovers the minutest Objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater Authority to the Person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its Force, and makes a Man incapable of bringing about even those Events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain Man. Discretion is the Perfection of Reason, and a Guide to us in all the Duties of Life. Cunning is a Kind of Instinct that only looks out after our immediate Interest and Welfare. Discretion is only found in Men of strong Sense and good Understandings. Cunning is often to be met with in Brutes themselves and in Persons who are but the fewest Removes from them. In short Cunning is only the Mimick of Discretion, and may pass upon weak Men, in the same manner as Vivacity is often mistaken for Wit, and Gravity for Wisdom.

The Cast of Mind which is natural to a discreet Man, makes him look forward into Futurity, and consider what will be his Condition Millions of Ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the Misery or Happiness which are reserved for him in another World, lose nothing of their Reality by being placed at so great a Distance from him. The Objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that

those Pleasures and Pains which he bid in Eternity, approach nearer to him every Moment, and will be present with him in their full Weight and Measure, as much as those Pains and Pleasures which he feels at this very Instant. For this Reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper Happiness of his Nature, and the ultimate Design of his Being. He carries his Thoughts to the End of every Action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate Effects of it. He supercedes every little Prospect of Gain and Advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his Views of an Hereafter. In a word, his Hopes are full of Immortality, his Schemes are large and glorious, and his Conduct suitable to one who knows his true Interest, and how to pursue it by proper Methods.

I have, in this Essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an Accomplishment and as a Virtue, and have therefore described it in its full Extent, not only as it is conversant about worldly Affairs, but as it regards our whole Existence, not only as it is the Guide of a mortal Creature, but as it is in general the Director of a reasonable Being. It is in this Light that Discretion is represented by the Wise Man, who sometimes mentions it under the Name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter Part of this Paper) the greatest Wisdom, but at the same time in the Power of every one to attain. Its Advantages are infinite, but its Acquisition easy, or to speak of her in the Words of the Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's Paper, *Wisdom is glorious, and ever sweetly won, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She presenteth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great Travail for he shall find her sitting at his Doors. To him therefore upon her is Perfectness of Wisdom, and who so catcheth for her shall quickly be without Care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, she will her self favourably unto them in the Ways, and will tell them in every Thing.*<sup>1</sup>

No 226 ] Monday, November 19,<sup>th</sup> 1711 [ Steele

[—Mutuum est pecunia puen a—Hor 3]

I HAVE very often lamented and hinted my Sorrow in several Speculations, that the Art of Painting is made so little Use of to the Improvement of our Manners. When we consider that it places the Action of the Person represented

<sup>1</sup> Wisdom vi 12—16

<sup>2</sup> Swift to Stella Nov 18, 1711 'Do you ever read the SPECTATOR?' I never do they never come in my way. I go to no coffee-houses. They say abundance of them are very pretty they are going to be printed in small volumes, I'll bring them over with me.

<sup>3</sup> [—Pecunia Pecunia est—Hor]

in the most agreeable Aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the Passion or Concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those Features the Height of the Painter's Imagination. What strong Images of Virtue and Humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the Mind from the Labours of the Pencil? This is a Poetry which would be understood with much less Capriciousness, and less Expence of Time, than what is taught by Writings; but the Use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable Skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy Ends. Who is the better Man for beholding the most beautiful *Venus*, the best wrought *Bacchanal*, the Images of sleeping *Cupids*, languishing Nymphs, or any of the Representations of Gods, Goddesses, Demy-gods, Satyr, *Polyphenes*, Sphinxes, or Titans? But if the Virtues and Vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such Draughts, were given us by the Painter in the Characters of real Life, and the Persons of Men and Women whose Actions have rendered them laudable or infamous we should not see a good History-Piece without receiving an instructive Lecture. There needs no other Proof of this Truth, than the Testimony of every reasonable Creature who has seen the Cartons in Her Majesty's Gallery at Hampton Court. These are Representations of no less Actions than those of our Blessed Saviour and his Apostles. As I now sit and recollect the warm Images which the admirable *Raphael* has raised, it is impossible even from the faint Traces in one's Memory of what one has not seen these two Years, to be unmoved at the Horror and Reverence which appear in the whole Assembly when the mercenary Man fell down dead, at the Amusement of the Man born blind, when he first receives Sight, or at the graceless Indignation of the Sorcerer, when he is struck blind. The Lame, when they first find Strength in their Feet, stand doubtful of their new Vigour. The heavenly Apostles appear acting these great Things, with a deep Sense of the Infirmities which they relieve, but no Value of themselves who administer to their Weakness. They know themselves to be but Instruments, and the generous Distrust they are painted in when divine Honours are offered to them, is a Representation in the most exquisite Degree of the Beauty of Holiness. When *St Paul* is preaching to the *Athenians*, with what wonderful Art are almost all the different Tempers of Man kind represented in that elegant Audience? You see one credulous of all that is said, another wrapt up in deep Suspence, another saying there is some Reason in what he says, another angry that the Apostle destroys a favourite Opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his Hands in Rapture while the Generality attend, and wait for the Opinion of those who are of leading Characters in the Assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that Chart on which is drawn the Appearance of our Blessed Lord after his Resurrection. Present Authority, late Suffering, Humility and Majesty, Despotick Command, and [Divine<sup>1</sup>] Love, are at

once seated in his celestial Aspect. The Figures of the Eleven Apostles are all in the same Passion of Admiration, but discover it differently according to their Characters. *Peter* receives his Master's Orders on his Knees with an Admiration mixed with a more particular Attention. The two next with a more open Testimony, though still constrained by the Awe of [the Divine<sup>2</sup>] Presence. The beloved Disciple, whom I take to be the Right of the two first Figures, lies in his Countenance Wonder drowned in Love and the last Personage, whose Back is towards the Spectator[s], and his Side towards the Presence, one would fancy to be *St Thomas*, as abashed by the Conscience of his former Diffidence which perplexed Concern it is possible *Raphael* thought too hard a Task to draw but by this Acknowledgment of the Difficulty to describe it.

The whole Work is an Exercise of the highest Piety in the Painter and all the Loudest of a religious Mind are expressed in a Manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving Eloquence. These invaluable Pieces are very justly in the Hands of the greatest and most pious Sovereign in the World and cannot be the frequent Object of every one at their own Leisure. But as an Engraver is to the Painter what a Printer is to an Author, it is worthy Her Majesty's Name, that she has encouraged that noble Artist, Monsieur *Dorigny*,<sup>2</sup> to publish these Works of *Raphael*. We have of this Gentleman a Piece of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a Work second to none in the World.

It methinks it would be ridiculous in our People of Condition, after their large Bounties to Foreigners of no Name or Merit, should they overlook this Occasion of having, for a trifling Subscription, a Work which it is impossible for a Man of Sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest Sentiments that can be inspired by Love, Admiration, Compassion, Contempt of this World, and Expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest Honour we can do our Country, to distinguish Strangers of Merit who apply to us with Modesty and Diffidence, which generally recompenses Merit. No Opportunity of this Kind ought to be neglected, and a modest Behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that Disadvantage in the Possessor of that

<sup>1</sup> [celestial]

<sup>2</sup> Michel Dorigny, printer and engraver, native of St. Quentin, pupil and son in law of Simon Vouet, whose style he adopted, was Professor in the Paris Academy of Painting, and died at the age of 48, in 1665. His son and Vouet's grand son, Nicola Dorigny, in aid of whose undertaking Steele wrote this paper in the *Spectator*, had been invited from Rome by several of the nobility, to produce, with licence from the Queen, engravings from Raphael's Cartoons, at Hampton Court. He offered eight plates 19 inches high, and from 25 to 30 inches long for four guineas subscription, although he said in his Prospectus, the five prints of Alexander and Darius after Lebrun were often sold for twenty guineas.

<sup>1</sup> [Brotherly]

Quality. My Skill in Paintings where one is not directed by the Passion of the Pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great Perplexity when I offer to speak of any Performances of Painters of Landscapes, Buildings, or single Figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the Pieces which Mr. Boul exposes to Sale by Auction on Wednesday next in *Standon street*. But having heard him commended by those who have bought of him heretofore for great Integrity in his Dealing, and overheard him himself (tho' a humble Painter) say, nothing of his own was fit to come into the Room with those he had to sell, I fear'd I should lose an Occasion of serving a Man of Worth, in omitting to speak of his Auction.

## ADVERTISEMENT

There is arriv'd from Italy a Painter who acknowledges himself the greatest Person of the Age in that Art, as it is calling to be as renowned in this Island as he does in the most Foreign Parts.

The Doctor paints the Poet for nothing. T

Ad 227] Δι' αὐτοῦ, Δε' 20, 1711 [Addison

Ἡ μοι γὰρ τι παῖθα, τι ὁ ἔσθαστος, οὐκ  
ὑπάρκει,  
ἰαν βαῖταιν ἡτοοῖς ἐς λυράτα τῆνα ἀλὺ-  
μαί  
Ἡπερ τῶς Σίνιος ἀνο-ιαῖται Ὅλας ὁ  
γυρίσει  
Κῦλα μὴ -οἰθῶναι, το γὰ μὴν τιδὲν αὐδὲ τι-  
τυλάται —Theoc

IN my last Thursday's Paper I made mention of a Place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I find has raised a great Curiosity among several of my Correspondents. I there told them that this Leap was used to be taken from a Promontory of *Leucas*. This *Leucas* was formerly a Part of *Acarnania*, being joined to it by a narrow Neck of Land, which the Sea has by length of Time overflowed and washed away, so that at present *Leucas* is divided from the Continent, and is a little Island in the *Ionian Sea*. The Promontory of this Island, from whence the Lover took his Leap was formerly called *Leucate*. If the Reader has a mind to know both the Island and the Promontory by their modern Names, he will find in his Map the ancient Island of *Leucas* under the Name of *St Mauro*, and the ancient Promontory of *Leucate* under the Name of *The Cape of St Mauro*.

Since I am engaged thus far in Antiquity, I must observe that *Isocrates* in the *Motia* prefixed to my Paper, describes one of his despairing Shepherds addressing himself to his Mistress after the following manner, *Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not fear me? I'll throw off my Cloths, and*

*take a Leap into that Part of the Sea which is so much frequented by Ophius the Fisherman. And tho' I should escape with my Life, I know you will be pleas'd with it.* I shall leave it with the Critics to determine whether the Place, which this Shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above mentioned *Leucate*, or at least some other Lover's Leap which was supposed to have had the same Effect. I cannot believe, as all the Interpreters do, that the Shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the Issue of his Leap as doubtful by adding That if he should escape with [Life] he knows his Mistress would be pleas'd with it which is, according to our Interpretation, the she would rejoice any way to get rid of a Lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short Preface, I shall present my Reader with some Letters which I have received upon this Subject. The first is sent me by a Physician.

MR SPECTATOR,

The Lover's Leap, which you mention in your 227<sup>d</sup> Paper, was generally, I believe a very effectual Cure for Love and not only for Love, but for all other Furies. In short Sir, I am afraid it was such a Leap as that which *Heracles* took to get rid of her Passion for *Lauder*. A Man is in no Danger of breaking his Heart who breaks his Neck to prevent it. I know very well the Wonders which ancient Authors relate concerning this Leap, and in particular, that very many Persons who tried it escaped not only with their Lives but their Lambs. If by this Means they got rid of their Love, tho' it may in part be ascribed to the Reasons you give for it, why may not we suppose that the cold Bath into which they plunged themselves had also some Share in their Cure? A Leap into the Sea or into any Creek of Salt Waters, very often gives a new Motion to the Spirits, and a new Turn to the Blood, for which Reason we prescribe it in Distempers which no other Medicine will reach. I could produce a Quotation out of a very venerable Author, in which the Frenzy produced by Love, is compared to that which is produced by the biting of a mad Dog. But as this Comparison is a little too coarse for your Paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the Author who has made use of it I shall only hint that it and desire you to consider whether, if the Frenzy produced by these two different Causes be of the same Nature it may not very properly be cured by the same Means.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant  
and Well wisher,  
ESCULAPIUS

MR SPECTATOR,

I am a young Woman crossed in Love. My Story is very long and melancholy. To give you the history of it. A young Gentleman after having made his Applications to me for three Years together, and filled my Head with a thousand Dreams of Happiness, some few Days since I mar-

<sup>1</sup> [divided from]

<sup>2</sup> [his Life.]



'ned another Pray tell me in what Part of the  
'World your Promontory lies, which you call *The*  
'*Lover's Leap*, and whether one may go to it by  
'Land? But, alas, I am afraid it has lost its Vir-  
'tue, and that a Woman of our Times would find  
'no more Relief in taking such a Leap, than in  
'singing an Hymn to *Venus* So that I must cry  
'out with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil*,

*Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no Cure for Love!*

Your disconsolate Servant,  
ATHENAI

MISTER SPECTATUR,

'My Heart is so full of Loves and Passions for  
'Mrs *Gumfrid*, and she is so pettish and over-  
'run with Cholers against me, that if I had the  
'good Happiness to have my Dwelling (which is  
'placed by my Great-Cranfather upon the Pottom  
'of an Hill) no further Distance but twenty Mile  
'from the Lifer's Leap, I would indeed endeavour  
'to break my Neck upon it on Purpose Now, good  
'Mister SPECTATUR of *Crete Prittan*, you must  
'know it there is in *Cænaryanshire* a very pig  
'Mountain, the Clory of all *Wales*, which is named  
'*Penmannauze*, and you must also know, it is  
'no great Journey on Foot from me, but the  
'Road is stony and bad for Shoes Now, there  
'is upon the Forehead of this Mountain a very  
'high Rock, (like a Parish Steeple) that cometh a  
'huge deal over the Sea so when I am in my  
'Melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I  
'do desire my very good Friend to tell me in his  
'*Spectatur*, if I shall be cure of my gresvous Loves,  
'for there is the Sea clear as Glass, and as green  
'as the Leek Then likewise if I be drown, and  
'break my Neck, if Mrs *Gumfrid* will not lose  
'me afterwards Pray be speedy in your Answers,  
'for I am in crete Haste, and it is my Tesure to  
'do my Business without Loss of Time I remem-  
'ber with cordial Affections, your ever loving Friend,  
*Davyth ap Shenkyu*

P S 'My Law-suits have brought me to  
'*London*, but I have lost my Causes and so have  
'made my Resolutions to go down and leap before  
'the Frosts begin, for I am apt to take Colds

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better Expedient against  
Love than sober Advice, and I am of Opinion,  
that *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as ef-  
fectual to cure the Extravagancies of this Passion,  
as any of the old Philosophers I shall therefore  
publish, very speedily, the Translation of a little  
*Greek Manuscript*, which is sent me by a learned  
Friend It appears to have been a Piece of those  
Records which were kept in the little Temple of  
*Apollo*, that stood upon the Promontory of *Leu-  
cate* The Reader will find it to be a Summary  
Account of several Persons who tried the Lover's  
Leap, and of the Success they found in it. As  
there seem to be in it some Anachronisms and  
Deviations from the ancient Orthography, I am  
not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentick,  
and not rather the Production of one of those  
*Grecian Sophisters*, who have imposed upon the  
World several spurious Works of this Nature. I  
speak this by way of Precaution, because I now  
there are several Writers, of uncommon Erudition,  
who would not fail to expose my Ignorance, if they

caught me tripping in a Matter of so great Mo-  
ment.<sup>1</sup> C

No 228 ] Wednesday, November 21, 1711 [Steele

*Percunctatorem fugito, nam Garrulus idem est*  
Hor

THERE is a Creature who has all the Organs  
of Speech, a tolerable good Capacity for  
conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty  
proper Behaviour in all the Occurrences of com-  
mon Life, but naturally very vacant of Thought  
in it self, and therefore forced to apply it self to  
foreign Assistances Of this Make is that Man  
who is very inquisitive. You may often observe,  
that tho' he speaks as good Sense as any Man up-  
on any thing with which he is well acquainted, he  
cannot trust to the Range of his own Fancy to  
entertain himself upon that Foundation, but goes  
on to still new Enquiries Thus, tho' you know  
he is fit for the most polite Conversation, you shall  
see him very well contented to sit by a Jockey,  
giving an Account of the many Revolutions in his  
Horse's Health, what Potion he in de him take,  
how that agreed with him, how afterwards he  
came to his Stomach and his Exercise, or any the  
like Impertinence, and be as well pleased as if  
you talked to him on the most important Truths  
This Humour is far from making a Man unhappy,  
tho' it may subject him to Rallery for he gen-  
erally falls in with a Person who seems to be born  
for him, which is your tall rive Fellow It is so  
ordered, that there is a secret Bent, as natural  
as the Meeting of different Sexes in these two  
Characters, to supply each other's Wants I had  
the Honour the other Day to sit in a publick  
Room, and saw an inquisitive Man look with an  
Air of Satisfaction upon the Approach of one of  
these Talkers The Man of ready Utterance sat  
down by him, and rubbing his Head, leaning on  
his Arm, and making an uneasy Countenance, he  
began 'There is no manner of News to day I  
'cannot tell what is the Matter with me, but I  
'slept very ill last Night whether I caught Cold

<sup>2</sup> The following Advertisement appeared in Nos.  
227—234, 237, 247 and 248, with the word 'cer-  
tainly' before 'be ready' after the first insertion

There is now Printing by Subscription  
two Volumes of the SPECTATORS on a large Cha-  
racter in Octavo the Price of the two Vols well  
Bound and Gilt two Guineas Those who are in-  
clined to Subscribe, are desired to make their first  
Payments to Jacob Tonson, Bookseller in the  
Strand, the Books being so near finished, that they  
will be ready for the Subscribers at or before  
Christmas next.

The Third and Fourth Volumes of the LUCU-  
BRATIONS of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq, are ready to  
be delivered at the same Place.

N B The Author desires that such Gentlemen  
who have not received their Books for which they  
have Subscribed, would be pleased to signify the  
same to Mr Tonson

'or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear Shoes thick enough for the Weather, and I have coughed all this Week. It must be so, for the Custom of washing my Head with Water and Summer with cold Water, prevents any Injury from the Season entering that Way, so it must come in at my feet. But I take no notice of it, as it comes so it goes. Most of our Evil proceed from too much Leniency, and our Fears are naturally so little able to resist the Cold as a hermit. The Indian answered very well to me. I enquire, who asked him how he could go naked; I am all Free.

I observed this Discourse was so welcome to my general Enquirer as any other of more Consequence could have been, but some Body calling our Talker to another Part of the Room, the Enquirer told the next Man who sat by him that Mr. such a one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his Head in cold Water every Morning, and so repeated almost *à l'eternité* all that had been said to him. The Truth is, the Inquisitive are the Channels of Conversation, they do not take in any thing for their own Use, but merely to pass it to another. They are the Channels through which all the Good and Evil that is spilt on in Town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their Behaviour, may themselves mend that Inconvenience for they are not a malicious People, and if you will supply them, you may contravert any thing they have said before by their own Mouths. A further Account of a thing is one of the gratefullest Goods that can arrive to them, and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, The Town will have it, or I have it from a good Hand. So that there is room for the Town to know the Matter more particularly, and for a better Hand to contravert what was said by a good one.

I have not known this Humour more ridiculous than in a Father, who has been earnestly sollicitous to have an Account how his Son has passed his leisure Hours, if it be in a Way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater Joy than an Enquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopelessly his own Steps. But this Humour among Men is most pleasant when they are saying something, which is not wholly proper for a third Person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other Day there came in a well-dressed young Fellow, and two Gentlemen of this Species immediately fell a whispering his Pedigree. I could overhear, by Breals, She was his Aunt, then an Answer, Ay, she was of the Mother's Side. Then again in a little lower Voice, His Father wore generally a darker Wig. Answer, Not much. But this Gentleman wears higher Heels to his Shoes.

As the Inquisitive, in my Opinion, are such merely from a Vacancy in their own Imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate Secrets to them, for the same Temper of Enquiry makes them so impertinently communicative. But no Man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their Power, for they will be contented with Matters of less Moment as well. When there is Fuel enough, no matter what it is. Thus the Ends of Sentences in the News Papers, as, *This wants Confirmation,*

*This is a very Spurious and True will die or be lost, are read by them, and considered not as mere Explicatives.*

One may see now and then this Humour accompanied with an insatiable Desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any Use in the world but merely their own Entertainment. A Mind which is gratified this Way is adapted to Humour and Pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned Character in the World, and, like myself, to be a mere Spectator. This Curiosity, without Malice or Self-interest, lays up in the Imagination a Magazine of Circumstances which cannot but enter in when they are productive in Conversation. If one were to learn, from the Man of the new Quality to the meanest Servant, the different Iniquities, Sentiments, Pleasures, and Interests of Mankind, would it not be the most pleasing Intertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a Piece as the observing Mankind much more different from themselves in their secret Thoughts and publick Actions, than in their Night cap and long Periwigs?

#### My SPECTATOR,

*Pittacus* tells us, that *Camus Gracchus*, the Roman, was frequently hurried by his Passion into so loud and tumultuous a way of Speaking, and so crined his Voice as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this Excess, he had an ingenious Servant by Name *Licinius*, always attended him with a Pitch pipe, or Instrument to regulate the Voice, who, whenever he heard his Master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft Note at which, his soul, *Camus* would presently abate and grow calm.

Upon recollecting this Story, I have frequently wondered that this useful Instrument should have been so long discontinued, especially since we find that this good Officer of *Licinius* has preserved his Memory for many hundred Years, which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the publick Good, yet for his own Credit. It may be objected, that our loud Talkers are so fond of their own Noise, that they would not take it well to be checked by their Servants. But granting this to be true, surely any of their Hearers have a very good Title to play a soft Note in their own Defence. To be short, no *Licinius* appearing and the Noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late long Vacation to the Good of my Country, and I have at length, by the Assistance of an ingenious Artist, (who works to the Royal Society) almost completed my Design, and shall be ready in a short Time to furnish the Publick with what Number of these Instruments they please, either to lodge in Coffee-houses, or carry for their own private Use. In the mean time I shall print that Respect to several Gentlemen, who I know will be in Danger of offending against this Instrument, to give them notice of it by private Letters, in which I shall only write, *Get a Licinius*.

I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these Pipes, which shall be left for you with *Buckley*, and which I hope will be serviceable to you, since as you are silent your-

'self you are most open to the Insults of the  
'Noisy

I am, SIR, &c W B

'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an  
'Improvement in this Instrument, there will be a  
'particular Note, which I call a Hush-Note and  
'this is to be made use of against a long Story,  
'Swearing, Obsceneness, and the like

No 229] Thursday, Nov 22, 1711 [Addison

*Spirat adhuc amor,  
Vruntque commissi calores  
Eolus fidibus puellæ—Hor*

A MONG the many famous Pieces of Antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the Trunk of a Statue<sup>1</sup> which has lost the Arms, Legs, and Head but discovers such an exquisite Workmanship in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declared he had learned his whole Art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his Statues, and even his Pictures in that *Gusto*, to make use of the Italian Phrase for which Reason this named Statue is still called Michael Angelo's School.

A Fragment of *Sappho*, which I design for the Subject of this Paper,<sup>2</sup> is in as great Reputation among the Poets and Critics, as the mutilated Figure above mentioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our Countrymen, and Mr Dryden in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatick Writings, and in their Poems upon Love.

Whatever might have been the Occasion of this Ode, the English Reader will enter into the Beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress. I shall set to View three different Copies of this beautiful Original. The first is a Translation by Catullus, the second by Monsieur Boileau, and the last by a Gentleman whose Translation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been so deservedly admired.

#### Ad LESBIAM

*Ille nil par esse deo videtur,  
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,  
Qui sedens adversus identidem te,  
Spectat, et audit  
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis  
Eripit sensus mihi nam simul te,  
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi  
Quod loquar amens  
Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus  
Flamma dimanat, sonitu snopet  
Innuunt aures, gemina teguntur  
Lumina nocte*

My learned Reader will know very well the Reason why one of these Verses is printed in

<sup>1</sup> The Belvidere Torso

<sup>2</sup> The other translation by Ambrose Philips See note 10 No 223

Roman Letter<sup>2</sup> and if he compares this Translation with the Original, will find that the three first Stanzas are rendered almost Word for Word, and not only with the same Elegance, but with the same short Turn of Expression which is so remarkable in the *Greek*, and so peculiar to the *Sapphick* Ode. I cannot imagine for what Reason Mr. Dacier has told us, that this Ode of *Sappho* is preserved entire in *Longinus*, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that Author's Quotation of it, that there must at least have been another Stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second Translation of this Fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur Boileau

*Heureux! qui près de toi, pour toi seule soupire  
Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler  
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire  
Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égalér?*

*Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme  
Courir par tout mon corps, si tost que je te vois  
Et dans les doux transports, où s'égare mon  
ame,*

*Je ne saurois trouver de langue, ni de voir  
Un nuage confus se refait sur ma vue,  
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces lan-  
gueurs,  
Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, esperdue,  
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs*

The Reader will see that this is rather an Imitation than a Translation. The Circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that Vehemence and Emotion as in the Original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has given us all the Poetry, but not all the Passion of this famous Fragment. I shall, in the last Place, present my Reader with the English Translation.

#### I

*Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,  
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile*

#### II

*'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,  
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast,  
For while I liv'd, in Transport lost,  
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost*

#### III

*My Bosom glow'd, the subtle Flame  
Ran quick through all my vital Frame,  
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,  
My Ears with hollow Murmurs ring*

#### IV

*In drowsy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,  
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,  
My feeble Pulse for got to play,  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away*

Instead of giving any Character of this last Translation, I shall desire my learned Reader to look into the Criticisms which *Longinus* has made upon the Original. By that means he will know to which of the Translations he ought to give the

<sup>2</sup> Wanting in copies then known, it is here supplied by conjecture

Preference I shall only add that this Translation is written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the Greek is the Genius of our Language will possibly suffer.

*Longinus* has observed, that this Description of Love in *Sappho* is an exact Copy of Nature and that all the Circumstances which follow one another in such an Hurry of Sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the Phrenies of Love.

I wonder, that not one of the Critics or I diters, through whose Hands this Ode has passed, has taken Occasion from it to mention a Circumstance related by *Plutarch*. That Author in the famous Story of *Antioch* is, who fell in Love with *Stratonice* his Mother in Law, and (no daring to discover his Passion) pretended to be confined to his Bed by Sickness, tells us, that *Leontine*, the Physician found out the Nature of his Distemper by those Symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho*'s Writings. *Stratonice* was in the Room of the Love sick Prince when these Symptoms discovered themselves to his Physician and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his Mistress. This Story of *Antioch* is, as well known, that I need not add the Sequel of it, which has no Relation to my present Subject.

No 230] Friday, Nov 23, 1711 [Steele

*Hominum ad Deos nulla res propterea accedit, quia sanctum Romanibus danda*—Jull.

HUMAN Nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful Object according to the different Lights in which it is viewed. When we see Men of inflamed Passions, or of wicked Designs, tearing one another to pieces by open Violence, or undermining each other by secret Treachery when we observe bare and narrow Ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest Means when we behold Men mixed in Society as if it were for the Destruction of it we are even ashamed of our Species, and out of Humour with our own Being. But in another Light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous Regard for the publick Prosperity, compassionating each other's Distresses, and relieving each other's Wants, we can hardly believe they are Creatures of the same kind. In this View they appear Gods in each other, in the Exercise of the noblest Power, that

<sup>1</sup> In *Plutarch's* Life of *Demetrius* 'When others entered *Antiochus* was entirely unaffected. But when *Stratonice* came in, as she often did, he shewed all the symptoms described by *Sappho*, the faltering voice, the burning blush, the hanging eye, the sudden sweat, the tumultuous pulse, and at length, the passion overcoming his spirits, a swoon and insensible silence' [of each]

of shewing himself, and the greatest Compliment we have ever been able to make to our own Being, has been by calling this Disposition of Mind Humanity. We cannot but observe a Pleasure arising in our own Breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous Action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper Instance of this, than by a Letter from *Philo*, in which he recommends a Friend in the most handsome manner, and, methinks, it would be a great Pleasure to know the Success of this Epistle though each Party concerned in it has been so many hundred Years in his Grave.

### TO MAXIMUS

'What I should gladly do for my Friend of your, I think I may now with Confidence request for a Friend of mine *Arrianus Maximus* is the most considerable Man of his Country, when I call him so I do not speak with Relation to his Fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his Integrity, Justice, Gravity, and Prudence, his Advice is useful to me in Business, and his Judgment in Matters of Learning. His Fidelity, Truth, and good Understanding, are very great. Besides this, he loves me as you do than which I cannot say any thing that signifies a warmer Affection. He has nothing that's wanting, and though he might rise in the highest Order of Nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior Rank yet I think myself bound to use my Endeavours to serve and promote him and would therefore find the Means of adding something to his Honours while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome, and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing, of this kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me but him also for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your Favour as if he had asked it.'

### MR SPECTATOR,

'The Reflections in some of your Papers on the servile manner of Education now in Use, have given Birth to an Ambition, which, unless you discontinue it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, tho' not ungrateful Adventure. I am about to undertake, for the sake of the British Youth, to instruct them in such a manner, that the most dangerous Page in *Virgil* or *Horace* may be read by them with much Pleasure, and with perfect Safety to their Persons.

'Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the Protection of some few of them, (for I am not Hero enough to rescue many) my Design is to retire with them to an agreeable Solitude though within the Neighbourhood of a City, for the Convenience of their being instructed in Music, Dancing, Drawing, Designing, or any other such Accomplishments, which it is conceived may make as proper Diversions for them, and almost as pleasant, as the little sordid

<sup>1</sup> *Philo*, Jun., *Epist.* lib. II. *Ep.* 2. Thus far the paper is by John Hughes.

'Games which dirty School boys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined, how such a pretty Society, conversing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted as perhaps not unentertaining Parties amongst better Company, commended and caressed for their little Performances, and turned by such Conversations to a certain Gallantry of Soul, might be brought early acquainted with some of the most polite English Writers. Thus having given them some tolerable Taste of Books, they would make themselves Masters of the *Latin Tongue* by Methods far easier than those in *Latin*, with as little Difficulty or Reluctance as young Ladies learn to speak *French*, or to sing *Italian Operas*. When they had advanced thus far, it would be time to form their Taste something more exactly. One that had any true Relish of fine Writing, might, with great Pleasure both to himself and them, run over together with them the best *Roman Historians*, Poets, and Orators, and point out their more remarkable Beauties: give them a short Scheme of Chronology, a little View of Geography, Medals, Astronomy, or what else might best feed the busy inquisitive Humour so natural to that Age. Such of them as had the least Spark of Genius, when it was once awakened by the shining Thoughts and great Sentiments of those admired Writers, could not, I believe, be easily withheld from attempting that more difficult Sister Language, whose exalted Beauties they would have heard so often celebrated as the Pride and Wonder of the whole Learned World. In the mean while, it would be requisite to exercise their Style in Writing any light Pieces that ask more of Fancy than of Judgment, and that frequently in their Native Language, which every one methinks should be most concerned to cultivate, especially Letters, in which a Gentleman must have so frequent Occasions to distinguish himself. A Set of genteel good natured Youths fallen into such a Manner of Life, would form almost a little Academy, and doubtless prove no such contemptible Companions, as might not often tempt a wiser Man to mingle himself in their Diversions, and draw them into such serious Sports as might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest Lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of their Favourite Plays, to contend which of them should recite a beautiful Part of a Poem or Oration most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a Scene of *Terence*, *Sophocles*, or our own *Shakespeare*. The Cause of *Milo* might again be pleaded before more favourable Judges, *Caesar* a second time be taught to tremble, and another Race of *Athenians* be refreshed by the Ambition of another *Philip*. Amidst these noble Amusements, we could hope to see the early Dawnings of their Imagination daily brighten into Sense, their Innocence improve into Virtue, and their unexperienced Good nature directed to a generous Love of their Country.

I am, &c.

No 231 ] Saturday, November 24, 1711 [Addison

O Pudor! O Pietas! ——— Mart.

LOOKING over the Letters which I have lately received from my Correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a Spirit of Politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it my self, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the Reader

Mr SPECTATOR,<sup>1</sup>

'You, who are no Stranger to Publick Assemblies, cannot but have observed the Awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any Talent before them. This is a sort of elegant Distress, to which ingenious Minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your Paper. Many a brave Fellow, who has put his Enemy to Flight in the Field, has been in the utmost Disorder upon making a Speech before a Body of his Friends at home. One would think there was some kind of Fascination in the Eyes of a large Circle of People, when darting altogether upon one Person. I have seen a new Actor in a Tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would have died above three Acts before the Dagger or Cup of Poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a Ghost or a Statue, till he recovered his Spirits, and grew fit for some living Part.

'As this sudden Devotion of one's self shews a Diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest Respect to an Audience that can be. It is a sort of mute Eloquence, which pleads for their Favour much better than Words could do, and we find their Generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much Perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late Instance of this Kind at the Opera of *Almida*, in the Encouragement given to a young Singer,<sup>2</sup> whose more than ordinary Concern on her first Appearance, recommended her no less than her agreeable Voice, and just Performance. Meer Bashfulness without Merit is awkward, and Merit without Modesty, insolent. But modest Merit has a double Claim to Acceptance, and generally meets with as many Patrons as Beholders.

I am, &c.

It is impossible that a Person should exert himself to Advantage in an Assembly, whether it be his Part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great Oppressions of Modesty. I remember, upon talking with a Friend of mine concerning the Force of Pronunciation, our Discourse led us into the Enumeration of the several Organs of Speech which an Orator ought to have in Perfection, as the Tongue, the Teeth [the Lips,] the Nose, the Palate, and the Wind pipe. Upon which, says my Friend, you have omitted the most material Organ of them all, and that is the Forehead.

<sup>1</sup> This letter is by John Hughes

<sup>2</sup> Mrs Barbier

But notwithstanding an Excess of Modesty obstructs the Tongue and renders it unfit for its Office, a due Proportion of it is thought so requisite to an Orator, that Rhetoricians have recommended it to the Disciples as a Particular in their Art. *Cicero* tells us that he never liked an Orator who did not appear in some little Confusion at the Beginning of his Speech and confesses that he himself never entered upon an Oration without Trembling and Concern. It is indeed a kind of Deference which is due to a great Assembly, and seldom fails to raise a Benevolence in the Audience towards the Person who speaks. My Correspondent has taken notice that the bravest Men often appear timorous on these Occasions, and indeed we may observe, that there is generally no Creature more impudent than a Coward.

— *Largeur de l'ame, et de l'esprit de l'homme*  
Dexter

A bold Tongue and a feeble Arm are the Objections of *Demetrius* in *Paris*, as *Lucan* in express a Man both timorous and sawy a mixture of a kind of Poet which is very rarely to be met with in his Writings, namely that he had the Feet of a Dog, but the Heart of a Lion.

A just and reasonable Modesty does not only recommend itself to the eye, but is of every great Talent which a Man can be possessed of. It heightens all the Virtues which it accompanies like the Shades in Paintings, it raises and improves every Figure and makes the Colours more beautiful though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an Ornament but also a Guard to Virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate Feeling in the Soul which makes her shrink and withdraw her self from every thing that has Danger in it. It is such a exquisite Sensibility, as warns her to shun the first Appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the Place or Time of what I am going to mention. But I have read somewhere in the History of Ancient Greece, that the Women of the Country were seized with an uncontrollable Melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The Senate, after having tried many Expedients to prevent this Self-Murder which was so frequent among them, published an Edict, That if any Woman whatever should lay violent Hands upon her self, her Corps should be exposed naked in the Street, and dragged about the City in the most publick Manner. This Edict immediately put a stop to the Practice which was before so common. We may see in this Instance the Strength of Female Modesty, which was able to overcome the Violence even of Madness and Despair. The Fear of Shame in the Fair Sex, was in those Days more prevalent than that of Death.

If Modesty has so great an Influence over our Actions, and is in many Cases so inexpressible a Fence to Virtue, what can more undermine Morality than that Politeness which reigns among the unthinking Part of Mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenious Part of our Behav-

our, which recommends Impudence as good Breeding, and keeps a Man always in Countenance, not because he is Innocent, but because he is Shameless?

*Seneca* thought Modesty so great a Check to Vice, that he prescribes to us the Practice of it in Secret, and advises us to rise it in ourselves upon many Occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves. For this is the Meaning of his Precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest Solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* is with us, and see every thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the World, she carries away with her half the Virtue that is in it.

After these Reflections on Modesty, as it is a Virtue, I must observe that there is a vicious Mode of it which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which these Persons very often discover, who value themselves upon a well bred Confidence. This happens when a Man is ashamed to set up to his Reason, and would not upon any Consideration be surprised in the Practice of those Duties for the Performance of which he was sent into the World. Many an impudent Libertine would blush to be caught in a serious Discourse, and would rather be able to show his Head, after having disclosed a religious Thought, Decency of Behaviour, all outward Show of Virtue, and Abhorrence of Vice, are carefully avoided by this set of Shame faced People as what would disparage their Gravity of Temper, and insupportable Long thin Dishonour. This is such a Foolishness of Spirit, such a despicable Conscience, such a degenerate subject State of Mind, as one would think Humankind incapable of, did we not meet with frequent Instances of it in ordinary Conversation.

There is another Kind of vicious Modesty which makes a Man ashamed of his Person, his Birth, his Profession, his Poverty, or the like Misfortunes, which it was not in his Choice to prevent, and is not in his Power to rectify. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the afore mentioned Circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of Countenance for them. They should rather give him Occasion to exert a noble Spirit, and to palliate those Imperfections which are not in his Power, by those Perfections which are or to use a very witty Allusion of an eminent Author, he should imitate *Cæsar* who, because his Head was bald, covered that Defect with Laurels.

No 237 ] *Monday, November 26, 1711* [Hughes]

*Nihil largiunde gloriam adeptus es* — Sallust

MY wise and good Friend, *Sir Andrew Freeport*, divides himself almost equally between the Town and the Country. His Time in Town is given up to the Publick, and the Management of his private Fortune, and after every three or four Days spent in this Manner, he retires for as many to his Seat within a few Miles of the

Town, to the Enjoyment of himself, his Family, and his Friend. Thus Business and Pleasure, or rather, in Sir *Andrew*, Labour and Rest, recommend each other. They take their Turns with so quick a Vicissitude, that neither becomes a Habit, or takes Possession of the whole Man, nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our Club in good Humour, and yet sometimes too with an Air of Care in his Looks. But in his Country Retreat he is always unbent, and such a Companion as I could desire, and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other Day, as soon as we were got into his Chariot, two or three Beggars on each Side hung upon the Doors, and solicited our Charity with the usual Rhetorick of a sick Wife or Husband at home, three or four helpless little Children all starving with Cold and Hunger. We were forced to part with some Money to get rid of their Importunity, and then we proceeded on our Journey with the Blessings and Acclamations of these People.

'Well then, says Sir *Andrew*, we go off with the Prayers and good Wishes of the Beggars, and perhaps too our Healths will be drunk at the next Ale house. So all we shall be able to value ourselves upon, is, that we have promoted the Trade of the Victualler and the Excises of the Government. But how few Ounces of Wool do we see upon the Backs of those poor Creatures? And when they shall next fall in our Way, they will hardly be better dressed: they must always live in Rags to look like Objects of Compassion. If their Families too are such as they are represented, 'tis certain they cannot be better clothed, and must be a great deal worse fed. One would think Potatoes should be all their Bread, and their Drink the pure Element: and then what goodly Customers are the Farmers like to have for their Wooll, Corn and Cattle? Such Customers, and such a Consumption, cannot choose but advance the landed Interest, and hold up the Rents of the Gentlemen.

'But of all Men living, we Merchants, who live by Buying and Selling, ought never to encourage Beggars. The Goods which we export are indeed the Product of the Lands, but much the greatest Part of their Value is the Labour of the People: but how much of these Peoples Labour shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very Alms they receive from us, are the Wages of Idleness. I have often thought that no Man should be permitted to take Relief from the Parish, or to ask it in the Street, till he has first purchased as much as possible of his own Livelihood by the Labour of his own Hands: and then the Publick ought only to be taxed to make good the Deficiency. If this Rule was strictly observed, we should see every where such a Multitude of new Labourers, as would in all probability reduce the Prices of all our Manufactures. It is the very Life of Merchandise to buy cheap and sell dear. The Merchant ought to make his Out set as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater Profit upon his Returns: and nothing will enable him to do this like the Reduction of the Price of Labour upon all our

Manufactures. This too would be the ready Way to increase the Number of our Foreign Markets. The Abatement of the Price of the Manufacture would pay for the Carriage of it to more distant Countries: and this Consequence would be equally beneficial both to the Landed and Trading Interests. As so great an Addition of labouring Hands would produce this happy Consequence both to the Merchant and the Gentleman, our Liberality to common Beggars, and every other Obstruction to the Increase of Labourers, must be equally pernicious to both.

Sir *Andrew* then went on to affirm, That the Reduction of the Prices of our Manufactures by the Addition of so many new Hands, would be no Inconvenience to any Man. But observing I was something startled at the Assertion, he made a short Pause, and then resumed the Discourse. 'It may seem, says he, a Paradox, that the Price of Labour should be reduced without an Abatement of Wages, or that Wages can be abated without any Inconvenience to the Labourer, and yet nothing is more certain than that both those Things may happen. The Wages of the Labourers make the greatest Part of the Price of every Thing that is useful: and if in Proportion with the Wages the Prices of all other Things should be abated, every Labourer with less Wages would be still able to purchase as many Necessaries of Life, where then would be the Inconvenience? But the Price of Labour may be reduced by the Addition of more Hands to a Manufacture, and yet the Wages of Persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir *William Petty* has given Examples of this in some of his Writings. One of them, as I remember, is that of a Watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present Purpose. It is certain that a single Watch could not be made so cheap in Proportion by one only Man, as a hundred Watches by a hundred: for as there is vast Variety in the Work, no one Person could equally suit himself to all the Parts of it: the Manufacture would be tedious, and at best but clumsily performed. But if a hundred Watches were to be made by a hundred Men, the Cases may be assigned to one, the Dials to another, the Wheels to another, the Springs to another, and every other Part to a proper Artist: as there would be no need of perplexing any one Person with too much Variety, every one would be able to perform his single Part with greater Skill and Expedition, and the hundred Watches would be finished in one fourth Part of the Time of the first one, and every one of them at one fourth Part of the Cost, tho' the Wages of every Man were equal. The Reduction of the Price of the Manufacture would increase the Demand of it, all the same Hands would be still employed and as well paid. The same Rule will hold in the Clothing, the Shipping, and all the other Trades whatsoever. And thus an Addition of Hands to our Manufactures will only reduce the Price of them, the Labourer will still have as much Wages, and will

<sup>a</sup> Survey or general of Ireland to Charles II See his Discourse of Taxes (1689)

consequently be enabled to purchase more Conveniences of Life, so that every Interest in the Nation would receive a Benefit from the Increase of our Working People.

Besides I see no Objection for this Charity to common Beggars, since every Parish is in Indebtedness to the Poor, and every Parish is taxed to the Maintenance of the same Poor. For my own part, I cannot be mightily pleas'd with the Laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the Poor. We have a Tradition from our Forefathers, that after the first of those Laws was made, they were mischievous with this famous Song.

*Here's sorrow, and east 27 13 Care,  
The Parish is bound to find us, &c.*

And if we will be so good natured as to maintain them without Work they can do no less in Return than sing us *The Merry Beggars*.

What then? Am I against all Acts of Charity? God forbid! I know of no Virtue in the Gospel that is in more philosophical Expressions recommended to our Practice. *I was hungry and ye gave me no Meat, thirsty and ye gave me no Drink, naked and ye clothed me not, a Stranger and ye took me not in, sick and in prison and ye visited me not.* Our Blessed Saviour treats the Exercise or Neglect of Charity towards a poor Man, as the Performance or Breach of this Duty towards himself. I shall endeavour to obey the Will of my Lord and Master. And therefore if an industrious Man shall submit to the hardest Labour and contest I do, rather than endure the Shame of taking Relief from the Parish, or asking it in the Street, this is the Hungry, the Thirsty, the Naked, and I ought to believe, if any Man is come hither for Shelter against Persecution or Oppression, this is the Stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any Countryman of our own is fallen into the Hands of Infidels, and lives in a State of miserable Captivity, this is the Man in Prison, and I should contribute to his Ransom. I ought to give to an Hospital of Invalids, to recover as many useful Subjects as I can, but I shall bestow none of my Bounties upon an Alms house of idle People, and for the same Reason I should not think it a Reproach to me if I had withheld my Charity from those common Beggars. But we prescribe better Rules than we are able to practise, we are reprimanded not to give into the mistaken Customs of our Country. But at the same time, I cannot but think it a Reproach worse than that of common Swearing, that the Idle and the Abandoned are suffered in the Name of Heaven and all that is

Our idle poor till the time of Henry VIII lived upon alms. After the dissolution of the monasteries experiments were made for their cure, and by a statute 43 Eliz. overseers were appointed and Parishes charged to maintain their helpless poor and find work for the sturdy. In Queen Anne's time the Poor Law had been made more intricate and troublesome by the legislation on the subject that had been introduced after the Restoration.

[you] throughout, and in first reprint

erected, to extort from Christian and tender Minds a Supply to a profligate Way of Life, that is always to be supported, but never relieved [7]

De 233] Tuesday, Nov 27, 1711 [Addison

*Langnam fac aut iustitia iudicium favorem,  
Aut Deus ille nalis hominum natescere discat  
Virg*

I SHALL, in this Paper, discharge myself of the Promise I have made to the Publick, by obliging them with a Translation of the little Greek Manuscript, which is said to have been a Piece of those Records that were preserved in the Temple of *Apollo*, upon the Promontory of *Leucate*. It is a short History of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed, *An Account of Persons Male and Female, who offered up their Vows in the Temple of the Pythian Apollo, in the forty sixth Olympiad, as it leaped from the Promontory of Leucate into the Ionian Sea, in order to cure themselves of the Passion of Love*.

This Account is very dry in many Parts, as only mentioning the Name of the Lover who leaped, the Person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or married by the Fall. It indeed gives the Names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a Bill of Mortality, had I translated it at full length. I have therefore made an Abridgement of it, and only extracted such particular Passages as have something extraordinary, either in the Case, or in the Cure, or in the Fate of the Person who is mentioned in it. After this short Preface take the Account is follows.

*Battus*, the Son of *Metastus* the *Sicilian*, leaped for *Aminta* the *Musonian*. Got rid of his Passion with the Loss of his Right Leg and Arm, which were broken in the Fall.

*Melissa*, in Love with *Daphnis*, very much bruised, but escaped with Life.

*Cynisca*, the Wife of *Aschines*, being in Love with *Lyceus*; and *Aschines* her Husband being in Love with *Larissa*, (which had made this married Couple very uneasy to one another for several Years) both the Husband and the Wife took the Leap by Consent, they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

*Larissa*, a Virgin of *Thessaly*, deserted by *Plexippus*, after a Courtship of three Years, she stood upon the Brow of the Promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a Ring, a Bracelet, and a little Picture, with other Presents which she had received from *Plexippus*, she threw herself into the Sea, and was taken up alive.

*N B Larissa*, before she leaped, made an Offering of a Silver Cupid in the Temple of *Apollo*.

*Simetha*, in Love with *Daphnis* the *Myndian*, perished in the Fall.

*Charaxus*, the Brother of *Sappho*, in Love with *Rhodope* the *Coniarcian*, having spent his whole Estate upon her, was advised by his Sister to leap



in the Beginning of his Amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his last Lament, being forsaken by *Rhodope*, at length resolved to take the Leap. Perished in it.

*Ardeus*, a beautiful Youth of *Epirus*, in Love with *Praxinos*, the Wife of *Thespius*, escaped without Damage, saving only that two of his Fore-Teeth were struck out and his Nose a little flatted.

*Cleora*, a Widow of *Ephesus*, being inconsolable for the Death of her Husband, was resolved to take this Leap in order to get rid of her Passion for his Memory, but being arrived at the Promontory, she there met with *Dimmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a short Conversation with him, laid aside the Thoughts of her Leap, and married him in the Temple of *Apollo*.

N B Her Widow's Weeds are still to be seen hanging up in the Western Corner of the Temple.

*Olphis*, the Fisherman, having received a Box on the Ear from *Thersites* the Day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with Life.

*Atalanta*, an old Maid, whose Cruelty had several Years before driven two or three despairing Lovers to this Leap, being now in the fifty fifth Year of her Age, and in Love with an Officer of *Sparta*, broke her Neck in the Fall.

*Hipparchus* being passionately fond of his own Wife who was enamoured of *Bathylus*, leaped, and died of his Fall, upon which his Wife married her Gallant.

*Tettyx*, the Dancing-Master, in Love with *Olympia* an *Athenian* Matron, threw himself from the Rock with great Agility, but was crippled in the Fall.

*Diagoras*, the Usurer, in Love with his Cool-Maid, he peeped several times over the Precipice, but his Heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that Evening.

*Cineadus*, after having entered his own Name in the *Pythian* Records, being asked the Name of the Person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

*Eunice*, a Maid of *Paphos*, aged Nineteen, in Love with *Eurybates* Hurt in the Fall, but recovered.

N B This was her second Time of Leaping. *Hesperus*, a young Man of *Laricum*, in Love with his Master's Daughter Drowned, the Boats not coming in soon enough to his Relief.

*Sappho*, the Lesbian, in Love with *Platon*, arrived at the Temple of *Apollo*, habited like a Bride in Garments as white as Snow. She wore a Garland of Myrtle on her Head, and carried in her Hand the little Musical Instrument of her own Invention. After having sung an Hymn to *Apollo*, she hung up her Garland on one Side of his Altar, and her Harp on the other. She then took'd up her Vestments, like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidst thousands of Spectators, who were anxious for her Safety, and offered up Vows for her Deliverance, [marched<sup>2</sup>] directly forwards to the utmost Summit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a Stanza of her own Verses, which we

could not hear, she threw herself off the Rock with such an Intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous Leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the Sea, from whence she never rose again, tho' there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the Bottom of her Leap, but that she was changed into a Swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the Air under that Shape. But whether or no the Whiteness and Fluttering of her Garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy Bird, is still a Doubt among the Lesbians.

*Alcaeus*, the famous *Lyric* Poet, who had for some time been passionately in Love with *Sappho*, arrived at the Promontory of *Leucaea* that very Evening, in order to take the Leap upon her Account, but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her Body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her Fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty fifth Ode upon that Occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad [250<sup>1</sup>]

Males 124

Females 126

Cured [120<sup>2</sup>]

Males 51

Females 69

C

No 234 ] Wednesday, Nov 28, 1711 [Steele

[*Vellus in amictu errans*—Hor<sup>3</sup>]

YOU very often hear People, after a Story has been told with some entertaining Circumstances, tell it over again with Particulars that destroy the Jest, but give Light into the Truth of the Narration. This sort of Veracity, though it is unpertinent, has something unnaive in it, because it proceeds from the Love of Truth, even in frivolous Occasions. If such honest Amendments do not promise an agreeable Companion, they do a sincere Friend for which Reason one should allow them so much of our Time, if we fall into their Company, as to set us right in Matters that can do us no manner of Harm, whether the Facts be one Way or the other. Lies which are told out of Arrogance and Ostentation a Man should detect in his own Defence, because he should not be triumphed over, Lies which are told out of Malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of Mankind, because every Man should rise against a common Enemy. But the officious Lar many have argued is to be excused, because it does some Man good, and no Man hurt. The Man who made more than ordinary speed from a Light in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete Victory, and put the whole City into the

<sup>1</sup> [350] and in first reprint.

<sup>2</sup> [150], corrected by an Erratum.

<sup>3</sup> [*Splendide mendax*—Hor]

<sup>2</sup> [she marched]

utmost Joy and Exultation, was check'd by the Magistrates for his Falshood, but excus'd himself by saying, *O Athenians!* am I your Enemy because I gave you two happy Days? This Fellow did to a whole People what an Acquaintance of mine does every Day he lives in some eminent Degree to particular Persons. He is ever lying People into good Humour, and, as *Plato* said, it was allowable in Physicians to lie to their Patients to keep up their Spirits, I am half doubtful whether my Friend's Behaviour is not as excusable. His Manner is to express himself surpris'd at the Cheerful Countenance of a Man whom he observes diffident of himself and generally by that means makes his Lie a Truth. He will, as if he did not know any [thing] of the Circumstance, ask one whom he knows at Variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. such a one, naming his Adversary, does not apprise him with that Heartiness which formerly he has heard him? He said indeed, (continues he) I would rather have that Man for my Friend than my Man in England, but for an Enemy—I thus melts the Person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright Rallery from that Side. According as he sees his Practices succeeded, he goes to the opposite Party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that some People know one another so little, you spoke with so much Coldness of a Gentleman who said more Good of you, than, let me tell you, my Man living deserves. The Success of one of these Incidents was, that the next time that one of the Adversaries spied the other, he hems after him in the publick Street, and they must crack a Bottle at the next Tavern, that used to turn out of the other's Way to avoid one another's Eyeshot. He will tell one Beauty she was commended by another, nay, he will say she gave the Woman he speaks to, the Preference in a Particular for which she herself is admired. The pleasantest Confusion imaginable is made through the whole Town by my Friend's indirect Offices, you shall have a Visit returned after half a Year's Absence, and mutual Railing at each other every Day of that Time. They meet with a thousand Lamentations for so long a Separation, each Party naming herself for the greater Delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no Reason in the World, but from the Knowledge of her Goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole Train of Railers of each Side ure their Horses in setting Matters right which they have said during the War between the Parties and a whole Circle of Acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing Passions and Sentiments, instead of the Pangs of Anger, Envy, Detraction, and Malice.

The worst Evil I ever observed this Man's Falshood occasion, has been that he turned Detraction into Flattery. He is well skilled in the Manners of the World, and by over-looking what Men really are, he grounds his Artifice upon what they have a Mind to be. Upon this Foundation, if two distant Friends are brought together, and the Cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new Apparances to take

off all Remains of Ill-will, and that by new Misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

*To the SPECTATOR*

*Devonshire, Nov. 14, 1711*

SIR,  
There arriv'd in this Neighbourhood two Days ago one of your grey Gentlemen of the Town, who being attended at his Entry with a Servant of his own, besides a Countryman he had taken up for a Guide, excited the Curiosity of the Village to learn whence and what he might be. The Countryman (to whom they applied as most easy of Access) knew little more than that the Gentleman came from London to travel and see Fashions, and was, as he heard say, a Free thinker. What Religion that might be, he could not tell and for his own Part, if they had not told him the Man was a Free thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better than a Heathen, excepting only that he had been a good Gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one Day, over and above what they had bargained for.

I do not look upon the Simplicity of this, and several odd Inquiries with which I shall not trouble you to be wonder'd at, much less can I think that our Yonths of fine Wit, and enlarged Understandings, have any Reason to blush. There is no Necessity that every Squire in Great Britain should know what the Word Free-thinker stands for but it were much to be wished, that they who value themselves upon that conceited Title were a little better instructed in what it ought to stand for, and that they could not persuade themselves a Man is really and truly a Free thinker in any tolerable Sense, merely by virtue of his being an Atheist, or an Infidel of any other Distinction. It may be doubted, with good Reason, whether there ever was in Nature a more abject slavish, and bigotted Generation than the Tribe of *Beaux Esprits*, at present so prevailing in this Island. Their Pretension to be Free thinkers, is no other than Rakes have to be Free livers, and Scurvies to be Free-men, that is, they can think whatever they have a Mind to, and give themselves up to whatever Convent the Extravagancy of their Inclination, or their Fancy, shall suggest, they can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure that their Wit should be controuled by such formal Things as Decency and common Sense Deduction, Coherence, Consistency, and all the Rules of Reason they recordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical for Men of a liberal Education.

This, as far as I could ever learn from their Writings, or my own Observation, is a true Account of the *British* Free thinker. Our Visitant here, who gave occasion to this Paper, has brought with him a new System of common Sense, the Particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no Opportunity of informing my self whether it contrain any [thing] worth Mr SPECTATOR'S Notice. In the mean time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be for the

<sup>1</sup> [think]

<sup>2</sup> [think]

'good of Mankind, if you would take this Subject into your own Consideration, and convince the hopeful Youth of our Nation, that Licentiousness is not Freedom or, if such a Paradox will not be understood, that a Prejudice towards Atheism is not Impartiality

*I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,*  
PHILONOUS

No 235 ] Thursday, November 29, 1711 [Addison

Populares  
*Vincuntur strepitibus* Hor

THERE is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator than publick Shows and Diversions, and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant Entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take Notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined Assemblies

It is observed, that of late Years there has been a certain Person in the upper Gallery of the Play house, who when he is pleased with any Thing that is acted upon the Stage, expresses his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the Benches or the Wainscot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. This Person is commonly known by the Name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery*. Whether it be, that the Blow he gives on these Occasions resembles that which is often heard in the Shops of such Artizans, or that he was supposed to have been a real Trunk maker, who after the finishing of his Day's Work used to unbend his Mind at these publick Diversions with his Hammer in his Hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a Spirit which haunts the upper Gallery, and from Time to Time makes those strange Noises and the rather, because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every Time the Ghost of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb Man, who has chosen this Way of uttering himself when he is transported with any Thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-house Thunderer, that exerts himself after this Manner in the upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the Roof.

But having made it my Business to get the best Information I could in a Matter of this Moment I find that the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black Man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge Oak Plant with great Attention to every thing that passes upon the Stage. He is never seen to smile but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his Staff with both Hands, and lays it upon the next Piece of Timber that stands in his Way with exceeding Violence. After which, he composes himself in his former Posture, till such Time as something new sets him again at Work.

It has been observed, his Blow is so well timed, that the most judicious Critick could never except at it. As soon as any shining Thought is

expressed in the Poet, or any uncommon Grace appears in the Actor, he smites the Bench or Wainscot. If the Audience does not concur with him, he smites a second Time, and if the Audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great Wrath, and repeats the Blow a third Time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He sometimes lets the Audience begin the Clap of themselves, and at the Conclusion of their Applause ratifies it with a single Thwack.

He is of so great Use to the Play-house, that it is said a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pry his Attendance by reason of Sickness, kept one in Pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered; but the Person so employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible Violence, did it in such wrong Places, that the Audience soon found out that it was not their old Friend the Trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with Vigour this Season. He sometimes plies at the Opera and upon *Nicolini's* first Appearance, was said to have demolished three Benches in the Fury of his Applause. He has broken half a dozen Oak Plants upon *Dogget's*, and seldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakespeare*, without leaving the Wainscot extremely shattered.

The Players do not only connive at his obsequious Approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own Cost whatever Damages he makes. They had once a Thought of erecting a Kind of Wooden Anvil for his Use that should be made of a very sounding Plank, in order to render his Stricks more deep and mellow, but as this might not have been distinguished from the Musick of a Kettle Drum, the Project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great Use it is to an Audience, that a Person should thus preside over their Heads like the Director of a Consort, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat time to their Applauses, or, to raise my Simile, I have sometimes fancied the Trunk maker in the upper Gallery to be like *Virgil's* Ruler of the Wind, seated upon the Top of a Mountain, who, when he struck his Sceptre upon the Side of it, roused an Hurricane, and set the whole Cavern in an Uproar.

It is certain, the Trunk maker has saved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful Actor into Reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, the Audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a Clap, when their Friend in the upper Gallery does not come into it: so the Actors do not value themselves upon the Clap, but regard it as a meer *Brutum fulmen*, or empty Noise, when it has not the Sound of the Oak Plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are Enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the Interest of a

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Doggett, an excellent comic actor, who was for many years joint-manager with Wilkes and Cibber, died in 1721, and bequeathed the Coat and Badge that are rowed for by Thames Water men every first of August, from London Bridge to Chute.

<sup>2</sup> *Æneid* l. 8.

bad Poet, or a vicious Player, but this is a Surmise which has no foundation. His Strokes are always just, and his Admonitions reasonable, he does not deal about his Blows at Random, but always hits the right Nail upon the Head. [The] inexpressible Force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shows the Evidence and Strength of his Conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every Fence and Partition, every Board and Plank, that stands within the Expression of his Applause.

As I do not care for terminating my Thoughts in barren Speculations, or in Reports of pure Matter of Fact, without drawing something from them for the Advantage of my Countrymen, I shall take the Liberty to make an humble Proposal, that whenever the Frink-maker shall deprivt this Life, or whenever he shall have lost the Spring of his Arm by Sickness, old Age, Infirmary, or the like, some able-bodied Critick should be advanced to this Post, and have a competent Salary settled on him for Life, to be furnished with Bamboos for Operas, Crabtree Cudgels for Comedies, and Oakn Plants for Tragedy, at the publick Expence. And to the End that this Place should be always disposed of according to Merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing Proofs both of a sound Judgment and a strong Arm, and who could not, upon Occasion, either knock down an Ox, or write a Comment upon *Homer's* Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due Composition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and so rightly qualified for this important Office, that the Frink-maker may not be missed by our Posterity.

C

No 236] Friday, November 30, 1711 [Steele

—Dare fura maritis—Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

YOU have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the Subject of Marriage as that important Case deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the Peculiarity in the Youth of Great Britain, of ruling and laughing at that Institution and when they fall into it, from a profligate Habit of Mind, being insensible of the [Satisfaction] in that Way of Life, and treating their Wives with the most barbarous Disrespect. Particular Circumstances and Cast of Temper, must teach a Man the Probability of mighty Un easiness in that State, (for unquestionably some there are whose very Dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal Friendship) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural Complexion prompted to tease and torment another for no Reason but being nearly allied to him. And can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a Man so much below his own distinguishing Characteristick, (I mean Reason) than treating Evil for Good in so open a Manner, as that of treating an helpless Creature with Unkindness, who

<sup>1</sup> [Him]

<sup>2</sup> [Satisfactions]

has had so good an Opinion of him as to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest Concerns of Life, by delivering her Happiness in this World to his Care and Protection? Must not that Man be abandoned even to all manner of Humanity, who can deceive a Woman with Appearances of Affection and Kindness, for no other End but to torment her with more Ease and Authority? Is any Thing more unlike a Gentleman, than when his Honour is engaged for the performing his Promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his Word, and be alone the Occasion of Misery to one whose Happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common Affairs? or treated but as one whose Honesty consisted only in his Incapacity of being otherwise?

There is one Cause of this Usage no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking Men, and that is the Desire to appear to their Friends free and at Liberty, and without those Trammels they have so much ridiculed. [To avoid] this they fly into the other Extream, and grow Tyrants that they may seem Masters. Because an uncontrollable Command of their own Action, is a certain Sign of entire Dominion, they won't so much as recede from the Government even in one Muscle of their Faces. A kind Look they believe would be fawning, and a civil Answer yielding the Superiority. To this must we attribute an Auste- rity they betray in every Action. What but this can put a Man out of Humour in his Wife's Company, tho' he is so distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The Bitterness of his Replies, and the Severity of his Frowns to the tenderest of Wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill grounded Fear of being thought too submissive, is at the Bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected Moroseness. But if it be such only, put on to convince his Acquaintance of his entire Dominion let him take Care of the Consequence, which will be certain, and worse than the present Evil, his seeming Indifference will by Degrees grow into real Contempt, and if it doth not wholly alienate the Affections of his Wife forever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well bred Person has no small Share in this clownish Behaviour. A Discourse therefore relating to good Breeding towards a loving and a tender Wife, would be of great Use to this Sort of Gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the Character of a Gentleman, nor even tender Affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any Softness or Effeminacy that the most masculine Disposition need be ashamed of, could you satisfy them of the Gen-

<sup>1</sup> [For this Reason should they appear the least like what they were so much used to laugh at, they would become the Jest of themselves, and the Object of that Railery they formerly bestowed on others. To avoid]

'erosity of voluntary Civility, and the Greatness of Soul that is conspicuous in Benevolence without immediate Obligations, could you recommend to People's Practice the Srying of the Gentleman quoted in one of your Speculations, *That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the Inclinations of a Woman of Merit go along with her Duty* Could you, I say, persuade these Men of the Beauty and Reasonableness of this Sort of Behaviour, I have so much Charity for some of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a Thing they are only ashamed to allow Besides, you would recommend that State in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable Colours, and the Gentlemen who have for any Time been such professed Enemies to it, when Occasion should serve, would return you their Thanks for assisting their Interest in prevailing over their Prejudices Marriage in general would by this Means be a more easy and comfortable Condition, the Husband would be no where so well satisfied as in his own Parlour, nor the Wife so pleasant as in the Company of her Husband A Desire of being agreeable in the Lover would be increased in the Husband, and the Mistress be more amiable by becoming the Wife Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the Race of Men grow wiser as their Progenitors grew kinder, and the Affection of the Parents would be conspicuous in the Wisdom of their Children in short, Men would in general be much better humoured than they are, did not they so frequently exercise the worst Turns of their Temper where they ought to exert the best

MR SPECTATOR,

'I am a Woman who left the Admiration of this whole Town, to throw myself ([for'] Love of Wealth) into the Arms of a Fool When I married him, I could have had any one of several Men of Sense who inguished for me but my Case is just I believed my superior Understanding would form him into a tractable Creature But, alas, my Spouse has Cunning and Suspicion, the inseparable Companions of little Minds and every Attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable Air, a sudden Cheerfulness, or kind Behaviour, he looks upon as the first Act towards an Insurrection against his undevoted Dominion over me Let every one who is still to chuse, and hopes to govern a Fool, remember

TRISTISSA

Mr SPECTATOR, *St Martins, November 25*

'This is to complain of an evil Practice which I think very well deserves a Redress, though you have not as yet taken any Notice of it If you mention it in your Paper, it may perhaps have a very good Effect What I mean is the Disturbance some People give to others at Church, by their Repetition of the Prayers after the Minister, and that not only in the Prayers, but also the Absolution and the Commandments fare no better, which are in a particular Manner the Priest's Office Thus I have known done in so

'audible a manner, that sometimes their Voices have been as loud as his As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by People seemingly devout This irreligious Inadvertency is a Thing extremely offensive But I do not recommend it as a Thing I give you Liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare Mention

I SIR, Your very humble Servant, F S

No 237 ] Saturday, Dec 1, 1711 [Addison

*Visu carentem magna pars veri latet*  
Senec in *Œdip*

IT is very reasonable to believe, that Part of the Pleasure which happy Minds shall enjoy in a future State, will arise from an enlarged Contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the Government of the World, and a Discovery of the secret and amazing Steps of Providence, from the Beginning to the End of Time Nothing seems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the Nature of Man, if we consider that Curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting Appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our most pleasing Passions and what a perpetual Succession of Enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a Scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our View in the Society of superior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a Prospect

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that Part of the Punishment of such as are excluded from Bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites at the same time vastly encreased, without any Satisfaction afforded to them In these, the vain Pursuit of Knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of Error, Darkness, Distracution and Uncertainty of every thing but their own evil State *Milton* has thus represented the fallen Angels reasoning together in a kind of Respite from their Torments, and creating to themselves a new Disquiet amidst their very Amusements he could not properly have described the Sports of condemned Spirits, without that Cast of Horror and Melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them

*Others apart sate on a Hill retired,  
In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,  
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no End in wandring Mazes lost*

In our present Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falshood, and as our Faculties are narrow, and our Views imperfect, it is impossible but our Curiosity must meet with many Repulses The Business of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly

<sup>1</sup> [by], and in first reprint.

<sup>2</sup> *Paradise Lost*, B II v 557—561

From hence it is, that the Reason of the Inquisitive has so long been exercised with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous Distribution of Good and Evil to the Virtuous and the Wicked in this World. From hence come all those pathetic Complaints of so many tragical Events, which happen to the Wise and the Good and of such surprising Prosperity, which is often the Lot of the Guilty and the Foolish, that Reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a Dispensation.

Plato expresses his Abhorrence of some Fables of the Poets, which seem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injustice, and lays it down as a Principle, That whatever is permitted to befall a just Man, whether Poverty, Sickness, or any of those Things which seem to be Evils, shall either in Life or Death conduce to his Good. My Reader will observe how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. *Seneca* has written a Discourse purposely on this Subject, in which he takes Pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to shew that Adversity is not in itself an Evil, and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That nothing would be more unhappy than a Man who had never known Affliction. He compares Prosperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin, but the Affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise Father who would have his Sons exercised with Labour, Disappointment, and Pain, that they may gather Strength, and improve their Fortitude. On this Occasion the Philosopher rises into the celebrated Sentiment, That there is not on Earth a Spectator more worthy the Regard of a Creator intent on his Works than a brave Man superior to his Sufferings, to which he adds, That it must be a Pleasure to Jupiter himself to look down from Heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the Ruins of his Country preserving his Integrity.

Thus Thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human Life as a State of Probation, and Adversity as the Post of Honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select Spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper Situation to judge of the Counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly, or according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ. *We see but in part, and as in a Glass darkly* [It is to be considered, that Providence<sup>3</sup>] in its Oeconomy regards the whole System of Time and Things together, [so that] we cannot discover the beautiful Connection between Incidents which he widely separated in Time, and by losing so many Links of the Chain, our Reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those Parts in the moral World which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in respect of some other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Past, Present, and To come*, are set together in one Point of View and those Events, the Permission of which

seems now to accuse his Goodness, may in the Consummation of Things both magnify his Goodness, and exalt his Wisdom. And this is enough to check our Presumption, since it is in vain to apply our Measures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Consequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I shall relieve my Reader from this abstracted Thought, by relating here a Jewish Tradition concerning *Moses*,<sup>1</sup> which seems to be a kind of Parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the top of a Mountain, where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the midst of this Divine [Colloquy] he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mount on there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his Innocence. The Soldier not believing his Protestations, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face with Horror and Amusement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation. 'Be not surprised, *Moses*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole Earth has suffered this Thing to come to pass. The Child is the Occasion that the Blood of the old Man is spilt but know, that the old Man whom thou saw'st, was the Murderer of that Child's Father.'

No 238] Monday, December 3, 1711. [Stable

*Nequequam populo bibulas donaveris Auras;*  
*Resque quod non es*—— Persius, Sat. 4

AMONG all the Diseases of the Mind, there is not one more epidemic or more pernicious than the Love of Flattery. For as when the Juices of the Body are prepared to receive a malignant Influence, there the Disease rages, with most Violence, so in this Distemper of the Mind, where there is ever a Propensity and Inclination to suck in the Poison, it cannot be but that the whole Order of reasonable Action must be overturned, for, like Musick, it

<sup>1</sup> Henry More's Divine Dialogues.

<sup>2</sup> [Conference.]

<sup>3</sup> No letter appended to original issue or reissue. Printed in Addison's Works, 1720. The paper has been claimed for John Hughes in the Preface to his Poems (1735).

<sup>1</sup> In Saturday's Spectator, for 'reward' read 'lot.' Erratum in No 238

<sup>2</sup> De Constantia Sapientis.

<sup>3</sup> [Since Providence therefore], and in 1st c.p.

—So softens and disarms the Mind,  
That not one Arrow can Resistance find

First we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of Success. It awakens our Self Love within, a Party which is ever ready to revolt from our better Judgment, and join the Luxury without. Hence it is that the Profession of Favourites we suffer see poured upon the Private, are represented to us, by our Self Love, as Justice done to Man, who so agreeably recommends us to our selves. When we are overcome by such soft Insinuations and ensuring Compliances, we gladly recompense the Artifices that are made use of to blind our Reason, and which triumph over the Weaknesses of our Temper and Inclinations.

But were every Man persuaded from how mean and low a Principle this Passions is derived there can be no doubt but the Person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. 'Tis the Desire of some Quality we are not possessed of, or Inclination to be something we are not, which are the Causes of our giving ourselves up to that Man, who bestows upon us the Characters and Qualities of others, which perhaps suit us as ill and were as little design'd for our wearing, as their Cloaths. Instead of going out of our own contemplational Nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable Industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable Copy become a good Original for there is no Temper, no Disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar Cast and Turn be brought to some agreeable Use in Conversation, or in the Affairs of Life. A Person of a rougher Deportment, and less tied up to the usual Ceremonies of Behaviour, will, like *Hanly* in the Play, please by the Grace which Nature gives to every Action wherein she is complied with. The Brisk and Lively will not want their Admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy Temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not Vanity enough awake in a Man to undo him, the flatterer stirs up that dormant Weakness and inspires him with Merit enough to be a Coxcomb. But if Flattery be the most sordid Act that can be complied with, the Art of Praising justly is as commendable. For 'tis laudable to praise well as Poets at one and the same time give Immortality, and receive it themselves for a Reward. Both are pleased, the one whilst he receives the Recompence of Merit, the other whilst he shows he knows how to discern it. But above all, that Man is happy in this Art, who, like a skilful Painter, returns the Features and Complexion, but still softens the Picture into the most agreeable Likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagin'd a more desirable Pleasure, than that of Praise unmix'd with any Possibility of Flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the Night before a Battle, desirous of some sincere Mark of the Esteem of his Legions for him, he is described by *Tacitus* listening in a Disguise to the Discourse of a Soldier, and wrapt up in the Imagination of his Glory, whilst with an undesign'd Sim-

ilarity they praised his unble and majestic Mien, his Affability, his Valour, Conduct, and Success in War. How must a Man have his Heart full blown with Joy in such an Article of Glory as this? What a Spirit and Encouragement still to proceed in those Steps which he had already brought him to so pure a Taste of the greatest of mortal Enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even Enemies and envious Persons bestow the sincerest Marks of Esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater Pleasure, as extorted by Merit, and freed from all Suspicion of Flattery or Flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio*, he has Wit, Learning, and Discernment, but temper'd with an Alloy of Envy, Self Love and Detraction. *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and good Humour of the Company, if it center not in his Person. He grows jealous and dispirited when he ceases to be the only Person admired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an Attempt to lessen the Superiority he affects. But by this very Method, he bestows such Praise as can never be suspected of Flattery. His Unrests and Distracts are so many sure and certain Signs of another's Title to that Glory he desires, and has the Satisfaction to find himself not possessed of.

A good Name is fitly compared to a precious Ointment,<sup>1</sup> and when we are praised with Skill and Decency 'tis indeed the most agreeable Perfume, but if too strongly admitted into a Brain of a less vigorous and happy Texture, 'twill, like too strong an Odour, overcome the Senses, and prove pernicious in those Nerves was intended to refresh. A generous Mind is of all others the most sensible of Praise and Dispraise, and a noble Spirit is as much invigorated with its due Proportion of Honour and Applause, as is depressed by Neglect and Contempt. But 'tis only Persons far above the common Level who are thus affected with either of these Extremes, as in a Thermometer, 'tis only the purest and most sublimated Spirit that is either contracted or diluted by the Benignity or Inequality of the Season.

MR SPECTATOR,

The Translations which you have lately given us from the *Greek*, in some of your last Papers, have been the Occasion of my looking into some of these Authors among whom I chanc'd on a Collection of Letters which pass under the Name of *Aristotelus* of all the Remains of Antiquity, I believe there can be nothing produced of in Air so gallant and polite as each Letter contains a little Novel or Adventure, which is told with all the Beauties of Language and heightened with a Lavishment of Wit. There are several of them translated,<sup>2</sup> but with such wide Deviations from

<sup>1</sup> Ecceles i

<sup>2</sup> In a volume of translated 'Letters on Wit, 'Politics' and Morality, edited by Abel Boyer, in 1701. The letters ascribed to Aristotelus of Nice in Bithynia who died A.D. 358, but which were written after the fifth century, were afterwards translated as 'Letters of Love and Gallantry, written in Greek by Aristotelus.' This volume, 12mo (1715), was dedicated to Laurence Budge, who is



'the Original, and in a Style so far differing from the Authors, that the Translator seems rather to have taken Hints for the expressing his own Sense and Thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render those of *Aristanetus*. In the following Translation, I have kept as near the Meaning of the *Greek* as I could, and have only added a few Words to make the Sentences in *English* fit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The Story seems to be taken from that of *Pygmalion* and the Statue in *Ovid*. Some of the Thoughts are of the same Turn, and the whole is written in a kind of Poetical Prose

*Philomax to Clorion*

"Never was Man more overcome with so fantastical a Passion as mine. I have painted a beautiful Woman, and am desirous, dying for the Picture. My own Skill has undone me. 'Tis not the Dirt of *Veris*, but my own Pencil has thus wounded me. Ah me! with what Anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own Idol! How miserable am I, whilst every one must as much pity the Painter as he praises the Picture and own my Torment more than equal to my Art. But why do I thus complain? Have there not been more unhappy and unnatural Passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the Representations of *Phedra*, *Narcissus*, and *Passiflora*. *Phedra* was unhappy in her Love; that of *Passiflora* was more rous, and whilst the other caught at his beloved Likeness, he destroyed the waters Image, which ever eluded his Embraces. The Fountain represented *Narcissus* to himself, and the Picture both that and him, thrusting after his adored Image. But I am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her Presence continually, and if I touch her, I destroy not the beautiful Form, but she looks pleased, and a sweet Smile sits in the charming Space which divides her Lips. One would swear that voice and Speech were issuing out, and that one's Ears felt the melodious Sound. How often have I, deceived by a Lover's Credulity, hearkened if she had not something to whisper me? and when frustrated of my Hopes, how often have I taken my Revenge in Kisses from her Cheeks and Eyes, and softly wooed her to my Embrace, whilst she (as to me it seem'd) only, withheld her Tongue the more to inflame me. But, Madman that I am, shall I be thus taken with the Representation only of a beautiful Face, and flowing Hair, and thus waste myself and melt to Tears for a Shadow? Ah, sure 'tis something more, 'tis a Reality! for see her Beauties shine out with new Lustre, and she seems to upbraid me with such unkind Reproaches. Oh may I have a living Mistress of this Form, that when I shall compare the Work of Nature with that of Art, I may be still at a loss which to choose, and be long perplex'd with the pleasing Uncertainty.

named in the Preface as the author of the Spectator papers signed X.

No 239.] Tuesday, December 4, 1711 [Addison

*Bella, horrida bella!*—Virg

I HAVE sometimes amused myself with considering the several Methods of managing a Debate which have obtained in the World

The first Races of Mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary People do now-a-days, in a kind of wild Logic, uncultivated by Rules of Art

*Socrates* introduced a catechetical Method of Arguing. He would ask his Adversary Question upon Question, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth that his Opinions were wrong. This Way of Debating drives an Enemy up into a Corner, seizes all the Passes through which he can make an Escape, and forces him to surrender at Discretion

*Aristotle* changed this Method of Attack, and invented a great Variety of little Weapons, call'd Syllogisms. As in the *Socratic* Way of Dispute you agree to every thing which your Opponent advances, in the *Aristotelick* you are still denying and contradicting some Part or other of what he says. *Socrates* conquers you by Stratagem, *Aristotle* by Force. The one takes the Town by Saps, the other Sword in Hand

The Universities of *Europe*, for many Years, carried on the r Debates by Syllogism, insomuch that we see the Knowledge of several Centuries hid out into Objections and Answers, and all the good Sense of the Age cut and minced into almost an Infinitude of Distinctions

When our Universities found that there was no End of Wrangling this Way, they invented a kind of Argument, which is not reducible to any Mood or Figure in *Aristotle*. It was call'd the *Argumentum Basilium* (others write it *Baculum* or *Baculi*) which is pretty well express'd in our *English* Word *Club Law*. When they were not able to confute their Antagonist, they knock'd him down. It was their Method in these polemical Debates, first to discharge their Syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their Clubs, till such Time as they had one Way or other confounded their Gamblers. There is in *Oxford* a narrow [Defile,] (to make use of a military Term) where the Partizans used to encounter, for which Reason it still retains the Name of *Logic Lane*. I have heard an old Gentleman, a Physician, make his Boasts, that when he was a young Fellow he marched several Times at the Head of a Troop of *Statists*,<sup>2</sup> and cudgel'd a Body of *Smuglesians*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Defile]

<sup>2</sup> The followers of the famous scholastic philosopher, Duns Scotus (who taught at Oxford and died in 1308), were Realists, and the Scotists were as Realists opposed to the Nominalists, who, as followers of Thomas Aquinas, were called Thomists. Abuse, in later time, of the followers of Duns gave its present sense to the word Dunce.

<sup>3</sup> The followers of Martin Smiglecius, a Polish Jesuit, who taught Philosophy for four years and Theology for ten years at Vilna, in Lithuania, and died at Krich in 1618. Besides theological works he published a book of Disputations upon Logic.



half the length of *High street*, 'till they had dispersed themselves for Shelter into their respective Garrisons

This Humour, I find, went very far in *Erasmus's* Time For that Author tells us, 'That upon the Revival of *Greek* Letters, most of the Universities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans* The latter were those who bore a mortal Enmity to the Language of the *Greeks*, inasmuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a Foe *Erasmus* himself had, it seems, the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of a Party of *Trojans*, who laid him on with so many Blows and Buffets that he never forgot their Hostilities to his dying Day

There is a way of managing an Argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by States and Communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand Disputants on each Side, and convince one another by Dint of Sword A certain Grand Monarch<sup>2</sup> was so sensible of his Strength in this way of Reasoning, that he writ upon his Great Guns—*Ratio ultima Regum, The Logic of Kings*, but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own Weapons When one has to do with a Philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old Gentleman's Saying, who had been engaged in an Argument with one of the *Roman* Emperors<sup>3</sup> Upon his Friend's telling him, That he wonder'd he would give up the Question, when he had visibly the Better of the Dispute *I am never ashamed, says he, to be confuted by one who is Master of fifty Legions*

I shall but just mention another kind of Reasoning, which may be called arguing by Poll and another which is of equal Force, in which Wagers are made use of as Arguments, according to the celebrated Line in *Hudibras*<sup>4</sup>

But the most notable way of managing a Controversy, is that which we may call *Arguing by Torture* This is a Method of Reasoning which has been made use of with the poor Refugees, and which was so fashionable in our Country during the Reign of Queen *Mary*, that in a Passage of an Author quoted by Monsieur *Bayle*,<sup>5</sup> it is said the Price of Wood was raised in *England*, by reason of the Executions that were made in *Smithfield* These Disputants convince their Adversaries with a *Sorites*,<sup>6</sup> commonly called a Pile of Faggots The Rack is also a kind of Syllogism which has been used with good Effect, and has made Multitudes of Converts Men were formerly disputed out of their Doubts, reconciled to Truth by Force of Reason, and won over to Opinions by the Candour, Sense and Ingenuity of those who had the Right on their Side but this Method of Conviction operated too slowly Pam

was found to be much more enlightning than Reason Every Scruple was looked upon as Obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several Engines invented for that Purpose In a Word, the Application of Whips, Ricks, Gibbets, Gallies, Dungeons, Fire and Faggot, in a Dispute, may be look'd upon as Popish Refinements upon the old Heathen Logic

There is another way of Reasoning which seldom fails, tho' it be of a quite different Nature to that I have last mentioned I mean, convincing a Man by ready Money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a Man to an Opinion This Method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose A Man who is furnished with Arguments from the Mint, will convince his Antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from Reason and Philosophy Gold is a wonderful Clearer of the Understanding, it dissipates every Doubt and Scruple in an Instant, accommodates itself to the meanest Caprices, silences the Loud and Clamorous, and brings over the most Obstinate and Inflexible *Philip of Macedon* was a Man of most invincible Reason this Way He resisted by it all the Wisdom of *Athenians*, confounded their Statesmen, struck their Orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their Liberties

Having here touched upon the several Methods of Disputing, as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World, I shall very suddenly give my Reader an Account of the whole Art of Caviling which shall be a full and satisfactory Answer to all such Papers and Pamphlets as have yet appeared against the SPECTATOR C

No 240 ] Wednesday, Dec 5, 1711 [Steel

—*Aliter not fit, Avite, liber*—Mart

Mr SPECTATOR,

I AM of one of the most genteel Trades in the City, and understand thus much of liberal Education, as to have an ardent Ambition of being useful to Mankind, and to think That the chief End of Being is to this Life I had these good Impressions given me from the handsome Behaviour of a learned, generous, and wealthy Man towards me when I first began the World Some Dissatisfaction between me and my Parents made me enter into it with less Relish of Business than I ought, and to turn off this Uneasiness I gave myself to criminal Pleasures, some Excesses, and a general loose Conduct I know not what the excellent Man above-mentioned saw in me, but he descended from the Superiority of his Wisdom and Merit, to throw himself frequently into my Company This made me soon hope that I had something in me worth cultivating, and his Conversation made me sensible of Satisfaction in a regular Way, which I had never before imagined When he was grown familiar with me, he opened himself like a good Angel, and told me, he had long laboured to ripen me into a Preparation to receive his Friendship and Advice, both which I

<sup>1</sup> Erasmus Epist.

<sup>2</sup> Louis XIV

<sup>3</sup> Adrian, cited in Bacon's Apophthegms

<sup>4</sup> Hudibras, Pt. II c 1, v 297 See note to No 145

<sup>5</sup> And Ammonius in Bayle's Life of him, but the saying was of the reign of Henry VIII

<sup>6</sup> A Sorites, in Logic,—from *σωρος*, a heap—is a pile of syllogisms so compacted that the conclusion of one serves as a premiss to the next

'every Night in my Dreams Every thing I see puts me in mind of him I apply myself with more than ordinary Diligence to the Care of his Family and his Estate but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many Occasions of wishing for his Return I frequent the Rooms where I used to converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his Chair, and fall a weeping I love to read the Books he delighted in, and to converse with the Persons whom he esteemed I visit his Picture a hundred times a Day, and place myself over against it whole Hours together I pass a great part of my Time in the Walks where I used to lean upon his Arm, and recollect in my Mind the Discourses which have there passed between us I look over the several Prospects and Points of View which we used to survey together, fix my Eye upon the Objects which he has made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand [agreeable] Remarks which he has made on those Occasions I write to him by every Conveyance, and contrary to other People, am always in good Humour when an East-Wind blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a Letter from him Let me entreat you, Sir, to give me your Advice upon this Occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my Widowhood

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,  
ASTERIA

Absence is what the Poets call Death in Love, and has given Occasion to abundance of beautiful Complaints in those Authors who have treated of this Passion in Verse *Ovid's* Epistles are full of them *Ottway's Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this Subject<sup>1</sup>

—It was not I and  
To leave me like a Turtle, here alone,  
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate  
When thou art from me, every Place is desert  
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn  
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,  
Heal my unequal Mind, and tune my Soul

The Consolations of Lovers on these Occasions are very extraordinary Besides those mentioned by *Astoria*, there are many other Motives of Comfort, which are made use of by absent Lovers

I remember in one of *Scudery's* Romances, a Couple of honourable Lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half Hour in the Day to think of each other during a tedious Absence The Romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the Time thus agreed upon and that whatever Company or Business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the Clock warned them to retire The Romance further adds, that the Lovers expected the Return of this stated Hour with as much Impatience, as if it had been a real Assignment, and enjoyed an imaginary Happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real Meeting It was an inexpressible Satisfaction to these divided Lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employ'd in the

same kind of Contemplation, and making equal Returns of Tenderness and Affection

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious Expedient for the alleviating of Absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two Persons practise, who joined Religion to that Efficacy of Sentiments with which the Passion of Love generally inspires its Victims This was, at the Return of such an Hour, to offer up a certain Prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their Parting The Husband, who is a Man that makes a Figure in the polite World, as well as in his own Family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an Absence of three Years without this Expedient

[*Strada*, in one of his Prolusions,<sup>2</sup>] gives an Account of a numerical Correspondence between two Friends by the Help of a certain Lordstone, which had such Virtue in it, that if it touched two several Needles, when one of the Needles so touched [began] to move, the other, tho' at never so great a Distance, moved at the same Time, and in the same Manner He tells us, that the two Friends, being each of them possessed of one of these Needles, made a kind of a Dial plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty Letters, in the same manner as the Hours of the Day are marked upon the ordinary Dial plate They then fixed one of the Needles on each of these Plates in such a manner, that it could move round without Impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty Letters Upon their Separating from one another into distant Countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their Closets at a certain Hour of the Day, and to converse with one another by means of this their Invention Accordingly when they were some hundred Miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his Closet at the Time appointed, and immediately cast his Eye upon his Dial plate If he had a mind to write any thing to his Friend, he directed his Needle to every Letter that formed the Words which he had occasion for, making a little Pause at the end of every Word or Sentence, to avoid Confusion The Friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetical Needle moving of itself to every Letter which that of his Correspondent pointed at By this means they talked together across a whole Continent, and conveyed their Thoughts to one another in an Instant over Cities or Mountains, Seas or Deserts

If Monsieur *Scudery*, or any other Writer of Romance, had introduced a Necromancer, who is generally in the Train of a Knight-Errant, making a Present to two Lovers of a Couple of those above-mentioned Needles, the Reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by Spies and Watches, or separated by Castles and Adventures

In the mean while, if ever this Invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the Lover's Dial plate there should be written not only the four and twenty Letters, but

<sup>1</sup> [In one of *Strada's* Prolusions he] Lib II Prol 6

<sup>2</sup> [begun], and in first reprint

<sup>1</sup> Orphan, Act II

several entire Words which have always a Place in passionate Epistles, as *Flames, Darts, Die, Language, Absence, Cupid, Heart, Eyes, Hang, Drown*, and the like. This would very much bridge the Lover's Pains in this way of writing a Letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant Words with a single Touch of the Needle.

No 242] Friday, December 7, 1711 [Steele

*Cr titur, ex medio quia res accessit, habere  
Sudoris minimum.* Hor

MR SPECTATOR,  
YOUR Speculations do not so generally prevail over Mens Manners as I could wish. A former Paper of yours concerning the Misbehaviour of People, who are necessarily in each others Company in travelling, ought to have been a lasting Admonition against Transgressions of that Kind. But I find the Fate of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude Fellow in a Stage Coach, who entertained two or three Women of us (for there was no Man besides himself) with Language as indecent as was ever heard upon the Water. The impertinent Observations which the Coxcomb made upon our Shame and Confusion were such, that it is an unspeakable Grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed against Duelling, I hope you will do us the Justice to declare, that if the Brute has Courage enough to send to the Place where he saw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a Lover who shall revenge the Insult. It would certainly be worth your Consideration, to look into the frequent Misfortunes of this Kind, to which the Modest and Innocent are exposed, by the licentious Behaviour of such as are as much Strangers to good Breeding as to Virtue. Could we avoid hearing what we do not approve, as easily as we can seeing what is disagreeable, there were some Consolation but since [in a Box at a Play,<sup>2</sup>] in an Assembly of Ladies, or even in a Pew at Church it is in the Power of a gross Coxcomb to utter what a Woman cannot avoid hearing, how miserable is her Condition who comes within the Power of such Impertinents? And how necessary is it to repeat Injunctives against such a Behaviour? If the Licentious had not utterly forgot what it is to be modest, they would know that offended Modesty labours under one of the greatest Sufferings to which human Life can be exposed. If one of these Brutes could reflect thus much, tho' they want Shame, they would be moved, by their Pity, to abhor an impudent Behaviour in the Presence of the Chaste and Innocent. If you will oblige us with a *Spectator* on this Subject and procure it to be pasted against every Stage Coach in *Gr. Bt. Britain*, as the Law of the Journey, you will highly oblige the whole Sex, for which you have professed so

great an Esteem and in particular, the two Ladies my late Fellow-Sufferers, and,  
*SIR, Your most humble Servant,*  
Rebecca Ridinghood

MR SPECTATOR,  
The Matter which I am now going to send you, is an unhappy Story in Ion Life, and will recommend it self, so that you must excuse the Manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken Weaver in *Spittle-Fields* has a faithful laborious Wife, who by her Frugality and Industry had hid by her as much Money as purchased her a Ticket in the present Lottery. She had hid this very privately in the Bottom of a Trunk, and had given her Number to a Friend and Confidant, who had promised to keep the Secret, and bring her News of the Success. The poor Adventurer was one Day gone abroad, when her careless Husband, suspecting she had saved some Money, searches every Corner, till at length he finds this same Ticket which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders away the Money without the Wife's suspecting any thing of the Matter. A Day or two after this, this Friend, who was a Woman, comes and brings the Wife word, that she had a Benefit of Five Hundred Pounds. The poor Creature, overjoyed, flies up Stairs to her Husband, who was then at Work, and desires him to leave his Loom for that Evening, and come and drink with a Friend of his and hers below. The Man received this cheerful Invitation as his Husbands sometimes do, and after a cross Word or two told her he wouldn't come. His Wife with Tenderness renewed her Importunity, and at length said to him, My Love! I have within these few Months, unknown to you, scraped together as much Money as has bought us a Ticket in the Lottery; and now here is Mrs Quack (come) to tell me, that 'us come up this Morning a Five hundred Pound Prize. The Husband replies immediately, You lye, you Slut, you have no Ticket, for I have sold it. The poor Woman upon this runs away in a Fit, recovers, and is now run distracted. As she had no Design to defraud her Husband, but was willing only to participate in his good Fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her Husband's Punishment but just. Thus, Sir, is Miter of Fret, and would, if the Persons and Circumstances were greater, in a well wrought Play be called *Beautiful Distress*. I have only sketched it out with Chalk, and know a good Hand can make a moving Picture with worse Materials.

*SIR, &c.*

MR SPECTATOR,  
I am what the World calls a warm Fellow, and by good Success in Trade I have raised myself to a Capacity of making some Figure in the World but no matter for that I have now under my Guardianship a couple of Nieces, who will certainly make me run mad when you will not wonder it when I tell you they are Female Virtuosos, and during the three Years and a half that I have had 'hem under my Care, they never in the least inclined their Thoughts towards any

<sup>1</sup> No 132

<sup>2</sup> [at a Box in a Play,]

<sup>3</sup> [comes], and in first reprint.

'one single Part of the Character of a notable Woman. Whilst they should have been considering the proper Ingredients for a Sick-posset, you should hear a Dispute concerning the [mag-netick<sup>1</sup>] Virtue of the Loadstone, or perhaps the Pressure of the Atmosphere. Their Language is peculiar to themselves, and they seem to express themselves on the meanest Trifle with Words that are not of a Latin Derivation. But this were supportable still, would they suffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted Ignorance, but, unless I fall in with their abstracted Idea of Things (as they call them) I must not expect to smooke one Pipe in Quiet. In a late Fit of the Gout I complained of the Pain of that Distemper when my Niece *Kitty* begged Leave to assure me, that whatever I might think, several great Philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of Opinion, that both Pleasure and Pain were imaginary [Distinctions<sup>2</sup>], and that there was no such thing as either in *rerum Natura*. I have often heard them affirm that the Fire was not hot, and one Day when I, with the Authority of an old Fellow, desired one of them to put my blue Cloak on my Knees she answered, Sir, I will reach the Cloak, but take notice, I do not do it as allowing your Description, for it might as well be called Yellow as Blue, for Colour is nothing but the various Infractions of the Rays of the Sun. Miss *Molly* told me one Day, That to say Snow was white, is allowing a vulgar Error, for as it contains a great Quantity of nitrous Particles, it [might more reasonably<sup>3</sup>] be supposed to be black. In short, the young Husseys would persuade me, that to believe one's Eyes is a sure way to be deceived, and have often advised me, by no means, to trust any thing so fallible as my Senses. What I have to beg of you now is, to turn one Speculation to the due Regulation of Female Literature, so far at least, as to make it consistent with the Quiet of such whose Fate it is to be liable to its Insults and to tell us the Difference between a Gentleman that should make Cheesecakes and raise Paste, and a Lady that reads *Loche*, and understands the Mathematics. In which you will extremely oblige

Your hearty Friend and humble Servant,  
T. Abraham Thrifty

No 243 ] Saturday, December 8, 1711 [Addison

*Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem Honesti vides quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret Sapientia*—Tull Offic

I DO not remember to have read any Discourse written expressly upon the Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue, without considering it as a Duty, and as the Means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this Speculation as an Essay upon that Subject, in which I shall consider Virtue no further than as it is in it self of

an amiable Nature, after having premised, that I understand by the Word Virtue such a general Notion as is affixed to it by the Writers of Morality, and which by devout Men generally goes under the Name of Religion, and by Men of the World under the Name of Honour.

Hypocrisy it self does great Honour, or rather Justice, to Religion, and truly acknowledges it to be an Ornament to human Nature. The Hypocrite would not be at so much Pains to put on the Appearance of Virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the Love and Esteem of Mankind.

We learn from *Hierocles*, it was a common Saying among the Heathens, that the Wise Man hates no body, but only loves the Virtuous.

*Tully* has a very beautiful Gradation of Thoughts to shew how amiable Virtue is. We love a virtuous Man, says he, who lives in the remotest Parts of the Earth, though we are altogether out of the Reach of his Virtue, and can receive from it no Manner of Benefit, nay, one who died several Ages ago, raises a secret Fondness and Benevolence for him in our Minds, when we read his Story. Nay, what is still more, one who has been the Enemy of our Country, provided his Wars were regulated by Justice and Humanity, as in the Instance of *Pyrrhus* whom *Tully* mentions on this Occasion in Opposition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue.

Stoicism, which was the Pedantry of Virtue, ascribes all good Qualifications, of what kind soever, to the virtuous Man. Accordingly [*Cato*], in the Character *Tully* has left of him, carried Matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous Man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a Philosophical Rant than the real Opinion of a Wise Man, yet this was what *Cato* very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the Excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the Notion of it all possible Perfection[s], and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in it self, but that it made the very Body amiable, and banished every Kind of Deformity from the Person in whom it resided.

It is a common Observation, that the most abandoned to all Sense of Goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different Character, and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the Charms of Virtue in the fair Sex, than those who by their very Admiration of it are carried to a Desire of running it.

A virtuous Mind in a fair Body is indeed a fine Picture in a good Light, and therefore it is no Wonder that it makes the beautiful Sex all over Charms.

As Virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely Nature, there are some particular Kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do Good to Mankind. Temperance and Abstinence, with and Devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other Virtues but those which make a Man popular and beloved, are Justice, Charity, Munificence, and, in short, all the good Qualities that render us beneficial to

<sup>1</sup> [magnetical], and in first reprint

<sup>2</sup> [Distractions], and in first reprint

<sup>3</sup> [may more seasonably], and in first reprint.

\* [we find that *Cato*,]

'Shadows in Picture represent the serious or melancholy, so the Lights do the bright and lively Thoughts. As there should be but one forcible Light in a Picture which should catch the Eye and fall on the Hero, so there should be but one Object of our Love, even the Author of Nature. These and the like Reflections well improved, might very much contribute to open the Beauty of that Art, and prevent young People from being poisoned by the ill Gusto of an extravagant Workman that should be in posed upon us.

*I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant*

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'Though I am a Woman, yet I am one of those who confess themselves highly pleased with a Speculation you obliged the World with some time ago, from an old Greek Poet you call *Simonides*, in relation to the several Natures and Distinctions of our own Sex. I could not but admire how justly the Characters of Women in this Age, fall in with the Times of *Simonides*, there being no one of those Sorts I have not at some time or other of my Life met with a Sample of. But, Sir, the Subject of this present Address, are a Set of Women comprehended, I think, in the Ninth Species of that Speculation, called the Apes, the Description of whom I find to be, "That they are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing that appears so in others." Now, Sir, this Sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great Town where you live, but as my Circumstance of Life obliges me to reside altogether in the Country, though not many Miles from London, I can't have met with a great Number of 'em, nor indeed is it a desirable Acquaintance, as I have lately found by Experience. You must know, Sir, that at the Beginning of this Summer a Family of these Apes came and settled for the Season not far from the Place where I live. As they were Strangers in the Country, they were visited by the Ladies about 'em, of whom I was, with an Humanity usual in those that pass most of their Time in Solitude. The Apes lived with us very agreeably our own Way till towards the End of the Summer, when they began to bethink themselves of returning to Town: then it was, *Mr SPECTATOR*, that they began to set themselves about the proper and distinguishing Business of their Character, and, as 'tis said of evil Spirits, that they are apt to carry away a Piece of the House they are about to leave, the Apes, without regard to common Merit, Civility, or Gratitude, thought fit to mimic and fall foul on the Faces, Dress, and Behaviour of their innocent Neighbours, bestowing abominable Censures and disgraceful Appellations, commonly called Nicknames, on all of them, and in short, like true fine Ladies, made their honest Plainness and Sincerity Matter of Ridicule. I could not but acquaint you with these Grievances, as well as the Desire of all the Parties injur'd, as from my own

'Inclination. I hope, Sir, if you can't propose entirely to reform this Evil, you will take such Notice of it in some of your future Speculations, as may put the deserving Part of our Sex on their Guard against these Creatures, and at the same time the Apes may be sensible, that this sort of Mirth is so far from an innocent Diversion, that it is in the highest Degree fit Vice which is said to comprehend all others.'

*I am, SIR, Your humble Servant,*  
Constantia Field

T

No 245] Tuesday, Dec 11, 1711 [Addison

*Ficta Voluptatis causæ sint proxima Veris*

Hor

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an Eye of Mirth and Pity as Innocence, when it has in it a Dash of Folly. At the same time that one esteems the Virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the Simplicity which accompanies it. When a Man is made up wholly of the Dove, without the least Grain of the Serpent in his Composition, he becomes ridiculous in many Circumstances of Life, and very often discredit his best Actions. The *Comitians* tell a Story of their Founder *St Irenæus*, that as he passed the Streets in the Dusk of the Evening, he discovered a young Fellow with a Maid in a Corner upon which the good Man, say they, lifted up his Hands to Heaven with a secret Thanksgiving, that there was still so much Christian Charity in this World. The Innocence of the Saint made him mistake the Kiss of a Lover for a Salute of Charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous Man without a competent Knowledge of the World, and if there be any Use in these my Papers, it is this, that without presenting Vice under any false alluring Notions, they give my Reader an Insight into the Ways of Men, and represent human Nature in all its changeable Colours. The Man who has not been engaged in any of the Follies of the World, or, as *Shakespeare* expresses it, *hackney'd in the Ways of Men*, may here find a Picture of its Follies and Extravagancies. The Virtuous and the Innocent may know in Speculation what they could never arrive at by Practice, and by this Means avoid the Snares of the Crafty, the Corruptions of the Vicious, and the Reasonings of the Prejudiced. Their Minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an Eye to my following Correspondent, *Mr Timothy Doodle*, who seems a very well meaning Man, that I have written this short Preface, to which I shall subjoin a Letter from the said *Mr Doodle*.

*SIR,*

'I could heartily wish that you would let us know your Opinion upon several innocent Diversions which are in use among us, and which are very proper to pass away a Winter Night for

those who do not care to throw away their Time  
in an Opera, or at the Play house. I would  
gladly know in particular, what Notion you have  
of Hot Cockles, is also whether you think that  
Questions and Commands, Mortgages, Suckles, and  
Cross Purposes have not more Mirth and Wit in  
them, than those publick Diversions which are  
grown so very fashionable among us. If you  
would recommend to our Wives and Daughters,  
who read your Papers with a great deal of Plea-  
sure some of those Sports and Pastimes that may  
be practised within Doors, and by the Fire side,  
who are Masters of Families should be hugely  
obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would  
have these Sports and Pastimes not only merry  
but innocent, for which Reason I have not men-  
tioned either Whisk or Lanterloo, nor indeed so  
much as One and Ninety. After having com-  
municated to you my Request upon this Subject,  
I will be so free as to tell you how my Wife and  
I pass away these tedious Winter Evenings with  
a great deal of Pleasure. Tho' she be young  
and handsome, and good humoured to a Miracle,  
she does not care for gadding abroad like others  
of her Sex. There is a very friendly Man, a  
Colonel in the Army, whom I am mightily  
obliged to for his Civilities, that comes to see me  
almost every Night for he is not one of those  
giddy young Fellows that cannot live out of a  
Play house. When we are together, we very  
often make a Party at Blind Man's buff, which  
is a Sport that I like the better, because there is  
a good deal of Exercise in it. The Colonel and  
I are blinded by Turns, and you would laugh  
your Heart out to see what Pains my Dear takes  
to hoodwink us so that it is impossible for us to  
see the last Glance of Light. The poor Col-  
onel sometimes hits his Eye against a Post, and  
makes us die with laughing. I have generally  
the good Luck not to hurt myself, but am very  
often alone half an Hour before I can catch  
either of them for you must know we hide our  
selves up and down in Corners that we may have  
the more Sport. I only give you this Hint as a  
Sample of such Innocent Diversions as I would  
have you recommend. And am,  
Most esteemed SIR, your ever loving Friend,  
Jumoth Doodle

The following Letter was occasioned by my  
last Thursday's Paper upon the Absence of  
Lovers, and the Methods therein mentioned of  
making such Absence supportable

SIR,

Among the several Ways of Consolation which  
absent Lovers make use of while their Souls are  
in that State of Departure, which you say is  
Death in Love, there are some very material  
ones that have escaped your Notice. Among  
these, the first and most received is a crooked  
Shilling, which has administered great Comfort  
to our Forefathers, and is still made use of on  
this Occasion with very good Effect in most  
Parts of Her Majesty's Dominions. There are  
some, I know, who think a Crown Piece cut  
into two equal Parts, and preserved by the dis-  
tant Lovers, is of more sovereign Virtue than  
the former. But since Opinions are divided in

this Particular why may not the same Persons  
make use of both? The Figure of a Heart,  
whether cut in Stone or cast in Metal whether  
bleeding upon an Altar, stuck with Darts or  
held in the Hand of a Cupid, has always been  
looked upon as salutary in Distresses of this  
Nature. I am acquainted with many a brave  
Fellow, who carries his Mistress in the Tail of  
his Snuff box and by that Expedient has sup-  
ported himself under the Absence of a whole  
Campaign. For my own Part, I have tried all  
these Remedies, but never found so much Bene-  
fit from any as from a Ring in which my Mis-  
tress's Hair is plaited together very intricately  
in a kind of True-Lover's Knot. As I have re-  
ceived great Benefit from this Secret, I think  
myself obliged to communicate it to the Publick,  
for the Good of my Fellow Subjects. I desire  
you will add this Letter as an Appendix to your  
Considerations upon Absence, and am,  
I am very humble Servant, T B

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter from  
an University Gentleman, occasioned by my last  
Thursday's Paper, wherein I gave some Account  
of the great Levels which happened formerly in  
those learned Studies between the modern Greeks  
and Trojans

SIR,

This will give you to understand, that there is  
at present in the Society, whereof I am a Mem-  
ber, a very considerable Body of Trojans, who,  
upon a proper Occasion, would not fail to declare  
themselves. In the mean while we do all we can  
to annoy our Enemies by Stratagem, and are  
reviv'd by the first Opportunity to attack Mr  
Joshua Barnes, whom we look upon as the  
Act of the opposite Party. As for myself,  
I have had the Reputation ever since I came  
from School of being a trusty Trojan, and am  
resolved never to give Quarter to the smallest  
Particle of Greek, where-ever I chance to meet  
it. It is for this Reason I take it very ill of you,  
that you sometimes bring out Greek Colours at  
the Head of your Paper, and sometimes give a  
Word of the Enemy even in the Body of it.  
When I meet with any thing of this nature, I  
throw down your Speculations upon the Table,  
with that Form of Words which we make use of  
when we declare War upon an Author

*Grecum est, non potest legi*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Professor of Greek at Cambridge, who refused  
Honor, Lucipides Anaxion, &c, and wrote in  
Greek verse a History of Esther. He died in  
1714

<sup>2</sup> It is Greek. It cannot be read. This passed  
into a proverb from Ironicus Accursius, a famous  
Jurisconsult and son of another Accursius,  
who was called the Idol of the Jurisconsults.  
Ironicus Accursius was a learned man of the  
13th century, who, in expounding Justinian,  
whenever he came to one of Justinian's quotations  
from Homer, said *Grecum est, nec potest legi*.  
Afterwards, in the first days of the revival of  
Greek studies in Europe, it was often said, as re-  
ported by Claude d'Espence, for example, that to

'I give you this Hint, that you may for the future  
'abstain from any such Hostilities at your Peril  
C *Proculus*

No 246 ] Wednesday, Dec 12, 1711 [S<sup>at</sup>ur

—Ουι ἄρα σοί γε ταυτηρ ἦν ἰκποτυ  
Πηλιότι,  
Ουδὲ Θετίς μητηρ, γλαυκὴ δὲ σ' ἔτι τε  
θαλασσίη,  
Πετρῶν τ' ἡλεβαται, οτι τοι νοσοῖ ἑστίη  
ἀπηνυς

MR SPECTATOR,  
AS your Paper is Part of the Equipage of the  
Tale Tale, I enquire you to print what I  
now write to you for I have no other Way to  
communicate what I have to say to the fair Sex  
on the most important Circumstances of Life, viz  
the Care of Children. I do not understand that  
you profess your Paper is always to consist of  
Matters which are only to entertain the Learned  
and Politic, but that it may agree with your De-  
sign to publish some which may tend to the In-  
formation of Mankind in general and when it  
does so, you do more than writing Wit and Hu-  
mour. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all  
the Abuses that ever you have as yet endeavour'd  
to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your  
Assistance as the Abuse in [nursing] Children.  
It is unnecessary to see, that a Woman endow'd  
with all the Perfections and Blessings of Nature,  
can, as soon as she is deliver'd, turn off her in-  
nocent, tender, and helpless Infant, and give it  
up to a Woman that is (ten thousand to one)  
neither in Health nor good Condition, neither  
sound in Mind nor Body, that has neither Honour  
nor Reputation, neither Love nor Pity for the  
poor Babe, but more regard for the Money than  
for the whole Child, and never will take further  
Care of it than what by all the Encouragement  
of Money and Presents she is forced to, like  
Aesop's Lark, which would not nurse the Plant  
of another Ground, altho' never so much im-  
proved, by reason that Plant was not of its own  
Production. And since another's Child is no  
more natural to a Nurse than a Plant to a strange  
and different Ground, how can it be supposed  
that the Child should thrive? and if it thrives,  
must it not imbibe the gross Humours and Qual-  
ities of the Nurse, like a Plant in a different  
Ground, or like a Graft upon a different Stock?  
Do not we observe, that a Lamb sucking a Goat  
changes very much its Nature, nay even its Skin  
and Wool into the Goat Kind? The Power of  
a Nurse over a Child, by infusing into it, with  
her Milk, her Qualities and Disposition, is suf-  
ficiently and daily observ'd. Hence came that  
old Saying concerning an ill natur'd and mali-  
cious Fellow, that he had imbibed his Malice

with his Nurse's Milk, or that some Brute or  
other had been his Nurse. Hence *Romulus* and  
*Remus* were said to have been nursed by a  
Wolf, *Telephus* the Son of *Hercules* by a Hind,  
*Plutus* the Son of *Neptune* by a Mare, and  
*Antisthus* by a Goat: not that they had actually  
suck'd such Creatures, as some Simpletons have  
imagin'd, but that their Nurses had been of such  
a Nature and Temper, and infused such into  
them.

Many Instances may be produced from good  
Authorities and daily Experience, that Children  
acquire such in the several Passions and de-  
praved Inclinations of their Nurses as Anger,  
Malice, Fear, Melancholy, Sadness, Devotion, and  
Aversion. This *Diadorus*, lib. 2, witnesses,  
when he speaks, saying, that *Nero* the Im-  
perial Nurse had been very much addicted to  
Drinking, which Habit *Nero* received from his  
Nurse, and was so very particular in this, that  
the People took so much notice of it, as instead  
of *Paterus Nero*, they call'd him *Biberus*.  
*Nero*. The same *Diadorus* also relates of *Ca-  
lphula*, Predecessor to *Nero*, that his Nurse used  
to moisten the Nipples of her Breast frequently  
with Blond, to make *Calphula* take the better  
Hold of them, which, says *Diadorus*, was the  
Cause that made him so blood thirsty and cruel  
all his Life time after, that he not only com-  
mitted frequent Murder by his own Hand, but  
likewise wished that all human Kind were but  
one Neck, that he might have the Pleasure to  
cut it off. Such like Degeneracies astonish the  
Parents, [who] not knowing after whom the  
Child can take, [see] one to incline to Stinging,  
another to Drinking, Cruelty, Stupidity, yet all  
these are not imputed. Nay it is easy to demon-  
strate, that a Child, although it be born from the  
best of Parents, may be corrupted by an ill tem-  
per'd Nurse. How many Children do we see  
daily brought into Fits, Consumptions, Rickets,  
&c, merely by sucking their Nurses when in a  
Passion or Lury? But indeed almost any Dis-  
order of the Nurse is a Disorder to the Child,  
and few Nurses can be found in this Town but  
what labour under some Distemper or other.  
The first Question that is generally asked a young  
Woman that wants to be a Nurse, [Why?] she  
should be a Nurse to other People's Children is  
answered, by her having an ill Husband, and  
that she must make Shift to live. I think now  
this very Answer is enough to give any Body a  
Shock if duly considered for in all Husband  
may, or ten to nine if he does not, bring home to  
his Wife an ill Distemper, or at least Vexation  
and Disturbance. Besides as she takes the Child  
out of inner Necessity, her Food will be accord-  
ingly, or else very coarse at best, whence pro-  
ceeds an ill concocted and coarse Food for the  
Child for as the Blood, so is the Milk and  
hence I am very well assured proceeds the Scurvy,  
the Evil, and many other Distempers. I beg of  
you, for the Sake of the many poor Infants that  
may and will be saved, by weighing this Case  
seriously, to exhort the People with the utmost  
Vehemence to let the Children suck their own

know anything of Greek made a man suspected,  
to know anything of Hebrew almost made him a  
heretic

\* [nursing of], and in first reprint

\* [seeing], and in 1st r

\* [is, why], and in 1st r

[Mothers'] both for the Benefit of Mother and Child. For the general Argument, that a Mother is weakened by giving suck to her Children, is run and sunple, I will maintain that the Mother grows stronger by it, and will have her Health better than she would have otherwise. She will find it the greatest Cure and Preservative for the Vapours and future Miscarriages, much beyond any other Remedy whatsoever. Her Children will be like Giants, whereas otherwise they are but living Shadows and like unripe Fruit. And certainly if a Woman is strong enough to bring forth a Child, she is beyond all Doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor Children are daily ruin'd by careless Nurses, and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor Infant, since the least Hurt or Blow, especially upon the Head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever?

But I cannot well leave this Subject as yet, for it seems to me very unnatural, that a Woman that has fed a Child a Part of her self for nine Months, should have no Desire to nurse it further, when brought to Light and before her Eyes, and when by its Cry it implores her Assistance and the Office of a Mother. Do not the very cruellest of Brutes tend their young ones with all the Care and Delight imaginable? For how can she be call'd a Mother that will not nurse her young ones? The Lark is call'd the Mother of all Things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The Generation of the Infant is the Effect of Desire, but the Care of it argues Virtue and Choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some Cases of Necessity where a Mother cannot give Suck, and then out of two Evils the least must be chosen. but there are so very few, that I am sure in a Thousand there is hardly one real Instance, for if a Woman does but know that her Husband can spare about three or six Shillings a Week extraordinary, (altho' this is but seldom considered) she certainly, with the Assistance of her Gossips, will soon persuade the good Man to send the Child to Nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending Indisposition. This Cruelty is supported by Fashion, and Nature gives Place to Custom.

SIR,

Your humble Servant

No 247 Thursday, December 13, 1711 [Addison]

Τῶν δ' ἀκμυπτος πέει αὐδῇ  
Ἐκ στομάτων ἠδιστα Hes

WE are told by some ancient Authors, that Socrates was instructed in Eloquence by a Woman, whose Name, if I am not mistaken, was Aspasia. I have indeed very often looked upon that Art as the most proper for the female Sex, and I think the Universities would do well to con-

<sup>s</sup> [Mother,]

sider whether they should not fill the Rhetorick Chairs with She Professors.

It has been said in the Praise of some Men, that they could talk whole Hours together upon any thing, but it must be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole Hours together upon Nothing. I have known a Woman branch out into a long Extempore Dissertation upon the Edging of a Petticoat, and chide her Servant for breaking a China Cup, in all the Figures of Rhetorick.

Were Women admitted to plead in Courts of Judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the Eloquence of the Bar to greater Heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those Debates which frequently arise among the Ladies [of the] British Fishery.

The first Kind therefore of Female Orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the Passions, a Part of Rhetorick in which Socrates his Wife had perhaps made a greater Proficiency than his above mentioned Teacher.

The second Kind of Female Orators are those who deal in Invectives, and who are commonly known by the Name of the Censorious. The Imagination and Elocution of this Set of Rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a Fluency of Invention, and Copiousness of Expression, will they enlarge upon every little Slip in the Behaviour of another? With how many different Circumstances, and with what Variety of Phrases, will they tell over the same Story? I have known an old Lady malice in unhappy Marriage the Subject of a Month's Conversation. She blamed the Bride in one Place, patted her in another, laughed at her in a third, wondered at her in a fourth, was angry with her in a fifth and in short, wore out a Pair of Coach Horses in expressing her Concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the Subject on this Side, she made a Visit to the new married Pair, praised the Wife for the prudent Choice she had made, told her the unreasonable Reflections which some malicious People had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The Censure and Approbation of this Kind of Women are therefore only to be consider'd as Helps to Discourse.

A third Kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the Word Gossips. Mrs Fiddle Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this Sort of Eloquence, she launches out into Descriptions of Christenings, runs Divisions upon an Head dress, knows every Dish of Meat that is served up in her Neighbourhood, and entertains her Company a whole Afternoon together with the Wit of her little Boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquet may be looked upon as a fourth Kind of Female Orator. To give her self the larger Field for Discourse, she hates and loves in the same Breath, talks to her Lap-dog or Parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of Weather, and in every Part of the Room. She has false Quirels and feigned Obligations to all the Men of her Acquaintance, sighs when she is not sad, and

<sup>s</sup> [that belong to our]



Laughs when she is not Merry The Coquet is in particular a great Mistress of that Part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed seems to speak for no other Purpose, but as it gives her an Opportunity of stirring a Lamb, or varying a Feature, of glancing her Eyes, or playing with her Fan

As for News mongers, Politicians, Mimicks, Story-Tellers, with other Characters of that nature, which give Birth to Loquacity, they are as commonly found among the Men as the Women for which Reason I shall pass them over in Silence

I have often been puzzled to assign a Cause why Women should have this Talent of a ready Utterance in so much greater Perfection than Men I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive Power, or the Faculty of suppressing their Thoughts, as Men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every Thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong Argument to the *Cartesians*, for the supporting of their [Doctrine,] that the Soul always thinks But as several are of Opinion that the Fair Sex are not altogether Strangers to the Art of Dissembling and concealing their Thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that Opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better Reason In order to it, a Friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomist, has promised me by the first Opportunity to dissect a Woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain Juices which render it so wonderfully voluble [or?] supple, or whether the Fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant Thread, or whether there are not in it some particular Muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden Glances and Vibrations, or whether in the last Place, there may not be certain undiscovered Channels running from the Head and the Heart, to this little Instrument of Loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual Affluence of animal Spirits Nor must I omit the Reason which *Hudibras* has given, why those who can talk on Trifles speak with the greatest Fluency, namely, that the Tongue is like a Race Horse, which runs the faster the lesser Weight it carries

Which of these Reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the *Irishman's* Thought was very natural, who after some Hours Conversation with a Female Orator, told her, that he belicved her Tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a Moment's Rest all the while she was awake

That excellent old Ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath* has the following remarkable Lines

*I think, quoth Thomas, Womens Tongues  
Of Aspen Leaves are made*

And *Ovid*, though in the Description of a very barbarous Circumstance, tells us, that when the tongue of a beautiful Female was ent out, and thrown upon the Ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that Posture

*Compressam forcipe linguam  
Abstulit ense ferro Radix micat nitida lingua*

<sup>1</sup> [Opinion,]

<sup>2</sup> [and]

*Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens innummural atræ,  
Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubæ  
Palpitat* ———<sup>1</sup>

If a tongue would be talking without a Mouth, what could it have done when it had all its Organs of Speech, and Accomplices of Sound about it? I might here mention the Story of the Pippin-Worin, had not I some Reason to look upon it as fabulous

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the Musick of this little Instrument, that I would by no Means discourage it All that I aim at by this Dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable Notes, and in particular of those little Jarrings and Dissonances which arise from Anger, Censoriousness, Gossiping and Coquetry In short, I would always have it tuned by Good-Nature, Truth, Discretion and Sincerity C

No 248 ] Friday, December 14, 1711 [Steele

*Hoc maxime Officiu est, ut quisque maxime opis  
indigeat, ita et potissimum opistulari* —Tull

THERE are none who deserve Superiority over others in the Esteem of Mankind, who do not make it their Endeavour to be beneficial to Society and who upon all Occasions which their Circumstances of Life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned Pleasure in conferring Benefits of one kind or other Those whose great Talents and high Birth have placed them in conspicuous Stations of Life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble Inclinations for the Service of the World, or else such Advantages become Misfortunes, and Shame and Privacy are a more eligible Portion Where Opportunities and Inclinations are given to the same Person, we sometimes see sublime Instances of Virtue, which so dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with Scorn on all which in lower Scenes of Life we may our selves be able to practise But this is a vicious Way of Thinking and it bears some Spice of romantick Madness, for a Man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek Adventures, to be able to do great Actions It is in every Man's Power in the World who is above mere Poverty, not only to do Things worthy but heroic The great Foundation of civil Virtue is Self Denial and there is no one above the Necessities of Life, but has Opportunities of exercising that noble Quality, and doing as much as his Circumstances will bear for the Ease and Convenience of other Men and he who does more than ordinarily Men practise upon such Occasions as occur in his Life, deserves the Value of his Friends as if he had done Enterprises which are usually attended with the highest Glory Men of publick Spirit differ rather in their Circumstances than their Virtue and the Man who does all he can in a low Station, is more [or?] Hero than he who omits any worthy Action he is able to accomplish in a great one It is not many

<sup>1</sup> Met l 6, v 556

<sup>2</sup> [an]

Years ago since *Lapirus*, in Wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great Estate by Gift of his Father, by reason of the dissolute Behaviour of the First-born Shame and Contrition reformed the Life of the disinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good Qualities as formerly for his Errors *Lapirus*, who observed his Brother's Amendment, sent him on a New-Year's Day in the Morning the following Letter

*Honour'd Brother,*

'I enclose to you the Deeds whereby my Father gave me this House and Land And he lived till now, he would not have bestowed it in that Manner, he took it from the Man you were, and I restore it to the Man you are I am,

*SIR,*

*Your affectionate Brother,  
and humble Servant, P 1*

As great and exalted Spirits undertake the Pursuit of hazardous Actions for the Good of others, at the same Time gratifying their Passion for Glory so dowerly Minds in the domestick Way of Life deny themselves many Advantages, to satisfy a generous Benevolence which they bear to their Friends oppressed with Distresses and Calamities Such Natures may call Stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret Celestial Influence to undervalue the ordinary Gratifications of Wealth, to give Comfort to an Heart laded with Affliction, to save a falling Family, to preserve a Branch of Trade in their Neighbourhood, and give Work to the Industrious, preserve the Portion of the helpless Infant, and raise the Head of the mourning Father People whose Hearts are wholly bent towards Pleasure, or intent upon Gun, never hear of the noble Occurrences among Men of Industry and Humanity It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant who the other Day sent this Billet to an eminent Trader under Difficulties to support himself, in whose Fall many hundreds besides himself had perished, but because I think there is more Spirit and true Gallantry in it than in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phyllis*, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest Style in which it was sent

*SIR,*

'I Have heard of the Casualties which have involved you in extreme Distress at this Time and knowing you to be a Man of great Good-Nature Industry and Probity, have resolved to stand by you Be of good Cheer, the Bearer brings with him five thousand Pounds, and has my Order to answer your drawing as much more on my Account I did this in Haste, for fear I should come too late for your Relief but you may value your self with me to the Sum of fifty thousand Pounds for I can very cheerfully run the Hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest Man whom I love

*Your Friend and Servant, [W S ]*

I think there is somewhere in *Montaigne* Mention made of a Family book, wherein all the Oc-

<sup>1</sup> [W S ] corrected by an Erratum in No 152 to W S,

currences that happened from one Generation of that House to another were recorded Were there such a Method in the Families, which are concerned in this Generosity, it would be no hard task for the greatest in *Europe* to give, in their own, an Instance of a Benefit better pleased, or conferred with a more graceful Air It has been heretofore urged, how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust Step made to the Disadvantage of a Trader and by how much such an Act towards him is detestable, by so much an Act of Kindness towards him is laudable I remember to have heard a Benchor of the *Temple* tell a Story of a Tradition in their House, where they had formerly a Custom of chusing Kings for such a Season, and allowing him his Expenses at the Charge of the Society One of our Kings, said my Friend, carried his Royal Inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the Management of his Treasury Among other Things it appeared, that his Majesty walking *incog* in the Cloister, had overheard a poor Man say to another, Such a small Sum would make me the happiest Man in the World The King out of his Royal Compassion privately inquired into his Character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity, sent him the Money When the Committee read their Report, the House passed his Account with a Plaudite without further Examination, upon the Recital of this Article in them,

T For making a Man happy 1 s d  
to oo oo

No 249 ] Saturday, December 15, 1711 [Addison

Γέλως ἀλαίριος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν καλὸν  
Frag Vet Pnet

WHEN I make Choice of a Subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my Reflections on it without any Order or Method, so that they may appear rather in the Looseness and Freedom of an Essay, than in the Regularity of a Set Discourse It is after this Manner that I shall consider Laughter and Ridicule in my present Paper

Man is the merriest Species of the Creation, all above and below him are Serious He sees things in a different Light from other Beings, and finds his Mirth arising from Objects that perhaps cause something like Pity or Displeasure in higher Natures Laughter is indeed a very good Counterpoise to the Spleen and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving Joy from what is no real Good to us, since we can receive Grief from what is no real Evil

I have in my Forty-seventh Paper raised a Speculation on the Notion of a Modern Philosopher,<sup>1</sup> who describes the first Motive of Laughter to be a secret Comprison which we make between our selves, and the Persons we laugh at or, in other Words, that Satisfaction which we receive from the Opinion of some Pre-eminence in our

<sup>1</sup> Hobbes

selves, when we see the Absurdities of another or when we reflect on any past Absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most Cases, and we may observe that the funnest Part of Mankind are the most addicted to this Passion.

I have read a Sermon of a Conventual in the Church of Rome, on those Words of the Wise Man, *I said of Laughter, it is mad, and of Mirth, what does it?* Upon which he laid it down as a Point of Doctrine, that Laughter was the Effect of Original Sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the Fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the Mind, weakens the Faculties, and causes a kind of Remissness and Dissolution in all the Powers of the Soul. And thus far it may be looked upon as a Weakness in the Composition of Human Nature. But if we consider the frequent Reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the Gloom which is apt to depress the Mind and damp our Spirits, with transient unexpected Gleams of Joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a Pleasure of Life.

The Talent of turning Men into Ridicule, and exposing to Laughter those one converses with, is the Qualification of little ungenerous Tempers. A young Man with this Cast of Mind cuts himself off from all manner of Improvement. Every one has his Flaws and Weaknesses, nay, the greatest Blemishes are often found in the most shining Characters; but what an absurd Thing is it to pass over all the valuable Parts of a Man, and fix our Attention on his Infirmitates? to observe his Imperfections more than his Virtues, and to make use of him for the Sport of others, rather than for our own Improvement?

We therefore very often find, that Persons the most accomplished in Ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a Blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent Critics who never writ a good Line, there are many admirable Buffoons that animadvert upon every single Defect in another, without ever discovering the least Beauty of their own. By this Means, these unlucky little Wits often gain Reputation in the Esteem of Vulgar Minds, and raise themselves above Persons of much more laudable Characters.

If the Talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh Men out of Vice and Folly, it might be of some Use to the World, but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh Men out of Virtue and good Sense, by attacking every thing that is Solemn and Serious, Decent and Praiseworthy in Human Life.

We may observe, that in the First Ages of the World, when the great Souls and Master-pieces of Human Nature were produced, Men shined by a noble Simplicity of Behaviour and were Strangers to those little Embellishments which are so fashionable in our present Conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in Poetry, Painting, Oratory, History, Architecture, and all the noble Arts and Sciences which depend more upon Genius than Experience, we exceed them as much in Doggerel, Humour, Burlesque, and all the trivial Arts of Ridicule. We meet with more

Railery among the Moderns, but more Good Sense among the Ancients.

The two great Branches of Ridicule in Writing are Comedy and Burlesque. The first ridicules Persons by drawing them in their proper Characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds: the first represents mean Persons in the Accoutrements of Heroes, the other describes great Persons acting and speaking like the basest among the People. *Don Quixote* is an Instance of the first, and *Lucian's* Gods of the second. It is a Dispute among the Critics, whether Burlesque Poetry runs best in Heroick Verse, like that of the *Dispensary*,<sup>1</sup> or in Doggerel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low Character is to be raised, the Heroick is the proper Measure; but when an Hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in Doggerel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much Wit and Humour in Heroick Verse as he is in Doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable Figure than he does, though the generality of his Readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double Rhymes, that I do not expect many will be of my Opinion in this Particular.

I shall conclude this Essay upon Laughter with observing that the Metaphor of Laughing, applied to Fields and Meadows when they are in Flower, or to Trees when they are in Blossom, runs through all Languages, which I have not observed of any other Metaphor, excepting that of Fire and Burning when they are applied to Love. This shews that we naturally regard Laughter, as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this Reason likewise *Venus* has gained the Title of *Φιλομειδῶν*, the Laughter-loving Dame, as *Waller* has translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the Goddess who delights in Laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous Assembly of imaginary Persons,<sup>2</sup> has given us a very Poetical Figure of Laughter. His whole Band of Mirth is so finely described, that I shall [set] down [the Passage] at length.

*But come thou Goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,  
And by Men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a Birth,  
With two Sister Graces more,  
To Joy crowned Bacchus bore  
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Test and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's Cheek,  
And love to live in Dimple sleep*

<sup>1</sup> Sir Samuel Garth, poet and physician, who was alive at this time (died in 1719), satirized a squabble among the doctors in his poem of the *Dispensary*.

*The piercing Caustics ply their spiteful Power,  
Emetics ranch, and keen Cathartics scour  
The deadly Drugs in double Doses fly,  
And Pestles beat a martial Symphony*

<sup>2</sup> L'Allegro

<sup>3</sup> [set it]

*Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his Sides  
Come and try it, as we go,  
On the light fantastic Toe  
As I in this right Hand lead with thee  
The Fountain Nymph, so let Liberty,  
As if I gave thee Heaven to die,  
With admit me of this Crew,  
To be with her, and live with thee,  
In reprov'd Pleasures free*

C.

No 250.] Monday, December 17, 1711 [

*Duce dandis ardue, qui ceteris amicus, ut si  
Cecus iter non stare velit tan en aspre si quid  
Lē nos, quo cures proprium fecisse, loquamur*  
Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

YOU see the Nature of my Request by the Latin Motto which I address to you I am very sensible I ought not to use many Words to you, who are one of but few but the following Piece is it relates to Speculation in Propriety of Speech, being a Curious in its kind, begs, our Patience It was found in a Poetical Virtuoso's Closet among his Rarities and since the several Pretences of Humors I see, and Nose, have obliged the World, this of Eyes is at your Service

The first Eye of Consequence (under the invisible Author of all) is the visible Luminary of the Universe This glorious Spectator is and never to open his Eyes at his Rising in a Morning, without having a whole Kingdom of Adorers in Persia still a living at his Levée Millions of Creatures derive their Sight from his Original, who, besides his being the great Director of Opticks, is the sweetest I see whether I see be of the same Species with that of an Eagle or that of an Owl The one he emboldens with a timely Assurance to look, speak, ret or plead before the Faces of a numerous Assembly the other he dizzies out of Countenance into a sheepish Dejectedness The Sun Proof Eye dares lead up a Prince in a full Court and without blinking at the Lustre of Beauty, can distribute an Eye of proper Complaisance to a Room crowded with Company each of which deserves particular Regard, while the other sneaks from Conversation, like a fearful Debtor, who never dares [to] look out, but when he can see no body, and no body him

The next Instance of Opticks is the famous Argus, who to speak in the Language of Cambrides was one of an Hundred and being used as a Spy in the Affairs of Jealousy, was oblig'd to have all his Eyes about him We have no Account of the particular Colour, Casts and Turns of this Body of Eyes but as he was Pimp for his Mistress Juno, its probable he used all the modern Fears, shy Glances, and other ocular Activities to serve his Purpose Some look upon him as the then King at Arms to the Heathenish Deities and make no more of his Eyes than as so many Spangles of his Herald's Coat

The next upon the Optick List is old Jarvis, who stood in a double-sighted Capacity, like a Person placed between two opposite Looking-Glasses and so took a sort of retrospective Cast at one View Copies of this double faced Way are not yet out of Fashion with many Professions, and the ingenious Artists pretend to keep up this Species by double headed Canes and Spoons but there is no Mark of this Faculty, except in the emblematical Way of a wise General having an Eye to both Front and Rear, or a pious Man taking a Review and Prospect of his past and future State at the same Time

I must own, that the Names, Colour, Qualities, and Luras of Eyes vary almost in every Head for, not to mention the common Appellations of the Black, the Blue the White, the Gray, and the like the most remarkable are those that borrow their Intels from Animals, by the Virtue of some particular Quality or Resemblance they bear to the Eyes of the respective Creature[s] as that of a greedy rapacious Aspect takes its Name from the Cat, that of a sharp piercing Nature from the Hawk, that of an amorous ro, such Look derive their Intels even from the Sheep, and we say such and such one has a Sheep's Eye, not so much to denote the Innocence as the simple Siness of the Cast Nor is this metaphorical Inoculation a modern Invention, for we find Homer taking the Freedom to place the Eye of an Ox, Bull, or Cow in one of his principal Goddesses, by that frequent Expression of

Βοῦς ἢ βοτρία ἦπυ—

Now as to the peculiar Qualities of the Eye, that fine Part of our Constitution seems as much the Reception and Seat of our Passions, Appetites and Inclinations as the Mind itself and it is the outward Portal to introduce the n to the House within, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our Afflictions pass in and our Love, Anger, Pride, and Avarice, all visibly move in those little Orbs I know a young Lady that can't see a certain Gentleman pass by without shewing a secret Desire of seeing him again by a Dance in her Eye-balls nay, she can't get the Heart of her help looking Half a Street's Length after any Man in a gay Dress You can't behold a covetous Spirit walk by a Goldsmith's Shop without casting a wishful Eye at the Heaps upon the Counter Does not a haughty Person shew the Temper of his Soul in the supercilious Row of his Eye? and how frequently in the Height of Passion does that moving Picture in our Head start and stare, either a Redness and quick Flashes of Lightening, and make all its Humours sparkle with Fire, as I might fully describes it

Ardentis ab ore  
Scintille abstant oculis n ceat acerbis ignis 3

1 Apostle spoons and others with fancy heads upon their handles.

2 The eyed, venerable Juno

3 An 12, v 10.

'As for the various Turns of [the] Eye sight, such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole Leer, I shall not enter into a very particular Account of them, but let me observe, that oblique Vision, when natural, is anciently the Mark of Bewitchery and magical Lascination, and to this Day 'tis a malignant ill Look, but when 'tis forced and affected it carries a warning Design and in Play houses, and other publick Places, this oblique Intimation is often an Assignment for bad Practices. But this Irregularity in Vision, together with such Licentiousness as tipping the Wink, the Circumspective Rowl, the Side peep through a thin Hood or Fan, must be put in the Class of Heteropuncts, as all wrong Notions of Religion are ranked under the general Name of Heterodox. All the pernicious Applications of Sight are more immediately under the Direction of a SPECTATOR, and I hope you will arm your Readers against the Mischiefs which are daily done by killing Eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown I send,

F B

MR SPECTATOR,

'You professed in several Papers your particular Endeavours in the Province of SPECTATION, to correct the Offences committed by STARRERS, who disturb whole Assemblies without any Regard to Time, Place or Modesty. You complained also, that a Starrer is not usually a Person to be convinced by Reason of the Thing, nor so easily rebuked, as to amend by Admonitions. I thought therefore fit to requirunt you with a convenient Mechanical Way, which may easily prevent or correct Starring, by an Optical Contrivance of new Perspective-Glasses, short and commodious like Opera Glasses, fit for short sighted People as well as others, these Glasses making the Objects appear, either as they are seen by the naked Eye, or more distinct, though somewhat less than Life, or bigger and nearer. A Person may, by the Help of this Invention, take a View of another without the Impertinence of Starring at the same Time it shall not be possible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look towards his Right or Left Hand, when he is supposed to look forwards. This is set forth at large in the printed Proposals for the Sale of these Glasses, to be had at Mr. Dillion's in Long-Acre, next Door to the White-Hart. Now, Sir, as your Spectator has occasioned the Publishing of this Invention for the Benefit of modest Spectators, the Inventor desires your Admonitions concerning the decent Use of it and hopes, by your Recommendation, that for the future Beauty may be beheld without the Torment and Confusion which it suffers from the Insolence of STARRERS. By this means you will relieve the Innocent from an Insult which there is no Law to punish, tho' it is a greater Offence than many which are within the Cognizance of Justice. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant

Abraham Spay

Q

No 251 ] Tuesday, December 18, 1711 [Addison

Lingue centum sunt, oraque centum,  
Ferreæ Vox ——— Virg

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a Foreigner, and frights a Country Squire, than the Cries of London. My good Friend Sir Roger often declares, that he cannot get them out of his Head or go to Sleep for them, the first Week that he is in Town. On the contrary, WIT HOWARD calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the Soumils of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Murmur of the Fields and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from some very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I shall leave with my Reader, without saying any thing further of it.

SIR,

'I am a Man of all Business, and would willingly turn my Head to any thing for an honest Livelihood. I have invented several Projects for raising many Millions of Money without burthening the Subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a Crack, and a Projector, so that despairing to enrich either my self or my Country by this Publick spiritedness, I would make sure Proposals to you relating to a Design which I have very much at Heart, and which may procure me [a] handsome Subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the Cities of London and Westminster.

'The Post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-General of the London Cries which are at present under no manner of Rules or Discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this Place, as being, a Man of very strong Injuns, of great Insight into all the Branches of our British Trades and Manufactures, and of a competent Skill in Music.

'The Cries of London may be divided into Vocal and Instrumental. As for the latter they are at present under a very great Disorder. A Freeman of London has the Privilege of disturbing a whole Street for 20 Hour together, with the Irwinning of a Brass Kettle or a Fryn, Pan. The Watchman's Whoop at Midnight striles us in our Beds, as much as the Breacking in of a Thief. The Saw gelder's Horn has indeed some thing musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the Liberties. I would therefore propose that no Instrument of this Nature should be made use of, which I have not tried and measured, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the Ears of her Majesty's liege Subjects.

'Vocal Cries are of a much larger Extent, and indeed so full of Incongruities and Barbarisms, that we appear a distracted City to Foreigners, who do not comprehend the Meaning of such enormous Outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above *Ela* and in Sounds so [exceeding] shrill, that it often is to our Teeth [so] I dige

[ir]

2 [exceedingly]

3 [an]

'The Chimney-sweeper is (confined!) to no certain Pitch, he sometimes utters himself in the deepest Bree, and sometimes in the sharpest Treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest Note of the Gamut. The same Observation might be made on the Retainers of Small coal, not to mention broken Glasses or Brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like Cases, it should be my Care to sweeten and mellow the Voices of these innumerable Tradesmen, before they make their Appearance in our Streets, as also to accommodate their Cries to their respective Wares, and to take care in particular, that those who cry not make the most Noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the Venders of Card matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old Proverb of *Mu & Cry but little Word*.

'Some of these last mentioned Musicians are a very loud in the Sale of these trifling Manufactures, that an honest Splenetic Gentleman of my Acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the Street where he lived. But what was the Effect of this Contract? Why, the whole Tribe of Card match makers which frequent that Quarter, pressed by the Door the very next Day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

'It is another great Imperfection in our *London* Cries, that there is no just Time nor Measure observed in them. Our News should indeed be published in a very quick Time, because it is a Commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same Precipitation as *Fire*. Yet this is generally the Case. A bloody Battle alarms the Town from one End to another in an Instant. I very often of the *French* is Published in so great a Hurry, that one would think the Enemy were at our Gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some Distinction made between the spreading of a Victory, a March, or an Incantment, a *Dutch*, a *Portuguese* or a *Spanish* Mail. Nor must I omit under this Head, those excessive Alarms with which several boisterous Rusticks infect our Streets in Turnip Season, and which are more inexcusable, because these are Wares which are in no Danger of Cooling upon their Hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow Time, and are, in my Opinion, much more tuneable than the former, the Cooper in particular swells his first Note in an hollow Voice, that is not without its Harmony. I forecan I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable Melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn Air with which the Public are very often asked, if they have any *Chairs* to mend? Your own Memory may suggest to you many other lamentable Duties of the same No-

ture, in which the Musick is wonderfully improving and melodious.

I am always pleased with that particular Time of the Year which is proper for the picking of Dill and Cucumbers. But alas, this Cry, like the Song of the [Nightingale], is not heard above my Mouth. It would therefore be worth while to consider whether the same Air might not in some Cases be adapted to other Words.

'It might likewise deserve our most serious Consideration, how far, in a well regulated City, those Humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional Cries of their Forefathers, have invented particular Songs and Tunes of their own. Such as was, not in my Years since, the Party man commonly known by the Name of the Colly Mollie Puff, and such as is at this Day the Vender of Powder and Wash balls, who, if I am rightly informed, lives under the Name of *Peter the Buff*.

'I must not here omit one particular Abusivity which runs through this whole vicious Generation, and which renders their Cries very often not only uncommodious, but altogether useless to the Publick. I mean, that idle Accomplishment which they all of them run at, of Crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected Singers, I will not take upon me to say, but most certainly it is that People know the Wares they deal in rather by their Tunes than by their Words, insomuch that I have some times seen a Country Boy run out to buy Apples of a Bellows mender, and purchase bread from a Grinder of knives and Scissors. Nay so strangely infatuated are some very eminent Artists of this particular Grace in a Cry, that none but their Acquaintance are able to guess at their Profession, for who else can know, that *Work if I fail it*, should be the Signification of a Corn Cutter?

'I forbear therefore as Persons of this Rank are seldom Men of Genius or Capacity, I think it would be very proper, that some Man of good Sense and sound Judgment should preside over the Publick Cries, who should permit none to lift up their Voices in our Streets, that have not tuneable Throats, and are not only able to overcome the Noise of the Crowd, and the Rattling of Chaises, but also to lend their respective Merchandises in apt Phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable Sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend my self as a Person highly qualified for this Post, and if I meet with fitting Encouragement, shall communicate some other Projects, which I have by me, that in no less conduce to the Improvement of the Publick

I am,

SIR, &c.  
Ralph Crotchett

[continued]

[Nightingales]

fill the Reader with more agreeable Images, and give him a more delightful Entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other Book.

One cannot indeed without Offence, to Your self, observe, that You excel the rest of Mankind in the least, as well as the greatest Endowments. Nor were it a Circumstance to be mentioned, if the Graces and Attractions of Your Person were not the only Preheminence You have above others, which is left, almost, unobserved by greater Writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising Revolutions in your Story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary Life and Deportment? How pleasing would it be to hear that the same Man who had earned Fire and Sword into the Countries of all that had opposed the Cause of Liberty, and struck a Perilous blow into the Armies of France, had, in the midst of His high Station, a Behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first Steps towards Greatness? And if it were possible to express that easy Grandeur, which did at once persuade and command, it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his Contemporaries, that all the great Events which were brought to pass under the Conduct of so well govern'd a Spirit, were the Blessings of Heaven upon Wisdom and Valour, and all which seem adverse fell out by divine Permission, which we are not to search into.

You have pass'd that Year of Life wherein the

most able and fortunate Captain, before Your Time, declared he had liv'd enough both to Nature and to Glory: and Your Grace may make that Reflection with much more Justice. He spoke it after he had arriv'd at Empire, by an Usurpation upon those whom he had crush'd, but the Prince of Mindelheim may rejoice in a Sovereignty which was the Gift of Him whose Dominions he had preserv'd.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted Success of honourable Designs and Actions is not subject to Diminution nor to any Attempts prevail against it, but in the Proportion which the narrow Circuit of Rumour bears to the unlimited Extent of Fame.

We may congratulate Your Grace not only upon your high Achievements, but likewise upon the happy Expiration of Your Command, by which your Glory is put out of the Power of Fortune. And when your Person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place You in that higher Mansion of Bliss and Immortality which is prepar'd for good Princes, Languages, and Heroes, when HE in HIS due Time removes them from the Lvy of Mankind, is the hearty Prayer of,

My Lord,  
Your Grace's  
Most Obedient,  
Most Devoted,  
Humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR

No 252 | Wednesday, December 19, 1711 [Steele]

[Errante, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti  
Virg.]

MR SPECTATOR,  
I AM very sorry to find by your Discourse upon the Eye, that you have not thoroughly studied the Nature and Force of that Part of a beautiful Face. Had you ever been in Love, you would have said ten thousand things, which it seems did not occur to you. Do but reflect upon the Noisiness it makes Men talk, the Flames which it is said to kindle, the Transport it raises, the Dejection it causes in the bravest Men, and if you do believe those things are express'd to an Extravagance, yet you will own, that the Influence of it is very great which moves Men to that Extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole Strength of the Mind is sometimes seated there, that a kind Look imports all, that a Year's Discourse could give you, in one Moment. What matters it what she says to you, see how she looks, is the Language of all who know what Love is. When the Mind is thus summed up and express'd in a Glance, did you never observe a sudden Joy rise in the Countenance of a Lover? Did you never see the At-

tendance of Years paid, never paid in an Instant? You a SPECTATOR, and not know that the Intelligence of Affection is carried on by the Eye only. That Good-breeding has made the Tongue falsify the Heart, and yet a Part of continual Constraint, while Nature has preserv'd the Eyes to her self, that she may not be disguis'd or misrepresented. The poor Bride can give her Hand, and say, I do, with a hanging Air, to the Man she is oblig'd by cruel Parents to take for mercenary Reasons, but at the same time she cannot look as if she loved. Her Eye is full of Sorrow, and Reluctance sits in a Frown, while the Offering of the Sacrifice is performed in what we call the Marriage Ceremony. Do you never go to Physic? Cannot you distinguish between the Eyes of those who go to see, from those who come to be seen? I am a Woman turn'd of Thirtie, and am on the Observation a little, therefore if you or your Correspondent had consulted me in your Discourse on the Eye, I could have told you that the Eye of *Leonora* is slyly wretched while it looks negligent, she looks round her without the Help of the Glasses you speak of, and yet seems to be employ'd on Objects directly before her. This Eye is what affects Chirac midley, and on a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all its Charms against an Ogle. The Eye of *Lusitania* is an Instrument of premeditated Murder, but the Design being visible, destroys the Execution of it, and with much more Beauty

[Nescio quis Teneros oculus mihi fascinat  
Agnos—Virg.]

\* Julius Caesar

'than that of *Leucera* it is not half so mischievous.  
'There is a brave Soldier's Daughter in To-day, that  
'by her Eye has been the Death of more than ever  
'her Father made fly before him. A beautiful  
'Eye makes Silence eloquent, a kind Eye makes  
'Contradiction an Assent, an enraged Eye makes  
'Beauty deformed. This little Member gives  
'Life to every other Part about us, and I believe  
'the Story of *Argus* implies no more than that  
'the Eye is in every Part, that is to say, every  
'other Part would be maimed, were not its Force  
'represented more by the Eye than even by it  
'self. But this is Heathen *Gnô* to those who  
'have not covered us by Glances. Till Sir, is a  
'Language in which there can be no Deceit, nor  
'can a Skillful Observer be imposed upon by Looks  
'even among Politicians and Courtiers. If you  
'do me the Honour to print this among your  
'Speculations, I shall in my next make you a Pre-  
'sent of Secret History, by Translating all the  
'Looks of the next Assembly of Ladies and Gen-  
'tlemen into Words, to adorn some future Paper  
'I am,

SIR,

Your faithful Friend,

Mary Hearstree.

Dear Mr SPECTATOR,

'I have a Son of a Husband that lives a very  
'scandalous Life, and wastes away his Body and  
'Fortune in Debaucheries and immovables to  
'all the Arguments I can urge to him. I would  
'gladly know whether in some Cases a Cudgel  
'may not be allowed as a good Figure of Speech,  
'and whether it may not be lawfully used by a  
'Female Orator.

Your humble Servant,

Barbara Crabtree.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'Though I am a Practitioner in the Law of  
'some standing, and have heard many eminent  
'Pleaders in my Time as well as other eloquent  
'Speakers of both Universities, yet I agree with  
'you, that Women are better qualified to succeed  
'in Oratory than the Men and believe this is to  
'be resolved in a natural Cause. You have men-  
'tioned only the Volubility of their Tongue, but  
'what do you think of the silent Flattery of their  
'pretty Faces, and the Persuasion which even an  
'inspired Discourse carries with it when flowing  
'from beautiful Lips, to which it would be cruel to  
'deny any thing? It is certain too that they are  
'possessed of some Springs of Rhetorick which  
'Men want, such as Tears, fainting Fits, and the  
'like, which I have seen employed upon Occasions  
'with good Success. You must know I am a plain  
'Man and love my Money, yet I have a Spouse  
'who is so great an Orator in this Way, that she  
'draws from me what Sum she pleases. Every  
'Room in my House is furnished with Trophies  
'of her Eloquence, such Cabinets of Piles of China,  
'Japan Screens, and costly Jars, and if you were  
'to come in on my great Parlour, you would fancy  
'yourself in an Indian Ware-house. Besides this  
'she keeps a Squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to  
'pay for the China she breaks. She is seized with  
'periodical Fits about the Time of the Subscrip-

'tions to a new Opera, and is drowned in Tears  
'after having seen any Woman there in finer  
'Cloaths than herself. These are Arts of Per-  
'suasion purely Feminine, and which a tender  
'Heart cannot resist. What I would therefore  
'desire of you is, to prevail with your Friend  
'who has promised to dissect a Female Tongue,  
'that he would at the same time give us the  
'Anatomy of a Female Eye, and explain the  
'Springs and Sources which feed it with such ready  
'Supplies of Modesty and likewise of Lewd-  
'ness. What men, if possible, they may be stopped at  
'a reasonable Expence. On the other side, since there  
is something so strong in the very Image of  
'weeping Beauty, it would be worth his Art to  
'provide that these eloquent Drops may not more  
'be lavished on Ladies employed as Servants  
'to their Guard Wards, but reserved for serious  
'Occasions in Life to adorn generous Pitties, true  
'Penitence, or real Sorrow.

I

I am, &amp;c.

No 253] Thursday, Dec 20, 1711 [Addre-

*Id est, quod in seipsum, non in cruce  
Cessantur, alleluia, alleluia, et quod a nuptiis*  
Her

THESE are notions which were current in a  
great Mind, than the Abhorrence of Envy  
and Detraction. This Passion reigns more among  
and Poets, than among any other Set of Men.

Is there are more ambitious of Fame,  
than those who are conversant in Poetry, it is very  
natural for such as have not succeeded in it to de-  
precate the Works of those who have. For since  
they cannot raise themselves to the Reputation of  
their Fellow-Writers they must endeavour to  
sland their own Patch if they would still keep  
themselves upon a Level with them.

The greatest Wits that ever were produced in  
our Age, lived together in so good an Under-  
standing and celebrated one another with so  
much Generosity, that each of them received an  
additional Lustre from his Contemporaries, and  
is more famous for having lived with Men of so  
extraordinary a Genius, than if he had himself  
been the sole Reader of the Age. I need not  
tell my Reader that I here point at the Reign of  
*Argus* and I believe he will be of my Opinion,  
that neither *Virgil* nor *Heraeus* would have  
gained so great a Reputation in the World, had  
they not been the Friends and Admirers of each  
other. Indeed all the great Writers of that Age,  
for whom every one has so great an Esteem,  
stand up together as vouchers for one another's  
Reputation. But at the same time that *Virgil*  
was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*,  
*Lucan*, *Tacitus* and *Ovid*, we know that *Barus*  
and *Martius* were his declared Foes and Cal-  
umniators.

In our own Country a Man seldom sets up for  
a Poet, without attacking the Reputation of all  
his Brothers in the Art. The Ignorance of the



the Expletive *do* in the third, and the ten Monosyllables in the fourth, give such a Beauty to this Passage, as would have been very much admired in an Ancient Poet. The Reader may observe the following Lines in the same View

*A needless Alexandrine ends the Song,  
That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length  
along*

And afterwards,

*'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,  
The Sound must seem an Echo to the Sense  
Soft is the Strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers  
flows,*

*But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,  
The hoarse rough Verse should like the Torrent  
roar*

*When Ajax strives some Rock's vast Weight to  
throw,*

*The Line too labours, and the Words move slow,  
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the Plain,  
Flies o'er the unbending Corn, and stuns along  
the Main*

The beautiful Distich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing Lines, puts me in mind of a Description in *Homer's Odyssey*, which none of the Critics have taken notice of.<sup>1</sup> It is where *Sisyphus* is represented lifting his Stone up the Hill, which is no sooner carried to the Top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the Bottom. This double Motion of the Stone is admirably described in the Numbers of these Verses. As in the four first it is heaved up by several *Spondees* intermixed with proper Breathing places, and it last trundles down in a continual Line of *Dactyls*

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, ἱματέρ' ἄλγε'  
ἔχοντα,

Λῆαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρησιν  
ἥτοι ὁ μὲν σκληραῖπτομενος χερσὶν τε ποσὶν  
τε,

Λῆαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε  
μέλλοι

\*Ἄκρον υπερβαλεῖν, τότ' ἀποστρέψασκε  
Κραταίε,

Αὐτίς ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλινδετο λῆας  
ἀναιδής —

It would be endless to quote Verses out of *Virgil* which have this particular Kind of Beauty in the Numbers, but I may take an Occasion in a future Paper to shew several of them which have escaped the Observation of others

I cannot conclude this Paper without taking notice that we have three Poems in our Tongue, which are of the same Nature, and each of them a Master-piece in its Kind, the Essay on Trans-

lated Verse,<sup>2</sup> the Essay on the Art of Poetry,<sup>2</sup> and the Essay upon Criticism C

<sup>1</sup> Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, author of the 'Essay on Translated Verse,' was nephew and godson to Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland, in 1633, educated at the Protestant University of Caen, and was there when his father died. He travelled in Italy, came to England at the Restoration, held one or two court offices, gambled, took a wife, and endeavoured to introduce into England the principles of criticism with which he had found the polite world occupied in France. He planned a society for refining our language and fixing its standard. During the troubles of King James's reign he was about to leave the kingdom, when his departure was delayed by gout, of which he died in 1684. A foremost English representative of the chief literary movement of his time, he translated into blank verse Horace's Art of Poetry, and besides a few minor translations and some short pieces of original verse, which earned from Pope the credit that

*in all Charles's days  
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays,*

he wrote in heroic couplets an 'Essay on Translated Verse' that was admired by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, and was in highest honour wherever the French influence upon our literature made itself felt. Roscommon believed in the superior energy of English wit, and wrote himself with care and frequent vigour in the turning of his couplets. It is from this poem that we get the often quoted lines,

*Immodest words admit of no Defence,  
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense*

<sup>2</sup> The other piece with which Addison ranks Pope's Essay on Criticism, was by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was living when the *Spectator* first appeared. He died, aged 72, in the year 1721. John Sheffield, by the death of his father, succeeded at the age of nine to the title of Earl of Mulgrave. In the reign of Charles II. he served by sea and land, and was, as well as Marlborough, in the French service. In the reign of James II. he was admitted into the Privy Council, made Lord Chamberlain, and, though still Protestant, attended the King to mass. He succeeded in the Revolution, but remained out of office and disliked King William, who in 1694 made him Marquis of Normanhby. Afterwards he was received into the Cabinet Council, with a pension of £3000. Queen Anne, to whom Walpole says he had made love before her marriage, highly favoured him. Before her coronation she made him Lord Privy Seal, next year he was made first Duke of Normanhby, and then of Buckinghamshire, to exclude any potent claimant to the title, which had been extinct since the miserable death of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the author of the *Rehearsal*. When the *Spectator* appeared John Sheffield had just built Buckingham House—now a royal palace—on ground granted by the Crown, and taken office as Lord Chamberlain

<sup>1</sup> *Odyssey* Bk XI. In Tickell's edition of Addison's works the latter part of this sentence is omitted the same observation having been made by Dionysius of Halicarnassus

No. 254] Friday, December 21, 1711 [Steel

Σ μὲν ἔπος ἀρετῆς, ὃ δὲ αὐτρίδος ἄχος  
διέλλει

WHEN I consider the false Impressions which are received by the Generality of the World, I am troubled at none more than a certain Levity of Thought, which many young Women of Quality have entertained, to the Hazard of their Character, and the certain Misfortune of their Lives. The first of the following Letters may best represent the Faults I would now point at, and the Answer to it the Temper of Mind in a contrary Character.

He wrote more verse than Roscommon and poorer verse. The *Essay on Poetry*, in which he followed the critical fashion of the day, he was praised into regarding as a masterpiece. He was continually polishing it, and during his lifetime it was re-issued with frequent variations. It is polished quartz, not diamond, a short piece of about 360 lines, which has something to say of each of the chief forms of poetry, from songs to epics. Sheffield shows most natural force in writing upon plays, and here in objecting to perfect characters, he struck out the often quoted line

*A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw*

When he comes to the epics he is, of course, all for Homer and Virgil

*Read Homer once, and you can read no more,  
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
Verse will seem Prose, but still persist to read,  
And Homer will be all the Books you need*

And then it is supposed that 'some Angel' had disclosed to M. Bossu, the French author of the treatise upon Epic Poetry then fashionable, the sacred mysteries of Homer. John Sheffield had a patronizing recognition for the genius of Shakspeare and Milton, and was so obliging as to revise Shakspeare's Julius Caesar and confine the action of that play within the limits prescribed in the French gospel according to the Unities. Pope, however, had in the *Essay on Criticism* reckoned Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, among the sounder few.

*Who durst assert the juster ancient Cause  
And have restored Wit's Fundamental Laws  
Such was the Muse, whose Rules and Practice tell,  
Nature's chief Masterpiece is writing well*

With those last words which form the second line in the *Essay on Poetry* Pope's citation has made many familiar. Addison paid young Pope a valid compliment in naming him as a critic in verse with Roscommon, and, what then passed on all hands for a valid compliment, in holding him worthy also to be named as a poet in the same breath with the Lord Chamberlain.

*My dear Harriot,*

'If thou art she, but oh how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable.' To be married I find is to be hurried alive, I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an awkward Chamber-maid. For Variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with Malin in her Program-Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this time I am sure well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

'Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described. But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels. After six Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and print the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant, one would think you lived the Lives of *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradise*, like the first happy Pair. But prythee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to live and tell like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman. 'Tis a little Insolence in me perhaps, to advise a Matron, but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Place with your Husband, and never to saunter about *St James's Park* together. If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hide Park*, together, you are ruined for ever, nor must you take the least notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving Couple most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation. She is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World, she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes care he shall never be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid you'll be so silly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabin* and *Roman* Wives much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as to come into Publick in the Habit as well as Air of a *Roman* Matron. You make already the Entertainment at Mrs. *Modish's* Tea-Table she says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence. She dies to see what demure and serious Airs Wedlock has given you, but she says she shall never forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Belamour* to transform him to a meer sober Husband, 'twas unpardonable. You see, my Dear,

'we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than

*Your humble Servant,*  
Lydia

'Be not in pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town, I shall frequent no publick Places, or make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Railery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy, you, and all the handsome young Women of our Acquaintance, shew yourselves to no other Purpose than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

'I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I Love, he's the End of every Care I have. If I dress, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste. He's almost the End of my Devotions, half my Prayers are for his Happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish your Happiness, but am sorry to see by the Air of your Letter that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common Place Railery of every Thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with. She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman, I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish, you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine. Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Master is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Ladies, and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age. I am,

*Madam, your most humble Servant,*  
Mary Home

*Dear Mr SPECTATOR,*

You live no Goodness in the World, and are not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain Answer to this. I happened some Days past to be at the Play, where during the Time of Performance, I could not keep my Eyes off from a beautiful young Creature who sat just before me, and who I have been since informed has no Fortune. It would utterly ruin my Reputation for Discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a Character of great Modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought on any other Way. My Mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant without your speedy Advice to  
*SIR, Your most humble Servant*

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient Gentleman, but by another Question

*Dear Correspondent,*  
'Would you marry to please other People, or your self?' I

No 255 ] Saturday, December 22, 1711 [Addison

*Laudis amore tunc sunt certa piacula, quæ te  
Per puræ lecto poterunt recreare libello — Hor*

THE Soul, considered abstractedly from its Passions, is of a remiss and sedentary Nature, slow in its Resolves, and languishing in its Executions. The Use therefore of the Passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon Action, to awaken the Understanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Prosecutions of his Designs. As this is the End of the Passions in general, so it is particularly of Ambition, which pushes the Soul to such Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflections higher, we may discover further Ends of Providence in implanting this Passion in Man kind.

It was necessary for the World, that Arts should be invented and improved, Books written and transmitted to Posterity, Nations conquered and civilized. Now since the proper and genuine Motives to these and the like great Actions, would only influence virtuous Minds, there would be out small Improvements in the World, were there not some common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And such a Principle is Ambition or a Desire of Fame, by which [great] Endowments are not suffered to be idle and useless to the Publick, and many vicious Men over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable Course of Action. For we may further observe, that Men of the greatest Abilities are most fired with Ambition. And that on the contrary, mean and narrow Minds are the least rewarded by it. Whether it be that [a Man's Sense of his own] Incapacities makes [him] desirous of coming at Fame, or that [he has] not enough range of Thought to look out for any Good which does not more immediately relate to [his] Interest or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of [his Soul], would not subject [him] to such a Passion is would be useless to the World, and a Torment to [himself].

Were not this Desire of Fame very strong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a Man from so vain a Pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with Abilities sufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to distinguish

<sup>1</sup> [all] great

<sup>3</sup> [them]

<sup>5</sup> [their]

<sup>7</sup> [them]

<sup>2</sup> [the Sense of their own]

<sup>4</sup> [they have]

<sup>6</sup> [their Souls]

<sup>8</sup> [themselves]

themselves from the rest of Mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a Level, and observes a kind of Proportion in its Dispensation to wards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every Person from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by Nature, and accomplished by their own Industry, how few are there whose Virtues are not obscured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot discern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false End or Intention, and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this Consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their Pursuit after Fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Salustius's* Remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted Glory, the more he acquired it.

Men take in all natural Pleasure in crossing our Inclinations, and disappointing us in what our Hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate Desire of Fame in the Ambitious Man (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to show it self) they become spring and reserved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applause, and look on their Praises rather as a Kindness done to his Person, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverseness of Temper grow wary in their Praises of one, who sets too great a Value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own Imagination, and by Consequence remove him to a greater Distance from themselves.

But further, this Desire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious Man into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his Actions should be thrown away in private lest his Deserts should be concealed from the Notice of the World, or receive any Disadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty Boasts and Ostentations of him-self, and betrays him into vain fantastick Recitals of his own Performances. His Discourse generally leans one Way, and whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others or to the exalting of him-self. Vanity is the natural Weakness of an ambitious Man, which exposes him to the secret Scorn and Derision of those he converses with and ruins the Character he is so industrious to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never so glorious, they lose their Lustre when they are drawn at large and set to shine by his own Hand and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the worst will probably be censured when the great Action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides this very Desire of Fame is looked on as a Weakness [and] Imperfection in the greatest

Character. A solid and substantial Greatness of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Censures and Applauses of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noise and Strife of Louange. Accordingly we find in our selves a secret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves about us in a regular and illustrious Course of Virtue without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches or Commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to ascribe it to vain Glory, and a Desire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill-founded for certainly it denotes no great Mastery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by so selfish a Motive, and to do that out of a Desire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested Love to Mankind or by a generous Passion for the Glory of hum that made us.

This is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most Men have so much either of Ill nature, or of Warmness, as not to grtify [for] sooth the Vanity of the Ambitious Man, and since this very Thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation, and is it self looked upon as a Weakness in the greatest Characters.

In the next Place, Fame is easily lost, and is difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the Subject of a following Paper

No 256] Monday, Dec 24, 1711 [Addison

Φόβῳ γὰρ τε καὶ ἐλπίδι κοῦφη μὲν αἰσίου

ῥαῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν. Hes

THESE are many Passions and Tempers of Mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the Merit of one rising in the Esteem of Mankind. All those who made their Entrance into the World with the same Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merits a Reflection on their own Indeserts and will therefore take care to reproach him with the Scandal of some past Action, or derogate from the Worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same Level with themselves. The like Kind of Consideration often stirs up the Envy of such as were once his Superiors, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the Pursuits of Glory and will therefore endeavour to sink his Reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his Equals envy and defame him, because they now set him their Superior and those who were once his Superiors, because they look upon him as their Equal.

Put further, a Man whose extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and Ob

<sup>1</sup> Sallust. Bell Catal. c. 49

<sup>2</sup> [and an]

<sup>3</sup> [and]

'we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than

*Your humble Servant,*  
Lydia

'Be not in pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town I shall frequent no publick Places, or make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Rallery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy you, and all the handsome young Women of our Acquaintance, shew yourselves to no other Purpose than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

'I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I Love, 'tis the End of every Care I have. If I dress, 'tis for him. If I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste. He's almost the End of my Devotions: half my Prayers are for his Happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish your Happiness, but am sorry to see by the Air of your Letter that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common Place Rallery of every Thing that is sober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with. She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman. I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish, you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were, she would make you bluish as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Master is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Follies, and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age. I am,

*Madam, your most humble Servant,*  
Mary Home

*Dear Mr SPECTATOR,*

You have no Goodness in the World, and are not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain Answer to this. I happened some Days past to be at the Play, where during the Time of Performances, I could not keep my Eyes off from a beautiful young Creature who sat just before me, and who I have been since informed has no Fortune. It would utterly ruin my Reputation for Discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a Character of great Modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought on any other Way. My Mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant without your speedy Advice to, *SIR, Your most humble Servant*

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient Gentleman, but by another Question

*Dear Correspondent,*  
'Would you marry to please other People, or your self?

No 255 ] Saturday, December 22, 1711 [Addison

*Laudis amore tuncus? sunt certa piacula, quae te Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello — Hor*

THE Soul, considered abstractedly from its Passions, is of a remiss and sedentary Nature, slow in its Resolves, and languishing in its Executions. The Use therefore of the Passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon Action, to awaken the Understanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Prosecutions of his Designs. As this is the End of the Passions in general, so it is particularly of Ambition, which pushes the Soul to such Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflections higher, we may discover further Ends of Providence in implanting this Passion in Mankind.

It was necessary for the World, that Arts should be invented and improved, Books written and transmitted to Posterity, Nations conquered and civilized. Now since the proper and genuine Motives to these and the like great Actions, would only influence virtuous Minds, there would be but small Improvements in the World, were there not some common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And such a Principle is Ambition or a Desire of Fame, by which [great<sup>1</sup>] Endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the Publick, and many vicious Men over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable Course of Action. For we may further observe, that Men of the greatest Abilities are most fired with Ambition. And that on the contrary, narrow and narrow Minds are the least actuated by it. Whether it be that [a Man's Sense of his own<sup>2</sup>] Incapacities makes [him<sup>3</sup>] despair of coming at Fame, or that [he has<sup>4</sup>] not enough range of Thought to look out for any Good which does not more immediately relate to [his<sup>5</sup>] Interest or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of [his Soul<sup>6</sup>], would not subject [him<sup>7</sup>] to such a Passion as would be useless to the World, and a Torment to [himself<sup>8</sup>].

Were not this Desire of Fame very strong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a Man from so vain a Pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with Abilities sufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to distinguish

<sup>1</sup> [all great]      <sup>2</sup> [the Sense of their own]  
<sup>3</sup> [them]      <sup>4</sup> [they have]  
<sup>5</sup> [their]      <sup>6</sup> [their Souls]  
<sup>7</sup> [them]      <sup>8</sup> [themselves]

themselves from the rest of Mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a Level, and observes a kind of Proportion in its Dispensation to wards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every Person from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by Nature, and accomplished by their own Industry, how few are there whose Virtues are not obscured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot discern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false End or Intention, and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this Consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their Pursuit after Fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Salustius's* Remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted Glory, the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill natur'd Pleasure in crossing our Inclinations, and disappointing us in what our Hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate Desire of Fame in the Ambitious Man (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to show it self) they become sparing and reserved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applause, and look on their Praises rather as a Kindness done to his Person, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverseness of Temper grow wary in their Praises of one, who sets too great a Value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own Imagination, and by Consequence remove him to a greater Distance from themselves.

But further, this Desire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious Man into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his Actions should be thrown away in private lest his Deserts should be concealed from the Notice of the World or receive any Disadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty Boasts and Ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantick Recitals of his own Performances. His Discourse generally turns one Way, and whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural Weakness of an ambitious Man, which exposes him to the secret Scorn and Denial of those he converses with, and ruins the Character he is so inductions to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never so glorious, they lose their Lustre when they are driven at large and set to show by his own Hand and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the Boast will probably be censured when the great Action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides this very Desire of Fame is looked on as a Manner's [and?] Imperfection in the greatest

Character. A solid and substantial Greatness of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Censures and Applauses of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noise and Strife of Tongues. Accordingly we find in our selves a secret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves thovous in a regular and illustrious Course of Virtue without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches or Commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to ascribe it to Van Glory, and a Desire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill-founded for certainly it denotes no great Bravery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by so selfish a Motive, and to do that out of a Desire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested Love to Mankind, or by a generous Passion for the Glory of him that made us.

This is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most Men have so much either of ill nature, or of Wariness, as not to gratify [or?] soothe the Vanity of the Ambitious Man, and since this very Thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation, and is it self looked upon as a Weakness in the greatest Characters.

In the next Place, Fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the Subject of a following Paper. C

No 256] Monday, Dec 24, 1711 [Addison

ἡμῶν γὰρ τε καὶ τῆς τέλει αὐτῆς ἀντὶ τοῦ μὲν αἰῶνος

ῥεῖν μὲν, ἀργυρῆν δὲ φέρεται. Hes

THE FIRST of many Passions and Tempers of Mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the Merit of one rising in the Esteem of Mankind. All those who made their Entrance into the World with the same Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merits a Reflection on their own Indeserts and will therefore take care to reproach him with the Scandal of some past Action, or derogate from the Worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same Level with themselves. The like kind of Consideration often stirs up the Envy of such as were once his Superiors, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to see another get ground upon them and over take them in the Pursuits of Glory, and will therefore endeavour to sink his Reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his Equals envy and defame him because they now see him their Superior and those who were once his Superiors, because they look upon him as their Equal.

I at further, a Man whose extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and (th

<sup>1</sup> Saltst. Bell Catil c. 49.

<sup>2</sup> [and nn]

<sup>3</sup> [and]

servation of Mankind draws a Multitude of Eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every Part of him, consider him nicely in all Views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous Light. There are many who find a Pleasure in contradicting the common Reports of Fame, and in spreading abroad the Weaknesses of an exalted Character. They publish their ill-natur'd Discoveries with a secret Pride, and applaud themselves for the Singularity of their Judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the World have overlooked, and found a Flaw in what the Generality of Mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the Errors and Infirmitics of a great Man with an inward Satisfaction and Complacency, if they discover none of the like Errors and Infirmitics in themselves for while they are exposing anothers Weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own Commendations, who are not subject to the like Infirmitics, and are apt to be transported with a secret Kind of Vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated Reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the Blemishes of an extraordinary Reputation, than such as lie open to the same Censures in their own Characters, as either hoping to excuse their own Defects by the Authority of so high an Example, or using an imaginary Applause to themselves for resembling a Person of an exalted Reputation, though in the blamable Parts of his Character. If all these secret Springs of Detraction fail, yet very often a vain Ostentation of Wit sets a Man on attacking an established Name, and sacrificing it to the Mirth and Laughter of those about him. A Satyr or a Libel on one of the common Stump, never meets with that Reception and Approbation among its Readers, as what is aimed at a Person whose Merit places him upon an Eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous Figure among Men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater Art to expose and turn to ridicule a Man whose Character seems so improper a Subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit Kind of Revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his Reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own Rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the Reports and Opinions of Mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate Motives there are to Detraction and Defamation, and how many malicious Spies are searching into the Actions of a great Man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an Inspection. For we may generally observe, that our Admiration of a famous Man lessens upon our nearer Acquaintance with him and that we seldom hear the Description of a celebrated Person, without a Catalogue of some notorious Weaknesses and Infirmitics. The Reason may be, because any little Slip is more conspicuous and observable in his Conduct than in anothers, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his Character, or because it is impossible for a Man at the same time to be attentive to the more important [Part] of his Life, and to

keep a watchful Eye over all the inconsiderable Circumstances of his Behaviour and Conversation, or because, as we have before observed, the same Temper of Mind which inclines us to a Desire of Fame, naturally betrays us into such Slips and Unwinnings as are not incident to Men of a contrary Disposition.

After all it must be confess'd, that a noble and triumphant Merit often breaks through and dissipates these little Spots and Sullies in its Reputation, but if by a mistaken Pursuit after Fame, or through human Infirmary, any false Step be made in the more momentous Concerns of Life, the whole Scheme of ambitious Designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller Stains and Blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the Brightness that surrounds them, but a Blot of a deeper Nature casts a Shade on all the other Beauties, and darkens the whole Character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great Name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little Weaknesses and Infirmitics as are no small Diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his Superiors or Equals by such as would set to show their Judgment or their Wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same Slips or Misconducts in their own Behaviour?

But were there none of these Dispositions in others to censure a famous Man, nor any such Miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small Trouble in keeping up his Reputation in all its Height and Splendour. There must be always a noble Train of Actions to preserve his Fame in Life and Motion. For when it is once at a Stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived Passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its Object, unless it be still fed with fresh Discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual Succession of Miracles rising up to its View. And even the greatest Actions of a celebrated [Person's] labour under this Disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the Opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raise the Reputation of another, they are a Diminution to his.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the Possession of Fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying Considerations, can engage a Man in so desperate a Pursuit and yet if we consider the little Happiness that attends a great Character, and the Multitude of Disquietudes to which the Desire of it subjects an ambitious Mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless Candidates for Glory.

Ambition raises a secret Tumult in the Soul, it inflames the Mind, and puts it into a violent Hurry of Thought. It is still reaching after an empty imaginary Good, that has not in it the Power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the Cravings of their proper Satisfactions,

and for a while set the Appetite at Rest. But Fame is a Good so wholly foreign to our Natures, that we have no Faculty in the Soul adapted to it, nor any Organ in the Body to relish it: an Object of Desire placed out of the Possibility of Fruition. It may indeed fill the Mind for a while with a giddy kind of Pleasure, but it is such a Pleasure as makes a Man restless and uneasy under it, and which does not so much satisfy the present Thirst, as it excites fresh Desires, and sets the Soul on new Enterprises. For how few ambitious Men are there, who have got as much Fame as they desired, and whose Thirst after it has not been as eager in the very Height of their Reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among Men? There is not any Circumstance in *Cæsar's* Character which gives me a greater Idea of him, than a Saying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made use of in private Conversation, *Ut at he was satisfied with his Share of Life and Fortune, Se satis vel ad Naturam, vel ad Gloriam visisse*. Many indeed have given over their Pursuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the Disappointments they have met in it, or from their Experience of the little Pleasure which attends it, or from the better Informations or natural Coldness of old Age, but seldom from a full Satisfaction and Acquiescence in their present Enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unsatisfying in it self, but the Desire of it lays us open to many accidental Troubles which those are free from who have no such tender Regard for it. How often is the ambitious Man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no Prize where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very Prizes he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by Flattery, since few Men have so good an Opinion of us as we have of our selves? But if the ambitious Man can be so much grieved even with Prize it self, how will he be able to bear up under Scandal and Defamation? For the same Temper of Mind which makes him desire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary Prizes of Men he will be as much dejected by their Censures. How little therefore is the Happiness of an ambitious Man, who gives every one a Dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill Speeches of others, and puts it in the Power of every malicious Tongue to throw him into a Fit of Melancholy, and destroy his natural Rest and Repose of Mind? Especially when we consider that the World is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of Imperfections than Virtues.

We may further observe, that such a Man will be more grieved for the Loss of Fame, than he could have been pleased with the Enjoyment of it. For tho' the Presence of this imaginary Good cannot make us happy, the Absence of it may make us miserable. Because in the Enjoyment of an Object we only find that Share of Pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the Loss of it we do not proportion our Grief to the real

<sup>1</sup> Oratio pro M. Marcello.

Value it bears, but to the Value our Fancies and Imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the Satisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and so great the Disquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The Desire of it stirs up very uneasy Motions in the Mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the Presence of the Thing desired. The Enjoyment of it brings but very little Pleasure, tho' the Loss or Want of it be very sensible and afflicting, and even this little Happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the Will of others. We are not only tortured by the Reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the Silence of Men when it is unexpected, and humbled even by their Praises.<sup>2</sup> C

No. 257] Tuesday, Dec 25,<sup>th</sup> 1711 [Addison

Οὐχ' εὐδαι Διός  
Ὀφθαλμοὶ ἐγγυς ὅ' ἐστι λαὶ παρῶν ποῦνι  
Incert. ex Stob

THAT I might not lose myself upon a Subject of so great Extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular Order and Method. I have first of all considered the Reasons why Providence may have implanted in our Mind such a Principle of Action. I have in the next Place shewn from many Considerations, first that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost, Secondly, that it brings the ambitious Man very little Happiness, but subjects him to much Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction. I shall in the last Place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have Abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with Fullness of Satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End that Happiness which is reserved for us in another World, which every one has Abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it Fullness of Joy and Pleasures for evermore.

How the Pursuit after Fame may hinder us in the Attainment of this great End, I shall leave the Reader to collect from the three following Considerations.

*First*, Because the strong Desire of Fame breeds several vicious Habits in the Mind.

*Secondly*, Because many of those Actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their Nature conducive to this our ultimate Happiness.

*Thirdly*, Because if we should follow the same Actions to be the proper Instruments, both of requiring Fame, and of procuring this Happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the Attainment of this last End, if they proceeded from a Desire of the first.

These three Propositions are self evident to those who are versed in Speculations of Morality. For which Reason I shall not enlarge upon them,

<sup>2</sup> [I shall conclude this Subject in my next Paper]

<sup>3</sup> This being Christmas Day, Addison has continued to it a religious strain of thought.



but proceed to a Point of the same Nature, which may open to us a more uncommon Field of Speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural Conclusion, that it is the greatest Folly to seek the Praise or Approbation of any Being, besides the Supreme; and that for these two Reasons, because in other Beings can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits; and because we can procure no considerable Benefit or Advantage from the Esteem and Approbation of any other Being.

In the first Place no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits. Created Beings see nothing but our Outside; and can therefore only frame a Judgment of us from our external Actions and Behaviour, but how unfit these are to give us a right Notion of each other's Perfections may appear from several Considerations. There are many Virtues, which in their own Nature are incapable of any outward Representation. Many silent Perfections in the Soul of a good Man, which are great Ornaments to human Nature, but not able to discover themselves to the Knowledge of others: they are transacted in private, without Noise or Show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of Hearts. What Actions can express the entire Purity of Thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous Man? That secret Rest and Contentedness of Mind, which gives him a Perfect Enjoyment of his present Condition? That inward Pleasure and Complacency, which he feels in doing Good? That Delight and Satisfaction which he takes in the Prosperity and Happiness of another? These and the like Virtues are the hidden Beauties of a Soul, the secret Graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal Eye; but make the Soul lovely and precious in his Sight, from whom no Secrets are concealed. Again, there are many Virtues which want an Opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in Actions. Every Virtue requires Time and Place, a proper Object and a fit Conjunction of Circumstances, for the due Exercise of it. A State of Poverty obscures all the Virtues of Liberty and Munificence. The Patience and Fortitude of a Martyr or Confessor he concealed in the flourishing Times of Christianity. Some Virtues are only seen in Affliction, and some in Prosperity: some in private, and others in a publick Capacity. But the great Sovereign of the World beholds every Perfection in its Obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our Behaviour in every Concurrence of Affairs, and sees us engaged in all the Possibilities of Action. He discovers the Martyr and Confessor without the

same Actions may represent a Man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the Soul through its outward Actions, often sees it through a deceitful Medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the Object. So that on this Account also, *He* is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, who does not guess at the Sincerity of our Intentions from the Goodness of our Actions, but weighs the Goodness of our Actions by the Sincerity of our Intentions.

But further, it is impossible for outward Actions to represent the Perfections of the Soul, because they can never shew the Strength of those Principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate Expressions of our Virtues, and can only shew us what Habits are in the Soul, without discovering the Degree and Perfection of such Habits. They are at best but weak Resemblances of our Intentions, faint and imperfect Copies that may represent us with the general Design, but can never express the Beauty and Life of the Original. But the great Judge of all the Earth knows every different State and Degree of human Improvement from those weak Stirrings and Tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed themselves into regular Purposes and Designs, to the last entire finishing and Consummation of a good Habit. He beholds the first imperfect Rudiments of a Virtue in the Soul, and keeps a watchful Eye over it in all its Progress, 'till it has received every Grace it is capable of, and appears in its full Beauty and Perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper Merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward Actions, which can never give them a just Estimate of us, since there are many Perfections of a Man which are not capable of appearing in Actions, many which, allowing no natural Incapacity of shewing themselves, wait an Opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an Opportunity of appearing by Actions, yet those Actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong Principles; or though they plainly discovered the Principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the Degree, Strength and Perfection of those Principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, so is he the only fit Rewarder of them. This is a Consideration that comes home to our Interest, as the other adapts it self to our Ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish Man desire more, were he to form the Notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a Knowledge as can discover the least Appearance of Perfection in him, and such a Goodness as will proportion a Reward to it.

before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Presence of the whole Creation that best and most significant of Applauders, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Master's Joy*

No 258] Wednesday, Dec 26, 1711 [Steele

*Diode et Impera*

PLEASURE and Recreation of one Kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our Minds and Bodies from too constant Attention and Labour. Where therefore publick Diversions are tolerated it behoves Persons of Distinction, with their Power and Example, to preside over them in such a Manner as to check any thing that tends to the Corruption of Manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the Entertainment of respectable Creatures. As to the Diversions of this kind in this Town, we owe them to the Arts of Poetry and Music. My own private Opinion, with Relation to such Recreations, I have heretofore given with all the Frankness imaginable, what concerns those Arts at present the Reader shall have from my Correspondents. The first of the Letters with which I requit myself for this Day is written by one who proposes to improve our Entertainments of Dramatick Poetry, and the other comes from three Persons, who as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present State of Music.

MR SPECTATOR,

I am considerably obliged to you for your speedy Publication of my last in yours of the 18th Instant and am in no small Hopes of being settled in the Post of *Comptroller of the Cries*. Of all the Objections I have heard since after in publick Coffee-houses there is but one that seems to carry any Weight with it, viz That such a Post would come too near the Nature of a Monopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all Sorts of People made easy, and being willing to have more Strings than one to my Bow, in case that of *Comptroller* should fail me, I have since formed another Project, which being grounded on the dividing a present Monopoly I hope will give the Publick an Equivalent to their still Content. You know, Sir, it is allowed that the Business of the Stage is, as the Latin has it *In-cunda et Idonea ducere Vitæ*. Now there being but one Dramatick Theatre licensed for the Delight and Profit of this extensive Metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the Convenience of such of its Inhabitants as are too distant from *Covent Garden*, that another Theatre of *Lace* may be erected in some spacious Part of the City and that the Direction thereof may be made a Franchise in Fee to me, and my Heirs for ever. And that the Town may have no Jealousy of my ever coming to an Union with the Set of Actors now in being, I do further propose to constitute for my Deputy my near Kinsman and Adventurer,

*Kit Crewket*, whose long Experience and Improvements in those Affairs need no Recommendation. 'Twas obvious to every Spectator what a quite different Look the Stage was upon during his Government and had he not been bolted out of his Trap-Doors, his Garrison might have held out for ever, he having by long Pains and Perseverance arriv'd at the Art of making his Acting fight without Pay or Provisions. I must confess it, with a melancholy Amaze-ment, I see so wonderful a Genius laid aside, and the rude Slaves of the Stage now become us Masters, Dunces that will be sure to suppress all Theatrical Intertaiments and Activities that they are not able themselves to shine in.

Every Man that goes to a Play is not oblig'd to have either Wit or Understanding, and I must own it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a Way of which they are capable. In short, Sir, I would have something *done* as well as *said* on the Stage. A Man may have no active Body, though he has not a quail Conception for the Imagination therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, unpoetical Wits or mumble Fellows, I would fain ask any of the present Mismanagers, Why should not hope-drancers, Vaulters, Tumblers, Ladder-rollers, and Posture-makers appear again on our Stage? After such a Representation, a Five bar Gate would be leaped with a better Grace next Time any of the Audience went a Hunting. Sir, these things cry loud for Reformation and fall properly under the Province of SPECTATOR General but how indeed should it be otherwise, while Fellows (that for Twenty Years together were never paid but as their Master was in the Humour) now presume to pay others more than ever they had in their Lives, and in Contempt of the Practice of Persons of Condition, have the Insolence to owe no Tradesman a Farthing at the End of the Week. Sir, all I propose is the publick Good, for no one can imagine I shall ever get a private Shilling by it. Therefore I hope you will recommend this Matter in one of your this Week's Papers, and desire when my House opens you will accept the Liberty of it for the trouble you have receiv'd from,

SIR,

I S I have Assurances Your Humble Servant, that the Frank maker will declare for us.

Ralph Crotchet

MR SPECTATOR,

'We whose Names are subscribed,' think you

Christopher Rich, of whom Steele wrote in No 22 of the *Tatler* as Drivots, who 'has a perfect art in being unintelligible in discourse and uncomfortable in business. But he, having no understanding in his polite way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder-drancers, rope-dunces, jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakespear's heroes and Jonson's humours.'

Thomas Crayton (see note on p 32) had set Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* to music at the request of Steele and John Hughes but its performance at his house in York Buildings was a

No 259] *Thursday, December 27, 1711* [Steele

*Quod deest fortatum est, et quod hereditum est deest*—Full

THESE are some Things which cannot come under certain Rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward Civilities and Salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every Man's Common Sense without the Help of an Instructor, but that which we call Common Sense suffers under that Word for it sometimes implies no more than that Faculty which is common to all Men, but sometimes signifies right Reason, and what all Men should consent to. In this latter Acceptation of the Phrase, it is no great Wonder People err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it and there are several who against common Rules and Fashions, dare obey it's dictates. As to Salutations, which I was about to talk of I observe as I wrote that I own there are great Inconveniences committed with regard to this Particular. You shall sometimes see a Man begin the Offer of a Salutation, and observe a forbidding Air, or escaping Eye, in the Person he is going to salute, and stop short in the Pale of his Neck. Thus in the Person who believed he could do it with a good Grace and was refused the Opportunity, is justly repented with a Coldness the whole ensuing Season. Your great Beauties, People in much Favour or by any Means or for any Purpose overset are apt to practise this which one may call the preventing Aspect, and throw their Attention another Way, lest they should confer a Bow or a Curtsy upon a Person who might not appear to deserve that Dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is an escaping their Frowns of this Kind. Of this Sort may be a Man who is in the fifth or sixth Degree of Favour with a Minister; this good Creature is resolved to shew the World, that great Honours cannot at all change his Manners. he is the same civil Person he ever was. he will venture his Neck to bow out of a Coach in full Speed, at once, to shew he is full of Business, and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old Friend. With a Man, who is not so well formed for Courtship and elegant Behaviour, such a Gentleman as this seldom finds his Account in the Return of his Compliments, but he will still go on, for he is in his own Way, and must not omit let the Neglect fall on your Side, or where it will, his Business is still to be well-bred to the End. I think I have read in one of our *English Comedies*, a Description of a Fellow that affected knowing every Body, and for Want of Judgment in Time and Place would bow and smile in the Face of a Judge sitting in the Court, would sit in an opposite Gallery and smile in the Minister's Face as he came up into the Pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some Familiarities between them in another Place. But now I happen to speak of Salutation at Church, I must take notice that several of my Correspondents have importuned me to consider that Subject,

and settle the Point of Decorum in that Particular.

I do not pretend to be the best Courtier in the World, but I have often on publick Occasions thought it a very great Absurdity in the Company (during the Royal Presence) to exchange Salutations from all Parts of the Room, when certainly Common Sense should suggest, that all Regards at that Time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other Object, without Disrespect to the Sovereign. But as to the Complaint of my Correspondents, it is not to be imagined what Offence some of them take at the Custom of Saluting in Places of Worship. I have a very angry Letter from a Lady, who tells me (so) one of her Acquaintance, [who,] out of meer Pride and a Pretence to be polite, takes upon her to return no Civilities, done to her in Time of Divine Service, and is the most religious Woman for no other Reason but to appear a Woman of the best Quality in the Church. This absurd Custom had better be abolished than returned, if it were but to prevent I will of no less, her a Nourer than this is. But I am informed of Object one much more considerable. A Dissenter of Rank and Distinction was lately prevailed upon by a Friend of his to come to one of the greatest Congregations of the Church of *Lugubra* about Town. After the Service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little Ceremony which was used towards God Almighty. but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another. As to this Point he was in a State of Despair, and feared he was not well bred enough to be a Convert. There have been many Scandals of this Kind given to our Protestant Dissenters from the outward Pomp and Respect we take to our selves in our Religious Assemblies. A Quaker who came one Day into a Church, fixed his Eyes upon an old Lady with a Carpet Brier, then that from the Pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An Anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his Family, within few Months, is sensible they want Preceding enough for our Congregations, and has sent his two [eldest] Daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at Church. It is worth considering whether, in regard to well bred People with scrupulous Consciences, a good Christian of the best Air in the World ought not rather to deny herself the Opportunity of shewing so many Graces, than keep a bishful Proselyte without the Pale of the Church.

No 260] *Friday, December 28, 1711* [Steele

*Singula de nobis annis prevedat tur cunctes*—Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

I AM now in the Sixty fifth Year of my Age, and having been the greater Part of my Days a Man of Pleasure, the Decay of my

[elder]

'Faculties is a Stagnation of my Life But how is it, Sir, that my Appetites are increased upon me with the Loss of Power to gratify them? I write this, like a Criminal, to warn People to enter upon what Reformation they may please to make in themselves in their Youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond Opinion some have often in their Months, that if we do not leave our Desires they will leave us. It is far otherwise, I am now as warm in my Dress, and as suppliant if I see a pretty Woman, as when in my Youth I stood upon a Bench in the Pit to survey the whole Circle of Beauties. The Folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with an little Cheek of my Desires, or Resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often merely to entertain my own Thoughts, sit with my Spectacles on, writing Love-Letters to the Beauties that have been long since in their Graves. This is to warm my Heart with the faint Memory of Delights which were once agreeable to me, but how much happier would my Life have been now, if I could have looked back on my worthy Action done for my Country? If I had laid out that which I profused in Luxury and Wantonness, in Acts of Generosity or Charity? I have lived a Bachelor to this Day, and instead of a numerous Offspring, with which, in the regular Ways of Life, I might possibly have delighted my self, I have only to amuse my self with the Reputation of Old Stories and Intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not, but you cannot fall on a better Subject, than that of the Art of growing old. In such a Lecture you must propose, that no one set his Heart upon what is transient; the Beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty Man sinks into a Humourist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all Things around him are in a Flux, and continually changing. Thus he is in the Space of ten or fifteen Years surrounded by a new Set of People, whose Manners are as natural to them as his Delights, Method of Thinking, and Mode of Living, were formerly to him and his Friends. But the Mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of Errors which he himself was guilty of with an Eye of Scorn, and with that sort of Ill-will which Men entertain against each other for different Opinions. Thus a crasse Constitution, and an unsteady Mind is filled with various Passions for young Men doing foolishly what it is folly to do it all. Dear Sir, this is my present State of Mind, I hate those I should laugh at, and envy those I condemn. The Time of Youth and vigorous Manhood passed the Way in which I have disposed of it, is attended with these Consequences but to those who live and pass away Life as they ought all Parts of it are equally pleasant only the Memory of good and worthy Actions is a Rest which must give a quicker Relish to the Soul than ever it could possibly taste in the highest Enjoyments or Jollities of Youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great Chair and begin to ponder the Vigories of a Child are not more ridiculous than the Circumstances which are heaped up in my Memory

'Fine Gowns, Country Dances, Ends of Times, interrupted Conversations, and mid night Quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my Soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some Ladies of my Acquaintance, and my Year, may be persuaded to wear warm Night caps, thus cold Season and that my old friend Jack Lavender may buy him a Cane, and not creep with the Air of a Strut. I must add to all this, that if it were not for one Pleasure, which I thought a very mean one 'till of very late Years, I should have no one great Satisfaction left, but if I live to the 10th of March, 1714, and all my Securities are good, I shall be worth Fifty thousand Pound

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,  
Jack Astorby

Mr SPECTATOR,

'You will infinitely oblige a distressed Lover, if you will insert in your very next Paper, the following Letter to my Mistress. You must know, I am not a Person apt to despair, but she has got an odd Humour of stopping short unaccountably, and, as she herself told a Confident of hers, she has cold Fits. These fits shall last her a Month or six Weeks together and as she falls into them without Provocation, so it is to be hoped she will return from them without the Merit of new Services. But Life and Love will not admit of such Intervals, therefore pray let her be admonished as follows

Madam,

'I Love you, and I honour you therefore pray do not tell me of waiting, till Decencies, till Forms, till Humours are consulted and gratified. If you have that happy Constitution as to be indolent for ten Weeks together, you should consider that all that while I burn in Impatience and Ievers but still you say it will be time enough, tho' I and you too grow older while we are yet talking. Which do you think the more reasonable, that you should alter a State of Indifference for Happiness, and that to oblige me, or I live in Torment, and that to have no Manner of Obligation upon you? While I indulge your Insensibility I am doing nothing if you favour my Passion, you are bestowing bright Desires, gay Hopes, generous Cares, noble Resolutions and transporting Raptures upon,

Madam,

Your most devoted  
humble Servant

Mr SPECTATOR,

'Here's a Gentlewoman lodges in the same House with me that I never did any Injury to in my whole Life and she is always railing at me to those that she knows will tell me of it. Don't you think she is in Love with me? or would you have me break my Mind yet or not?

Your Servant,  
I B

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I am a Footman in a great Family, and am in Love with the House maid. We were all at Hot coekles last Night in the Hall these hot days, when I lay down and was blinded, she pulled off her Shoe, and hit me with the Heel

'such a Ray, as almost broke my Heart to Pieces  
'Pray, Sir, was this Love or Spite? I.

No 261 | Saturday, December 29, 1711 | Addison

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ὑκαταῖον ἀλλοῦ  
[arg. vel Poet.]

MY Father, whom I mentioned in my first Speculation, and whom I must always name with Honour and Gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the Subject of Marriage I was in my younger Years engaged, partly by his Advice, and partly by my own Inclinations in the Courtship of a Person who had a great deal of Beauty, and did not at my first Approaches seem to have any Aversion to me, but as my natural Taciturnity hindered me from showing my self to the best Advantage she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly Fellow, and being resolved to regard Merit more than any Thing else in the Persons who made their Applications to her, she married a Captain of Dragoons who happened to be beating up for Recruits in those Parts.

This unlucky Accident has given me an Aversion to pretty I allow ever since, and discouraged me from trying my Fortune with the Fair Sex The Observations which I made in this Conjunction, and the repeated Advices which I received at that Time from the good old Man above mentioned, have produced the following Essay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleasantest Part of a Man's Life is generally that which passes in Courtship, provided his Passion be sincere, and the Party beloved kind with Discretion Love, Desire, Hope, all the pleasing Motions of the Soul rise in the Pursuit.

It is easier for an artful Man who is not in Love, to persuade his Mistress he has a Passion for her, and to succeed in his Pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest Violence True Love has ten thousand Grievs, Impatience and Resentments, that render a Man unamiable in the Eyes of the Person whose Affection he solicits besides, that it sinks his Figure, gives him Fears, Apprehensions and Poorness of Spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those Marriages generally abound most with Love and Constraint, that are preceded by a long Courtship The Passion should strike Root, and gather Strength before Marriage be gratified on it A long Course of Hopes and Expectations fixes the Idea in our Minds and habituates us to a Fondness of the Person beloved.

There is Nothing of so great Importance to us, as the good Qualities of one to whom we join our selves for Life, they do not only make our present State agreeable, but often determine our Happiness to all Eternity Where the Choice is left to Friends, the chief Point under Consideration is an Estate Where the Parties chuse for themselves, their Thoughts turn most upon the Person They have both their Reasons The first would procure many Conveniences and Pleasures of Life to the

Party whose Interests they espouse and at the same time may hope that the Wealth of their Friend will turn to their own Credit and Advantage The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual Feast A good Person does not only chuse, but continue Love, and breeds a secret Pleasure and Complacency in the beholder, when the first Heats of Desire are extinguished It puts the Wife or Husband in Countenance both among Friends and Strangers, and generally fills the Family with a healthy and beautiful Race of Children.

I should prefer a Woman that is agreeable in my own Eye, and not deformed in that of the World, to a Celebrated Beauty If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent Passion for her, or you have not the proper Taste of her Charms, and if you have such a Passion for her, it is odds but it [would] be smothered with Fears and Jealousies.

Good Nature and Evenness of Temper will give you an easy Companion for Life, Virtue and good Sense, in recreable Friend Love and Constraint, a good Wife or Husband Where we meet one Person with all these Accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them The World, notwithstanding, is more intent on Trains and Enriches, and all the showy Parts of Life we love rather to dazzle the Multitude, than consult our proper Interest[s] and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable Passions of human Nature, that we are at greater Pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make our selves so Of all Disputes, that in Humour makes the most unhappy Marriages, yet scarce enters into our Thoughts at the contriving of them Several that are in this Respect unequally yoked and unequal for Life, with a Person of a particular Character, might have been pleased and happy with a Person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before Marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the Faults of the Person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial However perfect and accomplished the Person appears to you at a Distance, you will find many Weaknesses and Imperfections in her Humour, upon a more intimate Acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected Here therefore Discretion and Good-nature are to shew their Strength the first will hinder your Thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will rise in you all the Tenderness of Compassion and Humanity, and by degrees soften those very Imperfections into Beauties.

Marriage enlarges the Scene of our Happiness and Miseries A Marriage of Love is pleasant a Marriage of Interest easy and a Marriage, where both meet, happy A happy Marriage has in it all the Pleasures of Friendship, all the Enjoyments of Sense and Reason, and indeed all the Sweetness of Life Nothing is a greater Mark of a degenerate and vicious Age, than the common Ridicule [which] passes on this State of Life. It

<sup>1</sup> [will]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with Scorn or Neglect on the Impieties of the Times, and tread the Paths of Life together in a constant uniform Course of Virtue

No 262 ] *Mesdag, December 31, 1711* [See 1

*Aulus emulato Ilium iusta Jervest*—Ovid

I THINK myself highly obliged to the Publick for their kind Acceptance of a Paper which visits them every Morning, and has in it none of those *Seis singes* that recommended so many of the Writings which are in Vogue among us

As, on the one Side, my Paper has not in it a single Word of News, a Reflection in Politics nor a Strake of Party: so on the other, there are no Fashionable Touches of Insideliess, no obscene Ideas, no Satire upon Priesthood, Marriage, and the like popular Topicks of Ridicule: no private Scandal, nor any Thing that may tend to the Defamation of particular Persons, Families, or Societies

There is not one of these above mentioned Subjects that would not sell a very indifferent Paper, could I think of gratifying the Publick by such mean and base Methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every Thing that savour of Party, every Thing that is loose and immoral, and every Thing that might create Uneasiness in the Minds of particular Persons, I find that the Demand of my Papers has increased every Month since their first Appearance in the World. This does not perhaps reflect so much Honour upon my self, as on my Readers, who give a much greater Attention to Discourses of Virtue and Morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could I hope.

When I broke loose from that great Body of Writers who have employed their Wit not so far as in propagating Vice and Irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of Fellow that had a mind to appear singular in my Way of Writing. But the general Reception I have found, convinces me that the World is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine, and that if those Men of Parts who have been employed in vitiating the Age had endeavour'd to rectify and amend it, they need not have sacrificed their good Sense and Virtue to their Fame and Reputation. No Man is so sunk in Vice and Ignorance, but there are still some hidden Seeds of Goodness and Knowledge in him, which give him a Relish of such Reflections and Speculations as have an Aptness<sup>2</sup> to improve the Mind, and make the Heart better.

I have shewn in a former Paper, with how much Care I have avoided all such Thoughts as are loose, obscene or immoral: and I believe my Reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the Pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private Persons. For this Reason when I draw any faulty Character, I

consider all those Persons to whom the Mixture of the World may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular Circumstances as may prevent all such ill directed Applications. If I write any Thing, on a black Man, I run over in my Mind all the eminent Persons in the Nation who are of that Complexion. When I place an ungenerous Man at the Head of a Character, I examine every Syllable and Letter of it, that it may not bear any Resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the Value which every Man sets upon his Reputation, and I how painful it is to be exposed to the Mirth and Derision of the Publick, and should therefore scorn to divert my Reader at the Expense of a private Man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular Person's Reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary Care not to give Offence to those who appear in the higher Figures of Life. I would not make myself merry ever with a Piece of Personality, I am not deal with a Publick Character, for which Reason I have never glanced upon the late den, and Profection of Mr. Hoyness, and his Attendants, nor with anything that might be considered as disrespectful to any particular Person. As to Advantages, which the Publick may reap from this Paper, it is not the least that it draws many Minds off from the Intemperance of Party, and directs them to Subjects of Discourse that are, I am persuaded, both more profitable and more useful. I have been the first Witness of those Gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society, and had then a very good Character. It turned many of the private Persons of that Society to the Disquisition of rational Knowledge, who as they had conversed in Politics with the same Part and Application might have set their Country in a Flame. The same Paper, the Harcourter the Quaker, and the like Inventions were thrown out to these loose Spirits, as they had been sent to a Whale that he might set the Ship on our board. Therefore, while he diverts himself with those innocent Amusements

I have been to very great loss in the Particular of not hurting any Man's Reputation: that I have foreborn mention of every such Author as I could not name without Honour. This I must confess to have been a Piece of very great Self-denial. For as the Publick catches nothing better than the Ridicule which turns upon a Writer of a Party, there is no Man, which a Man that has but a very ordinary Talent in Ridicule may execute with greater Ease. One might raise a hundred for a Quarter of a Year together upon the Works of a Person who has published but a

<sup>1</sup> Fifteen maps in waxwork, prepared for a procession on the 17th of November, Queen Elizabeth's birthday, had been seized under a Secretary of State's warrant. Swift says, in his Journal to Stella, that the devil which was to have waited on the Pope was saved from burning because it was thought to resemble the Lord Treasurer.

<sup>2</sup> The Royal Society was incorporated in 1663 as the Royal Society of London for promoting 'Natural Knowledge'. In the same year there was an abortive insurrection in the North against the infancy of Charles II's government.

<sup>1</sup> [not to]

<sup>2</sup> [Aptness in them]

very few Volumes. For which [Reason] I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this Paper have made so very little of it. The Criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an Intention rather to discover Beauties and Excellencies in the Writers of my own Time, than to publish any of their Faults and Imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great Favour from some of my Understanding Detractors, if they would break all Measures with me so far, as to give me a Pretence for examining their Performances with an impartial Eye. Nor shall I look upon it as any Breach of Charity to criticize the Author, so long, as I keep clear of the Person.

In the mean while, till I am provoked to such Hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do Justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the polite Parts of Learning, and to point out such Beauties in their Works as may have escaped the Observation of others.

As the first Place among our *Literary* Poets is due to *Milton*, and as I have drawn more Quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular Criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every *Saturday* till I have given my Thoughts upon that Poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular Judgment on this Author but only deliver it as my private Opinion. Criticism is of a very large Extent, and every particular Master in this Art has his favourite Passages in an Author, which do not equally strike the best Judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many Beauties or Imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent Writers publish their Discoveries on the same Subject. In short I would always be understood to write my Papers of Criticism in the Spirit which *Hornet* has expressed in those two famous Lines

—*Siquid inusitatus istis,  
Candidus impetis, sis, o, tunc utere recte cum*

‘If you have made any better Remarks of your own, communicate them with Candour, if not, make use of these I present you with’ C.

No 263] Tuesday, January 1, 1712 [Steele

*Gratulor quod cum quem necesse erat diligere,  
qualiscunque esset, Intem habes is ut licenter  
quoque diligamus*—Trebonius apud Tull

MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM the happy Father of a very towerly Son, in whom I do not only see my Life but also my Manner of Life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to Society, if you would frequently resume Subjects which serve to bind these sort of Relations faster, and endear the Ties of Blood with those of Good will, Protection, Observance, Indulgence, and Veneration

<sup>1</sup> [Reasons]

I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon Method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good Play, fit to undertake a Work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret Instincts and Passions of human Nature which would pass unobserved by common Eyes. I think Heaven I have no outrageous Offence to answer my own excellent Parents to answer for but which I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past Life, from my earliest Infancy to this time there are many Faults which I committed if it did not appear to me, even till I myself became a Father. I had not till then a Notion of the Irrangings of Heart, which a Man has when he sees his Child do a Pardonable Thing, or the various Drap which serves him when he sees he will get something more out of it. It is not to be imagined, what a Remembrance to me for a long Train of childish Negligences of my Mother when I saw my Wife the other Day look out of the Window, and turn as pale as Asbes upon seeing my younger Boy sliding upon the Ice. These slight Intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little Crimes which Children take notice of when they are doing, which upon Reflection when they shall themselves become Fathers this, will look upon with the utmost Sorrow and Contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand Things do I remember which would have highly pleased my Father, and I omitted for no other Reason, but that I thought what he proposed the Effect of Humour and old Age, which I am now convinced had Reason and good Sense in it. I cannot now go into the Parlour to him, and make his Heart glad with an Account of a Matter which was of no Consequence but that I told it, and acted in it. The good Man and Woman are long since in their Graves, who used to sit and plot the Welfare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes trudging at the old Mills at another End of the House. The Truth of it is, we were merely to follow Nature in these great Duties of Life, tho we have a strong Instinct towards the performance of them, we should be on both Sides very deficient. Age is so much welcome to the Generosity of Mankind, and Growth towards Manhood so desirable to all, that Resignation to Decree is too difficult a Task in the latter and Diffidence, amidst the Impulse of gay Desires, appears unresolvable to the Son. There are so few who can grow old with a good Grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the World, that a Father, were he to be returned by his Desires, and a Son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when Reason interposes against Instinct where it would carry either out of the Interests of the other, there arises that happiest Interchange of good Offices between those dearest Relations of human Life. The Father, according to the Opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down Blessings on the Son, and the Son endeavouring to appear the worthy Offspring of such a Father. It is after this manner that *Cornelius* and his first-born

'dwell together *Camillus* enjoys a pleasing and indolent old Age, in which Passion is subdued, and Reason exalted. He waits the Day of his Dissolution with a Resignation mixed with Delight, and the Son fears the Accession of his Father's Fortune with Diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his Predecessor. Add to this, that the Father knows he leaves a Friend to the Children of his Friends, an easy Landlord to his Tenants, and an agreeable Companion to his Acquaintance. He believes his Son's Behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This Commerce is so well cemented, that without the Pomp of saying, *Son, be a Friend to such a one when I am gone* *Camillus* knows, being in his Favour, is Direction enough to the grateful Youth who is to succeed him, without the Admonition of his mentioning it. These Gentlemen are honoured in all their Neighbourhood, and the same Effect which the Court has on the Manner of a Kingdom, their Characters have on all who live within the Influence of them.

'My Son and I are not of Fortune to communicate our good Actions or Intentions to so many as these Gentlemen do. But I will be bold to say, my Son has, by the Applause and Approbation which his Behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old Man, besides my self, has rejoiced. Other Men's Children follow the Example of mine, and I have the inexpressible Happiness of overhearing our Neighbours, as we ride by, point to their Children, and say, with a Voice of Joy, There they go.

'You cannot, *MR SPECTATOR*, pass your time better than insinuating the Delights which these Relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary Passions are no longer such, but mutual Love gives an Importance to the most indifferent things, and a Merit to Actions the most insignificant. When we look round the World, and observe the many Misunderstandings which are created by the Malice and Insinuation of the meanest Servants between People thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated that Men would be upon their Guard to support a Constancy of Affection, and that grounded upon the Principles of Reason, not the Impulses of Instinct.

'It is from the common Prejudices which Men receive from their Parents, that Hatreds are kept alive from one Generation to another. And when Men act by Instinct, Hatreds will descend when good Offices are forgotten. For the Degeneracy of human Life is such, that our Anger is more easily transferred to our Children than our Love. Love always gives something to the Object it delights in, and Anger spoils the Person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him. From this Degeneracy therefore, and a sort of Self-Love, we are more prone to take up the Ill-will of our Parents, than to follow them in their Friendships.

'One would think there should need no more to make Men keep up this sort of Relation with the utmost Sanctity, than to examine their own Hearts. If every Father remembered his own Thoughts and Inclinations when he was a Son,

'and every Son remembered what he expected from his Father, when he himself was in a State of Dependence, that one Reflection would preserve Men from being dissolute or rigid in these several Capricies. The Power and Subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically Tyrants and Rebels against each other, with greater Cruelty of Heart, than the Disruption of States and Empires can possibly produce. I shall end this Application to you with two Letters which passed between a Mother and Son very lately, and are as follows.

Dear FRANK,

'If the Pleasures, which I have the Grief to hear you pursue in Town, do not take up all your Time, do not deny your Mother so much of it, as to read seriously this Letter. You said before *Mr Letacré*, that an old Woman might live very well in the Country upon half my Jointure, and that your Father was a fond Fool to give me a Rent Charge of Eight hundred a Year to the Prejudice of his Son. What *Letacré* said to you upon that Occasion, you ought to have born with more Decency, as he was your Father's well beloved Servant, than to have called him *Country Ant*. In the first place, *Frank*, I must tell you, I will have my Rent duly paid, for I will make up to your Sisters for the Partiality I was guilty of, in making your Father do so much as he has done for you. In any, it seems, live upon half my Jointure. I lived upon much less, *Frank*, when I carried you from Place to Place in these Arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mud any thing for feeding and tending you a weakly Child, and shedding Tears when the Convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my Care you outgrew them, to throw away the Vigour of your Youth in the Arms of Harlots, and deny your Mother what is not yours to detain. Both your Sisters are crying to see the Passion which I smother but if you please to go on thus like a Gentleman of the Town, and forget all Regards to your self and Family, I shall immediately enter upon your Estate for the Arrear due to me, and without one Tear more condemn you for forgetting the Fondness of your Mother, as much as you live the Example of your Father.

O *Frank*, do I live to omit writing my self,

Your Affectionate Mother,

A. T

MADAM,

'I will come down to-morrow and pay the Money on your Knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall, for I will be for ever hereafter,

Your most dutiful Son,

F. 1

'I will bring down new Heads for my Sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.

T



No 264 ] Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1712 [ Steele

— Secret is that it falls 'tis Sent its 'tis —  
Hot

I have been from Age to Age in Affection to love the Pleasure of Solitude, amongst those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing Time in that Manner. This People have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on this Subject, for which we are beholden to excellent Persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the Pleasures that enchain the Generality of the World. This Way of Life is recommended indeed with great Beauty, and in such a Manner as disposes the Reader for the time to a pleasing Forgetfulness, or Negligence of the particular Hurry of Life in which he is engaged, together with a Longing for that State which he is charmed with in Description. But when we consider the World itself, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophical Solitude, we shall be apt to change our Regard to that sort of Solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying Time after the Way a Man himself lives best in the World, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a Man breathing who does not differ from all other Men, as much in the Sentiments of his Mind as the Features of his Face. The Fidelity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper Bent of his Genius, and turn all his Endeavours to exert himself according to that prompt him. Instead of this, which is an innocent Method of enjoying a Man's self, and turning out of the general Tricks wherein you have Crowds of Rivals, there are those who pursue their own Way out of a Sourness and Spirit of Contradiction. These Men do every thing which they are able to support, as if Guilt and Impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it and affect forsooth an inviolable Constancy in Matters of no manner of Moment. Thus sometimes an old Fellow shall wear this or that sort of Cut in his Cloaths with great Integrity, while all the rest of the World are degenerated into Buttons, Pockets and Loops up now to their Ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it were searched to the Bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the Fashion in his Heart, and holds out from mere Obstinacy. But I am running from my intended Purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular Manner of pressing away Life, and is a Contradiction to no Man, but a Resolution to contract none of the exorbitant Desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a Man's self from the World is to give up the Desire of being known to it. After a Man has preserved his Innocence, and performed all Duties incumbent upon him, his Time spent his own Way is what makes his Life differ from that of a Slave. If they who affect Show and Pomp knew how many of their Spectators denied their trivial Taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an Inclination to

examine the Merit of all they have to do with. They would soon find out that there are many who make a Figure below what their Fortune or Merit entitles them to out of mere Chauce, and an elegant Desire of Ease and Disincombrance. It is odd I look like Romance to tell you in this Age of an old Man who is contented to pass for an Humourist, and one who does not understand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of Ten Shillings a Week with only one Servant. While he dresses himself according to the Season in Cloth or in Stuff, and has no unnecessary Attention to any thing, but the Tell which calls to Prayers twice a Day. I say it would look like a little to report that this Gentleman gives away all which is the Overplus of a great Fortune, by secret Methods to other Men. If he has not the Pomp of a numerous Train, and of Prose vots of Service to him, he has every Day he lives the Conviction that the Widow, the Fatherless, the Mourner, and the Stranger bless his unseen Hand in their Prayers. This Humourist gives up all the Compliments which People of his own Condition could make to him, for the Pleasures of helping the Afflicted, supplying the Needy, and befriending the Neglected. This Humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a just Refuse of his Superfluities to purchase Heaven, and by freeing others from the Temptations of Worldly Want, to carry a Retinue with him thither.

Of all Men who affect living in a particular Way, next to this admirable Character, I am the most enamoured of *Irish*, whose Condition will not admit of such Largeness, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were *Irish*, tho' he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the World, in his real Character since five and twenty, at which Age he ran out a small Purmony, and spent some Time after with Rakes who had lived upon him. A Course of ten Years time, passed in all the little Alleys, By-Paths and sometimes open Taverns and Streets of this Town, gave *Irish* a perfect Skill in judging of the Inclinations of Mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the great Horror which most Men have of all who are in that Condition. *Irish* judged very rightly, that while he could keep his Poverty a Secret he should not feel the Weight of it. He improved this Thought into an Affection of Closeness and Covetousness. Upon this one Principle he resolved to govern his future Life, and in the thirty-sixth Year of his Age he repaired to Long-lair, and looked upon several Dresses which hung there deserted by their first Masters, and exposed to the Purchase of the best bidder. At this Place he exchanged his gay Shabbiness of Cloaths fit for a much younger Man, to worn ones that would be decent for a much older one. *Irish* came out thoroughly equipped from Head to Foot, with a little oaken Cane in the Form of a substantial Man that did not mind his Dress, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty Pounds in ready Money, and in this Habit, with this Fortune, he took his present Lodging in St. John Street, at the Mansion-House of a Taylor's Widow, who washes and can clear-starch his Bands. From that Time to

this, he has kept the main Stock, without Alteration under or over to the value of five Pounds. He left off all his old Acquaintance to a Man, and all his Arts of Life, except the Play of Backgammon, upon which he has more than bore his Charges. *Iris* has, ever since he came into this Neighbourhood, given all the Intimations, he skillfully could, of being a close Hunk worth Money. No body comes to visit him, he receives no Letters, and tells his Money Morning and Evening. He has, from the publick Papers, a Knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all Discourses of Money, but shrugs his Shoulder when you talk of Securities. He denies his being rich with the Air, which all do who are vain of being so. He is the Oracle of a Neighbouring Justice of Peace, who meets him at the Coffee-house, the Hopes that what he must come to Somebody, and that he has no Heirs, have that Effect where ever he is known, that he every Day has three or four Invitations to dine at different Places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner, as not to seem inclined to the richer Man. All the young Men respect him, and say he is just the same Man he was when they were Boys. He uses no Artifice in the World, but makes use of Men's Designs upon him to get a Maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain Pccvishness, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the Head of a poor Fellow. His Mein, his Dress, his Carriage, and his Language are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the Active Part of his Life he had been a sensible Citizen, or Scholar that knew the World. These are the great Circumstances in the Life of *Iris*, and thus does he pass away his Days a Stranger to Mankind and at his Death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every Man who had Expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an Inclination to print the following Letters for that I have heard the Author of them has some where or other seen me, and by an excellent Faculty in Mimickry my Correspondents tell me he can assume my Air, and give my Turns with a Slyness which diverts more than any thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my Silence is atoned for to the good Company in Town. He has carried his Skill in Imitation so far, as to have forged a Letter from my Friend Sir Roger in such a manner, that any one but I who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

MR SPECTATOR,

'Having observed in *Lilly's Grammar* how sweetly *Bacchus* is and *Apollo* run in a Verse I have (to preserve the Amity between them) call'd in *Bacchus* to the Aid of my Profession of the Theatre. So that while some People of Quality are besperring Plays of me to be acted upon such a Day, and others, Hogsheds for their Houses against such a Time, I am wholly employ'd in the agreeable Service of Wit and Wine. Sir, I have sent you Sir *Roger de Coverley's* Letter to me, which pry come comply with in Favour of the *Bumper Tavern*. Be kind, for

'you know a Player's utmost Pride is the Approbation of the SPECTATOR

*I am your Admirer, tho unknown,*  
Richard Estcourt

To Mr Estcourt at his House in Covent Garden  
Coverley, December the 18th 1711

Old Comical Ones,

'The Hogsheds of Neat Port came first, and have gotten these good Reputation in these Parts, and I am glad to hear, that a Fellow who has been laying out his Money ever since he was born, for the meer Pleasure of Wine, has thought himself of joining Profit and Pleasure together. Our Sexton (poor Man) having received Strength from thy Wine since his fit of the Gout, is hugely taken with it. He says it is given by Nature for the Use of Families, that no

Richard Estcourt, born at Tewkesbury in 1688, and educated in the Latin school there, stole from home at the age of 15 to join a travelling company of comedians at Worcester, and, to avoid detection made his first appearance in woman clothes as Roxana in *Alexander the Great*. He was discovered, however, pursued, brought home, carried to London, and bound apprentice to an apothecary in Hatton Garden. He escaped again, wandered about England, went to Ireland, and there obtained credit as an actor then returned to London, and appeared at Drury Lane, where his skill as a mimic enabled him to perform each part in the manner of the actor who had obtained chief credit by it. His power of mimicry made him very diverting in society, and as he had natural politeness with a sprightly wit, his company was sought and paid for at the entertainments of the great 'Dick Estcourt' was a great favourite with the Duke of Marlborough, and when men of wit and rank joined in establishing the Beefsteak Club they made Estcourt their *Providence*, with a small gold girdler, for badge, hung round his neck by a green ribbon. Estcourt was a writer for the stage as well as actor, and had shown his agreement with the *Spectator's* dramatic criticisms by ridiculing the Italian opera with an interlude called *Prunella*. In the Numbers of the *Spectator* for December 28 and 29 Estcourt had advertised that he would on the 1st of January open 'the Bumper Tavern in James's Street, Westminster, and had had in 'neat natural wines, fresh and in 'perfection, being bought by Broole and Hellier, by whom the said Tavern will from time to time be supplied with the best growths that shall be imported to be sold by wholesale as well as retail, with the utmost fidelity by his old servant, trusty Anthony, who has so often adorned both the theatres in England and Ireland, and as he is a person altogether unknowing in the wine trade, it cannot be doubted but that he will deliver the wine in the same natural purity that he receives it from the said merchants and on these assurances he hopes that all his friends and acquaintance will become his customers, desiring a continuance of their favours no longer than they shall find themselves well served.' This is the venture which Steele here backs for his friend with the influence of the *Spectator*.

'Steward's Table can be without it, that it strengthens Digestion, excludes Surfeits, Fevers, and Phlegm, which green Wines of any kind can't do. Pray get a pure young Roan and I hope next Term to help fill your Bumper with our People of the Club: but you must have no Bulls stirring when the Spectator comes I for bore ringing to Du her while he was down with me in the Conner. Thank you for the little Hams and "miserable Orisons" pray keep some always by you. You know my Supper's only good *Cherrie* or Cheese, best Mustard, a golden Pippin attended with a Pipe of *Finch's* Best *Sir Henry* has stolen all your songs, and tells the Story of the gill of *Yemen* to Perfection.  
*Let us to serc you,*  
 Ro, or ed the Coverley.  
 'We've lost old *Felix* since you were here I

No 265 | Tl irada, January 3, 1712 [Addisor

*Dixer'e null'e est aliquid, quia unus in angulis  
 Pity est et munda to aus o' le lupu'—Ovid*

ONE of the Fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a Woman to be *ἑμὸν φιλόλοσμον*, or *Animal that delights in Finery*. I have already treated of the Sex in two or three Papers, conformably to this Definition, and have in part observed that in all Ages they have been more careful than the Men to adorn that Part of the Head, which we generally call the Ornament.

This Observation is so very obvious that when in ordinary Discourse we say a Man has a fine Head, a long Head, or a good Head we express ourselves metaphorically and speak in relation to his Understanding whereas when we say of a Woman, she has a fine, a long or a good Head, we speak only in relation to her Commode.

It is observed among Birds, that Nature has finished all her Ornaments upon the Male, who very often appears in a most beautiful Head-dress. Whether it be a Crest, a Comb, a Tuft of Feathers, or a natural little Plume, erected like a kind of Pinnacle on the very Top of the Head [As Nature on the contrary] has poured out her Charms in the greatest Abundance upon the Female Part of our Species, so they are very ridiculous in bestowing upon themselves the finest Ornamentures of Art. The Peacock in all his Pride does not display half the Colours that appear in the Garments of a British Lady, when she is dressed either for a Ball or a Birth-day.

But to return to our Female Herd: The Ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting Season, with regard to that Part of their Dress, having cast great Quantities of Ribbon, Lace, and Cambric, and in some measure reduced that Part of the human Figure to the beautiful globular Form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of

Ornament would be substituted in the Place of those antiquated Commodities. But our Female Projectors were all the last Summer so taken up with the Improvement of the *Patience* that they had not time to attend to any thing else, but having at length sufficiently adorned the lower Parts, they now begin to turn their Thoughts upon the other Extremity, as well as neighbouring the old Kitchen Proverb that if you light your Fire at both Ends, the middle will shift for it self.

I am engaged in this Speculation by a Sight which I lately met with at the Opera. As I was standing in the hinder Part of the Box, I took notice of a little Cluster of Women sitting together in the prettiest coloured Hoods that I ever saw. One of them was Blue another Yellow and another Philomelot the fourth was of a Pink Colour, and the fifth of a pale Green. I looked with as much Pleasure upon this little party coloured Assembly as upon a Bed of Tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an Embassy of *Isidra* Queen but upon my going about into the Pit, and taking them in Front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much Beauty in every Face, that I found them all to be English. Such Eyes and Lips, Cheeks and Foreheads, could be the Growth of no other Country. The Completion of their Faces hindered me from observing any further the Colour of their Hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable Satisfaction which appeared in their Looks, that their own Thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty Ornaments they wore upon their Heads.

I am informed that this Fashion spreads daily, in-much that the Whig and Tory Ladies begin already to hang out different Colours, and to show their Principles in their Head dress. Nay if I may believe my Friend WILL. HERRICOM, there is a certain old Coquet of his Acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a Rainbow Hood, like the *Jas* in *Dryden's Virgil*, not questioning but that among such a variety of Colours she shall have a Charm for every Heart.

My Friend WILL, who very much values himself upon his great Lusts, his into Gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the Humour a Lady is in by her Hood, as the Counters of *Morocco* know the Disposition of their present Emperor by the Colour of the Dress which he puts on. When *Alester da* wraps her Head in Prime Colour, her Heart is set upon Execution. When she covers it with Purple, I would not, says he, advise her Lover to approach her, but if she appears in White, it is Peace, and he may hand her out of her Box with Safety.

WILL informs me likewise, that these Hoods may be used as Signals. Why else, says he, does *Cornelia* always put on a Black Hood when her Husband is gone into the Country?

Such are my Friend HERRICOM's Dreams of Gallantry. For my own part, I impute this Diversity of Colours in the Hoods to the Diversity of Complexion in the Faces of my pretty Country Women. Ovid in his Art of Love has given

<sup>1</sup> [On the contrary as Nature]

<sup>2</sup> Female mort, the russet yellow of dead leaves

some Precepts as to this Particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the Moderns. He recommends a Red striped Silk to the pale Complexion, White to the Brown, and Dark to the Fair. On the contrary my Friend WILL, who pretends to be a greater Master in this Art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the palest Features look the most agreeable in white Surset, that a Face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest Scarlet, and that the darkest Complexion is not a little alleviated by a Black Hood. In short, he is for losing the Colour of the Face in that of the Hood, as a Fire burns dimly, and a Candle goes half out, in the Light of the Sun. This, says he, your *Ovid* himself has hinted, where he treats of these Matters, when he tells us that the blue Water Nymphs are dressed in Sky coloured Garments, and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the Light of the Rising Sun, is robed in Saffron.

Whether these his Observations are justly grounded I cannot tell, but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the Ladies, praise or dispraise the Complexion of a Face which he never saw, from observing the Colour of her Hood, and has been very seldom out in these his Guesses.

As I have Nothing more at Heart than the Honour and Improvement of the Fair Sex,<sup>\*</sup> I cannot conclude this Paper without an Exhortation to the *British* Ladies, that they would excel the Women of all other Nations as much in Virtue and good Sense, as they do in Beauty, which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their Minds, as they are to adorn their Bodies. In the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious Consideration the Saying of an old *Greek* Poet,

Γυναικί λογισμός ὁ τρόπος, καὶ οὐ χρυσία [C.]

No 266] Friday, January 4, 1712 [Steele

*Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarum,  
Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulis  
Meretricium ingenia et mores possit noscere  
Mature ut cum cognovit perpetuo oderit*

Ter Eun Act 5, Sc 4

NO Vice or Wickedness which People fall into from Indulgence to Desires<sup>[s]</sup> which are natural to all, ought to place them below the Compassion of the virtuous Part of the World, which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the Sincerity of their Virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other Peoples personal Sins. The unlawful Commerce of the Sexes is of all other the hardest to avoid, and yet there is no

<sup>\*</sup> 'I will not meddle with the Spectator. Let him fair-sex it to the world's end' Swift's Journal to Stella

<sup>a</sup> [1] corrected by an erratum in No 268

one which you shall hear the rigidest Part of Womankind speak of with so little Mercy. It is very certain that a modest Woman cannot abhor the Breach of Chastity too much, but pry let her hate it for her self, and only pity it in others. WILL HONEYCOMB calls these over offended Ladies, the Outragiously Virtuous.

I do not design to fill upon Failures in general, with relation to the Gift of Chastity, but at present only enter upon that large Field, and begin with the Consideration of poor and publick Whores. The other Evening passing along near *Court Garden*, I was jogged on the Elbow as I turned into the *Piazza*, on the right Hand coming out of *James street*, by a slim young Girl of about Seventeen, who with a pert Air asked me if I was for a Pint of Wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my Curiosity in having some Chat with her, but that I am informed the Man of the *Bumper* knows me, and it would have made a Story for him not very agreeable to some Part of my Writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any Scene I am in, but merely as a Spectator. This Impediment being in my Way, we stood [under] one of the Arches by Twilight, and there I could observe as exact Features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable Shape, the finest Neck and Bosom, in a Word, the whole Person of a Woman exquisitely Beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced Wantonness in her Look and Air, but I saw it checked with Hunger and Cold. Her Eyes were wan and eager, her Dress thin and tawdry, her Mien genteel and childish. This strange Figure gave me much Anguish of Heart, and to avoid being seen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a Crown. The poor thing sighed, curtsied, and with a Blessing, expressed with the utmost Vehemence, turned from me. This Creature is what they call *newly come upon the Town*, but who, I suppose, falling into cruel Hands was left in the first Month from her Dishonour, and exposed to pass through the Hands and Discipline of one of those Hags of Hell whom we call Bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this Subject, and be my self outrageously good, I shall turn to a Scene in one of *Fletcher's* Plays, where this Character is drawn, and the Oeconomy of Whoredom most admirably described. The Passage I would point to is in the third Scene of the second Act of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. *Leucippe* who is Agent for the King's Lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole Court, is very pleasantly introduced, rendering her Minutes as a Person of Business, with two Maids, her Under-Secretaries, taking Instructions at a Table before her. Her Women, both those under her present Tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her Book, and as she is looking over the Letter C, in a muttering Voice, as if between Soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

*Her Maidenhead will yield me, let me see now,  
She is not Fifteen they say For her Complexion*

<sup>2</sup> [under in]

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here I late her,  
Cloe, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman,  
Her Age upon Fifteen No her Complement,  
A low ch brown, here's t, Eyes black and roll-  
ing,  
The Body neatly built, she strikes a Lyte well  
Sings most to the eye These Hells consider'd,  
Her Maidenhood will amount to some three  
hundred,  
Or three hundred and fifty Crows, 'till I ear  
it I and some  
Her Fuller's foot, and a little Share deducted,  
To buy her a Hunting Nag.

These Creatures are very well instructed in the  
Circumstances and Manners of all who are now  
Way related to the Fair One whom they have a  
Design upon. As Cloe is to be purchased with  
[350] Crowns, and the Father taken off with a  
Pard the Merchant's Wife next to her, who  
abounds in Plenty, is not to have downright  
Money, but the mercenary Part of her Mind is  
engaged with a Present of Plate and a little An-  
nuation. She is made to understand that it is a  
Man of Quality who dies for her. The I ruma-  
tion of a young Girl for Business and the cur-  
down her Value for being a slight thing, together  
with every other Circumstance in the Scene are  
imitably excellent, and have the true Spirit of  
Comedy, tho' I were to be wished the Author  
had added a Circumstance which should make  
Le tiff's Baseness more odious.

It must not be thought a Digression from my  
intended Speculation, to talk of Bravos in a Dis-  
course upon Witches for a Woman of the Town  
is not thoroughly and properly such, without hav-  
ing gone through the Education of one of these  
Houses. But the comprehensive Case of very  
many is, that they are taken into such Houses  
without any the least Suspicion, previous Tempta-  
tion, or Admonition to what Place they are going.  
The last Week I went to an Inn in the City to  
enquire for some Provisions which were sent by a  
Wagon out of the Country. And as I waited in  
one of the Boxes till the Chamberlain had looked  
over his Paper, I heard an old and a young Voice  
repeating the Questions and Responses of the  
Church-Catechism. I thought it no breach of  
good Manner, to peep it a Service, and look in it  
People so well employed, but who should I see  
there but the most useful Procreants in the Town  
examining a most beautiful Country-Girl, who had  
come up in the same Wagon with my Huys.  
Whether she was well educated, could she ar-  
ranging the Wagon with Servants and idle Fel-  
lows, of which this Town says she is too full.  
At the same time, Whether she knew enough of  
Breeding, as that of a Squire or a Gentleman, or  
one that was her betters, should give her a civil  
Salute, she should curtsy and be humble, never  
theless. Her innocent sorrows, yes, and  
Please you's, and she would do her Endeavour,  
moved the good old Lady to take her out of the  
Hands of a Country Bumpkin her Brother, and hire  
her for her own Maid. I stood till I saw them all  
marched out to take Coach, the Brother loaded

2 [fifty]

with a great Cheese, he prevailed upon her to take  
for her Civilities to [his] Sister. This poor Cre-  
ature's Fate is not far off that of her's whom I  
spoke of above, and it is not to be doubted but  
after she has been long enough a Price to Lust  
she will be delivered over to I imagine the Imperial  
Commendation of the Industry and Charity of  
these antiquated Ladies, these Directors of Sin,  
after they can no longer command it, makes up the  
Merit of the mirrourable Dedication to the Plain-  
Dealer, and is a Master piece of Rascality on this  
Vice. But to understand all the Particulars of this  
Game the better, and to illustrate this Subject in  
future Discourses, I must venture my self, with  
my Friend Wit, into the Harms of Beauty and  
Gallantry, from purposed Vice in the Habitu-  
ations of the Wealthy, in distressed indigent  
Wickedness expelled the Harbours of the Bro-  
thel.

T

No 267] Saturday, January 5, 1712 [Addison

Cedit homini Scriptores, cedit Gram-  
Propriet

THAT is nothing in Nature more in some  
than General Discourses, especially when they

[ These]

[so whom as]

Weyerley's Plain Dealer having given of-  
fence to many Ladies was inscribed in a satirical  
little dour dedication 'To My Lady B'.

[One piece to him, Writers of Rome and  
Greece.] This application to Milton of a line from  
the first elegy (25th) in the second book of Pro-  
perius is not only an example of Addison's fi-  
nity in choice of motto for a paper, but was so  
bold and well timed that it must have given a  
whole new shock to the minds of many of the  
spectator's readers. Addison was not before  
Steele in appreciation of Milton and diffusion of  
a true sense of his genius. Milton was the sub-  
ject of the first piece of poetical criticism in the  
Tatler, where in his sixth number Steele, having  
said that 'all Milton's thoughts are wonderfully  
'just and natural,' dwelt on the passage in which  
Adam tells his thoughts upon first falling asleep,  
soon after his creation. This passage he contrasts  
with 'the same apprehension of Annihilation'  
scribed to I've in a much lower sense by Virgil  
in his operative version of Paradise Lost. In  
Tatlers and Spectators Steele and Addison had been  
equal contributors to the diffusion of a sense of  
Milton's genius. In Addison it had been stro-  
ven when, at Oxford, in April, 1694, a young  
man in truned in the taste of the day, he omitted  
Shakespeare from a rhymed 'Account of the ely-  
'English Poets,' but of Milton said

'Whatever his pen describes I more than see  
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,  
Told and sublime, my whole attention draws  
And seems above the critics nicer laws'

Eleven years older than he was when he wrote  
this, Addison now prepares by a series of Saturday  
Lectures, — the Saturday Paper which reached many

turn chiefly upon Words For this Reason I shall wave the Discussion of that Point which was

subscribers only in time for Sunday reading, being always set apart in the *Spectator* for moral or religious topics,—to show that, judged also by Aristotle and the 'critics' nice laws, Milton was even technically a greater epic poet than either Homer or Virgil. This nobody had conceded Dryden, the best critic of the outgoing generation, had said in the Dedication of the Translations of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, published in 1692, 'As for Mr Milton, whom we all admire with so much Justice, his Subject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly so call'd His Design is the Losing of our Happiness his Event is not prosperous, like that of all other *Epicque* Works' (Dryden's French spelling of the word Epic is suggestive. For this new critical Mode was one of the fashions that had been imported from Paris), 'His Heavenly Machines are many, and his Human Persons are but two But I will not take Mr Rymers work out of his Hands He has promised the World a Critique on that Author wherein, tho' he will not allow his Poem for Heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his Thoughts are elevated, his Words sounding, and that no Man has so happily copy'd the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms and the Latin Elegancies of Virgil 'Tis true he runs into a Flat of Thought, sometimes for a Hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a Track of Scripture Neither will I justify Milton for his Blank Verse, tho' I may excuse him, by the Example of *Hanibal Carr* and other *Italians* who have used it For whatever Cause he alleges for the abolishing of Rhime (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular Reason is plainly this, that Rhime was not his Talent he had neither the Ease of doing it, nor the Graces of it.' So Dryden, who appreciated Milton better than most of his critical neighbours, wrote of him in 1692 The promise of Rymers to discuss Milton was made in 1678, when, on the last page of his little book, *The Tragedies of the Last Ages considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients and by the Common Sense of all Ages, in a letter to Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq* (father of two ladies who contribute in occasional letter to the *Spectator*), he said 'With the remaining Tragedies I shall also send you some reflections on that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a Poem, and assert Rhime against the slender Sophistry wherewith he attacks it' But two years after the appearance of Dryden's *Juvenal* and *Persius* Rymers prefixed to his translation of René Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotles Poetics* some Reflections of his own on Epic Poets. Herein he speaks under the hard Epic Poets of Chaucer, 'in whose time language was not capable of heroic character' of Spenser, who 'wanted a true Idea, and lost himself by following an unfaithful guide,' besides using a 'stanza which is in no wise proper for our language,' of Sir William Davenant, who, in *Gondibert*, 'has some strokes of an extraordinary judgment,' but 'is for unbeaten tracks and new ways

started some Years since, whether *Milton's Paradise Lost* may be called an Heroic Poem? Those

of thinking, 'his heroes are foreigners,' of Cowley, in whose *Davidides* 'David is the least part of the Poem,' and there is want of the 'one illustrious and perfect action which properly is the subject of an Epic Poem all failing through ignorance or negligence of the Fundamental Rules or Laws of Aristotle But he contemptuously passes over Milton without mention' René Rapin, that great French orick of whom Dryden said, in the Preface to his own conversion of *Paradise Lost* into an opera, that he was 'alone sufficient, were all other critics lost, to teach anew the Art of Writing,' René Rapin in the work translated and introduced by Rymers, worshipped in Aristotle the one God of all orthodox critics Of his Laws he said, 'There is no arriving at Perfection but by these Rules, and they certainly go astray that take a different course And if a Poem made by these Rules fails of success, the fault lies not in the Art, but in the Artist, all who have writ of this Art, have followed no other Idea but that of Aristotle' Again as to Style, 'to say the truth, what is good in this subject is all taken from Aristotle, who is the only source whence good sense is to be drawn, when one goes about to write' This was the critical temper Addison resolved to meet on its own ground and do battle with for the honour of that greatest of all Epic Poets to whom he fearlessly said that all the Greeks and Latins must give place In so doing he might suggest here and there cautiously, and without bringing upon himself the discredit of much heresy,—indeed, without being much of a heretic,—that even the Divine Aristotle sometimes fell short of perfection The conventional critics who believed they kept the gates of Fame would neither understand nor credit him Nine years after these papers appeared, Charles Gildon, who passed for a critic of considerable mark, edited with copious annotation as '*the Larus of Poetry*' (1721), the Duke of Buckingham's 'Essay on Poetry,' Roscommon's 'Essay on Translated Verse,' and Lord Lansdowne 'on Unnatural Flights in Poetry,' and in the course of comment Gildon said that 'Mr Addison in the *Spectator*, in his criticisms upon Milton, seems to have mistaken the matter, in endeavouring to bring that poem to the rules of the epopœia, which cannot be done It is not an Heroic Poem, but a Divine one, and indeed of a new species It is plain that the proposition of all the heroic poems of the ancients mentions some one person as the subject of their poem But Milton begins his poem of things, and not of men' The Gildons are all gone and when, in the next generation after theirs, national life began, in many parts of Europe, strongly to assert itself in literature against the pedantry of the French critical lawgivers, in Germany Milton's name was inscribed on the foremost standard of the men who represented the new spirit of the age Gottsched, who drew French critical law from Leipzig, by passing sentence against Milton in his 'Art of Poetry' in 1737, raised in Bodmer an opponent who led the revolt

who will not give it that Title may call it (if they please) a *Disin. Poem*. It will be sufficient to its Perfection, if it has in it all the Beauties of the highest kind of Poetry: and as for those who failed, <sup>1</sup> it is not an Heroic Poem, they need not care no more to the Diminution of it, than if they should say *Adam* is not *Eve's*, nor *Eve Helen*.

I shall therefore examine it by the Rules of Epic Poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the Beauties which are essential to that kind of Writing. The first thing to be considered in an Epic Poem, is the *Subject*, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the Action which it relates is more or less so. This Action should have three Qualifications in it. First, It should be but One Action. Secondly, It should be an entire Action. And, Thirdly, It should be a great Action. To consider the Action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, with these three several Lights. *Homer* to preserve the Unity of his Action hastens into the Midst of Things, as *Horace* has observed. <sup>2</sup> Had he gone

of all that was more vigorous in German than light, and put it in end to French supremacy. Bodmer, in a book published in 1740 *Pem II unter 1740 in der Poetie*, praised and exalted Milton, and brought Addison to his aid by appealing to his own work a translation of these Milton papers out of the *Spectator*. Gottsched replied. Bodmer retorted. Bodmer translated *Paradise Lost* and what was called the English or Milton party (but was, in that form, really a German national party) were at last left masters of the field. It was in his that these papers of Addison should be brought in as aids during the contest. Careful as he was to conciliate opposing prejudices, he was yet first in the field, and this is owing to the first of his series of Milton papers, 'I yield place to him, Writers of Greece and Rome, is the first trumpet note of the one herald on a field from which only a quick ear can yet distinguish among, air of all that is near, the distant tramp of a retreating host' [say].

<sup>3</sup> Aristotle, *Poetics*, III § 1. after a full discussion of Tragedy, begins by saying, 'with respect to that species of Poetry which unites by *Narration* it is obvious, that the Poet ought to be dramatically constructed like that of Tragedy, and that it should have for its Subject one entire and perfect action, having a beginning, a middle, and an end, forming a complete whole, like an animal, and therein differing,' Aristotle says, from History, which treats not of one Action, but of one Time, and of all the events, casually connected, which happened to one person or to many during that time.

<sup>4</sup> *Poetics*, I § 9. 'Epic Poetry agrees so far with Tragedy as it is an imitation of great characters and actions.' Aristotle (from whose opinion, in this matter alone, his worshippers departed, right though he was) ranked a perfect tragedy above a perfect epic for, he said, 'all the parts of the Epic poem are to be found in Tragedy, not all those of Tragedy in the Epic poem.'

<sup>5</sup> Nec reditum Diomedis nobis interitum Meleagri, Nec gemino bellum Trojannm orditur ab ovo,

up to *Leda's Egg*, or begun much later, even at the Rape of *Helen*, or the Investing of *Troy*, it is manifest that the Story of the Poem would have been a Series of several Actions. He therefore opens his Poem with the Discord of his Princes and suitably interweaves, in the several succeeding Parts of it, an Account of every thing [internal] which relates to [the war] and had passed before that fatal Discussion. After the same manner, *Æneis* makes his first Appearance in the *Æneid* Scene, and within Sight of *Italy*, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Lalium*. But because it was necessary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding Parts of his Voyage, *Virgil* makes his Hero relate it by way of Episode in the second and third Books of the *Æneid*. The Contents of both which Books come before those of the first Book in the Thread of the Story, tho' for preserving of this Unity of Action they follow them in the Disposition of the Poem. *Milton*, in imitation of the two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an initial Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate, and as for those great Actions, which preceded, in point of Time, the Battle of the Angels, and the Creation of the World, (which would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his principal Action, had he related them in the same Order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh Books, by way of Episode to this noble Poem.

<sup>6</sup> *Stoile Hunt*. If allons, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Poem, tho' at the same time that great Greek and Philosopher endeavors to illustrate this Imperfection in the Greek Poet by imputing it in some measure to the very Nature of an Epic Poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* [also] labours in this Particular, and that Episodes which may be looked upon as Excesses rather than as Parts of the Action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our Consideration, hath no other Episodes than such as naturally arise from the Subject, and yet is filled with such a Multitude of astonishing Incidents, that it gives us at the same time a Pleasure of the greatest Variety, and of the greatest Simplicity, uniform in its Nature, tho' diversified in the Execution.

Sumptus et cunctum festinat, et in medijs res,  
Non secus hic notis, auditorem ripit —

De Arte Poet. II. 146-9

<sup>1</sup> [with great Art] <sup>2</sup> [the Story]

<sup>3</sup> *Poetics* V § 3. In arguing the superiority of Tragic to Epic Poetry, Aristotle says, 'there is less Unity in all Epic unumquam as appears from this — that any Epic Poem will furnish matter for several Tragedies. The *Iliad*, for example, and the *Odyssey*, contain many such subordinate parts, each of which has a certain Magnitude and Unity of its own, yet is the construction of those Poems so perfect, and as nearly approaching to the imitation of a single action, as possible'

<sup>4</sup> [labours also]

<sup>5</sup> [Circumstances]

<sup>6</sup> [Simplicity]

charging it *Milton's* Action is enriched with such a Variety of Circumstances, that I have taken as much Pleasure in reading the Contents of his Books as in the best invented Story I ever met with. It is possible, that the Traditions, on which the *Ilfad* and *Æneid* were built, had more Circumstances in them than the History of *the Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Besides, it was easier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to dash the Truth with Fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their Country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few Circumstances upon which to raise his Poem but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest Caution in every thing that he added out of his own Invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the Reservations I was under, he has filled his Story with so many surprising Incidents, which bear so close an Analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without giving Offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern Critics have collected from several Hints in the *Ilfad* and *Æneid* the Species of Time, which is taken up by the Action of each of those Poems but as a great Part of *Milton's* Story was transacted in Regions that lie out of the Reach of the Sun and the Sphere of Day, it is impossible to gratify the Reader with such a Calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive none of the Critics either Ancient or Modern, having laid down Rules to circumscribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any determin'd Number of Years, Days or Hours.

*This Part of Criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost shall be carried on in the following* [Saturday's] Papers

L

No 205] Monday, January 7, 1712 [Steele

Minus aptus acutus  
Narcissus Herum Homurum Hor

It is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought to be, that at present I wholly forbear any Attempt towards it. I am of Opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the World the plain Letters of an, Correspondents in the artless Dress in which they hastily send them, that the Reader may see I am not Accuser and Judge my self, but that the Indecent is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the Criminal.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'As you're *Spectator-Geier*, I apply myself to you in the following Case, viz I do not wear a Sword, but I often divert my self at the

<sup>2</sup> This Letter was written by Mr James Heywood, many years wholesale linen draper on Fish street Hill, who died in 1776, at the age of 90. His 'Letters and Poems' were (including this letter at p 100) in a second edition, in 1726

'Theatre, where I frequently see a Set of Fellows pull plun People by way of Humour (and I) I rolick, by the Nose, upon frivolous or no Occasions. A friend of mine the other Night upbraiding what a graceful Lout Mr H has made, one of these Nose-wingers overhanging him, I pinched him by the nose. I was in the Pit the other Night, (when it was very much crowded) a Gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his Hand, for which he pulled me by the Nose. I would not resent it in so publick a Place, because I was unwilling to create a Disturbance. But have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unbecomingly and dishonourable, renders the Nose puller odious, and makes the Person pulled by the Nose look little and contemptible. This Grievance I humbly request you would endeavour to redress.

I am, &c. Admirer, &c.

James Esqy

Mr SPECTATOR,

Your Discourse of the 29th of December on Love and Marriage is of so useful a Kind, that I cannot forbear adding my Thoughts to yours on that Subject. Methinks it is a Misfortune, that the Marriage State, which in its own Nature is adapted to give us the completest Happiness, this Life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable to so many as it daily proves. But the Mischief generally proceeds from the unwise Choice People make for themselves, and Expectation of Happiness from Things not capable of giving it. Nothing, but the good Qualities of the Person beloved can be a Foundation for a Love of Judgment and Discretion, and whoever expects Happiness from any Thing but Virtue, Wisdom, Good Humour, and a Similitude of Manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make Riches their chief if not their only Aim? How rare is it for a Man, when he engages himself in the Tangles of Marriage, to place his Hopes of living much such a Woman a constant, agreeable Companion? One who will divide his Cares and double his Joys? Who will manage that Share of his Estate he intrusts to her Conduct with Prudence and Industry, govern his House with Oeconomy and Discretion, and be an Ornament to himself and Family? Where shall we find the Man who looks out for one who places her chief Happiness in the Practice of Virtue, and makes her Duty her continual Pleasure? No Man rather seeks for Money as the Complement of all their Desires, and regardless of what kind of Wives they take, they think Riches will be a Minister to all kind of Pleasures and enable them to keep Mistresses, Horse, Houses, to drink, feast, and game with their Companions, pay their Debts contracted by former I extravagant, or some such vile and unworthy End, and indulge themselves in Pleasures which are a Shame and Scandal to humane Nature. Now as for the Women, how few of them are there who place the Happiness of their Marriage in the having a wise and virtuous Friend? one who will be faithful and just to all

<sup>1</sup> [or]



'and constant and loving to them? who with Care and Diligence will look after and improve the Estate, and without grudging allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather, how few are there who do not place their Happiness in outshining others in Pomp and Show? and that do not think within themselves when they have married such a rich Person, that none of their Acquaintance shall appear so fine in their Equipage, so adorned in their Persons, or so magnificent in their Furniture as themselves? Thus their Heads are filled with vain Ideas, and I heartily wish I could say that Equipage and Show were not the Chief Good of so many Women as I fear it is.

'After this Manner do both Sexes deceive themselves, and bring Reflections and Disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable State of Life, whereas if they would but correct their depraved Taste, moderate their Ambition, and place their Happiness upon proper Objects, we should not find Felicity in the Marriage State such a Wonder in the World as it now is.

'Sir, if you think these Thoughts worth inserting [amongst] your own, be pleased to give them a better Dress, and let them pass abroad, and you will oblige

Your Admirer,  
A B

MR SPECTATOR,

'As I was this Day walking in the Street, there happened to pass by on the other Side of the Way a Beauty, whose Charms were so attracting that it drew my Eyes wholly on that Side, in so much that I neglected my own Way, and chanced to run my Nose directly against a Post which the Lady no sooner perceived, but fell out into a Fit of Laughter, though at the same time she was sensible that her self was the Cause of my Misfortune, which in my Opinion was the greater Aggravation of her Crime. I being busy wiping off the blood which trickled down my Face, had not Time to acquaint her with her Barbruity, as also with my Resolution, viz never to look out of my Way for one of her Sex more. Therefore, that your humble Servant may be revenged, he desires you to insert this in one of your next Papers, which he hopes will be a Warning to all the rest of the Women Gazers, as well as to poor

Anthony Gafe

MR SPECTATOR,

'I desire to know in your next, if the merry Game of *The Parson has lost his Cloak*, is not mightily in Vogue amongst the fine Ladies this Christmas, because I see they wear Hoods of all Colours, which I suppose is for that Purpose. If it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some of those Hoods with me to our Ladies in *Yorkshire*, because they enjoyed me to bring them something from *London* that was very New. If you can tell any Thing in which I can obey their Commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform me, and you will extremely oblige

Your humble Servant

MR SPECTATOR, Oxford, Dec 29  
'Since you appear inclined to be a Friend to

<sup>2</sup> [amongst]

'the Distressed, I beg you would assist me in an Affair under which I have suffered very much. The reigning Torst of this Place is *Patetia*, I have pursued her with the utmost Diligence this twelve month, and find nothing stands in my Way but one who flatters her more than I can. Pride is her favourite Passion, therefore if you would be so far my Friend as to make a favourable Mention of her in one of your Papers, I believe I should not fail in my Addresses. The Scholars stand in Rows, as they did to be sure in your Time, at her Pei door and she has all the Devotion paid to her by a Crowd of Youth[s] who are unacquainted with the Sex, and have Inexperience added to their Passion. However, if it succeeds according to my Wishes, you will make me the happiest Man in the World, and the most obliged amongst all

Your humble Servants

MR SPECTATOR,

'I came [to] my Mistress's Toilet this Morning, for I am admitted when her Face is stark naked. She frowned, and cried Push when I said a thing that I stole and I will be judged by you whether it was not very pretty. Madam, said I, you [shall] forbear that Part of your Dress it may be well in others, but you cannot place a Patch where it does not hide a Beauty. I

No 269 ] Tuesday, January 8, 1712 [Addison

—Ero rarissima rostro  
Sua plicatas— Ovid.

I WAS this Morning surprised with a great knocking at the Door, when my Landlady's Daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a Man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly Person, but that she did not know his Name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the Coachman of my worthy Friend Sir ROGER DE COFFLEY. He told me that his Master came to Town last Night, and would be glad to take a Turn with me in *Grays-Inn Walks*. As I was wondering in my self what had brought Sir ROGER to Town, not having lately received any Letter from him, he told me that his Master was come up to get a Sight of Prince Eugene,<sup>1</sup> and that he desired I could immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the Curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private Discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugene (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater Man than *Scanderbeg*.

<sup>1</sup> [at] <sup>2</sup> [should]

<sup>3</sup> Prince Eugene was at this time in London, and caressed by courtiers who had wished to prevent his coming, for he was careful to mark his friendship for the Duke of Marlborough, who was the subject of hostile party intrigues. During his visit he and godfather to Steele's second son, who was named, after him, Eugene.

I was no sooner come into *Gray's Inn Walks*, but I heard my I friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great Vigour for he loves to clear his Pipes in good Air (to make use of his own Phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the Strength which he still exerts in his Morning Hems.

I was touched with a secret Joy at the Sight of the good old Man, who before he saw me was engaged in Conversation with a Lady, to whom he had asked an Alm of him. I could hear my I friend chide him for not finding out some Work, but at the same time saw him put his Hand in his Pocket and give him Six pence.

Our Salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind Shakes of the Hand and several affectionate Looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good Friend his Chaplain was very well, and much at my Service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable Sermon out of Dr *Berron*. I have left says he, all my Affairs in his Hands, and being willing to lay in Obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty Marks, to be distributed among his poor Parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the Welfare of *Will White*. Upon which he put his Hand into his Job and presented me in his Name with a Tobacco Stopper, telling me that *Will* had been busy all the Beginning of the Winter in turning great Quantities of them, and that he made a Present of one to every Gentleman in the Country who has good Principles and smokes. He added, that poor *Will* was at present under great Tribulation, for that *Tour Lauch* had taken the Law of him for cutting some Hazel Sticks out of one of his Hedges.

Among other Pieces of News which the Knight brought from his Country Seat, he informed me that *John White* was dead, and that about a Month after her Death. Wind was so very high, that it blew down the Lid of one of his Barrels. But for my own part, says Sir Roger, I do not think that the old Woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an Account of the Diversion which had passed in his House during the Holidays for Sir Roger after the laudable Custom of his Ancestors, always keeps open House at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat Hogs for the Season, that he had dealt about his Chimes very liberally amongst his Neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of Hogs puddings with a pack of Cards to every poor Family in the Parish. I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the Middle of the Winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable Time of the Year, when the poor People would suffer very much from their Poverty and Cold, if they had not good Cheer warm Fires, and Christmas Gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor Hearts at this season, and to see the whole Village merry in my great Hall. I allow a double Quantity of Malt to my small Beer, and set it running for twelve Days to every one

that calls for it. I have always a Piece of cold Beef and a Mince Pye upon the Table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my Tenants pass away a whole Evening in playing their innocent Tricks, and muttering one another. Our I friend *Will* is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish Tricks upon these Occasions.

I was very much delighted with the Reflection of my old Friend, which carried so much Goodness in it. He then launched out into the Praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of *England*, and told me, with great Satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take Effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his House on *Christmas Day*, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his Plumb porridge.

After having dispatched all our Country Matters, Sir Roger made several Inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old Antagonist Sir *Augustus*. He asked me with a kind of Smile, whether Sir *Augustus* had not taken Advantage of his Absence, to vent among them some of his Republican Doctrines, but soon recovered upon his Countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, Tell me truly says he, don't you think Sir *Augustus* had a Hand in the Pope's Procession?—but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary Man, and do not care to call of publick Matters.

The Knight then asked me, if I had seen *Prince Eugene*, and made me promise to get him a Strand in some convenient Place where he might have a full Sight of that extraordinary Man, whose Presence does so much Honour to the *British* Nation. He dwelt very long on the Praises of this Great General, and I found that, since I was with him in the Country, he had drawn many Observations together out of his reading in *Antiquary's* Chronicle, and other Authors, [who?] always he in his Hall Window, which very much redound to the Honour of this Prince.

Having passed over the greatest Part of the Morning in hearing the Knight's Reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a Pipe with him over a Dish of Coffee at *Squire's*. As I love the old Man, I take Delight in complying with every thing, that is agreeable to him, and accordingly went on him to the Coffee-house, where his venerable Figure drew upon us the Eyes of the whole Room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee, a Warm Candle, and the Supplement with such an Air of Cheerfulness and Good-humour, that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several Errands, insomuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea till the Knight had got all his Conveniences about him.

L

\* The Act against Occasional Conformity, to Ann cap 2

\* [that]

\* [had made]

\* [Cold and Poverty]

ing This very one Character of Sir Roger, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the Dispragment of Holy Orders, and consequently of Virtue it self, than all the Wit that Author or any other could make up for in the Conduct of the longest Life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself Airs of more Virtue than my Neighbours, but assert it from the Principles by which Mankind must always be governed. Silles of Imagination are to be overlook'd, when they are committed out of Warmth in the Recommendation of what is Praise worthy, but a deliberate advancing of Vice, with all the Wit in the World, is as ill an Action as any that comes before the Magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the People T

No 271] Thursday, Jan 10, 1712 [Addison

*Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores*—Virg

I RECEIVE a double Advantage from the Letters of my Correspondents, first as they shew me which of my Papers are most acceptable to them and in the next place as they furnish me with Materials for new Speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the Letter it self, but form the Hints of it into Plans of my own Invention, sometimes I take the Liberty to change the Language or Thought into my own Way of Speaking and Thinking, and always (if it can be done without Prejudice to the Sense) omit the many Compliments and Applauses which are usually bestowed upon me

Besides the two Advantages above mentioned which I receive from the Letters that are sent me, they give me an Opportunity of languishing out my Paper by the skilful Management of the subscribing Part at the End of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the Ease, both of my self and Reader

Some will have it, that I often write to my self, and am the only punctual Correspondent I have. This Objection would indeed be material, were the Letters I communicate to the Publick stuffed with my own Commendations and if, instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my Readers, I admired in them the Beauty of my own Performances. But I shall leave these wise Conjecturers to their own Imaginations, and produce the three following Letters for the Entertainment of the Day

SIR,

'I was last Thursday in an Assembly of Ladies where there were Thirteen different coloured Hoods. Your Spectator of that Day lying upon the Table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear Voice, till I came to the Greek Verse at the End of it. I must confess I was a little startled at its popping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my Confusion as well as I could, and after having mutter'd two or three hard Words to my self, laugh'd heartily, and cried, *A very good Jest, Faith*. The Ladies desired me to explain it to

them, but I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear, they may be sure the Author would not have wrapp'd it up in Greek. I then let drop several Expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a Company of Ladies. Upon which the Matron of the Assembly, who was dressed in a Cherry-coloured Hood, commended the Discretion of the Writer for having thrown his filthy Thoughts into Greek, which was likely to corrupt but few of his Readers. At the same time she declared herself very well pleased, that he had not given a decisive Opinion upon the new-fashioned Hoods. For to tell you truly, says she, I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to shew our Heads. Now, Sir, you must know, since this unlucky Accident happened to me in a Company of Ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious Man, I have consulted one who is well versed in the Greek Language, and he assures me upon his Word, that your late Quotation means no more, than that *Manners and not Dress are the Ornaments of a Woman*. If this comes to the knowledge of my Female Admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring myself off handsomely. In the mean while I give you this Account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of your Well wishers into the like Inconveniences. It is in the Number of these that I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Tom Trappit

Mr SPECTATOR,

Your Readers are so well pleased with your Character of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, that there appeared a sensible Joy in every Coffee-house, upon hearing the old Knight was come to Town. I am now with a Knot of his Admirers, who make it their joint Request to you, that you would give us publick Notice of the Window or Balcony where the Knight intends to make his Appearance. He has already given great Satisfaction to several who have seen him at Squire's Coffee-house. If you think fit to place your short Face at Sir ROGER's Left Elbow, we shall take the Hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a Favour

I am, SIR,

Your most Devoted

Humble Servant,

C D

SIR,

'Knowing that you are very Inquisitive after every thing that is Curious in Nature, I will wait on you if you please in the Dusk of the Evening, with my *Shew* upon my Back, which I carry about with me in a Box, is only consisting of a Man, a Woman, and an Horse. The two first are married, in which State the little Cavalier has so well acquitted himself, that his Lady is with Child. The big-bellied Woman, and her Husband, with their whimsical Palfer, are so very light, that when they are put together into a Scale, an ordinary Man may weigh down the whole Family. The little Man is a Bully in his Nature, but when he grows choleric I confine him to his Box till his Wrath is over, by which Means I have hitherto prevented him from doing

'Mischief His Horse is likewise very vicious, for which Reason I am forced to tie him close to his Manger with a Pick-thread The Woman is a Coquet. She struts as much as it is possible for a Lady of two Foot high, and would ruin me in Silks, were not the Quantity that goes to a large Pin-Cushion sufficient to make her a Gown and Petticoat She told me the other Day, that she heard the Ladies wore coloured Hoods, and ordered me to get her one of the finest Blue I am forced to comply with her Demands while she is in her present Condition, being very willing to have more of the same Breed I do not know what she may produce me, but provided it be a *Show* I shall be very well satisfied Such Novelties should not, I think, be concealed from the *British Spectator*, for which Reason I hope you will excuse this Presumption in

Your most Dutiful,  
most Obedient,  
and most Humble Servant,

L.

S T

No 272 ] Friday, January 11, 1712 [Steele

[—Longa est injuria, longa  
Ambages— Virg.]

MR SPECTATOR,

THE Occasion of this Letter is of so great Importance, and the Circumstances of it such, that I know you will but think it just to insert it, in Preference of all other Matters that can present themselves to your Consideration I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I am in Love The Circumstances of my Passion I shall let you understand as well as a disordered Mind will admit That cursed Pickthank Mrs *Fane!* Alas, I am railing at one to you by her Name as familiarly as if you were acquainted with her as well as myself But I will tell you all, as fast as the alternate Interruptions of Love and Anger will give me Leave There is a most agreeable young Woman in the World whom I am passionately in Love with, and from whom I have for some space of Time received as great Marks of Favour as were fit for her to give, or me to desire The successful Progress of the Affair of all others the most essential towards a Man's Happiness, gave a new Life and Spirit not only to my Behaviour and Discourse, but also a certain Grace to all my Actions in the Commerce of Life in all Things tho' never so remote from Love You know the predominant Passion spreads its self thro' all a Man's Transactions, and exalts or depresses [him] according to the Nature of such Passion But alas, I have not yet begun my Story, and what is making Sentences and Observations when a Man is pleading for his Life? To begin then This Lady has corresponded with me under the Names of Love,

she my *Belinda*, I her *Cleanthes* Tho' I am thus well got into the Account of my Affair, I cannot keep in the Thread of it so much as to give you the Character of Mrs *Fane*, whom I will not hide under a borrowed Name but let you know that this Creature has been since I knew her very handsome, (tho' I will not allow her even she *has been* for the future) and during the Time of her Bloom and Beauty was so great a Tyrant to her Lovers, so over-valued her self and under-rated all her Pretenders, that they have deserted her to a Man, and she knows no Comfort but that common one to all in her Condition, the Pleasure of interrupting the Amours of others It is impossible but you must have seen several of these Volunteers in Malice, who pass their whole Time in the most labourous Way of Life in getting Intelligence, running from Place to Place with new Whispers, without reaping any other Benefit but the Hopes of making others as unhappy as themselves Mrs *Fane* happened to be at a Place where I, with many others well acquainted with my Passion for *Belinda*, passed a Christmas-Evening There was among the rest a young Lady so free in Mirth, so amiable in a just Reserve that I commended it, I wrong her to call it a Reserve, but there appeared in her a Mirth or Cheerfulness which was not a Forbearance of more immoderate Joy, but the natural Appearance of all which could flow from a Mind possessed of an Habit of Innocence and Purity I must have utterly forgot *Belinda* to have taken no Notice of one who was growing up to the same womanly Virtues which shine to Perfection in her, had I not distinguished one who seemed to promise to the World the same Life and Conduct with my faithful and lovely *Belinda* When the Company broke up, the fine young Thing permitted me to take Care of her Home Mrs *Fane* saw my particular Regard to her, and was informed of my attending her to her Father's House She came early to *Belinda* the next Morning, and asked her if Mrs *Such-a one* had been with her? No If Mr *Such-a one's* Lady? No Nor your Cousin *Such-a one*? No Lord, says Mrs *Fane*, what is the Friendship of Woman?— Nay, they may laugh at it And did no one tell you any thing of the Behaviour of your Lover Mr *What d'ye call* last Night? But perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young Mrs — on Tuesday next? *Belinda* was here ready to die with Rage and Jealousy Then Mrs *Fane* goes on I have a young Kinsman who is Clerk to a Great Conveyancer, who shall shew you the rough Draught of the Marriage Settlement The World says her Father gives him Two Thousand Pounds more than he could have with you I went innocently to wait on *Belinda* as usual, but was not admitted I writ to her, and my Letter was sent back unopened Poor *Betty* her Maid, who is on my Side, has been here just now blubbering, and told me the whole Matter She says she did not think I could be so base and that she is now odious to her Mistress for having so often spoke well of me, that she dare not mention me more All our Hopes are placed in having these Circumstances

<sup>1</sup> [Ubi visus eris nostra medicabilis arte  
Tac. monitis fugias otia prima meis  
Ovid Rem Am.]

<sup>2</sup> [it]

in *Urgency* or *Leisure*, or indeed in the whole Circle of Nature.

*Mistake* was so sensible of this Defect in the Subject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him that he has brought it into it two Authors of a Shadowy and Faint Nature, in the Persons of *Sir* and *De*, by which means he has wrought it into the Body of his Fable a very beautiful and well invented Allegory. But notwithstanding the Fineness of this Allegory may atone for it in some measure I can not think that Persons of such a Chymical Existence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem because there is not that measure of Probability annexed to them which is requisite in Writings of this kind, as I shall shew more at large hereafter.]

I regret that I did not admit *Faustus* as an Actor in the *Tragedy* but the Part he acts is very short, and none of the most admirable Circumstances in that Dramatic Work. We find in Mock Heroic Poets particularly in the *Disasters*, several Allegorical Persons of this Nature

‘the greatest and most daring Geniuses that have appeared in the World and who has made his countenance a glorious present of the most lofty, but most irregular Poem that has been produced by the Mind of Man. That great Man had a desire to give the World something like an Epic Poem. In his resolve at the same time to break it to the Rules of Aristotle. So that he was ignorant of being or contented them. Mil on was the hero, who in the space of almost 4000 years resolved for his Country his Honour and his own, to preserve the World in its Original Poem. That is to say, a Poem that should have his own thoughts his own images, and his own spirit. In order to this he was resolved to write a Poem, that by virtue of its extraordinary Subject, cannot so properly be said to be against the Rules as it may be affirmed to be above them all. We shall now shew for what Reasons the choice of Mil on as Subject as it set him free from the obligation which he lay under to the Poetical Laws, so it necessarily threw him upon new Thoughts, new Images and in Original Spirit. In the next place we shall shew that his Thoughts, his Images and by consequence too, his Spirit are actually new and different from those of Homer and Virgil. Thirdly, we shall shew, that besides their Newness, they have visibly the Advantage of Homer and Virgil.’

<sup>1</sup> Paradise Lost, Book II

<sup>2</sup> [in woven in]

<sup>3</sup> Sir Samuel Garth in his *Disasters*, a mock heroic poem upon a dispute, in 1697 among doctors over the setting up of a Dispensary in a room of the College of Physicians for relief of the sick poor, he uses the God of Sloth within the College, and outside, among other allegorical personifications Disease as a Fury to whom the erases of the Dispensary offer what our Poet calls in his *Disasters*, a mock heroic poem written in 1673 on a dispute between two churches personages of the chapter of a church in Paris, la Sainte Chapelle as to the possession of a pulpit, had with some minor allusions, chiefly personified Discord and more her

which are very beautiful in those Compositions, and may, perhaps be used as an Argument that the Authors of it were of Opinion, [such] Characters might have a place in an Epic Work. For my own part, I should be glad the Reader would think so, for the sake of the Poem I am now examining, and must further add, that if such cryptic truths and all beings may be ever made use of on this Occasion, never were any more nicely imagined and employed in more proper Actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another Principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The Part of *Urgency* in *Homer's Odyssey* is very much admired by *Artists* as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable Plot and Intricacies, not only by the many Adventures in his Voyage and the subtilty of his Behaviour, but by the various Concealments and Discoveries of his Person in several Parts of that Poem. In the Craft being I have now mentioned makes a much larger Voyage than *Ulysses* passes in practice many more Wiles and Stratagems and hides himself under a greater Variety of Shapes and Appearances all of which are severely detected, to the great Delight and Surprise of the Reader.

We may likewise observe with how much Art the Poet has varied several Characters of the Persons that speak to his infernal Assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards Man in useful Benevolence under the Three fold Distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer and a Comforter.

Nor must we omit the Person of *Raphael* who amidst his Tenderness and Friendship for Man shows such a Dignity and Condescension in all his Speech and Behaviour as are suitable to a Superior Nature. [The Angels are indeed as much diversified in *Paradise*, and distinguished by their proper Virtues, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The Reader will find no more ascribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Micahel*, or *Raphael* which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective Characters.]

There is one particular Circumstance in the principal Actors of the *First* and *Second* which gives a [peculiar] Beauty to those two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great Judgment. I mean the Authors having chosen for their Heroes, Persons who were so nearly related to the People for whom they wrote. *Julius* was a *Greek* and *Æneas* the very Founder of *Rome*. By this means their Countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the Parts of their Story and sympathized with their Heroes in all their Adventures. A Poet could not but rejoice in the Escapes, Successes and Victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any Defeat. Misfortunes or Disappointments that befel him as a

enter into the form of an old piece or, very much as in Garth's poem the First Case

<sup>1</sup> *Shri I Ceter's person* t. r.

<sup>2</sup> In a civil life, but most precise in a

<sup>3</sup> [that] such

<sup>4</sup> Poem II § 17 III § 6

<sup>5</sup> [particular]

Greek must have had the same Regard for Achilles. And it is plain, that each of those Poems have lost this great Advantage, among those Readers to whom their Heroes are as Strangers, or indifferent Persons.

Milton's Poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Persons who are the principal Actors in it, but what is still infinitely more to its Advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Representatives. We have an actual Interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost Happiness is concerned, and lies at Stake in all their Behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable Observation out of *Aristotle*, which hath been very much misrepresented in the Quotations of some Modern Critics. 'If a Man of perfect and consummate Virtue falls into a Misfortune, it raises our Pity, but not our Terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own Case, who do not resemble the Suffering Person.' But as that great Philosopher adds, 'If we see a Man of Virtue mixt with Infirmitie, fall into any Misfortune, it does not only raise our Pity but our Terror, because we are afraid that the like Misfortunes may happen to ourselves, who resemble the Character of the Suffering Person.'

I shall take another Opportunity to observe, that a Person of an absolute and consummate Virtue never be introduced in Tragedy, and shall only remark in this Place, that the foregoing Observation of *Aristotle*, tho' it may be true in other Occasions, does not hold in this, because in the present Case, though the Persons who fall into Misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate Virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own Case, since we are emburk'd with them on the same Bottom, and must be Partakers of their Happiness or Misery.

In this, and some other very few Instances, *Aristotle's* Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his Reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the Heroic Poems which have been made since his Time, since it is plain his Rules would (still have been) more perfect, could he have perused the *Aeneid*, which was made some hundred Years after his Death.

In my next, I shall go through other Parts of Milton's Poem, and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a Comment upon Milton, but upon Aristotle.

No 274 ] Monday, January 14, 1712 [Sheet

*Audire est operae pretium, procedere recte  
Qui necis non vultis*—— Hor

I HAVE upon several Occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my Thoughts the present State of Fornication) weighed with my self, in behalf of guilty Females, the Impulses of Flesh and Blood, together with the Arts and Gallantries of crafty Men, and reflect with some Scorn that most Part of what we in our Youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an Habit of indulging a Prurency that Way. It will cost some Labour to bring People to so lively a Sense of this, as to recover the nearly Modesty in the Behaviour of my Men Readers, and the bashful Grace in the Faces of my Women, but in all Cases which come into Debate, there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true Light into the Subject Matter, therefore it will, in the first Place, be necessary to consider the impotent Venechers and industrious Hagg, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying new Sacrifices to the Devil of Lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great Harack which is made in the Habitations of Beauty and Innocence, is committed by such as can only live waste and not enjoy the Soil. When you observe the present State of Vice and Virtue, the Offenders are such as one would think should have no Impulse to what they are pursuing as in Business, you see sometimes Fools pretend to be Knaves so in Pleasure, you will find old Men set up for Venechers. This latter sort of Men are the great Basis and Fund of Inquiry in the Kind we are speaking of. You shall have an old rich Man often receive Scravins from the several Quarters of the Town, with Descriptions of the new Wares in their Hands, if he will please to send Word when he will be waited on. This Interview is contrived, and the Innocent is brought to such Indecency as from Time to Time banish Shame and raise Desire. With these Preparatives the Hagg break their Wards by little and little, till they are brought to lose all Apprehensions of what shall befall them in the Possession of younger Men. It is a common Postscript of an Hagg to a young Fellow whom he invites to a new Woman, *She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr Such-a-one*. It pleases the old Fellow that the Nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his Bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other Lovers. This is the most ordinary Method of bringing Beauty and Poverty into the Possession of the Town. But the particular Cases of kind Keepers, skilful Pimps, and all others who drive a separate Trade, and are not in the general Society or Commerce of Sin, will require distinct Consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the Abandoned, we are apt to represent the Case of others with that Mitigation as the Circumstances demand. Calling Names does no Good to speak worse of any thing than it deserves, does only take off from the Credit of the

<sup>1</sup> Poetics II § 12 But Addison misquotes the first clause Aristotle says that when a wholly virtuous man falls from prosperity into adversity, 'this is neither terrible nor pitious, but (μικρον) shocking.' Then he adds, that our pity is excited by undeserved misfortune, and our terror by 'some resemblance between the sufferer and ourselves.'

<sup>2</sup> [there been still]

Accuser, and has implicitly the Force of an Apology in the Behalf of the Person accused. We shall therefore, according as the Circumstances differ, vary our Appellations of these Criminals. Those who offend only against themselves, and are not Scandals to Society, but out of Deference to the sober Part of the World, have so much Good left in them as to be ascribed, must not be huddled in the common Word due to the worst of Women but Regard is to be had to their Circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy Perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe Parents, to the Importunity of Poverty, to the Violence of a Passion in its Beginning well grounded, and all other Alterations which make unhappy Women resign the Characteristick of their Sex, Modesty. To do otherwise than thus, would be to act like a Pedantick Stoick, who thinks all Crimes alike, and not like an impartial SPECTATOR, who looks upon them with all the Circumstances that diminish or enhance the Guilt. I am in Hopes, if this Subject be well pursued, Women will hereafter from their Infancy be treated with an Eye to their future State in the World, and not have their Tempers made too untractable from an improper Sourness or Pride, or too complying from Familiarity or Forwardness contraited at their own Houses. After these Hints on this Subject, I shall end this Paper with the following genuine Letter, and desire all who think they may be concerned in future Speculations on this Subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some Incidents in their Lives, in order to have proper Allowances made for their Conduct.

MR SPECTATOR, January 5, 1711.  
The Subject of your Yesterday's Paper is of so great Importance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very useful to the Preservation of many an innocent young Creature, that I think every one is obliged to furnish you with what Lights he can, to expose the pernicious Arts and Practices of those unnatural Women called Bawds. In order to this the enclosed is sent you, which is *verbatim* the Copy of a Letter written by a Bawd of Figure in this Town to a noble Lord. I have concealed the Names of both, my Intention being not to expose the Persons but the Thing.

I am,  
SIR,  
Your humble Servant

My Lord,  
I having a great Esteem for your Honour, and a better Opinion of you than of any of the Quality, makes me acquaint you of an Affair that I hope will oblige you to know. I have a Niece that came to Town about a Fortnight ago. Her Parents being lately dead she came to me, expecting to be found in so good a Condition as to set her up in a Milliner's Shop. Her Father gave fourscore Pounds with her for five Years. Her Time is out, and she is not sixteen. A pretty black Gentlewoman as ever you saw, a little Woman, which I know your Lordship likes well shaped, and as fine a Complexion for Red and White as ever I saw, I doubt not

'but your Lordship will be of the same Opinion. She designs to go down about a Month hence except I can provide for her, which I cannot at present. Her Father was once with whom all he had died with him, so there is four Children left destitute, so if your Lordship thinks fit to make an Appointment where I shall wait on you with my Niece, by a Line or two, I stay for your Answer for I have no Place fitted up since I left my House, fit to entertain your Honour. I told her she should go with me to see a Gentleman a very good Friend of mine, so I desire you to take no Notice of my Letter by reason she is ignorant of the Ways of the Town. My Lord, I desire if you meet us to come alone, for upon my Word and Honour you are the first that ever I mentioned her to. So I remain,

Your Lordship's  
Most humble Servant to Command

'I beg of you to burn it when you've read it.

No 275 ] Tuesday, January 15, 1711. [Addison

tribus Anticyris caput insanabile

Juv

I WAS Yesterday engaged in an Assembly of Virtuoso's, where one of them produced many curious Observations which he had lately made in the Anatomy of an Human Body. Another of the Company communicated to us several wonderful Discoveries, which he had also made on the same Subject, by the Help of very fine Glasses. This gave Birth to a great Variety of uncommon Remarks, and furnished Discourse for the remaining Part of the Day.

The different Opinions which were started on this Occasion, presented to my Imagination so many new Ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my Fancy all the last Night, and composed a very wild Extravagant Dream.

I was invited, methought, to the Dissection of a *Beast's Head* and of a *Coguel's Heart*, which were both of them laid on a Table before us. An imaginary Operator opened the first with a great deal of Nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial View, appeared like the Head of another Man but upon applying our Glasses to it, we made a very odd Discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as Brains, were no such in reality, but an Heap of strange Materials wound up in that Shape and Texture, and packed together with wonderful Art in the several Cavities of the Skull. For, as *Homer* tells us, that the Blood of the Gods is not real Blood, but only something like it so we found that the Brain of a Beast is not real Brain, but only something like it.

The *Pituital Gland*, which many of our Modern Philosophers suppose to be the Seat of the Soul, smelt very strong of Essence and Orange-flower Water, and was encompassed with a kind of

Horny Substance, cut into a thousand little Faces or Mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked Eye, insomuch that the Soul, if there had been any here, must have been all ways taken up in contemplating her own Beauties.

We observed a long *Antrum* or Cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with Ribbons, Laces and Embroidery, wrought together in a most curious Piece of Network, the Parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked Eye. Another of these *Antrums* or Cavities was stuffed with invisible Billet-doux, Love-Letters, pricked Dances, and other Trumpery of the same Nature. In another we found a kind of Powder, which set the whole Company a Sneezing, and by the Scent discovered it self to be right *Spanish*. The several other Cells were stored with Commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the Reader an exact Inventory.

There was a large Cavity on each side of the Head, which I must not omit. That on the right Side was filled with Lickings, Lattices, and Fishhoods, Vows, Promises, and Protestations; that on the left with Oaths and Imprecations. There issued out a *Duct* from each of these Cells, which run into the Root of the Tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common *Duct* to the Lip of it. We discovered several little Roads or Canals running from the Ear into the Brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several Passages. One of them extended itself to a Bundle of Sonnets and little musical Instruments. Others ended in several Bladders which were filled either with Wind or Froth. But the latter Canal entered into a great Cavity of the Skull, from whence there went another Canal into the Tongue. This great Cavity was filled with a kind of Spongy Substance, which the *French* Anatomists call *Galliatas*, and the *English*, Nonsense.

The Skins of the Forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprized us, had not in them any single Blood Vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our Glasses, from whence we concluded, that the Party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the Faculty of Blushing.

The *Os Cruriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some Places drugged with Snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of this small Muscle which is not often discovered in Dissections, and draws the Nose upwards, when it expresses the Contempt which the Owner of it has upon seeing any thing he does not like or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned Reader, this is that Muscle which performs the Motion so often mentioned by the *Latin* Poets, when they talk of a Man's cocking his Nose, or playing the Rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the Eye, saving only, that the *Musculi Anatomi*, or, as we may transmute it into *English*, the *Ogling Muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use, whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the Muscle which turns the Eye towards Heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this Dissection such new Discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those Parts which are to be met with in common Heads. As for the Skull, the Face, and indeed the whole outward Shape and Figure of the Head, we could not discern any Difference from what we observe in the Heads of other Men. We were informed, that the Person to whom this Head belonged, had passed for a *Man* above five and thirty Years, during which time he Eat and Drank like other People, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular Occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a Ball or an Assembly, to which one of the Company added, that a certain Knot of Ladies took him for a Wit. He was cut off in the lower of his Age by the Blow of a Parting Shovel, having been surprized by an eminent Citizen, as he was tendering some Civilities to his Wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this Head with all its Apartments, and its several kinds of Furniture, we put up the Brain, such as it was, into its proper Place, and hid it aside under a broad Piece of Scarlet Cloth, in order to be *perforata*, and kept in a great Repository of Dissections. Our Operator telling us that the Preparation would not be so difficult as that of another Brain, for that he had observed several of the little Pipes and Tubes which ran through the Brain were already filled with a kind of Mercurial Substance, which he looked upon to be true Quick-Silver.

He applied himself in the next Place to the *Cogit's Heart*, which he likewise laid open with great Dexterity. There occurred to us many Particularities in this Dissection, but being unwilling to burden my Reader's Memory too much, I shall reserve this Subject for the Speculation of another Day.

No 276] Wednesday, Jan 16, 1712 [Steele

*Errat non en virtus possidet honestum* — Hor

MR SPECTATOR,  
I HOPE you have Philosophy enough to be capable of bearing the Mention of your Faults. Your Papers which regard the fallen Part of the Fair Sex, are, I think, written with an Indelicacy, which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the Writings of a Moralist who knows the World. I cannot allow that you are at Liberty to observe upon the Actions of Mankind with the Freedom which you seem to resolve upon at least if you do, you should take along with you the Distinction of Manners of the World, according to the Quality and Way of Life of the Persons concerned. A Man of Breeding speaks of even Misfortune among Ladies without giving it the most terrible Aspect it can bear. And this Tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of Vices. All Mankind are so far related, that Care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in Terms which shall



'disgust another Thus to tell a rich Man of the Indigence of a Kinsman of his, or abruptly inform a virtuous Woman of the Lapse of one who till then was in the same degree of Esteem with her self, is in a kind involving each of them in some Participation of those Disadvantages 'It is therefore expected from every Writer, to treat his Argument in such a Manner, as is most proper to entertain the sort of Readers to whom his Discourse is directed It is not necessary when you write to the *Lea-table*, that you should draw Vices which carry all the Horror of Shame and Contempt If you punt an unpertinent Self-love, an artful Glance, an assumed Complexion, you say all which you ought to suppose they can possibly be guilty of When you talk with this Limitation, you behave your self so as that you may expect others in Conversation may second your Railery, but when you do it in a Style which every body else forbears in Respect to their Quality, they have in easy Remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their Faults A Man that is now and then guilty of an Intemperance is not to be called a Drunkard but the Rule of polite Railery, is to speak of a Man's Faults as if you loved him Of this Nature is what was said by *Cæsar* When one was ruling with an uncourtly Vehemence, and broke out, What must we call him who was taken in an Intrigue with another Man's Wife? *Cæsar* answered very gravely, *A careless Fellow* This was at once a Reprimand for speaking of a Crime which in those Days had not the Abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as an Intimation that all intemperate Behaviour before Superiors loses its Aim, by accusing in a Method unfit for the Audience A Word to the Wise All I mean here to say to you is, That the most free Person of Quality can go no further than being [a kind of] Woman and you should never say of a Man of figure worse, than that he knows the World

*I am, SIR,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

Francis Courtly

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I am a Woman of an unspotted Reputation, and know nothing I have ever done which should encourage such Insolence, but here was one the other Day, and he was dressed like a Gentleman too, who took the Liberty to name the Words 'Lusty Fellow in my Presence I doubt not but you will resent it in Behalf,

*SIR,*

*Your humble Servant,*

CELIA

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'You lately put out a dreadful Paper, wherein you promise a full Account of the State of criminal Love and call all the Fair who have transgressed in that Kind by one very rude Name which I do not care to repeat But I desire to know of you whether I am or I am not of those? My Case is as follows I am kept by an old Batchelour, who took me so young, that I knew

<sup>1</sup> [an unkind]

'not how he came by me He is a Benchor of one of the Inns of Court, a very gay healthy old Man, which is a lucky thing for him, who has been, he tells me, a Scowrer, a Scamperer, a Breaker of Windows, an Invader of Constables, in the Days of Yore when all Dominion ended with the Dry, and Males and Females met neither shelter, and the Scowrers drove before them all who pretended to keep up Order or Rule to the Interruption of Love and Honour This is his way of Talk, for he is very gay when he visits me but as his former Knowledge of the Town has alarmed him into an invincible Jealousy, he keeps me in a pair of Slippers, neat Bodice, warm Petticoats, and my own Hair woven in Ringlets, after a Manner, he says, he remembers I am not Mistress of one Farthing of Money, but have all Necessaries provided for me, under the Guard of one who procured for him while he had any Desires to gratify I know nothing of a Wench's Life, but the Reputation of it I have a natural Voice, and a pretty untainted Step in Dancing His Manner is to bring an old Fellow who has been his Servant from his Youth, and is gray-headed This Man strikes on the Violin a certain Jiggish Noise to which I dance, and when that is over I sing to him some loose Air, that has more Wantonness than Musick in it You must have seen a strange window'd House near *Hide Park*, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the Apartments, my Rooms are after that manner, and I never see Men, Women or Child, but in Company with the two Persons above-mentioned He sends me in all the Books, Pamphlets, Plays, Operas and Songs that come out and his utmost Delight in me is a Woman, is to talk over old Amours in my Presence, to play with my Neck, say the *Fine was*, give me a Kiss, and bid me be sure to follow the Directions of my Guardian, (the above-mentioned Lady) and I shall never want The Truth of my Case is, I suppose, that I was educated for a Purpose he did not know he should be unfit for when I came to Years Now, Sir, what I ask of you, is a Casuist, is to tell me how far in these Circumstances I am innocent, though submissive he guilty, though impotent'

*I am,*

*SIR,*

*Your constant Reader,*

PUCELLA

*To the Man called the SPECTATOR*

*Friend,*

'Forasmuch as at the Birth of thy Labour, thou didst promise upon thy Word, that letting alone the Vanities that do abound, thou wouldst only endeavour to strengthen the crooked Morals of this our *Babylon*, I gave Credit to thy fair Speeches, and admitted one of thy Papers, every Day save *Sunday*, into my House, for the Edification of my Daughter *Isabitha*, and to the end that *Susannah* the Wife of my Bosom might profit thereby But alas, my Friend, I find that thou art a Liar, and that the Truth is not in thee else why didst thou in a Paper which thou didst lately put forth, make mention of those vain Coverings for the Heads of our Females,

'which thou lovest to liken unto Tulips, and which  
'are lately sprung up amongst us? Nay why  
'didst thou make mention of them in such a seem-  
'ing, as if thou didst approve the Invention, in-  
'stead that my Daughter *Sabitha* beginneth to  
'wax wanton and to lust after these foolish Van-  
'ities? Surely thou dost see with the Eyes of the  
'Flesh. Verily therefore, unless thou dost speedily  
'amend and leave off following thine own Imagin-  
'ations, I will leave off thee  
*Thy Friend as hereafter thou dost den can thy self,*  
Hezekiah Broadbrim

No 277 ] Thursday, January 17, 1712 [Budgell

—*fas est ab hoste doceri*—Virg

I PRESUME I need not inform the Politic Part  
of my Readers, that before our Correspondence  
with *France* was unhappily interrupted by the  
War, our Ladies had all their Fashions from  
thence which the Milliners took care to furnish  
them with by means of a Jinted Baby, that came  
regularly over, once a Month, habited after the  
manner of the most Eminent Lords in *Paris*.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest  
time of the War, the Sex made several Efforts,  
and raised large Contributions towards the Im-  
portation of this Wooden *Madam oiselle*.

Whether the Vessel they set out was lost or  
taken, or whether its Cargo was seized on by the  
Officers of the Custom house, as a piece of Contraband  
Goods, I have not yet been able to learn  
it is, however, certain their first Attempts were  
without Success, to the no small Disappointment  
of our whole Female World but as their Con-  
stancy and Application, in a matter of so great  
Importance, can never be sufficiently commended,  
I am glad to find that in Spight of all Opposition,  
they have at length carried their Point, of which  
I received Advice by the two following Letters

MR SILENTATOR,

'I am so great a Lover of whatever is *French*,  
'that I lately discarded my humble Admirer be-  
'cause he neither spoke that Tongue, nor drank  
'Claret. I have long bewailed, in secret, the  
'Circumstances of my Sex during the War, in all  
'which time we have laboured under the insup-  
'portable Inventions of *English* Fire Women,  
'who, tho' they sometimes copy indifferently well,  
'can never compose with that *Goût* they do in  
'*France*.

'I was almost in Despair of ever more seeing a  
'Model from that dear Country, when last Sun-  
'day I overheard a Lady, in the next Paw to me,  
'whisper another, that at the *Seven Stars* in *King-*  
'*street Covent garden*, there was a *Mademoiselle*  
'completely dressed just come from *Paris*.

'I was in the utmost Impatience during the re-  
'maining part of the Service, and as soon as ever  
'it was over, having learnt the Millener's Ad-  
'dress, I went directly to her House in *King-*  
'*street*, but was told that the *French* Lady was  
'at a Person of Quality's in *Pall-mall*, and would

'not be break again 'till very late that Night. I  
'was therefore obliged to renew my Visit very  
'early this Morning, and had then a full View of  
'the dear Moppet from Head to Foot.

'You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how richen-  
'lously I find we have all been trussed up during  
'the War, and how infinitely the *French* Dress  
'exceeds ours.

'The Mantua has no Lards in the Sleeves, and  
'I hope we are not lighter than the *French* Ladies,  
'so as to want that kind of Ballast, the Petticoat  
'has no Whale-bone, but sits with an Air alto-  
'gether girant and *degagé*; the *Couffure* is inex-  
'pressibly pretty, and in short, the whole Dress  
'has a thousand Beauties in it, which I would not  
'have as yet made too publick.

'I thought fit, however, to give this Notice,  
'that you may not be surprized at my appearing  
'*à la mode de Paris* on the next Birth-Night.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,  
Jeruminta

Within an Hour after I had read this Letter, I  
received another from the Owner of the Puppet.

SIR,

'On Saturday last, being the 12th Instant,  
'there arrived at my House in *King street, Covent-*  
'*Garden*, a *French* Baby for the Year 1712. I  
'have taken the utmost Care to have her dressed  
'by the most celebrated Tyro women and Mantua-  
'makers in *Paris*, and do not find that I have any  
'Reason to be sorry for the Expence I have been  
'at in her Cloaths and Importation. However,  
'as I know no Person who is so good a Judge of  
'Dress as your self, if you please to call at my  
'House in your Way to the City, and take a View  
'of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall  
'disapprove in your next Paper, before I exhibit  
'her as a Pattern to the Publick.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Admirer,  
and most obedient Servant,  
Betty Cross steele

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for  
the Service of my Country-women, and had much  
rather prevent Faults than find them, I went last  
Night to the House of the above mentioned Mrs.  
*Cross steele*. As soon as I entered, the Maid of  
the Shop, who, I suppose, was prepared for my  
coming, without asking me any Questions, intro-  
duced me to the little Damsel, and ran away to  
call her Mistress.

The Puppet was dressed in a Cherry coloured  
Gown and Petticoat, with a short working Apron  
over it, which discovered her Shape to the most  
Advantage. Her Hair was cut and divided very  
prettily, with several Ribbons stuck up and down  
in it. The Millener assured me, that her Com-  
plexion was such as was worn by all the Ladies  
of the best Fashion in *Paris*. Her Head was ex-  
tremely high, on which Subject having long since  
declared my Sentiments, I shall say nothing more  
to it at present. I was also offended at a small  
Patch she wore on her Breast, which I can not  
suppose is placed there with any good Design.  
Her Necklace was of an immoderate Length,

being tied before in such a manner that the two Ends hung down to her Girdle but whether these supply the Place of Kissing-Stings in our Enemy's Country, and whether our *British* Ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious Consideration

After having observed the Particulars of her Dress, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the Shop-maid, who is a pert Wench, told me that *Madenoiselle* had something very Curious in the tying of her Garters, but as I pry a due Respect even to a pair of Sticks when they are in Petticoats, I did not examine into that Particular

Upon the whole I was well enough pleased with the Appearance of this gay Lady, and the more so because she was not ill witted, a Quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her Country-women

As I was taking my leave, the Milliner farther informed me, that with the Assistance of a Watch-maker, who was her Neighbour, and the ingenious Mr *Pocell*, she had also contrived another Puppet, which by the help of several little Springs to be wound up within it, could move all its Limbs, and that she had sent it over to her Correspondent in *Paris* to be taught the various Leanings and Bendings of the Head, the Risings of the Bosom, the Curtsey and Recovery, the Gentle Trip, and the agreeable Jet, as they are now practised in the Court of *France*

She added that she hoped she might depend upon having my Encouragement as soon as it arrived but as this was a Petition of too great Importance to be answered *à l'instant*, I left her without a Reply, and made the best of my way to *WILL HONEYCOMB'S* Lodgings, without whose Advice I never communicate any thing to the Publick of this Nature.

No 273] Friday, January 18, 1712 [Steele

—*Sermones ego mollient*  
—*Refutes periculum*— Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

SIR,

YOUR having done considerable Service in this great City, by rectifying the Disorders of Families, and several Wives having preferred your Advice and Directions to those of their Husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this Time. I am a Shop-keeper, and tho' but a young Man, I find by Experience that nothing but the utmost Diligence both of Husband and Wife (among trading People) can keep Affairs in any tolerable Order. My Wife at the Beginning of our Establishment shewed her self very assisting to me in my Business as much as could lie in her Way, and I have Reason to believe 'twas with her Inclination but of late she has got acquainted with a Schoolman, who values himself for his great Knowledge in the *Greek* Tongue. He entertains her frequently in the Shop with Discourses of the Beauties and Excellencies of that Language, and repeats to her

several Passages out of the *Greek* Poets, wherein he tells her there is unspeakable Harmony and agreeable Sounds that all other Languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatuated her with his Jargon, that instead of using her former Diligence in the Shop, she now neglects the Affairs of the House, and is wholly taken up with her Tutor in learning by Heart Serps of *Greek*, which she vents upon all Occasions. She told me some Days ago, that whereas I use some *Latin* Inscriptions in my Shop, she advised me with a great deal of Concern to have them changed into *Greek*, it being a Language less understood, would be more conformable to the Mystery of my Profession that our good Friend would be assisting to us in this Work, and that a certain Faculty of Gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me, that they would infallibly make my Fortune. In short her frequent Importunities upon this and other Importunities of the like Nature make me very uneasy, and if your Recommendations have no more Effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin my self to procure her a Settlement at *Oxford* with her Tutor, for she's already too mad for *Bedlam*. Now, Sir, you see the Danger my Family is exposed to, and the Likelihood of my Wife's becoming both troublesome and useless, unless her leading her self in your Paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned that I cannot pretend by Word of Mouth to argue with her. She laughed out at your ending a Paper in *Greek*, and said 'twas a Hint to Women of Literature, and very evil not to translate it to expose them to the Vulgar. You see how it is with,

SIR,

Your humble Servant

MR SPECTATOR,

'If you have that Humanity and Compassion in your Nature that you rise such Pains to make one think you have, you will not deny your Advice to a distressed Damsel, who intends to be determined by your Judgment in a Matter of great Importance to her. You must know then, there is an agreeable young Fellow, to whose Person, Wit, and Humour no body makes any Objection, that pretends to have been long in Love with me. To this I must add, whether it proceeds from the Vanity of my Nature, or the seeming Sincerity of my Lover, I won't pretend to say that I verily believe he has a real Value for me, which if true, you'll allow in my justly augment his Merit for his Mistress. In short, I am so sensible of his good Qualities, and what I owe to his Passion, that I think I could sooner resolve to give up my Liberty to him than my body else, were there not an Objection to be made to his Fortunes, in regard they don't answer the utmost mine may expect, and are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the reproachful Phrase so commonly used, that she has played the Fool. Now, tho' I am one of those few who heartily despise Equipage, Diamonds, and a Coxcomb, yet since such opposite Notions from mine prevail in the World, even amongst the best, and such as are esteemed the most prudent People, I can't find in my

'Heart to resolve upon incurring the Censure of those wise Folks, which I am conscious I shall do, if when I enter into a married State, I discover a Thought beyond that of equalling, if not advancing my Fortunes Under this Difficulty I now labour, not being in the least determined whether I shall be governed by the vain World, and the frequent Examples I meet with, or harken to the Voice of my Lover, and the Motions I find in my Heart in favour of him Sir, Your Opinion and Advice in this Affair, is the only thing I know can turn the Balance and which I earnestly intreat I may receive soon, for 'till I have your Thoughts upon it, I am engaged not to give my Swin a final Discharge

Besides the particular Obligation you will lay on me, by giving this Subject Room in one of your Papers, 'tis possible it may be of use to some others of my Sex, who will be as grateful for the Favour as,

SIR,  
Your Humble Servant  
Florinda.

P S To tell you the Truth I am Married to Him already, but pray say something to justify me

Mr SPECTATOR,  
'You will forgive Us Professors of Musick if We make a second Application to You, in order to promote our Design of exhibiting Entertainments of Musick in *York Buildings* It is industriously insinuated that Our Intention is to destroy Operas in General, but we beg of you to insert this plain Explanation of our selves in your Paper Our Purpose is only to improve our Circumstances, by improving the Art which we profess We see it utterly destroyed at present and as we were the Persons who introduced Operas, we think it a groundless Imputation that we should set up against the Opera in itself What we pretend to assert is, That the Songs of different Authors injudiciously put together, and a Foreign Tone and Manner which are expected in every thing now performed among us, has put Musick itself to a stand inasmuch that the Ears of the People cannot now be entertained with any thing but what has an impertinent Gayety, without any just Spirit, or a Languishment of Notes, without any Passion or common Sense We hope those Persons of Sense and Quality who have done us the Honour to subscribe, will not be ashamed of their Patronage towards us, and not receive Impressions that patronising us is being for or against the Opera, but truly promoting their own Diversions in a more just and elegant Manner than has been hitherto performed

We are, SIR,  
Your most humble Servants,  
Thomas Cryton  
Nicolino Haym  
Charles Dieupart

There will be no Performances in *York-buildings* till after that of the Subscription T

\* See No 258

No 279] Saturday, Jan 19, 1712 [Addison

*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique* —Hor

WE have already taken a general Survey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton's Paradise Lost* The Parts which remain to be considered, according to *Aristotle's* Method, are the *Sentiments* and the *Language* Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my Reader, that it is my Design as soon as I have finished my general Reflections on these four several Herds, to give particular Instances out of the Poem which is now before us of Beauties and Imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other Particulars as may not properly fall under any of them Thus I thought fit to premise, that the Reader may not judge too hastily of this Piece of Criticism, or look upon it as Imperfect, before he has seen the whole Extent of it

The Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the Thoughts and Behaviour which the Author ascribes to the Persons whom he introduces, and are just when they are conformable to the Characters of the several Persons The Sentiments have likewise a relation to *Things* as well as *Persons*, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the Subject If in either of these Cases the Poet sends efforts to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise<sup>2</sup> Love or Hatred, Pity or Terror, or any other Passion, we ought to consider whether the Sentiments he makes use of are proper for [those] Ends *Horace* is censured by the Critics for his Defect as to this Particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, tho' at the same time those, who have treated this great Poet with Candour, have attributed this Defect to the Times in which he lived<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is in Part II of the *Poetics*, when treating of Tragedy, that Aristotle lays down his main principles Here after treating of the Fable and the Manners, he proceeds to the Diction and the Sentiments By Fable, he says (§ 2), 'I mean the contexture of incidents, or the Plot By Manners I mean, whatever marks the Character of the Persons. By Sentiments, whatever they say, whether proving any thing, or delivering a general sentiment, &c.' In dividing Sentiments from Diction, he says (§ 22) The Sentiments include whatever is the Object of speech, Diction (§ 23—25) the words themselves Concerning Sentiment, he refers his reader to the rhetoricians

<sup>2</sup> [argues or explains, magnifies or diminishes, raises.] <sup>3</sup> [these]

<sup>4</sup> René le Bossu says in his treatise on the Epic, published in 1675, Bk. 11. ch. 3 'What is base and ignoble at one time and in one country, is not always so in others We are apt to smile at *Homers* comparing Ajax to an Ass in his *Iliad* Such a comparison now a days would be indecent and ridiculous because it would be indecent and ridiculous for a person of quality to ride upon such a steed But heretofore this Animal was

It was the Fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that Delicacy in some of his Sentiments which now appears in the Works of Men of a much inferior Genius. Besides, if there are Blemishes in any particular Thoughts, there is an infinite Beauty in the greatest Part of them. In short, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the Merit of some of his Sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the Greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this Particular. Nor must we omit one Consideration which adds to his Honour and Reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Persons whose Characters are commonly known among Men, and such as are to be met with either in History, or in ordinary Conversation. *Milton's* Characters, most of them, lie out of Nature, and were to be formed purely by his own Invention. It shews a greater Genius in *Shakespeare* to have drawn his *Caliban*, than his *Hotspur* or *Julius Caesar*. The one was to be supplied out of his own Imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon Tradition, History and Observation. It was much easier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Assembly of Grecian Generals, than for *Milton* to diversify his infernal Council with proper Characters, and inspire them with a Variety of Sentiments. The Lovers of *Dido* and *Aeneas* are only Copies of what has passed between other Persons. *Adam* and *Eve*, before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a Poet of the most unbounded Invention, and the most exquisite Judgment, could have filled their Conversation and Behaviour with [so many apt] Circumstances during their State of Innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with such Thoughts as are *Natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *Sublime*. *Virgil* in this Particular falls short of *Homer*. He has not indeed so many Thoughts that are Low and Vulgar, but at the same time has not so many Thoughts that are Sublime and Noble. The Truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the Force of his own Genius, but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his Hints from *Homer*.

*Milton's* chief Talent, and indeed his distinguishing Excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his

'in better repute Kings and princes did not disdain the beast so much as mere tradesmen do in our times.' 'Tis just the same with many other similes which in *Homer's* time were allowable. 'We should now pity a Poet that should be so silly and ridiculous as to compare a Hero to a piece of Fat. Yet *Homer* does it in a comparison he makes of *Ulysses*. The reason is that in these Primitive Times, wherein the Sacrifices were living creatures, the Blood and the Fat were the most noble, the most august, and the most holy things.'

\* [such Beautiful]

Thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry but in the Greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both Modern and Ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impossible for the Imagination of Man to extend itself with greater Ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, [second,] and sixth Book[s]. The seventh, which describes the Creation of the World, is likewise wonderfully Sublime, tho' not so apt to stir up Emotion in the Mind of the Reader, nor consequently so perfect in the Epic Way of Writing, because it is filled with less Action. Let the judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has observed<sup>1</sup> on several Passages in *Homer*, and he will find Parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be pursued in an Heroic Poem, there are also two kinds of Thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural, the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of Thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*. He has none of those [trifling<sup>2</sup>] Points and Puerilities that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatic Turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling Sentiments which are so frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of those mixed Embellishments of *Passus*. Everything is just and natural. His Sentiments shew that he had a perfect Insight into human Nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to [affect it].

Mr *Dryden* has in some Places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented *Virgil's* way of thinking as to this Particular, in the Translation he has given us of the *Aeneid*. I do not

<sup>1</sup> Longinus on the Sublime, I § 9 Of Discord, *Homer* says (Pope's tr.)

While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,

She stalks on earth (Iliad iv)  
Of horses of the gods

Far as a shepherd from some spot on high  
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,  
Through such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,

At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound  
Iliad v

*Longinus* quotes also from the *Iliad* xix, the combat of the Gods, the description of *Neptune*, Iliad xi, and the Prayer of *Ajax*, Iliad xvii.

<sup>2</sup> [little]

<sup>3</sup> [affect it] I remember but one Line in him which has been objected against, by the Critics, as a point of Wit. It is in his ninth Book, where *Juno*, speaking of the *Trojans*, how they survived the Ruins of their City, expresses her self in the following Words

*Num capti potuerunt capi, num uincens cremantur Pergara?*

Were the Trojans taken even after they were Captives, or did Troy burn even when it was in Flames?

is composed of Persons, who have the Talent of Pleasing with Delicacy of Sentiments flowing from habitual Christy of Thought, but mixed Company is frequently made up of Pretenders to Mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful Witicism. Now and then you meet with a Man so exactly formed for Pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need no Manner of Importance in it, to make him gain upon every Body who hears or beholds him. This Felicity is not the Gift of Nature only, but must be attended with happy Circumstances, which add a Dignity to the familiar Behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable Man. It is from this that every Body loves and esteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the Vigour of his Age and the Gayety of Life, but has passed through very conspicuous Scenes in it, though no Soldier, he has shared the Danger, and acted with great Gallantry and Generosity on a decisive Day of Battle. To have those Qualities which only make other Men conspicuous in the World as it were superannuated to him, is a Circumstance which gives Weight to his most indifferent Actions for as a known Credit is ready Cash to a Trader, so is acknowledged Merit immediate Distinction, and serves in the Place of Equipage to a Gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in Mirth, important in Business, and regarded with Love in every ordinary Occurrence. But not to dwell upon Characters which have such particular Recommendations to our Hearts, let us turn our Thoughts rather to the Methods of Pleasing which must carry Men through the World who cannot pretend to such Advantages. Falling in with the particular Humour or Manner of one above you, abstracted from the general Rules of good Behaviour, is the Life of a Slave. A Parasite differs in nothing from the meanest Servant, but that the Footman hires himself for bodily Labour, subjected to go and come at the Will of his Master, but the other gives up his very Soul. He is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the Mode of him whom he courts. This servitude to a Patron, in an honest Nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his Livery therefore we will speak of those Methods only which are worthy and ingenious.

The happy Talent of Pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the Opinion they have of your Sincerity. This Quality is to attend the agreeable Man in all the Actions of his Life and I think there need no more be said in Honour of it, than that it is what forces the Approbation even of your Opponents. The guilty Man has an Honour for the Judge who with Justice pronounces against him the Sentence of Death it self. The Author of the Sentence at the Head of this Paper, was an excellent Judge of human Life, and pressed his own in Company the most agreeable that ever was in the World. *Augustus* lived amongst his Friends as if he had his Fortune to make in his own Court. Candour and Affability, accompanied with as much Power as ever Mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost Manner agreeable among a Set of admirable Men, who had Thoughts too high

for Ambition, and Views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the Disposal of an Empire, without the Pleasures of their mutual Conversation. A certain Unanimity of Taste and Judgment, which is natural to all of the same Order in the Species, was the Band of this Society, and the Emperor assumed no Figure in it but what he thought was his Due from his private Talents and Qualifications, as they contributed to advance the Pleasures and Sentiments of the Company.

Cunning People, Hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined Pleasure of such an equal Company as could wholly exclude the Keck of Fortune in their Conversations. *Horace*, in the Discourse from whence I take the Hint of the present Speculation, lays down excellent Rules for Conduct in Conversation with Men of Power but he speaks it with an Air of one who had no Need of such an Application for any thing which related to himself. It shows he understood what it was to be a skilful Courtier, by just Admonitions against Importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak Modestly of your own Warts. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all Opportunities to speak of your own Affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him upon whom he depends, fares like the Beggar who exposes his Sores, which instead of moving Compassion makes the Man he begs of turn away from the Object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen Years ago an honest Fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the Mention or Appearance of his Warts would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a Counterpart of *Irish*, whom I have formerly mentioned. This Man, whom I have missed for some Years in my Walks, and have heard was someway employed about the Army, made it a Maxim, That good Wigs, delicate Lincin, and a cheerful Air, were to a poor Dependent the same that working Tools are to a poor Artificer. It was no small Entertunment to me, who knew his Circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two Days, attribute the Thinness they told him of to the Violence of some Gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful Dissembler carried this on with the utmost Address and if any suspected his Affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable Vice rather than an irreproachable Poverty, which saved his Credit with those on whom he depended.

The main Art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a Favour from your Patron than Claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the Method of Pleasing so as to succeed in the World, when there are Crowds who have, in City, Town, Court, and Country, arrived at considerable Acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant Tenour of Life, but have gone on from one successful Error to another. Therefore I think I may shorten this Enquiry after the Method of Pleasing and as the old Beau said to his Son, once for all, *Pray, Jack, be a fine Gentleman*, so may I, to my Reader abridge my Instructions, and finish the Art of Pleasing in a Word, *Be rich*. 1

No 281 ] Tuesday, January 22, 1712 [Addison,

*Pectoribus insans spirantia consistit æta*  
Virg

HAVING already given an Account of the Dissection of a *Beast's Heart*, with the several Discoveries made on that Occasion, I shall here, according to my Promise, enter upon the Dissection of a *Coquet's Heart*, and communicate to the Public such Particulars as we observed in that curious Piece of Anatomy.

I should perhaps have waded this Undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my Promise by several of my unknown Correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an Example of the *Coquet*, as I have already done of the *Bear*. It is therefore, in Compliance with the Requests of Friends, that I have looked over the Minutes of my former Dream, in order to give the Public in brief Relation to it, which I shall enter upon without further Preface.

Our Operator, before he engaged in this Visionary Dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his Art more difficult than to lay open the Heart of a *Coquet*, by reason of the many Labyrinths and Recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the Heart of any other Animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward Case of the Heart, which we did very attentively, and by the help of our Glasses discern'd in it Millions of little Scars, which seem'd to have been occasioned by the Points of innumerable Darts and Arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward Coat, though we could not discover the smallest Office, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward Substance.

Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or Case of the Heart, contains in it a thin reddish Liquor, supposed to be bred from the Vapours which exhale out of the Heart, and, being stop'd here, are condensed into this watry Substance. Upon examining this Liquor, we found that it had in it all the Qualities of that Spirit which is made use of in the Thermometer, to shew the Change of Weather.

Nor must I here omit an Experiment one of the Company assured us he himself had made with this Liquor, which he found in great Quantity about the Heart of a *Coquet* whom he had formerly dissected. He affirm'd to us, that he had actually enclosed it in a small Tube made after the manner of a Weather Glass, but that instead of acquainting him with the Variations of the Atmosphere, it shew'd him the Qualities of those Persons who entered the Room where it stood. He affirm'd also, that it rose at the Approach of a Plume of feathers, an embroidered Coat, or a Pair of fringed Gloves, and that it fell as soon as an ill shaped Perriwig, a clumsy Pair of Shoes, or an unfashionable Coat came into his House. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his Laughing aloud when he stood by it, the Liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk

again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this Invention whenever he had a Man of Sense or a Coxcomb in his Room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the Case and Liquor above mentioned, we came to the Heart itself. The outward Surface of it was extremely shaggy, and the *Mucro*, or Point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the Fingers like a smooth Piece of Ice.

The Fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplex'd manner than they are usually found in other Hearts, inasmuch that the whole Heart was wound up together in a Gordian Knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal Motions, whilst it was employ'd in its Vital Function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that, upon examining all the Vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any Communication that it had with the Tongue.

We could not but take Notice likewise, that several of these little Nerves in the Heart which are affected by the Sentiments of Love, Hatred, and other Passions, did not descend to this before us from the Brain, but from the Muscles which lie about the Eye.

Upon weighing the Heart in my Hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when upon looking into the Inside of it, I saw Multitudes of Cells and Cavities running one within another, as our Historians describe the Apartments of *Rosamond's Bower*. Several of these little Hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of Insects, which I shall forbear giving any particular Account of, and shall therefore only take Notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our untolding, it and applying our Microscopes to it, appeared to be a fine coloured Hood.

We were inform'd that the Lady of this Heart, when living, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her, and did not only give each of them Encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an Eye of Kindness for which Reason we expected to have seen the Impression of Multitudes of Faces among the several Parts and Foldings of the Heart, but to our great Surprise not a single Print of this nature discover'd it self till we came into the very Core and Center of it. We there observ'd a little Figure, which, upon applying our Glasses to it, appear'd dressed in a very fantastick manner. The more I look'd upon it, the more I thought I had seen the Face before, but could not possibly recollect either the Place or Time when, at length, one of the Company, who had examin'd this Figure more nicely than the rest, shew'd us plainly by the Make of its Face, and the several Turns of its Features, that the little Idol which was thus lodged in the very Middle of the Heart was the deceased Beau, whose Head I gave some Account of in my last *Tuesday's Paper*.

As soon as we had finish'd our Dissection, we resolv'd to make an Experiment of the Heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the

Nature of its Substance, which differ'd in so many Particulars from that of the Heart in other Females. Accordingly we laid it into a Pan of burning Coals, when we observed in it a certain Salamandrine Quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of Fire and Flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange *Phœnomenon*, and standing round the Heart in a Circle, it gave a most prodigious Sigh or rather Crack, and dispersed all at once in Smoke and Vapour. This imaginary Noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a Cannon, produced such a violent Shake in my Brain, that it dissipated the Fumes of Sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake. L

'which at the foresaid Rate, is 8000<sup>l</sup>. There's a Widow Aunt, who has 10,000<sup>l</sup> at her own Disposal left by her Husband, and an old Maiden Aunt who has 6000<sup>l</sup>. Then our Father's Mother has 900<sup>l</sup> *per Annum* which is worth 18,000<sup>l</sup> and 1000<sup>l</sup> each of us has of her own, which can't be taken from us. These summs'd up together stand thus

Father's 800—	16,000	This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000 <sup>l</sup> each and Allowance being given for Enlargement upon common Fame, we may lawfully pass for 30,000 <sup>l</sup> Fortunes
Uncle's 400—	8000	
Aunts { 6000 }	—16,000	
Grandmother 900—	18,000	
Own 1000 each—	3000	
Total 61,000		

No 282 ] Wednesday, Jan 23, 1712 [ Steele

[—Spes incerta futuri—Virg<sup>1</sup>]

IT is a lamentable thing that every Man is full of Complaints, and constantly uttering Sentences against the Fickleness of Fortune, when People generally bring upon themselves all the Calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up Matter for their own Sorrow and Disappointment. That which produces the greatest Part of the [Delusions<sup>2</sup>] of Mankind, is a false Hope, which People indulge with so sanguine a Flattery to themselves, that their Hearts are bent upon fantastical Advantages which they had no Reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust Measure of calculating their Happiness, they often mourn with real Affliction for imaginary Losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for our selves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular Set of People, who, in their own Favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that Probability as on what must certainly happen. WILL HONEYCOMB, upon my observing him looking on a Lady with some particular Attention, gave me an Account of the great Distresses which had laid waste that her very fine Face, and had given an Air of Melancholy to a very agreeable Person. That Lady, and a couple of Sisters of hers, were, said WILL, fourteen Years ago, the greatest Fortunes about Town but without having any Loss by bad Tenants, by bad Securities, or any Damage by Sea or Land, were reduced to very narrow Circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible haughty Beauties in Town and their Pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, was rais'd upon the following Scheme, according to which all their Lov'ers were answered.

'Our Father is a youngish Man, but then our Mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any Children. His Estate, being 800<sup>l</sup> *per Annum*, at 20 Years Purchase, is worth 16,000<sup>l</sup>. Our Uncle who is above 50, has 400<sup>l</sup> *per Annum*,

In Prospect of this, and the Knowledge of her own personal Merit, every one was contemptible in their Eyes, and they refus'd those Offers which had been frequently made 'em. But mark the End. The Mother dies, the Father is married again, and has a Son, on him was entail'd the Father's, Uncle's, and Grand-mother's Estate. This cut off 43,000<sup>l</sup>. The Maiden Aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6000<sup>l</sup>. The Widow died, and left but enough to pay her Debts and bury her, so that there remained for these three Girls but their own 1000<sup>l</sup>. They had [by] this time press'd their Prime, and got on the wrong side of Flurry and must pass the Rem'nder of their Days, upbraiding Mankind that they mind nothing but Money, and bewailing that Virtue, Sense and Modesty are had at present in no manner of Estimation.

I mention this Case of Ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable. For tho' Youth is the Time less capable of Reflection, it is in that Sex the only Season in which they can advance their Fortunes. But if we turn our Thoughts to the Men, we see such Crowds of Unhappy from no other Reason, but an ill grounded Hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our Pity or Contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a Fellow after grown old in Attendance, and after having passed half a Life in Servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all Men, and pretend to be disappointed because a Courtier broke his Word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own Property or Labour, and goes beyond the Desire of possessing above two Parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an increasing Heap of Afflictions and Disappointments. There are but two Means in the World of gaining by other Men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The Generality of Mankind do all things for their own sakes, and when you hope any thing from Persons above you, if you cannot say, I can be thus agreeable or thus servicable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the Dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you you were injudicious, in hoping for any other than to be neglected, for such as can come within these Descriptions of being capable to please or serve your Patron, when his Humour or Interests call for their Capacity either way.

<sup>1</sup> [Ft nulli rei nisi Parientis natus]

<sup>2</sup> [Pollutions]



quire my Attention, I give myself up wholly to them 'till they are set in Order

In short, we often see Men of dull and phlegmatick Tempers, arriving to great Estates, by making a regular and orderly Disposition of their Business, and that without it the greatest Parts and most lively Imaginations rather puzzle their Affairs, than bring them to an happy Issue

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a Maxim, that every Man of good common Sense may, if he pleases, in his particular Station of Life, most certainly be Rich The Reason why we sometimes see that Men of the greatest Capacities are not so, is either because they despise Wealth in Comparison of something else or at least are not content to be getting an Estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the Pleasures and Gratifications of Life

But besides these ordinary Forms of growing Rich, it must be allowed that there is Room for Genius, as well in this as in all other Circumstances of Life

Tho' the Ways of getting Money were long since very numerous and tho' so many new ones have been found out of late Years, there is certainly still remaining so large a Field for Invention, that a Man of an indifferent Head might easily sit down and draw up such a Plan for the Conduct and support of his Life, as was never yet once thought of

We daily see Methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious Men, which demonstrate the Power of Invention in this Particular

It is reported of *Scaramouch*, the first famous Italian Comedien, that being at *Paris* and in great Want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the Door of a noted Perfumer in that City, and when any one came out who had been buying Snuff, never failed to desire a Taste of them when he had by this Means got together a Quantity made up of several different Sorts, he sold it again at a lower Rate to the same Perfumer, who finding out the Trick, called it *Talac de mille fleurs*, or *Snuff of a thousand Flowers* The Story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable Subsistence, 'till mailing too much haste to grow Rich, he one Day took such an unreasonable Pinch out of the Box of a Swiss Officer, as engaged him in a Quarrel, and obliged him to quit this Ingenious Way of Life

Nor can I in this Place omit doing Justice to a Youth of my own Country, who, tho' he is scarce yet twelve Years old, has with great Industry and Application returned to the Art of beating the Grinders March on his Chin I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his Mother, but that he is laying up Money every Day, with a Design, if the War continues, to purchase a Drum at least, if not a Colours

I shall conclude these Instances with the Device of the famous *Rabclaus*, when he was at a great Distance from *Paris*, and without Money to bear his Expences thither This ingenious Author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient Quantity of Brick-Dust, and having disposed of it into several Papers, writ upon one *Poyson for*

*Monsieur*, upon a second, *Poyson for the Dauphin*, and on a third, *Poyson for the King*. Having made this Provision for the Royal Family of *France*, he hid his Papers so that his Landlord, who was an Inquisitive Man, and a good Subject, might get a Sight of them

The Plot succeeded as he desired The Host gave immediate Intelligence to the Secretary of State

The Secretary presently sent down a Special Messenger, who brought up the Triton to Court, and provided him at the King's Expence with proper Accommodations on the Road As soon as he appeared he was known to be the Celebrated *Rabclaus*, and his Powder upon Examination on being found very Innocent, the Jest was only laid at for which a less eminent *Drole* would have been sent to the Gallies

Trade and Commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand Ways, out of which would arise such Branches as have not yet been touched The famous *Do ly* is still fresh in every one's Memory, who raised a Fortune by finding out Materials for such Snuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel I have heard it rumored, that he did not he discovered this frugal Method of gratifying our Pride, we should hardly have been [able] to carry on the last War

I regard Trade not only as highly advantageous to the Commonwealth in general but as the most natural and likely Method of making a Man's Fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the World, greater Estates got about *Clarge*, than at *Witchall* or *St. James* I believe I may also add, that the first Acquisitions are generally attended with more Satisfaction, and as good a Conscience

I must not however close this Essay, without observing that what has been said is only intended for Persons in the common ways of Thriving, and is not designed for those Men who from low beginnings push themselves up to the Top of States, and the most considerable Figures in Life My Maxim of *Savage* is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for *Thirst* to disappoint the Ends of *Ambition*, it being almost impossible that the Mind should [be] intent upon Trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great Design

I may therefore compare these Men to a great Poet, who, as *Longinus* says, while he is full of the most magnificent Ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little Beauties and Niceties of his Art

I would however have all my Readers take great care how they mistral e themselves for an common *Genius's*, and Men above Rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this Particular

<sup>x</sup> [able so well]  
<sup>2</sup> [descend to and be]

'in order to put the Congregation into the Tune, she was all the while curtsying to Sir Anthony in so affected and indecent a manner, that the Indignation I conceived at it made me forget myself so far, as from the Tune of that Psalm to wander into Southwell's Tune, and from thence into Windsor's Tune, still unable to recover myself till I had with the utmost Confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up and smile and curtsy to one at the lower End of the Church in the midst of a *Gloria Patri* and when I have spoke the Assent to a Prayer with a long *Amen* uttered with decent Gravity, she has been rolling her Eyes around about in such a Manner, as plainly shewed, however she was moved, it was not towards an Heavenly Object. In fine, she extended her Conquests so far over the Males, and roused such Envy in the Females, that what between Love of those and the Jealousy of these, I was almost the only Person that looked in the Prayer Book all Church time. I had several Projects in my Head to put a Stop to this growing Mischief but as I have long lived in Kent, and there often heard how the *Kentish* Men evaded the Conqueror, by carrying green Boughs over their Heads, it put me in mind of practising this Device against Mrs. *Sumpter*. I find I have preserved many a young Man from her Eye shot by this Means therefore humbly pray the Boughs may be fixed, till she shall give Security for her peaceable Intentions

Your Humble Servant,  
Francis Sternhold

T

No 285 ] Saturday, January 26, 1712 [Addison

*Ne, quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,  
Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,  
Migret in Obscuris humili sermone tabernas  
Aut, dum vilat humum, nubes et mania caplet*  
Hor

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters, and Sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last Place to consider the Language, and as the Learned World is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this Point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my Opinions and incline to those who judge the most advantageously of the Author

It is requisite that the Language of an Heroic Poem should be both Perspicuous and Sublime. In proportion as either of these two Qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary Qualification, inasmuch that a good natural Reader sometimes overlooks a little Slip even in the Grammar or *Syntax*, where it is impossible for him to mistake the Poet's Sense. Of this Kind is that Passage in *Milton*, wherein he speaks of *Satan*

—God and his Son except,  
Created thing nought wold he nor shunn'd

And that in which he describes *Adam* and *Eve*  
*Adam the goodliest Man of Men since born*  
*His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters* I've

It is plain, that in the former of these Passages according to the natural *Syntax*, the Divine Persons mentioned in the first Line are represented as created Beings, and that, in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their Sons and Daughters. Such little Blemishes as these, when the I thought is great and natural, we should, with *Horace*, impute to a pardonable Inadvertency, or to the Weakness of human Nature, which cannot attend to every minute Particular, and give the last Finishing to every Circumstance in so long a Work. The Ancient Critics therefore, who were acted by a Spirit of Candour, rather than that of Caviling, invented certain Figures of Speech, on purpose to palliate little Errors of this nature in the Writings of those Authors who had so many greater Beauties to atone for them.

If Clearness and Perspicuity were only to be consulted, the Poet would have nothing else to do but to cloath his Thoughts in the most plain and natural Expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious Phrases, and those which are used in ordinary Conversation, become too familiar to the Ear, and contract a kind of Meanness by passing through the Mouths of the Vulgar, a Poet should take particular Care to guard himself against Idiomatick Ways of Speaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many Poornesses of Expression upon this Account, as taking up with the first Phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the Trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. *Milton* has but few Failings in this Kind, of which, however, you may meet with some Instances, as in the following Passages.

*Embrios and Idiots, Eremites and Fryars,  
White, Black, and Grey, with all their Frumpery,  
Here Pilgrims roam—*

—A while discourse they hold,  
No fear lest Dinner cool when thus began  
Our Author—

*Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling  
The Evil on him brought by me, will curse  
My Head, all save our Ancestor unpare,  
For this we may thank Adam—*

The Great Masters in Composition, knew very well that many an elegant Phrase becomes improper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debased by common Use. For this Reason the Works of Ancient Authors, which are written in dead Languages, have a great Advantage over those which are written in Languages that are now

\* Verum ubi plurimant in carmine, non ego prae  
Offendar maculis, quis aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana purum carit natura  
De Ar Poet, ll 351-3

2 [see an Instance or two]

\* Aristotle, *Poetics*, ll § 26 'The excellence of 'Diction consists in being perspicuous without 'being mean'

spoken. Were there any mean Phrases or Idioms in *Virgil* and *Horace*, they would not shock the Ear of the most delicate Modern Reader, so much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, because we never hear them pronounced in our Streets or in ordinary Conversation.

It is no therefore sufficient that the Language of an Epic Poem be Perspicuous, unless it be also Sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common Forms and ordinary Phrases of Speech. The Judgment of a Poet very much discovers itself in shunning the common Roads of Expression, without falling into such ways of Speech as may seem stiff and unnatural: he must not well into a false Sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other Extremum. Among the Greeks *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles* were guilty of this Fault among the Latins *Catullus* and *Statius*, and among our own Countrymen *Snodgrass* and *Laurence*. In these Authors the Affectation of Greatness often hurts the Perspicuity of the Style, as in many others the Endeavour after Perspicuity prejudices its Greatness.

*Aristotle* has observed, that the Idiomatical Style may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following Methods.<sup>1</sup> First by the Use of Metaphors [Such are those of *Milton*]

Imagined in our another's Arms  
And in his Hand a Reed  
Stood up with Fire  
The grassy Clods now cald,  
[Spangled with the Eyes]

In these and innumerable other Instances the Metaphors are very bold but just. I must however observe that the Metaphors are not [so] thick sown in *Milton*, which always savours too much of Wit: that they never clash with one another, which, as *Aristotle* observes, turns a Sentence into a kind of an Enigma or Riddle,<sup>2</sup> and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural Words will do as well.

Another way of raising the Language, and giving it a Poetical Turn, is to make use of the Idioms of other Tongues. *Virgil* is full of the Greek Forms of Speech, which the Critics call *Hellenisms*, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*.<sup>3</sup> I need not mention the several Dialects which *Horace* has made

use of for this end. *Milton*, in conformity with the Practice of the Ancient Poets, and with *Aristotle's* Rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms*, as well as *Græcisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the Language of his Poem, as towards the Beginning of it

Nor did I late, not perceive the evil Plight  
In which they were, or the fierce Pain of soul  
Yet their German's Voice they soon obey'd—  
Who's all but a living Fire?  
The dark womb of life's Abyss,  
And to reach the palpable Obscure find out  
His unreach'd way, or spread his airy Flight  
Upon such unsupportable Wings  
Over the vast Abyss.

[—So both ascend  
In the Vortex of God—

Book 2.]

Under this Head may be reckon'd the placing the Adjective after the Substantive, the Transposition of Words the turning the Adjective into a Substantive, with several other Foreign Modes of Speech which this Poet has naturalized to give his Verse the greater Sound, and throw it out of Prose.

The third Method mention'd by *Aristotle* is what agrees with the Genius of the Greek Language more than with that of any other Tongue, and is therefore more used by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthening of a Phrase by the Addition of Words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular Words by the Insertion or Omission of certain Syllables. *Milton* has put in practice this Method of raising his Language, as far as the Nature of our Tongue will permit, as in the Passage above-mentioned, *Eremitic*, [for] what is *Hermite*, in common Discourse. If you observe the Measure of his Verse, he has with great Judgment suppress'd a Syllable in several Words, and short'n'd those of two Syllables into one, by which Method, besides the above-mentioned Advantage, he has given a greater Variety to his Numbers. But this Practice is more particularly remarkable in the Names of Persons and of Countries, as *Brutus*, *Hessetier*, and in many other Particulars, where he has either changed the Name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the Language of the vulgar.

The same Reason recommended to him several old Words, which also makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater Air of Antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in *Milton* several Words of his own coining, as *Cerberian*, *murder'd*, *Hell-doom'd*, *Entomion* Atoms, and many others. If the Reader is offended at this Liberty in our *English* Poet, I would recommend him to a Discourse in *Plutarch*,<sup>4</sup> which shews us how frequently *Horace* has made use of the same Liberty.

*Milton*, by the above-mentioned Helps, and by the Choice of the noblest Words and Phrases

<sup>1</sup> On Life and Poetry of *Homer*, wrongly ascribed to *Plutarch*, Bl. I § 16

<sup>2</sup> Poetics, II § 26

<sup>3</sup> [like those in *Milton*]

<sup>4</sup> That language is elevated and remote from the vulgar idiom which employs unusual words or unusual, I mean foreign, metaphysical, extended—all, in short, that are not common words. Yet, should a poet compose his Discourse entirely of such words the result would be either an enigma or a barbarous jargon: an enigma if composed of metaphors, a barbarous jargon if composed of foreign words. For the essence of an enigma consists in putting together things apparently inconsistent and impossible, and at the same time saying nothing but what is true. Now this cannot be effected by the mere arrangement of words by the metaphorical use of them it may.

which our Tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater Height than any of the *English* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made the Sublimity of his Style equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these Observations on *Milton's* Style, because it is that Part of him in which he appears the most singular. The Remarks I have here made upon the Practice of other Poets, with my Observations out of *Aristotle*, will perhaps alleviate the Prejudice which some have taken to his Poem upon this Account tho' after all, I must confess that I think his Style, tho' admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent Use of those Methods, which *Aristotle* has prescribed for the raising of it.

This Redundancy of those several Ways of Speech, which *Aristotle* calls *foreign Language*, and with which *Milton* has so very much enriched, and to some Places darkened the Language of his Poem, was the more proper for his Use, because his Poem is written in Blank Verse Rhyme, without any other Assistance, throws the Language off from Prose, and very often makes an indifferent Phrase pass unregarded but where the Verse is not built upon Rhymes, there Pomp of Sound, and Energy of Expression, are indispensably necessary to support the Style, and keep it from falling into the flatness of Prose.

Those who have not a Taste for this Elevation of Style, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he departs from the common Forms of Expression, would do well to see how *Aristotle* has treated an Ancient Author called *Eclid*,<sup>1</sup> for his inept Mirth upon this Occasion. Mr *Dryden* used to call [these] sort of Men his Prose-Criticks.

<sup>1</sup> *Poetics*, II § 26. 'A judicious intermixture is requisite. It is without reason, therefore, that some critics have censured these modes of speech, and ridiculed the poet for the use of them as old *Euclid* did, objecting that versification would be an easy business, if it were permitted to lengthen words at pleasure, and then giving a burlesque example of that sort of diction. In the employment of all the species of unusual words, moderation is necessary for metaphors, foreign words, or any of the others improperly used, and with a design to be ridiculous, would produce the same effect. But how great a difference is made by a proper and temperate use of such words may be seen in heroic verse. Let any one put common words in the place of the metaphorical, the foreign, and others of the same kind, and he will be convinced of the truth of what I say.' He then gives two or three examples of the effect of changing poetical for common words. As, that (in plays now lost) 'the same Iambic verse occurs in *Aeschylus* and *Euripides* but by means of a single alteration—the substitution of a foreign for a common and usual word—one of these verses appears beautiful the other ordinary. For *Aeschylus* in his *Philoctetes* says, "The poisonous wound that eats my flesh." But *Euripides* for (*σφίλις*) "eats" says (*βανναται*) "banquets on." [this]

I should, under this Head of the Language, consider *Milton's* Numbers, in which he has made use of several Elisions, which are not customary among other *English* Poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the Letter *Y*, when it precedes a Vowel.<sup>2</sup> This, and some other Innovations in the Measure of his Verse, has varied his Numbers in such a manner, as

<sup>2</sup> This is not particularly observed. On the very first page of *P. L.* we have a line with the final *y* twice sounded before a vowel,

*Invoke thy aid to my adventurous sord*

Again a few lines later,

*That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert Eternal Providence*

Ten lines farther we read of the Serpent

*Stir'd up with envy and revenge*

We have only an apparent elision of *y* a few lines later in his aspiring

*To set himself in glory above his peers,*

for the line would be ruined were the *y* to be omitted by a reader. The extreme shortness of the two unaccented syllables, *y* and *a*, gives them the quantity of one in the metre, and allows by the turn of voice a suggestion of exuberance heightening the force of the word glory. Three lines lower *Milton* has no elision of the *y* before a vowel in the line,

*Against the throne and monarchy of God*

Nor eight lines after that in the words 'day and night.' There is elision of *y* in the line,

*That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downy fall*

But none a few lines lower down in

*Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven*

When the *y* stands by itself, unaccented, immediately after an accented syllable, and precedes a vowel that is part of another unaccented syllable standing immediately before an accented one, *Milton* receives the consequence and does not attempt to give it the force of a distinct syllable. But Addison's vague notion that it was *Milton's* custom to cut off the final *y* when it precedes a vowel, and that for the sake of being uncommon, came of inaccurate observation. For the reasons just given, the *y* of the word glory runs into the succeeding syllable, and most assuredly is not cut off, when we read of

*Of glory obscur'd as when the sun, new ris'd,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,*

but the *y* in 'misty' stands as a full syllable because the word *air* is accented. So again 10

*Death as oft accus'd  
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
The day of his offence*

The *y* of 'tardy' is a syllable because the vowel following it is accented, the *y* also of 'day,' remains, because, although an unaccented vowel follows, it is itself part of an accented syllable.

makes them incapable of satiating the Ear, and cloying the Reader, which the same uniform Measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual Returns of Rhyme never fails to do in long Narrative Poems. I shall close these Reflections upon the Language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that *Milton* has copied after *Homer* rather than *Virgil* in the length of his Periods, the Copiousness of his Phrases, and the running of his Verses into one another.

No 286] Monday, January 23, 1712 [Steel

*Nomina Honesta pretenduntur vitius* — *Pretit*

MR SPECTATOR, York, Jan 18, 1712  
I PRETEND not to inform a Gentleman of so just a Taste, whenever he pleases to use it, but it may not be amiss to inform your Readers, that there is a false Delicacy as well as a true one. True Delicacy, as I take it, consists in Exactness of Judgment and Dignity of Sentiment, or if you will Purity of Affection, as this is opposed to Corruption and Grossness. There are Pedants in Breeding as well as in Learning. The Eye that cannot bear the Light is not delicate but sore. A good Constitution appears in the Soundness and Vigour of the Parts, not in the Squeamishness of the Stomach. And a false Delicacy is Affectation, not Politeness. What then can be the Standard of Delicacy but Truth and Virtue? Virtue, which, as the Sages long since observed, is real Honour whereas the other Distinctions among Mankind are merely titular. Judging by that Rule, in my Opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous Female Readers, you are so far from deserving Mr *Courtly's* Accusation, that you seem too gentle, and to allow too many Excuses for an enormous Crime, which is the Reproach of the Age, and is in all its Branches and Degrees expressly forbidden by that Religion we pretend to profess, and whose Laws, in a Nation that calls it self Christian, one would think should take Place of those Rules which Men of corrupt Minds, and those of weak Understandings follow. I know not any thing more pernicious to good Manners, than the giving fair Names to foul Actions, for this confounds Vice and Virtue, and takes off that natural Horror we have to Evil. An innocent Creature, who would start at the Name of Strumpet, may think it pretty to be called a Mistress, especially if her Seducer has taken care to inform her, that a Union of Hearts is the principal Matter in the Sight of Heaven, and that the Business at Church is a meer idle Ceremony. Who knows not that the Difference between obscene and modest Words expressing the same Action, consists only in the accessory Idea, for there is nothing immodest in Letters and Syllables. Fornication and Adultery are modest Words because they express an Evil Action as criminal, and so as to excite Horror and Aversion. Whereas Words representing the Pleasure rather than the Sin, are for this Reason indecent

and dishonest. Your Papers would be chargeable with something worse than Indelicacy, they would be Immoral, did you treat the detestable Sins of Uncleanness in the same manner as you rally in impertinent Self-love and in trifling Glance, as those Laws would be very unjust, that should chastise Murder and Petty Larceny with the same Punishment. Even Delicacy requires that the Pity shewn to distressed indigent Wickedness first betrayed into, and then expelled the Harbour of the Brothel, should be changed to Detestation, when we consider primped Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy. The most free Person of Quality, in Mr *Courtly's* Phrase, that is, to speak properly, a Woman of Figure who has forgot her Birth and Breeding, dishonoured her Relations and her self, abandoned her Virtue and Reputation, together with the natural Modesty of her Sex, and risked her very Soul, is so far from deserving to be treated with no worse Character than that of a kind Woman, (which is doubtless Mr *Courtly's* Meaning, if he has any,) that one can scarce be too severe on her, in as much as she sins against greater Restraints, is less exposed, and liable to fewer Temptations, than Beauty in Poverty and Distress. It is hoped therefore, Sir, that you will not lay aside your generous Design of exposing that monstrous Wickedness of the Town, whereby a Multitude of Innocents are sacrificed in a more barbarous Manner than those who were offered to *Moloch*. The Unchaste are provoked to see their Vice exposed, and the Chaste cannot rise into such Filth without Danger of Defilement, but a meer SPECTATOR may look into the Bottom, and come off without partaking in the Guilt. The doing so will convince us you pursue publick Good, and not merely your own Advantage. But if your Zeal slackens, how can one help thinking that Mr *Courtly's* Letter is but a Feint to get off from a Subject, in which either your own, or the private and base Ends of others to whom you are partial, or those [of] whom you are afraid, would not endure a Reformation?

I am, Sir, your humble Servant and Admirer, so long as you tread in the Paths of Truth, Virtue, and Honour

MR SPECTATOR,

Trin Coll Cantab Jan 12, 1712-13

'Tis my Fortune to have a Chamber-Fellow, with whom, tho' I agree very well in many Sentiments, yet there is one in which we are as contrary as Light and Darkness. We are both in Love. His Mistress is a lovely Fair, and mine a lovely Brown. Now is the Praise of our Mistresses. Beauty employs much of our Time, we have frequent Quarrels in entering upon that Subject, while each says all he can to defend his Choice. For my own part, I have racked my Fancy to the utmost, and sometimes, with the greatest Warmth of Imagination, have told him, That Night was made before Day, and many more fine Things, tho' without any effect. Nay, last Night I could not forbear saying with more Heat than Judgment, that the Devil ought to be painted white. Now my Desire is, Sir, that you would

'grow cool, and shun her whom they before seemed so much to admire, and proceed to act the same common place Villany towards another. A Coxcomb flushed with many of these infamous Victories shall say he is sorry for the poor Fools, protest and vow he never thought of Matrimony, and wonder talking civilly can be so strangely misinterpreted. Now, Mr SPECTATOR, you that are a professed Friend to Love, will, I hope, observe upon those who abuse that noble Passion, and raise it in innocent Minds by a deceitful Affectionation of it, after which they desert the Enamoured. Pray bestow a little of your Counsel to those fond believing Females who already have or are in Danger of broken Hearts in which you will oblige a great Part of this Town, but in a particular Manner,

SIR, Your (yet Heart whole) Admirer,  
and devoted humble Servant,  
Melania.

Melania's Complaint is occasioned by so general a Folly, that it is wonderful one could so long overlook it. But this false Gallantry proceeds from an Impotence of Mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a Man wishes a Woman his Wife whom he dares not take for such. Tho' no one has Power over his Inclinations or Fortunes, he is a Slave to common Fame. For this Reason I think *Melania* gives them too soft a Name in that of Male Coquets. I now now why Irresolution of Mind should not be more contemptible than Impotence of Body, and these frivolous Admirers would be but tenderly used, in being only included in the same Term with the Insufficient another Way. They whom my Correspondent calls Male Coquets, shall hereafter be called *Fribblers*. A Fribbler is one who professes Rapture and Admiration for the Woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her Consent. His Heart can flutter by the Force of Imagination, but cannot fix from the Force of Judgment. It is not uncommon for the Parents of young Women of moderate Fortune to wink at the Addresses of Fribblers, and expose their Children to the ambiguous Behaviour which *Melania* complains of, till by the Fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of Love towards others, and by Consequence in their future Marriage lead a joyless or a miserable Life. As therefore I shall in the Speculations which regard Love be as severe as I ought on Jilts and Libertine Women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and mischievous Men. In order to this, all Visitants who frequent Families wherein there are young Females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from Places where their Presence banishes such as would pass their Time more to the Advantage of those whom they visit. It is a Matter of too great Moment to be dallied with and I shall expect from all my young People a satisfactory Account of Appearances. *Strephon* has from the Publication hereof seven Days to explain the Riddle he presented to *Eudamia*, and *Chloris* in Hour after this comes to her Hand, to declare whether she will have *Plutus*, whom a Woman of no less Merit than

her self, and of superior Fortune, languishes to call her own

To the SPECTATOR

SIR,

'Since so many Dealers turn Authors, and write quant Advertisements in praise of their Wares, one who from an Author turn'd Dealer may be allowed for the Advancement of Trade to turn Author again. I will not however set up like some of 'em, for selling cheaper than the most able honest Tradesman can, nor do I send this to be better known for Choice and Cheapness of China and Japan Wares, Tea, Fans, Muslins, Pictures, Arrack, and other *Indian* Goods. Placed as I am in *Leadenhall-street*, near the *India-Company*, and the Centre of that Trade, I thank to my fair Customers, my Warehouse is graced as well as the Benefit Days of my Plays and Operas, and the foreign Goods I sell seem no less acceptable than the foreign Books I translated, *Rabelais* and *Don Quixote*. This the Critics allow me, and while they like my Wares they may dispraise my Writing. But as 'tis not so well known yet that I frequently cross the Seas of late, and speak *Dutch* and *Franco*, besides other Languages, I have the Convenience of buying and importing rich Brocades, *Dutch* Atlases, with Gold and Silver, or without, and other foreign Silks of the newest Modes and best Fabricks, fine *Flanders* Laces, Linnens, and Pictures, at the best Hand. This my new way of Trade I have fallen into I cannot better publish than by an Application to you. My Wares are fit only for such as your Readers and I would beg of you to print this Address in your Paper, that those whose Minds you adorn may take the Ornaments for their Persons and Houses from me. This, Sir, if I may presume to beg it, will be the greater Favour, as I have lately received rich Silks and fine Laces to a considerable Value, which will be sold cheap for a quick Return, and as I have also a large Stock of other Goods *Indian* Silks were formerly a great Branch of our Trade and since we must not sell 'em, we must seek Amends by dealing in others. This I hope will plead for one who would lessen the Number of Teazers of the Muses, and who, suiting his Spirit to his Circumstances, humbles the Poet to exalt the Citizen. Like a true Tradesman, I hardly ever look into any Books but those of Accounts. To say the Truth, I cannot, I think, give you a better Idea of my being a downright Man of Traffick, than by acknowledging I oftener read the Advertisements, than the Matter of even your Paper. I am under a great Temptation to

\* Peter Anthony Motteux, the writer of this letter, was born in Normandy, and came as a refugee to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here he wrote about 14 plays, translated Bayle's Dictionary, Montaigne's Essays, and *Don Quixote*, and established himself also as a trader in Leadenhall Street. He had a wife and a fine young family when (at the age of 56, and six years after the date of this letter) he was found dead in a house of ill fame near Temple Bar under circumstances that caused a reward of fifty pounds to be offered for the discovery of his murderer.

ation would be sufficient to extinguish the Bitterness of Hatred, the Thurst of Avarice, and the Cruelty of Ambition

I am very much pleased with the Passage of *Antiphanes* a very ancient Poet, who lived near an hundred Years before *Socrates*, which represents the Life of Man under this View, as I have here translated it Word for Word. *Be not grieved, says he, above measure for thy deceased Friends! They are not dead, but have only finished that Journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great Place of Reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general Rendezvous of Mankind, live together in another State of Being*

I think I have, in a former Paper, taken notice of those beautiful Metaphors in Scripture, where Life is termed a Pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are called Strangers and Sojourners upon Earth. I shall conclude this with a Story, which I have somewhere read in the Travels of *Sir John Chardin*,<sup>2</sup> that Gentleman after having told us, that the Inns which receive the Caravans in Persia, and the Eastern Countries, are called by the Name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a Relation to the following Purpose

A *Dervise*, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the Town of *Balk*, went into the King's Palace by Mistake, as thinking it to be a publick Inn or Caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he enter'd into a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and spread his Carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the Manner of the Eastern Nations. He had not been long in this Posture before he was discovered by some of the Guards, who asked him what was his Business in that Place? The *Dervise* told them he intended to take up his Night's Lodging in that Caravansary. The Guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the House he was in was not a Caravansary, but the King's Palace. It happened that the King himself passed through the Gallery during this Debate, and smiling at the Mistake of the *Dervise*, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravansary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodged in this House when it was first built? The King replied, *His Ancestors*. And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodged here? The King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King told him, that it was he himself. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King answered, *The young Prince his Son*. Ah Sir, said the *Dervise*, a House that changes its Inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual Succession of Guests, is not a Palace but a Caravansary. L

<sup>1</sup> [for they]

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Chardin was a jeweller's son, born at Paris, who came to England and was knighted by Charles II. He travelled into Persia and the East Indies, and his account of his voyages was translated into English, German, and Flemish. He was living when this paper appeared, but died in the following year, at the age of 70

No 290] Friday, February 1, 1712 [Steele

[*Prociat auppallas et sesquipedalia verba*  
Hor.]

THE Players, who know I am very much their Friend, take all Opportunities to express a Gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better Occasion of Obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB to bring me to the Reading of a new Tragedy it is called *The distressed Mother*.<sup>2</sup> I must confess, tho' some Days are passed since I enjoyed that Entertainment, the Passions of the several Characters dwell strongly upon my Imagination and I congratulate to the Age, that they are at last to see Truth and humane Life represented in the Incidents which concern Heroes and Heroines. The Style of the Play is such as becomes those of the first Education, and the Sentiments worthy those of the highest Figure. It was a most exquisite Pleasure to me, to observe real Fear drop from the Eyes of those who had long made it their Profession to dissemble Affliction and the Player, who read, frequently throw down the Book, till he had given vent to the Humanity which rose in him at some irresistible Touches of the unimagined Sorrow. We have seldom had any Female Distress on the Stage, which did not, upon cool Examination, appear to flow from the Weakness rather than the Misfortune of the Person represented. But in this Tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned Passions of such as are enamoured of each other merely as they are Men and Women, but their Regards are founded upon high Conceptions of each other's Virtue and Merit and the Character which gives Name to the Play, is one who has behaved her self with heroic Virtue in the most important Circumstances of a Female Life, those of a Wife, a Widow, and a Mother. If there be those whose Minds have been too attentive upon the Affairs of Life, to have any Notion of the Passion of Love in such Extremes as are known only to particular Tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned Considerations, the Sorrow of the Heroine will move even the Generality of Mankind. Domestick Virtues concern all the World, and there is no one living who is not interested that *Andromache* should be an imitable Character. The generous Affection to the Memory of her deceased Husband, that tender Care for her Son, which is ever heightened with the Consideration of his Father, and these Regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the Possession of the highest Greatness, are what cannot but be venerable even to such an Audience as at present frequents the *English Theatre*. My Friend WILL HONEYCOMB commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very genteel, but whisper'd me, that he feared the Piece was not busy enough for the

<sup>1</sup> [*Spirat Tragicum satis, et saluiter Andet*  
Hor.]

<sup>2</sup> This is a third blast of the Trumpet on behalf of Ambrose Philips, who had now been adapting Racine's *Andromaque*

present Taste To supply this, he recommended to the Players to be very careful in their Scenes, and above all Things that every Part should be perfectly new dressed I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my friend's Admonition, because there are a great many in his Class of Criticism who may be grined by it but indeed the Truth is, that as to the Work it self, it is every where Nature The Persons are of the highest Quality in Life, even that of Princes but their Quality is not represented by the Poet with Direction that Guards and Writers should follow them in every Scene but their Grandeur appears in Greatness of Sentiment(s), flowing from Minds worthy their Condition To make a Character truly Great this Author understands that it should have its Foundation in superior Thoughts and Maxims of Conduct It is very certain, that man an honest Woman would make no Difficulty, tho' she had been the Wife of *Hector*, for the sake of a Kingdom to marry the Enemy of her Husband's Family and Country and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest Woman, but no Heroine? That may be defensible, my laudable in one Character, which would be in the highest Degree exceptionable in another When *Cato Uticensis* killed himself, *Cicero* a Roman of ordinary Quality and Character did the same thing, upon which one said, smiling, '*Cicero* might have lived, tho' *Cato* has seized the '*Roman Liberty*' *Cicero*'s Condition might have been the same, i.e. things at the upper End of the World pass as they would What is further very extraordinary in this Work, is, that the Persons are all of them laudable, and their Misfortunes arise rather from unguarded Virtue than Propensity to Vice The Town has an Opportunity of doing itself Justice in supporting the Representation of Passion, Sorrow, Indignation, even Despair itself within the Rules of Decency, Honour and Good-breeding and since there is no one can flatter himself his will be always fortunate, they may here see Sorrow as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives

MR SPECTATOR,

I am appointed to act a Part in the new Tragedy, called *The Distressed Mother* It is the celebrated Grief of *Orestes* which I am to personate but I shall not act it as I ought, for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it I was last Night repeating a Paragraph to myself, which I took to be an Expression of Rage, and in the middle of the Sentence there was a Stroke of Self pity which quite unarm'd me Be pleased, Sir, to print this Letter, that when I am oppress'd in this manner at such an Interval, a certain Part of the Audience may not think I am out and I hope with this Allowance to do it to Satisfaction.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,  
George Powell.

MR SPECTATOR,

As I was walking yother Day in the Park, I saw a Gentleman with a very short Face, I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform

me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroic *Hecatas*'s Rival

Your humble Servant to command,  
SOPHIA

Dear Madam,

'It is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill and kept my Chamber all that Day

Your most humble Servant,  
THE SPECTATOR

No 291 ] Saturday, February 2, 1712 [Addison

—*Ubi plura nitet in cernit u, et on ego facies  
Offertur maculis, quas aut Incuria sudat,  
Aut Humana parvi caret Natura*— Hor

I HAVE now considered *Milton's Paradise Lost* I under those four great Heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments and the Language and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these Heads I hope that I have made several Discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in Critical Learning Were I indeed to chuse my Readers, by whose Judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Critics, but also with the Ancient and Moderns who have written in either of the learned Languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a Man very often fancies that he understands a Critick when in Reality he does not comprehend his Meaning

It is in Criticism, as in all other Sciences and Speculations, one who brings with him any implicit Notions and Observations which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find his own Reflections methodized and explain'd, and perhaps several little Hints that had pass'd in his Mind, perfected and improved in the Works of a good Critick whereas one who has not these previous Lights is very often in utter Strangers to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong Interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a Man who sets up for a Judge in Criticism, should have perus'd the Authors above mentioned unless he has also a clear and Logical Head Without this Talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own Illanders, mistakes the Sense of those he would confute, or if he chanc'es to think right, does not know how to convey his Thoughts to another with Clearness and Perspicuity *Aristotle*, who was the best Critick, was also one of the best Logicians that ever appeared in the World

Mr Leck's Essay on Humm Understanding would be thought a very odd Book for a Man to make himself Master of, who would get a Reputation by Critical Writings, though at the same time it is very certain, that an Author who has not learned the Art of distinguishing between Words and Things, and of ringing his Thoughts, and setting them in proper Lights, whatever Notions

<sup>1</sup> First published in 1690



he may have, will lose himself in Confusion and Obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critick who is not shewn, even in the Style of his Criticisms, that he was a Master of all the Elegance and Delicacy of his Native Tongue.

The Truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd, than for a Man to set up for a Critick, without a good Insight into all the Parts of Learning. whereas many of those who have endeavour'd to signalize themselves by Works of this Nature among our *English* Writers, are not only defective in the above mentioned Particulars, but plainly discover, by the Phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary Systems of Arts and Sciences. A few general Rules extracted out of the *French* Authors,<sup>1</sup> with a certain Cant of Words, has some

times set up an Illiterate heavy Writer for a most judicious and formidable Critick.

One great Mark, by which you may discover a Critick who has neither Taste nor Learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any Passage in an Author which has not been before received and applauded by the Publick, and that his Criticisms turn wholly upon little Faults and Errors. This part of a Critick is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publishing of a new Poem, has Wit and Ill nature enough to turn several Passages of it into Ridicule, and very often in the right Place. Thus Mr *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated Lines,

*Errors, like Straws, upon the Surface float  
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.*<sup>2</sup>

A true Critick ought to dwell rather upon Excellencies than Imperfections, to discover the concealed Beauties of a Writer, and communicate to the World such things as are worth their Observation. The most exquisite Words and finest Strokes of an Author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a Man who wants a Relish for polite Learning; and they are these, which a sower undistinguishing Critick generally attacks with the greatest Violence. *Fully* observes, that it is very easy to blind or fix a Mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*,<sup>3</sup> or, as it may be rendered into *English*, a glowing bold Expression, and to turn it into Ridicule by a cold ill-natured Criticism. A little Wit is equally capable of exposing a Beauty, and of aggravating a Fault; and though such a Treatment of an Author naturally produces Indignation in the Mind of an understanding Reader, it has however its Effect among the Generality of those whose Hands it falls into, the Rabble of Mankind being very apt to think that every thing, which is laughed at with any Mixture of Wit, is ridiculous in it self.

Such a Mirth as this is always unseasonable in a Critick, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of marring a Beauty, as well as a Blemish, the Subject of Derision. A Man, who cannot write with Wit on a proper Subject, is dull and stupid, but one who shews it in an improper Place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a Man who has the Gift of Ridicule is

who was at the same time making a scholar of his own daughter Ann. Dacier and the young lady became warmly attached to one another, married, united in abjuring Protestantism, and were for forty years, in the happiest concord, man and wife, and fellow-scholars. Dacier and his wife, as well as Fontenelle, were alive when the *Spectator* was appearing: his wife dying, aged 69, in 1720, the husband, aged 71, in 1722. André Dacier translated and annotated the Poetics of Aristotle in 1692, and that critical work was regarded as his best performance.

<sup>1</sup> Annus Mirabilis, st 39.

<sup>2</sup> Ad Brutum Orator. Towards the beginning 'Taceat est enim verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare, idque restructis jam animum incedens, uridere.'

<sup>3</sup> Dryden accounted among critics 'the greatest of his age' to be Boileau and Rapin. Boileau was the great master of French criticism. René Rapin, born at Tours in 1621, taught Belles Lettres with extraordinary success among his own order of Jesuits, wrote famous critical works, was one of the best Latin poets of his time and died at Paris in 1687. His Whole Critical Work was translated by Dr Basil Kennett in two volumes, which appeared in 1705. The preface of their publisher said of Rapin that 'he has long dictated in this part of letters. He is acknowledged as 'the great arbitrator between the merits of the 'best writers and during the course of almost 'thirty years there have been few appeals from 'his sentence' (See also a note on p 74). René le Bossu, the great French authority on Epic Poetry, born in 1631, was a regular canon of St Geneviève, and taught the Humanities in several religious houses of his order. He died, subprior of the Abbey of St Jean de Chartres, in 1680. He wrote, besides his Treatise upon Epic Poetry, a parallel between the philosophies of Aristotle and Descartes, which appeared a few months earlier (in 1674) with less success. Another authority was Father Bouhours, of whom see note on p 102. Another was Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle, called by Voltaire the most universal genius of his age. He was born at Rouen in 1657, looking so delicate that he was baptized in a hurry, and at 16 was unequal to the exertion of a game at billiards, being caused by any unusual exercise to spit blood, though he lived to the age of a hundred, less one month and two days. He was taught by the Jesuits, went to the bar to please his father, pleaded a cause, lost it, and gave up the profession to devote his time wholly to literature and philosophy. He went to Paris, wrote plays and the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' living then with his uncle, Thomas Corneille. A discourse on the Eloquence prefixed to his pastoral poems made him an authority in this manner of composition. It was translated by Motteux for addition to the English translation of Bossu on the Epic, which had also appended to it an Essay on Satire by another of these French critics, André Dacier. Dacier, born at Castres in 1651, was educated at Saumur under Tancrède le Févre,

apt to find Fault with any thing, that gives him an Opportunity of exerting his beloved Talent, and very often censures a Passage, not because there is any Fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of Pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in Works of Criticism, in which the greatest Masters, both Ancient and Modern have always appeared with a serious and instructive Air.

As I intend in my next Paper to shew the Defects in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few Particulars, to the End that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful Work, and that I shall just point at the Imperfections, without endeavouring to enslave them with Rhetoric. I must also observe with *Longinus*,<sup>1</sup> that the Productions of a great Genius, with many Lapses and Inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the Works of an inferior kind of Author, which are scrupulously exact and conformable to all the Rules of correct Writing.

I shall conclude my Paper with a Story out of *Boetius*,<sup>2</sup> which sufficiently shews us the Opinion that judicious Author entertained of the sort of Criticks I have been here mentioning. A famous Critick, says he, having gathered together all the Faults of an eminent Poet, made a Present of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the Author a suitable Return for the Trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a Sack of Wheat as it had been just threshed out of the Sheaf. He then bid him pick out the Chaff from among the Corn and lay it aside by it self. The Critick applied himself to the Task with great Industry and Pleasure, and after having made the due Separation, was presented by *Apollo* with the Chaff for his Prizes.<sup>3</sup> L.

<sup>1</sup> On the Sublime, § 36

<sup>2</sup> Frajan Boccacini, born at Rome in 1554, was a satirical writer famous in Italy for his fine criticism and bold satire. Cardinals Borgia and Cajetan were his patrons. His 'Raggiagli di Parnasso' and 'la Secretaria di Parnasso,' in which Apollo heard the complaints of the world, and dispensed justice in his court on Parnassus, were received with delight. Afterwards, in his 'Pictura di Pringone,' he satirized the Court of Spain, and, fearing consequences, retired to Venice, where in 1613 he was attacked in his bed by four ruffians, who beat him to death with sand bags. Boccacini's *Raggiagli di Parnasso* has been translated into English, in 1622, as 'News from Parnassus' by H. Carey, Earl of Monmouth. This translation was reprinted in 1669 and 1674, and again in 1706 by John Hughes, one of the contributors to the *Spectator*.

<sup>3</sup> To this number of the *Spectator*, and to several numbers since that for January 8, in which it first appeared, is added an advertisement that,

*The First and Second Volumes of the SPECTATOR in 8vo are now ready to be delivered to the subscribers by J. Tonson at Shakespeare's Head, over-again at Catherine Street in the Strand*

No 292 | Monday, February 4, 1712

*Illum, quicquid agit, quoc in vestigia flectit,  
Compositi furtim, sublequiturque decor*

Libull L. 4

AS no one can be said to enjoy Health, who is only not sick, without he feel wit in himself a light-some and invigorating Principle which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to Action. So in the Practice of every Virtue, there is some additional Grace required, to give a Clum of excelling in this or that particular Action. A Diamond may want polishing, though the Value be still intrinsically the same and the same Good may be done with different Degrees of Lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming Manner that he is able.

*Fuller* tells us he wrote his Book of *Offices*, because there was no Time of Life in which some correspondent Duty might not be practised, nor is there a Duty without a certain Decency accompanying it, by which every Virtue 'tis join'd to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the Action want that Air and Beauty which distinguish it from others. Like that unimtable Sun shine *Titan* is said to have diffused over his Landscapes which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other Person.

There is no one Action in which this Quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a Request or doing an Office of Kindness. *Alumnus*, by his Way of consenting to a Benefaction, shall make it lose its Name, while *Carus* doubles the Kindness and the Obligation. I know the first desired Request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a Brow, that the Obligor is almost as much Pleased to resent the Manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the Favour itself. *Carus* invites with a pleasing Air, to give him an Opportunity of doing an Act of Humanity, meets the Petitioner half Way, and consents to a Request with a Countenance which proclaims the Satisfaction of his Mind in assisting the Distressed.

The Decency then that is to be observed in Liberality, seems to consist in its being performed with such Cheerfulness, as may express the God-like Pleasure is to be met with in obliging one's Fellow Creatures that may shew Good-nature and Benevolence overflowed and do not, as in some Men, run upon the Tilt and taste of the Sediments of a grudging uncommunicative Disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest Decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good Offices, I will illustrate it a little by an Example drawn from private Life, which carries with it such a Profusion of Liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the Humanity and Good-nature which accompanies it. It is a Letter of *Pliny's*,<sup>1</sup> which I shall here translate, because the

<sup>1</sup> *Bl. vi ep 32*

Action will best appear in its first Dress of Thought, without any foreign or ambitious Ornaments

PLINY to QUINTILIAN

'Tho' I am fully acquainted with the Contentment and just Moderation of your Mind, and the Conformity the Education you have given your Daughter bears to your own Character, yet since she is suddenly to be married to a Person of Distinction, whose Figure in the World makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary Expence in Cloaths and Equipage suitable to her Husband's Quality, by which, tho' her intrinsic Worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both Ornament and Lustre. And knowing your Estate to be no moderate as the Riches of your Mind are abundant, I must challenge to my self some part of the Burthen, and as a Parent of your Child, I present her with Twelve hundred and fifty Crowns towards these Expenses, which Sum had been much larger, had I not feared the Smallness of it would be the greatest Inducement with you to accept of it Farewell

Thus should a Benefaction be done with a good Grace, and shine in the strongest Point of Light, it should not only answer all the Hopes and Expectancies of the Receiver, but even out run his Wishes 'Tis this happy manner of Behaviour which adds new Charms to it, and softens those Gifts of Art and Nature, which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable Without it, Valour would degenerate into Brutality, Learning into Pedantry, and the genteel Demeanour into Affectation Even Religion its self, unless Decency be the Handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make People appear guilty of Sourness and ill Humour But this shows Virtue in her first original Form, adds a Comeliness to Religion, and gives its Professors the justest Title to the Beauty of Holiness A Man fully instructed in this Art, may assume a thousand Shapes, and please in all He may do a thousand Actions shall become none other but himself not that the Things themselves are different, but the Manner of doing them

If you examine each Feature by its self, *Aglaura* and *Calliclea* are equally handsome, but take them in the Whole, and you cannot suffer the Comparison Tho' one is full of numberless nameless Graces, the other of as many nameless Faults

The Comeliness of Person, and Decency of Behaviour, add infinite Weight to what is pronounced by any one 'Tis the want of this that often makes the Rebukes and Advice of old rigid Persons of no Effect, and leave a Displeasure in the Minds of those they are directed to But Youth and Beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming Severity, is of mighty Force to raise, even in the most Profligate, a Sense of Shame In *Milton*, the Devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the Rebuke of a benevolent Angel

*So spake the Cherub, and his grave Rebuke,  
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace  
Invincible Abash'd the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw*

*Virtue in her own Shape how lovely I saw, and  
quid  
His Loss*

The Care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest Minds to their last Moments They avoided even an indecent Posture in the very Article of Death Thus *Cæsar* gathered his Robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself and the greatest Concern that appeared in the Behaviour of *Lueretia*, when she stabbed her self, was, that her Body should lie in an Attitude worthy the Mind which had inhabited it

— *Ne non procumbat honeste*

*Extrema hæc etiam cura, cadentis erat*

*'Twas her last Thought, How decently to fall*

MR SPECTATOR,

I am a young Woman without a Fortune but of a very high Mind That is, Good Sir, I am to the last degree Proud and Vain I am ever ruling at the Rich, for doing Illings, which, upon Strach into my Heart, I find I am only angry because I cannot do the same my self I wear the hoop'd Petticoat, and am all in Calicoes when the finest are in Silks It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud, therefore if you please, a Lecture on that Subject for the Satisfaction of

Your Uneasy Humble Servant,  
JEZEBEL

Z

No 293 ] Tuesday, February 5, 1712 [Addison

Πάσιν γὰρ ἐνδοκρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τυχῇ  
Frag Vet Po

THE famous *Gratian*,<sup>3</sup> in his little Book wherein he lays down Maxims for a Man's advancing himself at Court, advises his Reader to associate himself with the Fortunate, and to shun the Company of the Unfortunate which, notwithstanding the Baseness of the Precept to an honest Mind, may prove something useful in it for those who push their Interest in the World It is certain a great Part of what we call good or ill Fortune, rises out of right or wrong Measures, and Schemes of Life When I hear a Man complain of his being unfortunate in all his Undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak Man in his Affairs. In Conformity with this way of thinking, Cardinal *Richelieu* used to say, that Unfortunate and Imprudent were but two Words for the same Thing As the Cardinal himself had a great Share both of Prudence and Good For-

<sup>1</sup> Par L, Bl. iv ll 844 9.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid Fast, iii 833

<sup>3</sup> Balthasar Gracian, a Spanish Jesuit, who died in 1658, rector of the Jesuits' College of Tarragona, wrote many books in Spanish on Politics and Society, among others the one here referred to on the Courtier which was known to Addison, doubtless, through the French translation by Amelot de la Houssaye

tune, his famous Antagonist, the Count d'Oliva-  
rez, was disgraced at the Court of Madrid, be-  
cause it was alleged against him that he had  
never any Success in his Undertakings. This,  
says an Imminent Author, was not so much ac-  
cusing him of Imprudence.

Cicero recommended Pompey to the Romans  
for their General upon three Accounts, as he was  
a Man of Courage, Wisdom, and Good-Fortune.  
It was perhaps for the Reason above mentioned,  
namely that a Series of Good Fortune supports a  
prudent Management in the Person whom it be-  
falls, that not only Sylla the Dictator, but several  
of the Roman Emperors, as it will be seen upon  
their Medals, among their other Titles, give  
themselves that of *Felix* or *Fortunate*. The  
Heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a Man  
more for his Good Fortune than for any other  
Quality, which I think is very natural for those  
who have not a strong Belief of another World.  
For how can I conceive a Man crowned with  
many distinguished Blessings, that has not some  
extraordinary Fund of Merit and Perfection in  
him which lies open to the Supreme Eye, tho'  
perhaps it is not discovered by my Observation?  
What is the Reason *Herods* and *Virgils* Heroes  
do not form a Resolution or strike a Blow with-  
out the Consent and Direction of some Deity?  
Doubtless because the Poets extolled it the  
greatest Honour to be favoured by the Gods, and  
thought the best Way of pursuing a Man was to  
recount those Favour which naturally implied an  
extraordinary Merit in the Person on whom they  
descended.

Those who believe a future State of Rewards  
and Punishments not very absurdly, if they form  
their Opinion of a Man's Merit from his Suc-  
cesses. But certainly, if I thought the whole  
Circle of our being was concluded between our  
Birth and Death, I should think a Man's Good  
Fortune the Measure and Standard of his real  
Merit, since Providence would have no Oppor-  
tunity of rewarding his Virtue and Perfections, but  
in the present Life. A virtuous Unbeliever, who  
lies under the Pressure of Misfortunes has reason  
to cry out, as they say *Brutus* did a little before  
his Death, *O Virtue, I have neglected thee as  
a Substantial Good, but I find thee an empty  
Name*.

But to return to our first Point. The Providence  
does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our  
good or ill Fortune in this World, it is certain  
there are many unforeseen Accidents and Occur-  
rences, which very often overturn the finest Schemes  
that can be laid by Human Wisdom. The Race  
is not always to the Swift, nor the Battle to the  
Strong. Nothing less than infinite Wisdom can  
give an absolute Command over Fortune the  
highest Degree of it which Man can possess, is by  
no means equal to fortuitous Events, and to such  
Contingencies as may rise in the Prosecution of  
our Affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that  
Prudence, which has always in it a great Mixture  
of Caution, hinders a Man from being so fortunate  
as he might possibly have been without it. A  
Person who only aims at what is likely to succeed,  
and follows closely the Dictates of Human Pru-  
dence, never meets with those great and unfore-

seen Successes, which are often the Effect of a  
Sanguine Temper, or more happy Rashness: and  
thus perhaps may be the Reason, that according  
to the common Observation, Fortune, like other  
Creatures, delights rather in favouring the young  
than the old.

Upon the whole, since Man is so short-lived  
a Creature and the Accidents which may happen  
to him so various, I cannot but be of the  
common Opinion in another Case, that were there any  
Doubt of a Providence yet it is certainly not  
very desirable there should be such a Being of in-  
finite Wisdom and Goodness, on whose Direction  
we must rely in the Conduct of Human Life.

It is a great Prejudgment to ascribe our Suc-  
cesses to our own Management, and not to enter in  
our selves upon any Pleading, rather is it the  
Point of Heaven than the Acquisition of our  
own Indulgence. I am very well pleased with a  
Medal which was struck by Queen Elizabeth, a  
little after the Defeat of the Invincible Armada,  
to perpetuate the Memory of that extraordinary  
Event. It is well known how the King of Spain,  
and others, who were the Enemies of that great  
Princess, to derogate from her Glory, ascribed the  
Ruin of their Fleet rather to the Violence of  
Storms and Tempests than to the Prayers of the  
English Queen Elizabeth, instead of looking  
upon this as a Diminution of her Honour, I loved  
herself upon such a signal Favour of Providence  
and recorded, by this the Reverse of the Medal  
above mentioned, (this represented) a Fleet beaten  
by a Janus and Silius, soul upon one another,  
with that Latin inscription, *officiis Dei et  
ceteris fortibus*. He knew with his Wit, and they  
were at it.

It is remarked of a famous Grecian General,  
whose Name I cannot at present recollect, and  
who had been a particular Favourite of Fortune,  
that upon recounting his Victories among his  
Friends, he added at the End of several great  
Actions, *And in this Fortune had no Share*.  
After which is observed in History, that he never  
prospered in any thing he undertook.

As Arrogance, and a Conceit of our own  
Abilities, are very shocking and offensive to Men  
of Sense and Virtue, we may be sure they are  
highly displeasing to that Being who inhabits in  
an humble Mind, and by several of his Dispen-  
sations seems purposely to shew us, that our  
own Schemes or Providence have no Share in our  
Advancement[s].

Since on this Subject I have already admitted  
several Observations which have occurred to my  
Memory upon writing this Paper, I will conclude  
it with a little *Poem* I stole. A Drop of Water  
fell out of a Cloud in the Sea and sink in it  
itself lost in such an Immensity of fluid Matter,  
broke out into the following Reflection. *Alas!  
What insignificant Creature am I in this pro-*

Corrected by an erratum to [you see me] but  
in reprint shared by the addition of [this repre-  
sented]

Amended the [theatrical]  
Altered by an erratum to [inconceivable] to  
avoid the repetition 'insignificant,' and 'in-  
significance,' but in the reprint the second word was  
changed

'digious Ocean of Waters my Existence is of no [Concern<sup>1</sup>] to the Universe, I am reduced to a Kind of Nothing, and am less than the least of the 'Works of God.' It so happened, that an Oyster, which lay in the Neighbourhood of this Drop, chanced to gripe and swallow it up in the midst of this [his<sup>2</sup>] humble Soliloquy. The Drop, says the Fable, lay a great while hardening in the Shell till by Degrees it was open'd into a Pearl, which falling into the Hands of a Diver, after a long Series of Adventures, is at present that famous Pearl which is fix'd on the Top of the *Peruvian* Diamond.

No 294 ] Wednesday, February 6, 1712 [Steele

*Difficile est plurimum virtutem revereri qui semper secunda fortuna sit usus*—Tull and Herennium

INSOLUNCY is the Crime of all others which every Man is most apt to rail at and yet is there none Respect in which almost all Men living are guilty of it, and that is, in the Case of laying a greater Value upon the Gifts of Fortune than we ought. It is here in *England* come into our very Language, as a Propriety of Distinction to say, when we would speak of Persons to their Advantage, they are People of Condition. There is no doubt but the proper Use of Riches implies that a Man should exert all the good Qualities imaginable, and if we mean by a Man of Condition or Quality, one who, according to the Wealth he is Master of, shews himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that Term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest Veneration but when Wealth is used only as it is the Support of Pomp and Luxury, to be rich is very far from being a Recommendation to Honour and Respect. It is indeed the greatest Insolence imaginable, in a Creature who would feel the Extremities of Thirst and Hunger, if he did not prevent his Appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common Necessity of Human Nature as never to cast an Eye upon the Poor and Needy. The Fellow who escaped from a Ship which struck upon a Rock in the West, and join'd with the Country People to destroy his Brother Sailors and make her a Wreck, was thought a most execrable Creature but does not every Man who enjoys the Possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied Distress of other Men, betray the same Lump of Mind? When a Man looks about him, and with regard to Riches and Poverty beholds some drawn in Pomp and Equipage, and they and their very Servants with an Air of Scorn and Triumph overlooking the Multitude that pass by them, and, in the same Street, a Creature of the same Make crying out in the Name of all that is Good and Sacred to behold his Misery, and give him some Supply against Hunger and Nakedness, who would believe these two Beings were of the same Species? But so it is, that the Consideration of Fortune has

taken up all our Minds, and, as I have often complained, Poverty and Riches stand in our Imaginations in the Places of Guilt and Innocence. But in all Seasons there will be some Instances of Persons who have Souls too large to be taken with popular Prejudices, and while the rest of Mankind are contending for Superiority in Power and Wealth, have their Thoughts bent upon the Necessities of those below them. The Charity Schools which have been erected of late Years, are the greatest Instances of publick Spirit the Age has produced. But indeed when we consider how long this Sort of Beneficence has been on Foot, it is rather from the good Management of those Institutions, than from the Number or Value of the Benefactions to them, that they make so great a Figure. One would think it impossible, that in the Space of fourteen Years there should not have been five thousand Pounds bestowed in Gifts this Way, nor sixteen hundred Children, including Males and Females, put out to Methods of Industry. It is not allowed me to speak of Luxury and idly with the severe Spirit they deserve. I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any Lady in a Stamp-Petition, if she gives the Price of one half Yard of the Silk towards Cloathing, Feeding and Instructing an innocent helpless Creature of her own Sex in one of these Schools. The Consciousness of such an Action will give her Features a nobler Life on this illustrious Day, than all the Jewels that can hang in her Hair, or can be elusiv'd at her Bosom. It would be uncourteously to speak in harsher Words to the Fair, but to Men one may take a little more freedom. It is monstrous how a Man can live with so little Reflection as to fancy he is not in a Condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of Mankind while he enjoys Wealth, and exerts no Benevolence or Pity to others. As for this particular Occasion of these Schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous Mind. Would you do in handsome thing without Return? do it for an Infant that is not sensible of the Obligation. Would you do it for publick Good? do it for one who will be an honest Artificer. Would you do it for the Sake of Heaven? give it to one who shall be instructed in the Worship of him for whose Sake you gave it. It is no thanks a most laudable Institution this if it were of no other Expectation than that of producing a Race of good and useful Servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious Education. What would not a Man do, in common Prudence, to lay out in Purchase of one about him, who would add to all his Orders he gave the Weight of the Commandments to enforce an Obedience to them? for one who would consider his Master as his Father, his Friend, and Benefactor, upon the easy Terms, and in Expectation of no other Return but moderate Wages and gentle Usage? It is the common Vice of Children to run too much among the Servants, from such as are educated in these Places they would see nothing but Lowliness in the Servant, which would not be disingenuous in the Child. All the ill Offices and defamatory

<sup>1</sup> [significancy]

<sup>2</sup> [his]

<sup>1</sup> Queen Anne's birthday. She was born Feb 6, 1665, and died Aug 1, 1714, aged 49

Whispers which take their Birth from Domesticals, would be prevented, if this Charity could be made universal and a good Man might have a knowledge of the whole Life of the Persons he designs to take into his House for his own Service, or that of his Family or Children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing Dependences and the Obligation would have a paternal Air in the Master, who would be relieved from much Care and Anxiety from the Gratitude and Diligence of a humble Friend attending him as his Servant. I fall into this Discourse from a Letter sent to me, to give me Notice that Fifty Boys would be Clothed, and take their Seats (at the Charge of some generous Benefactors) in St Bride's Church on Sunday next. I wish I could promise to my self any thing which my Correspondent seems to expect from a Publication of it in this Paper for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned Men have said on this Occasion. But that there may be something here which would move a generous Mind, like that of him who writ to me, I shall transcribe an handsome Paragraph of Dr Snape's Sermon on these Charities, which my Correspondent enclosed with his Letter.

*The wise Providence has amply compensated the Disadvantages of the Poor and Indigent, in wanting many of the Conveniences of this Life, by a more abundant Provision for their Happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this Manner of Education, of which those only enjoy the Benefit, who are low enough to submit to it, where they have such Advantages without Money, and without Price, as the Rich cannot purchase with it. The Learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is sold to others. Thus do they become more exalted in Goodness, by being depressed in Fortune, and their Poverty is, in Reality, their Preferment.* T

No 295 ] Thursday, February 7, 1712 [ Addison

*Prodiga non sentit perennem pecunia censum  
At velut exhausta rediens pulvis arca  
Nummus, et de pleno semper collatur aceruo,  
Non unquam reputat quanti sibi gaudia constent.* — Juv

MR SPECTATOR,

I AM turned of my great Climate, and am naturally a Man of a meek Temper. About a dozen Years ago I was married, for my Sins, to a young Woman of a good Family, and of an

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high Spirit but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered into a Treaty with her longer than that of the Grand Alliance. Among other Articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should have 400 l a Year for *Pin money*, which I obliged myself to pay Quarterly into the hands of one who had acted as her Plenipotentiary in that Affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn Agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the Lady has had several Children since I married her to which, if I should credit our malicious Neighbours, her *Pin money* has not a little contributed. The Education of these my Children, who, contrary to my Expectation, are born to me every Year, straightens me so much, that I have begged their Mother to free me from the Obligation of the above mentioned *Pin money*, that it may go towards making a Provision for her Family. This Proposal makes her noble Blood swell in her Veins, insomuch that finding me a little tardy in her last Quarter's Payment, she threatens me every Day to arrest me, and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her Justice, I shall die in a Jail. To this she adds, when her Provision will let her argue calmly, that she has several Play-Debts on her Hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her Money as becomes a Woman of her Fashion, if she makes me any Abatements in this Article. I hope, Sir, you will take an Occasion from hence to give your Opinion upon a Subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any Precedents for this Usage among our Ancestors or whether you find any mention of *Pin money* in Grocius, Puffendorf, or any other of the Civilians.

I am ever

the humblest of your Admirers,  
Joseph Enbble, Esq

As there is no Man living who is a more professed Advocate for the Fair Sex than my self, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient Rights and Privileges but as the Doctrine of *Pin money* is of a very late Date, unknown to our Great Grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our Modern Ladies I think it is for the Interest of both Sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr Enbble may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a Man's Wife with *Pin money*, is furnishing her with Arms against himself, and in a manner becoming necessary to his own Dishonour. We may indeed, generally observe, that in proportion as a Woman is more or less Beautiful, and her Husband advanced in Years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of *Pins*, and upon a Treaty of Marriage, rises or falls in her Demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high Quality in a Mistress does very much inflame this Article in the Marriage Reckoning.

But where the Age and Circumstances of both Parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon *Pin money* is very extraordinary, and yet we find several Matches broken off upon this very Head. What would a

Foreigner, or one who is a Stranger to this Practice, think of a Lover that forsakes his Mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in *Pins*, but what would he think of the Mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred Pounds a Year for this use? Should a Man unacquainted with our Customs be told the Sums which are allowed in *Great Britain*, under the Title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious Consumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this Island? A *Pin a Day*, says our frugal Proverb, is a *Groat a Year*, so that according to this Calculation, my Friend *Fribble's* Wife must every Year make use of Eight Millions six hundred and forty thousand new *Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *British Ladies* alledge they comprehend under this general Term several other Conveniences of Life, I could therefore wish, for the Honour of my Countrywomen, that they had rather called it *Needle-Money*, which might have implied something of Good housewifery, and not have given the malicious World occasion to think, that Dress and Trifles have always the uppermost Place in a Woman's Thoughts.

I know several of my fair Reasoners urge, in defence of this Practice, that it is but a necessary Provision they make for themselves, in case their Husband proves a Churl or a Miser: so that they consider this Allowance as a kind of Alimony, which they may lay their Claim to, without actually separating from their Husbands. But with Submission, I think a Woman who will give up her self to a Man in Marriage, where there is the least Room for such an Apprehension, and trust her Person to one whom she will not rely on for the common Necessaries of Life, may very properly be accused (in the Phrase of an homely Proverb) of being *Penny wise and Pound foolish*.

It is observed of over cautious Generals, that they never engage in a Battle without securing a Retreat, in case the Event should not answer their Expectations, on the other hand, the greatest Conquerors have burnt their Ships, or broke down the Bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the Engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a Woman who takes such Precautions for her Retreat, and contrives Methods how she may live happily, without the Affliction of one to whom she joins herself for Life. Separate Purses between Man and Wife are, in my Opinion, as unnatural as separate Beds. A Marriage cannot be happy, where the Pleasures, Inclinations, and Interests of both Parties are not the same. There is no greater Incitement to Love in the Mind of Man, than the Sense of a Person's depending upon him for her Love and Happiness: as a Woman uses all her Endeavours to please the Person whom she looks upon as her Honour, her Comfort, and her Support.

For this Reason I am not very much surprized at the Behaviour of a rough Country Squire, who, being not a little shocked at the Proceeding of a young Widow that would not recede from her Demands of *Pin money*, was so enraged at her mercenary Temper, that he told her in great Wrath 'As much as she thought him her Slave, he would

'shew all the World he did not care a Pin for her Upon which he flew out of the Room, and never saw her more.

*Socrates*, in *Plato's Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one, who had travelled through *Persia*, that as he passed over a great Tract of Lands, and enquired what the Name of the Place was, they told him it was the *Queen's Girdle*: to which he adds, that another wide Field which lay by it, was called the *Queen's Veil*, and that in the same Manner there was a large Portion of Ground set aside for every part of Her Majesty's Dress. These Lands might not be improperly called the *Queen of Persia's Pin-money*.

I remember my Friend Sir ROGER, who I dare say never read this Passage in *Plato*, told me some time since, that upon his courting the Perverse Widow (of whom I have given an Account in former Papers) he had disposed of an hundred Acres in a Diamond-Ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it, and that upon her Wedding-Day she should have carried on her Head fifty of the tallest Oaks upon his Estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a Cole pit to keep her in eleven Linnen, that he would have allowed her the Profits of a Windmill for her Fans, and have presented her once in three Years with the Sheering of his Sheep (for her) Under-Petticoats. To which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine Cloaths himself, there should not have been a Woman in the Country better dressed than my Lady *Coverley*. Sir ROGER perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his Devices, appear something odd and singular, but if the Humour of *Pin money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an Estate to mark out so many Acres of it under the Title of *The Pins*. L

No 296] Friday, February 8, 1712 [Steele

—Nugis addere pondus—Hor

DEAR SPEC  
'HAVING lately conversed much with the Fair Sex on the Subject of your Speculations, (which since their Appearance in Publick, have been the chief Exercise of the Female loquacious Faculty) I found the fair Ones possessed with a Dissatisfaction at your prefixing *Greek* Motto's to the Frontispiece of your late Papers, and as a Man of Gallantry, I thought it a Duty incumbent on me to impart it to you, in Hopes of a Reformation, which is only to be effected by a Restoration of the *Latin* to the usual Dignity in your Papers, which of late, the *Greek*, to the great Displeasure of your Female Readers, has usurped for tho' the *Latin* has the Recommendation of being as unintelligible to them as the *Greek*, yet being written of the same Character with their Mother-Tongue, by the Assistance of a Spelling-Book, it's legible, which

1 [to keep her in]

'Qualify the Greek wants. And since the Introduction of Operas into this Nation, the Ladies are so charmed with Sounds abstracted from their Ideas, that they adore and honour the Sound of *Latin* as it is old *P'han*. I am a Solicitor for the Fair Sex, and therefore think myself in this Character more likely to be prevalent in this Request, than if I should subscribe myself by my proper Name

*Y<sup>r</sup> M*

*I desire you may insert it's in one of your Spectators, to show my Zeal for removing the Dissatisfaction of the Fair Sex, and returning you to their Favour*

*SIR,*

'I was some time since in Company with a young Officer, who entered into with the Company he had made over a Female Neighbour of his, when a Gentleman who stood by, as I suppose, envying the Captain's good Fortune asked him what Reason he had to believe the Lady admired him? Why, says he, my Lodgings are opposite to hers, and she is continually at her Window either at Work, Reading taking Snuff or putting her self in some toying Posture on purpose to draw my Eyes that Way. The Conversation of this vain Soldier made me reflect on some of my own Actions for you must know, Sir, I am often at a Window which fronts the Apartments of several Gentlemen, who I doubt not have the same Opinion of me. I must own I love to look at them all, one for being well dressed and second for his fine Lye and one particular one, because he is the least Man I ever saw but there is something so easy and pleasant in the Manner of my little Man, that I observe he is a favourite of all his Acquaintance. I could go on to tell you of many others that I believe think I have encouraged them from my Window. But pray let me have your Opinion of the Use of the Window in a beautiful Lady and how often she may look out at the same Man, without being supposed to have a Mind to jump out to him

*Yours,*

*Aurelia Careless.*

*True*

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I have for some Time made Love to a Lady who received it with all the kind Returns I ought to expect. But without any Provocation I find that I know of she has of late shunned me with the utmost Abhorrence, in so much that she went out of Church this Sunday in the midst of Divine Service upon my coming into the same Pew. Pray, Sir, what must I do in this Point?

*Your Servant,*

*Euphues.*

*Let her alone Ten Days*

*Mr SPECTATOR* *York, Jan. 20, 1712*

'We have in this Town a sort of People who pretend to Wit and write Lampoons. I have lately been the Subject of one of them. The Scribler had not Genius enough in Verse to turn my Age, as indeed I am an old Maid, into Ridicury, for affecting a youthful Turn than is con-

sistent with my Time of Day, and therefore he makes the Title to his Madrigal The Character of Mrs. Ju. *With Love*, born in the Year 1660. What I desire of you is, That you disallow that a Corcomb who pretends to write Verse, should put the most malicious Thing he can say in Print. Thus I humbly conceive will doable our Country Wits, who indeed take a great deal of Pains to say any thing in Rhyme, than they say it very ill

*I am, SIR,*

*Your most Obedient*

*Samuel Lovehane*

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'We are several of us Gentlemen and Ladies, who board in the same House, and after Dinner one of our Company an agreeable Man enough to be sure stands up and reads your Paper to us. We are the civillest People in the World to one another, and therefore I am forced to this way of desiring our Reader when he is doing this Office, not to stand above the Fire. This will be a general Good to our Family this cold Weather. He will I hope, take it to be our common Request when he comes to these Words *Pray, Sir, say it in which I desire you to insert* and you will particularly oblige

*Your Daily Reader,*

*Christy Frost*

*SIR,*

'I am a great Lover of Dining, but cannot perform so well as some others: however, by my Ours of the *Wine* Capers and some on, and Grin. I don't fail to divert the Company, particularly the Ladies, who laugh immoderately at all the Time. Some who pretend to be my Friends, tell me they do it in Devotion and would advise me to leave it off, whilst that I make my self ridiculous. I don't know what to do in this Affair but I am resolved not to give over upon any Account, till I have the Opinion of the

*Your Obedient Servant*

*John Frost*

If Mr Frost is not awkward out of Time, he has a Right to Dance let who will say, but if he has no farther he will interrupt to hers and I am of Opinion he should sit still. Given under my Hand this 14th of February, 1712

*The SPECTATOR*

No 297] *Saturday, February 9, 1712* [Addition

*Ex libris*  
*Egregia in scriptis et in personis — Hor*

AFTER what I have said in my last Saturday's Paper, I shall enter on the Subject of this without further Preface, and remark the several Defects which appear in the Table, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of *Miss's Paraphrase*. I do not doubt but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the Detraction of such Defects. The first Imperfection which I



shall observe in the Fable is that the Event of it is unhappy.

The Fable of every Poem is, according to *Aristotle's* Division, either Simple or Implex.<sup>1</sup> It is called Simple when there is no change of Fortune in it; Implex, when the Fortune of the chief Actor changes from Bad to Good, or from Good to Bad. The Implex Fable is thought the most perfect. I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the Passions of the Reader, and to surprise him with a greater Variety of Accidents.

The Implex Fable is therefore of two kinds. In the first the chief Actor makes his Way through a long Series of Dangers and Difficulties, till he arrives at Honour and Prosperity, as we see in the [Story of *Ulysses*]. In the second, the chief Actor in the Poem falls from some eminent Pitch of Honour and Prosperity, into Misery and Disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a State of Innocence and Happiness, into the most abject Condition of Sin and Sorrow.

The most striking Tragedies among the Ancients were built on this last sort of Implex Fable, particularly the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, which proceeds upon a Story, if we may believe *Aristotle*, the most proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the Wit of Man.<sup>2</sup> I have taken some Pains in a former Paper to shew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the Event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an Audience than that of the first kind, notwithstanding many excellent Pieces among the Ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late Years in our own Country, are raised upon contrary Plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the most perfect in Tragedy, is not so proper for an Heroic Poem.

*Milton* seems to have been sensible of this Imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several Expedients, particularly by the Mortification which the great Adversary of Mankind meets with upon his Return to the Assembly of Infernal Spirits, as it is described in [a] beautiful Passage of the Tenth Book, and likewise by the Vision wherein *Adam* at the close of the Poem sees his Offspring triumphing over his great Enemy, and himself restored to a happier *Paradise* than that from which he fell.

There is another Objection against *Milton's* Fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, tho' placed in a different Light, namely, I hat the Hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a Match for his Enemies. This gave Occasion to Mr *Dryden's* Reflection, that the Devil was in reality *Milton's* Hero.<sup>3</sup> I think I have obviated this Objection in my first

Paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an Epic [or a] Narrative Poem, [and] he that looks for an Hero in it, searches for that which *Milton* never intended [but] if he will needs fix the Name of an Hero upon any Person in it, 'tis certainly the *Messiah* who is the Hero, both in the Principal Action, and in the [chief Episodes].<sup>4</sup> Pragmatism could not furnish out a real Action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an Heathen could not form a higher Notion of a Poem than one of that kind, which they call an Heroic. Whether *Milton's* is not of a [sublimed] Nature I will not presume to determine. It is sufficient that I shew there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the Greatness of Plan, Regularity of Design, and masterly Beauties which we discover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I must in the next Place observe, that *Milton* has interwoven in the Texture of his Fable some Particulars which do not seem to have Probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the Actions which he ascribes in *Sin* and *Death*, and the Picture which he draws of the *Lucho of Vanity*, with other Passages in the second Book. Such Allegories rather savour of the Spirit of *Spenser* and *Aristotle*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

In the Structure of his Poem he has likewise admitted of too many Digressions. It is finally observed by *Aristotle*, that the Author of an Heroic Poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his Work as he can into the Mouths of those who have his Principal Actors.<sup>5</sup> *Aristotle* has given no reason for this Precept, but I presume it is because the Mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Lucas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own Persons. Besides that assuming the Character of an eminent Man is apt to fire the Imagination and raise the Ideas of the Author. *Libby* tells us,<sup>6</sup> mentioning his Dialogue of Old Age, in which *Cato* is the chief Speaker, that upon a Review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his Thoughts on that Subject.

he says, 'Spenser has a better plea for his "Fury Queen" had his action been finished, or been 'one and Milton if the Devil had not been his hero, 'instead of Adam, if the grant had not soiled the 'knight, and driven him out of his stronghold, to 'wander through the world with his body errant 'and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem'

<sup>1</sup> [or] <sup>2</sup> [Episode] <sup>3</sup> [greater]

<sup>4</sup> Poetics cap xxv. The reason he gives is that when the Poet speaks in his own person 'he is 'not then the Imitator.' Other Poets than *Homer*, *Aristotle* adds, 'ambitious to figure through 'out themselves, imitate but little and seldom 'Homer, after a few preparatory lines, immediately introduces a man or woman or some other 'character, for all have their character.' Of *Lucan*, as an example of the contrary practice, *Hobbes* said in his 'Discourse concerning the Virtues of an Heroic Poem,' 'No Heroic Poem 'raises such admiration of the Poet, as his hath 'done, though not so great admiration of the persons he introduceth.'

<sup>5</sup> Letters to Atticus, Bk xiii Ep 44

<sup>1</sup> Poetics, cap v. Addison got his affected word 'implex' by reading *Aristotle* through the translation and notes of André Dacier. Implex was the word used by the French, but the natural English translation of *Aristotle's* ἀπλοῖς and πεπλεγμένοι is into simple and complicated.

<sup>2</sup> [Stories of *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, and *Æneas*]

<sup>3</sup> Poetics, cap xi

<sup>4</sup> [that]

<sup>5</sup> Dedication of the *Æneid* where, after speaking of small eluminate of the honours of the Epic,

trifling, it is I think at present universally exploded by all the Masters of Polite Writing

The last Fault which I shall take notice of in *Milton's* Style, is the frequent use of what the Learned call *Technical Words*, or Terms of Art. It is one of the great Beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse [of<sup>1</sup>] itself in such easy Language as may be understood by ordinary Readers. Besides, that the Knowledge of a Poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from Books and Systems. I have often wondered how Mr *Dryden* could translate a Passage out of *Virgil* after the following manner

*Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea  
Veer Star-board Sea and Land—*

*Milton* makes use of *Larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon Building he mentions *Doric Pillars, Pilasters, Cornice, Freeze, Architrave*. When he talks of Heavenly Bodies, you meet with *Ecliptic* and *Eccentric*, the *trepidation*, *Stars dropping from the Zenith*, *Rays culminating from the Equator*. To which might be added many Instances of the like kind in several other Arts and Sciences.

I shall in my next [Papers<sup>2</sup>] give an Account of the many particular Beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to insert under those general Heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this Piece of Criticism. L

the several books of *Paradise Lost*), we may note here that *Milton* would have been quite ready to have his work tried by the test *Addison* has been applying. In his letter to *Samuel Hartlib*, sketching his ideal of a good Education, he assigns to advanced pupils logic and then 'rhetoric taught out of the rules of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Phalereus*, *Cicero*, *Hermogenes*, *Longinus*. To which poetry would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the parody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar but that sublime art which in *Aristotle's* Poetics, in *Horace* and the Italian commentaries of *Castelvetro*, *Tasso*, *Marzoni*, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be and show them what religion, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.

<sup>1</sup> [in]

<sup>2</sup> [Saturday's Paper]

No 298] Monday, February 11, 1712 [Steele]

*Nusquam Tuta fides— Virg*

MR SPECTATOR, London, Feb 9, 1711-12  
I AM a Virgin, and in no Case despicable but yet such as I am I must remain, or else become, 'tis to be feared, less happy for I find not the least good Effect from the just Correction you some time since gave, that too free, that looser Part of our Sex which spoils the Men, the same Connivance at the Vices, the same ease of Admittance of Addresses, the same vitiated Relish of the Conversation of the greatest of Rakes (or in a more fashionable Way of expressing one's self, of such as have seen the World most) still abounds, increases, multiplies.

The humble Petition therefore of many of the most strictly virtuous, and of my self, is, That you'll once more exert your Authority, and that according to your late Promise, your full, your impartial Authority, on this sillier Branch of our Kind. For why should they be the uncontrollable Mistresses of our Fate? Why should they with Impunity indulge the Males in Licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal Hazard and Plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, Sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden Hopes, our gilded Hopes of nuptial Felicity are frustrated, are vanished, and you your self, as well as Mr *Courtly*, will, by smoothing over immodest Practices with the Gloss of soft and harmless Names, for ever forfeit our Esteem. Nor think that I'm herein more severe than need be. If I have not reason more than enough, do you and the World judge from this ensuing Account, which, I think, will prove the Evil to be universal.

You must know then, that since your Reprehension of this Female Degeneracy came out, I've had a Tender of Respects from no less than five Persons, of tolerable Figure too as Times go. But the Misfortune is, that four of the five are professed Followers of the Mode. They would face me down, that all Women of good Sense ever were, and ever will be, Latitudinarians in Wedlock and always did, and will, give and take what they profanely term Conjugal Liberty of Conscience.

The two first of them, a Captain and a Merchant, to strengthen their Argument, pretend to repeat after a Couple, a Brace of Ladies of Quality and Wit, that *Venus* was always kind to *Mars*, and what Soul that has the least spark of Generosity, can deny a Man of Bravery any thing? And how pitiful a Trader that, whom no Woman but his own Wife will have Correspondence and Dealings with? Thus these whilst the third, the Country Squire, confessed, That indeed he was surprized into good Breeding, and entered into the Knowledge of the World unawares. That dining together Day at a Gentleman's House, the Person who entertained was obliged to leave him with his Wife and Nieces, where they spoke with so much Contempt of an

'absent Gentleman for being slow at a Hunt, that he had resolved never to be drowsy, unmanly, or stupid for the future at a Friends' House, and on a hunting Morning, not in pursue the Game either with the Husband abroad, or with the Wife at home.

The next that came was a Tradesman, (no) less full of the Age than the former for he had the Gallantry to tell me, that at a late Junket which he was invited to, the Motion being made, and the Question being put, 'twas by Maid, Wife and Widow resolved *nemine eor tradente*, That a young sprightly Journeyman is absolutely necessary in their Way of Business. In which they had the Assent and Concurrence of the Husbands present. I dropped him a Courtesy, and gave him to understand that was his Licence of Leave.

I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many Advices besides these but have been veryaverse to hear any of them, from my Observation on these above mentioned, till I hoped some Good from the Character of my present Admirer, a Clergyman. But I find even amongst them there are indirect Practices in relation to Love, and our Treaty is at present a little in Suspence, till some Circumstances are cleared. There is a Charge against him amongst the Women, and the Case is this. It is alleged, That a certain endowed Female would have appropriated her self to and consolidated her self with a Church, which my Divine now enjoys, (or, which is the same thing, did prostitute her self to her Friend doing this for her) That my Celestiatick, to obtain the one, did engage himself to take off the other that lay on Hand but that on his Success in the Spiritual, he again renounced the Carrel.

I put this closely to him, and taxed him with Disingenuity. He to clear himself made the subsequent Defence and that in the most solemn Manner possible. That he was applied to and insugured to accept of a Benefice. That a conditional Offer thereof was indeed made him at first, but with Disdain by him rejected. That when nothing (as they easily perceived) of this Nature could bring him to their Purpose, Assurance of his being entirely unengaged before hand, and safe from all their After-Expectations (the only Stratagem left to draw him in) was given him. That pursuant to this the Donation itself was without Delay, before several reputable Witnesses, tendered to him *gratis* with the open Profession of not the least Reserve, or most minute Condition, but that yet immediately after Induction, his insidious Introducer (or her crafty Procurer, which you will) industriously spread the Report, which had reached my Ears not only in the Neighbourhood of that said Church, but in London, in the University, in mine and his own County, and where-ever else. It might probably obviate his Application to any other Woman, and so confine him to this alone. And, in a Word, That as he never did make any previous Offer of his Service, or the least Step to her Affection, so on his Discovery of these

2 [nor]

'Designs thus had to trick him he could not but afterwards, in Justice to himself, vindicate both his Innocence and Freedom by keeping his proper Distance.

This is his Apology, and I think I shall be satisfied with it. But I cannot conclude my tedious Epistle, without recommending to you not only to resume your former Christenment, but to add to your Criminals the Simoniacal Ladies, who seduce the sacred Order into the Difficulty of either breaking a mercenary Troth made to them whom they ought not to deceive, or by breaking or keeping it offending against him whom they cannot deceive. Your Assistance and Labours of this sort would be of great Benefit, and your speedy Thoughts on this Subject would be very seasonable to

SIR, Your most obedient Servant,  
Christy Loveworth

No 299] Tuesday, February 12, 1712 [Addison

*Mult. Penninam, q. ian te, Cornelia, Mater Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers Gravidu supercilium, et numerus in doli trium phos*

*Tolle tuum precor Annibalem vicinque Syphacem*

*In cas'ris, et cum sold Cartilagine miera — Jun*

It is observed, that a Man improves more by reading the Story of a Person eminent for Prudence and Virtue, than by the finest Rules and Precepts of Morality. In the same manner a Representation of those Calamities and Misfortunes which a weak Man suffers from wrong Measures and ill-concerted Schemes of Life, is apt to make a deeper Impression upon our Minds, than the wisest Maxims and Instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like Follies and Inconveniences in our own private Conduct. It is for this Reason that I lay before my Reader the following Letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding my Reflections of my own upon the Subject Matter.

MR SPECTATOR,

Having carefully perused a Letter sent you by *Jonah a Riddle*, Esq, with your subsequent Discourse upon *Poor Money*, I do presume to trouble you with an Account of my own Case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of *Squire Fribble*. I am a Person of no Extraction, having begun the World with a small parcel of *Rusty Iron*, and was for some Years commonly known by the Name of *Jack Inzil*. I have naturally a very happy Genius for getting Money, inasmuch that by the Age of Five and twenty I had scrip'd together Four thousand two hundred Pounds Five Shillings, and a few odd Pence. I then launched out into considerable Business, and became a bold Trader both by Sea and Land, which in a few Years raised me a

1 This has been said to refer to a Sir Ambrose Crowley, who changed his name to Crawley

very [great] Fortune For these my Good Services I was Knighted in the thirty fifth Year of my Age, and lived with great Dignity among my City-Neighbours by the Name of Sir John Anvil Being in my Temper very Ambitious, I was now bent upon making a Family, and accordingly resolved that my Descendants should have a Dash of Good Blood in their Veins In order to this, I made Love to the Lady Mary Oddly, an Indigent young Woman of Quality To cut short the Marriage Treaty, I threw her a *Charte Blanche*, as our News Papers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own Terms She was very concise in her Demands, insisting only that the Disposal of my Fortune, and the Regulation of my Family, should be entirely in her Hands Her Father and Brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this Match, and would not see me for some time but at present are so well reconciled, that they Dine with me almost every Day, and have borrowed considerable Sums of me, which my Lady Mary very often twits me with, when she would shew me how kind her Relations are to me She had no Portion, as I told you before, but what she wanted in Fortune, she makes up in Spirit She at first changed my Name to Sir John Anvil, and at present writes her self *Mary Enville* I have had some Children by her, whom she has Christened with the Surnames of her Family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the Homeliness of their Prentage by the Father's Side Our eldest Son is the Honourable *Oddly Enville, Esq.* and our eldest Daughter *Harriot Enville* Upon her first coming into my Family, she turned off a parcel of very careful Servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of Blackamoors, and three or four very genteel Fellows in Laced Liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a Noise in the House in a Language which no body understands, except my Lady Mary She next set her self to reform every Room of my House, having glazed all my Chimney pieces with Looking-glass, and planted every Corner with such heaps of China, that I am obliged to move about my own House with the greatest Caution and Circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our Brittle Furniture She makes an Illumination once a Week with Wax-Candles in one of the largest Rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see Company At which time she always desires me to be Abroad, or to confine my self to the Cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among her Visitants of Quality Her Footmen, as I told you before, are such Betins that I do not much care for asking them Questions when I do, they answer me with a saucy Frown, and say that every thing, which I find Fault with, was done by my Lady Mary's Order She tells me that she intends they shall wear Swords with their next Liveries, having lately observed the Footmen of two or three Persons of Quality hanging behind the Coach with Swords by their Sides As soon as the first Honey Moon was over, I represented to her the

Unreasonableness of those duly Innovations which she made in my Family, but she told me I was no longer to consider my self as Sir John Anvil, but as her Husband, and added, with a Frown, that I did not seem to know who she was I was surprized to be treated thus, after such Familiarities as had passed between us But she has since given me to know that whatever Freedoms she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the Respect that is due to her Birth and Quality Our Children have been trained up from their Infancy with so many Accounts of their Mother's Family, that they know the Stories of all the great Men and Women it has produced Their Mother tells them, that such an one commanded in such a Sea Engagement, that their Great Grandfather had a Horse shot under him at Edge-hill, that their Uncle was at the Siege of Buda, and that her Mother danced in a Ball at Court with the Duke of Monmouth, with abundance of Fiddle-faddle of the same Nature I was, the other Day, a little out of Countenance at a Question of my little Daughter *Harriot*, who asked me, with a great deal of Innocence, why I never told them of the Generals and Admirals that had been in my Family As for my Eldest Son *Oddly*, he has been so spirited up by his Mother, that if he does not mend his Manners I shall go near to dishonour him He drew his Sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me, that he expected to be used like a Gentleman upon my offering to correct him for his Insolence, my Lady Mary stepped in between us, and told me, that I ought to consider there was some Difference between his Mother and mine She is perpetually finding out the Faults of her own Relations in every one of my Children, tho', by the way, I have a little Chubb-faced Boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my Knees, she has begged me more than once to converse with the Children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward Tricks

You must farther know, since I am opening my Heart to you, that she thinks her self my Superior in Sense, as much as she is in Quality, and therefore treats me like a plain well meaning Man, who does not know the World She dictates to me in my own Business, sets me right in Point of Trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my Ships at Sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her Great Grandfather was a Flag Officer

To complicit my Sufferings she has teased me for this Quarter of [17] Year last past, to remove into one of the Squares at the other End of the Town, promising for my Encouragement, that I shall have as good a Cock-loft as any Gentleman in the Square to which the Honourable *Oddly Enville, Esq.* always adds, like a Jack-a-napes as he is, that he hopes 'twill be as near the Court as possible

In short, Mr SPECTATOR, I run so much out of my natural Element, that to recover my old

\* [considerable] corrected by an erratum in No 301

'Way of Life I would be content to begin the  
'World again, and be plain *Jack*. *As it is.* but  
'alas! I am in for Life, and am bound to sub-  
'scribe my self, with great Sorrow of Heart,  
*Your humble Servant,*  
John I willie, *Kut*

L.

No 300 ] *Wednesday, February 13, 1712* [Steele

—*Di erum vultu e'um prope n'jus*—Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

WHEN you talk of the Subject of Love, and  
the Relations arising from it, methinks  
you should take Care to leave no Fault unob-  
served which concerns the State of Marriage.  
The great Vexation that I have observed in it,  
is, that the wedded Couple seem to want Oppor-  
tunities of being often enough alone together,  
and are forced to quarrel and be fond before  
Company. Mr *Hetsfur* and his Lady, in a  
Room full of their Friends, are ever saying  
something so smart to each other, and that but  
just within Rules, that the whole Company stand  
in the utmost Anxiety and Suspence for fear of  
their falling into Extremities which they could  
not be present at. On the other Side, *Tom Fad-  
dle* and his pretty Spouse where-ever they com-  
are billing at such a Rate as they think must do  
our Hearts good when behold 'em Cannot you  
possibly propose a Menn between being Wasps  
and Doves in Publick? I should think if you ad-  
vised to hate or love sincerely it would be better.  
For if they would be so discreet as to hate from  
the very Bottom of their Hearts, their Avers on  
would be too strong for little Gibes every Mo-  
ment and if they loved with that calm and  
noble Value which dwells in the Heart, with a  
Warmth like that of Life Blood, they would not  
be so imputent of their Passion as to fall into  
observable Fondness. This Method, in each  
Case, would save Appearances, but as those who  
offend on the fond Side are by much the fewer,  
I would have you begin with them, and go on to  
take Notice of a most impertinent I conceive mar-  
ried Women take, not only to be very loving, to  
their Spouses in Publick, but also make nu-  
merous Allusions to private Familiarities, and the  
like. *Lucina* is a Lady of the greatest Discre-  
tion, you must know, in the World and withal  
very much a Physician. Upon the Strength of  
these two Qualities there is nothing she will not  
speak of before us Virgins, and she every Day  
talks with a very grave Air in such a Manner, as  
is very improper in much as to be hinted at but  
to obviate the greatest Extremity. Those whom  
they call good Bodies, notable People, hearty  
Neighbours, and the purest goodest Company in  
the World, are the great Offenders in this kind.  
Here I think I have laid before you an open  
Field for Plesantry and hope you will shew  
these People that at least they are not witty.  
In which you will save from many a Blush a  
daily Sufferer, who is very much

*Your most humble Servant,*

Susanna Loveworth.

MR SPECTATOR,

In your of *Wednesday* the 30th past, you and  
your Correspondent are very severe on a sort of  
Men, whom you call Male Coquets but without  
any other Reason, in my Apprehension, than  
that of paying a shallow Compliment to the fair  
Sex, by accusing some Men of imaginary Faults,  
that the Women may not seem to be the more  
faulty Sex, though at the same time you suppose  
there are some so weak as to be imposed upon  
by fine Things and false Addresses. I can't per-  
suade myself that your Design is to declare the  
Sexes the Benefit of each other's Conversation  
within the Rules of Honour, nor will you, I dare  
say, recommend to 'em, or encourage the com-  
mon Tea Table Talk, much less that of Politics  
and Matters of State. And if these are forbidden  
Subjects of Discourse, then as long as there are  
any Women in the World who take a Pleasure in  
hearing themselves praised, and can bear the  
Sight of a Man prostrate at their Feet, so long I  
shall make no Wonder that there are those of the  
other Sex who will try them those impertinent  
Humiliations. We should have few People such  
tools as to practise Flattery, if all were so wise  
as to despise it. I don't deny but you would do  
a meritorious Act, if you could prevent all in-  
positions on the Simplicity of young Women,  
but I must confess I don't apprehend you have  
hit the Fault on the proper Person, and if I  
trouble you with my Thoughts upon it I promise  
my self your Pardon. Such of the Sex as are  
raw and innocent and most exposed to these  
Attacks, have, or their Parents are much to blame  
if they have not, one to advise and guard 'em,  
and are obliged themselves to take Care of 'em.  
but if these, who ought to hinder Men from all  
Opportunities of this sort of Conversation, instead  
of that encourage and promote it, the Suspicion  
is very just that there are some private Reasons  
for it, and I'll leave it to you to determine on  
which Side a Part is then acted. Some Women  
there are who are arrived at Years of Discretion,  
I mean are got out of the Hands of their Parents  
and Governours, and are set up for themselves,  
who yet are liable to these Attempts, but if these  
are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay  
the Fault upon them, that their Wisdom is not  
grown with their Years. My Client, Mr *Stray-  
phon*, whom you summoned to declare himself,  
gives you Thanks however for your Warning,  
and begs the Favour only to enlarge his Time for  
a Week, or to the last Day of the Term, and  
then he'll appear *gratias*, and pray no Day over

Yours,

Philanthropos

MR SILENTON,

I was last Night to visit a Lady who I much  
esteem, and she took for my Friend but met  
with so very different a Reception from what I  
expected, that I cannot help applying my self to  
you on this Occasion. In the room of that Civil-  
ty and Familiarity I used to be treated with by  
her, an affected Strangeness in her Looks, and  
Coldness in her Behaviour, plainly told me I was  
not the welcome Guest which the Regard and  
Tenderness she has often expressed for me gave

'me Reason to flatter my self to think I was  
'Sir, this is certainly a great Fault, and I assure  
'you a very common one, therefore I hope you  
'will think it a fit Subject for some Part of a  
'Spectator Be pleased to acquaint us how we  
'must behave our selves towards this valetudinary  
'Friendship, subject to so many Heats and Colds,  
'and you will oblige,

SIR, Your humble Servant,  
Miranda

SIR,

'I cannot forbear acknowledging the Delight  
'your late Spectators on Saturdays have given  
'me for it is writ in the honest Spirit of Criticism,  
'and called to my Mind the following four Lines  
'I had read long since in a Prologue to a Play  
'called *Julius Caesar*,<sup>2</sup> which has deserved a better  
'Fate The Verses are addressed to the little  
'Criticks

*Show your small Talent, and let that suffice ye,  
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye  
For every Fop can find out Faults in Plays  
You'll ne'er arrive at Knowing when to praise*

T Yours, D G

No 301 | Thursday, February 14, 1712 [Budgell

*Possunt ut Juvenes visere ferovi  
Multo non sine risu,  
Dilapsant in cineres faciem*—Hor

WE are generally so much pleased with any  
little Accomplishments, either of Body or  
Mind, which have once made us remarkable in  
the World, that we endeavour to persuade our  
selves it is not in the Power of Time to rob us of  
them We are eternally pursuing the same Me-  
thods which first procured us the Applauses of  
Mankind It is from this Notion that an Author  
writes on, tho' he is come to Dotage without  
ever considering that his Memory is impaired, and  
that he has lost that Life, and those Spirits, which  
formerly raised his Fancy, and fired his Imagina-  
tion The same Folly hinders a Man from sub-  
mitting his Behaviour to his Age, and makes  
*Clodius*, who was a celebrated Dancer at five and  
twenty, still love to hobble in a Minuet, tho' he is  
past Threescore It is this, in a Word, which  
fills the Town with elderly Fops, and superannuated  
Coquets

*Canidia*, a Lady of this latter Species, passed  
by me Yesterday in her Coach *Canidia* was an  
haughty Beauty of the last Age, and was followed  
by Crowds of Adorers, whose Passions only  
pleased her, as they gave her Opportunities of  
plying the Tyrant She then contracted that  
awful Cast of the Eye and forbidding Frown,  
which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all  
the Insolence of Beauty without its Charms If

she now attracts the Eyes of any Beholders, it is  
only by being remarkably ridiculous even her  
own Sex laugh at her Affectation and the Men,  
who always enjoy an ill-natured Pleasure in seeing  
an imperious Beauty humbled and neglected, re-  
gard her with the same Satisfaction that a free  
Nation sees a Tyrant in Disgrace.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who is a great Admirer of  
the Gallantries in King *Charles* the Second's  
Reign, lately communicated to me a Letter writ-  
ten by a Wit of that Age to his Mistress, who it  
seems was a Lady of *Canidia's* Humour and  
tho' I do not always approve of my Friend  
WILL's Taste, I liked this Letter so well, that I  
took a Copy of it, with which I shall here present  
my Reader

To CLOE

MADAM,

'Since my waking Thoughts have never been  
'able to influence you in my Favour, I am re-  
'solved to try whether my Dreams can make any  
'Impression on you To this end I shall give you  
'an Account of a very odd one which my Fancy  
'presented to me last Night, within a few Hours  
'after I left you

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed  
'into the most delicious Place mine Eyes ever  
'beheld, it was a large Valley divided by a River  
'of the purest Water I had ever seen The  
'Ground on each Side of it rose by an easie  
'Ascent, and was covered with Flowers of an in-  
'finite Variety, which as they were reflected in the  
'Water doubled the Beauties of the Place, or rather  
'formed an Imaginary Scene more beautiful than  
'the real On each Side of the River was a  
'Range of lofty Trees, whose Boughs were laden  
'with almost as many Birds as Leaves Every  
'Tree was full of Harmony

'I had not gone far in this pleasant Valley, when  
'I perceived that it was terminated by a most mag-  
'nificent Temple The Structure was ancient,  
'and regular On the Top of it was figured the  
'God *Saturn*, in the same Shape and Dress that  
'the Poets usually represent *Time*

'As I was advancing to satisfy my Curiosity by  
'a nearer View, I was stopped by an Object far  
'more beautiful than any I had before discovered  
'in the whole Place I fancy, Madam, you will  
'easily guess that this could hardly be any thing  
'but your self in reality it was so, you lay ex-  
'tended on the Flowers by the side of the River,  
'so that your Hands which were thrown in a negli-  
'gent Posture, almost touched the Water Your  
'Eyes were closed, but if your Sleep deprived  
'me of the Satisfaction of seeing them, it left me  
'at leisure to contemplate several other Charms,  
'which disappear when your Eyes are open I  
'could not but admire the Tranquility you slept  
'in, especially when I considered the Uneasiness  
'you produce in so many others

'While I was wholly taken up in these Reflec-  
'tions, the Doors of the Temple flew open, with a  
'very great Noise and lifting up my Eyes, I saw  
'two Figures, in human Shape, coming into the  
'Valley Upon a nearer Survey, I found them  
'to be Youth and Love. The first was encircled  
'with a kind of Purple Light, that spread a Glory  
'over all the Place the other held a flaming

<sup>2</sup> By William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (who died in 1640), one of his four 'Monarchie Tragedies.' He received a grant of Nova Scotia to colonize, and was secretary of state for Scotland

Torch in his Hand I could observe, that all the way as they came towards us, the Colours of the Flowers appeared more lively, the Tree shot out in Blossoms, the Birds threw themselves into Pairs, and scrambled them as they passed. The whole Face of Nature glowed with new Beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the Place where you lay, when they seated themselves on each Side of you. On their Approach methought I saw a new Bloom arise in your Face, and new Charms diffuse their glows over your whole Person. You appeared more than Mortal but, to my great Surprise, continued fast asleep, tho' the two Deities made several gentle Efforts to awaken you.

After a short Time, I sat up (displaying a Pair of Wings which I had not before taken notice of) flew off. Love still remained, and holding the Torch which he had in his Hand before your Face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The glazing of the Night in your Eyes at length awakened you, when, to my great Surprise, instead of acknowledging the Favour of the Deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the Torch out of his Hand into the River. The God after having regarded you with a Look that spoke not (since) his Pity and Displeasure, flew away. Immediately a Land of Gloom over-pread the whole Place. At the same time I saw an hideous Spectre enter at one end of the Valley. His Eyes were sunk into his Head, his Face was pale and withered, and his Skin puckered up in Wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the Bank the River froze, the Flowers sided the Trees shed their Blossoms, the Birds dropped from off the Boughs and fell dead at his feet. By these Marks I knew him to be Old Age. You were seized with the utmost Horror and Amusement at his Approach. You endeavoured to have fled but the Phantome caught you in his Arms. You may easily guess at the Change you suffered in this Embassage. For my own Part, though I am still too full of the (frightful) Idea, I will not shock you with a Description of it. I was so startled at the Sight that my Sleep immediately left me, and I found myself awake, it seems to consider of a Dream which seems too extraordinary to be without a Meaning. I am, Madam, with the greatest Passion,

Your most Obedient,  
most Humble Servant, &c

X.

No 302] Friday, February 13, 1712 [Steele

Lachrymarum decorat,  
Gratior et pulchrior aemulans in corpore Virtus  
Vir Æn 5

I READ what I give for the Entertainment of this Day with a great deal of Pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my Hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for *Emilia*

<sup>1</sup> [the same time]

<sup>2</sup> [dreadful]

### THE SPECIATOR.

If this Paper has the good Fortune to be honoured with a Place in your Writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the Character of *Emilia* is not in my opinion but a real one. I have indistinctly observed the whole by the Addition of one or two Circumstances of no Consequence, that the Person it is drawn from might still be concealed and that the Writer of it might not be in the least suspected, and for [other?] Reasons, I chuse not to give it the Form of a Letter. But if, besides the Fruits of the Composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a Correspondent than the SPECIATOR himself to write, I submit it to your better Judgment, to receive any other Model you think fit.

I am, SIA,

Your very humble Servant

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a Prospect of human Nature as the Contemplation of Wisdom and Beauty. The latter is the peculiar Portion of that Sex which is therefore called *Female* but the happy Concurrence of both these Qualities in the same Person, is a Character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over wearing, self sufficient thing, careless of providing it self any more substantial Ornaments, and so little does it consult its own Interests, that it too often defeats it self by betraying that Innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore Virtue makes a beautiful Woman appear more beautiful, so Beauty makes a virtuous Woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two Perfections gloriously united in one Person, I cannot help representing to my Mind the Image of *Emilia*.

Who ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his Breast that once the Glow of Love and the Tenderness of virtuous Friendship? The unstudied Graces of her Behaviour, and the pleasing Accents of her Tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer Enjoyment of them but even her Smiles carry in them a silent Reproof to the Impulses of licentious Love. Thus, tho' the Attractions of her Beauty play almost irresistibly upon, and increase Desire, you immediately stand corrected not by the Severity but the Decency of her Virtue. That Sweetness and Good humour which is so visible in her Face, naturally diffuses it self into every Word and Action. A Man must be a Savage, who at the Sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her Good than grateful himself. Her Person, is it is thus studiously embellished by Nature thus adorned with unpremeditated Graces, is fit Soil, for a Mind so fair and lovely there dwell rational Piety, modest Hope, and cheerful Resignation.

<sup>1</sup> The character of *Emilia* in this paper was by Dr Brower, a clergyman. The lady is said to have been the mother of Mr Ascham, of Conington, in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of Lady Hatton. The letter has been claimed also for John Hughes (letters of John Hughes &c, vol in p 8), and *Emilia* identical with Anne, Countess of Coventry.

<sup>2</sup> [some other]

Many of the prevailing Passions of Mankind do undervaluedly pass under the Name of Religion which is thus made to express itself in Action, according to the Nature of the Constitution in which it resides. So that were we to make a Judgment from Appearance, one would imagine Religion in some is little better than Sullenness and Reserve, in many Fear, in others the Dependings of a melancholly Complexion, in others the Formality of insignificant unaffecting Observances, in others Severity, in others Ostentation. In *Emilia* it is a Principle founded in Reason and enlivened with Hope: it does not break forth into irregular Fits and Surges of Devotion, but is in uniform and consistent Tenour of Action. It is strict without Severity, compassionate without Weakness: it is the Perfection of that good Humour which proceeds from the Understanding, not the Effect of an easy Constitution.

By a generous Sympathy in Nature, we feel our selves disposed to mourn when any of our Fellow Creatures are afflicted, but injured Innocence and Beauty in Distress, is an Object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving. It softens the most manly Heart with the tenderest Sensations of Love and Compassion, till at length it confesses its Humanity, and flows out into Tears.

Were I to relate that part of *Emilia's* Life which has given her an Opportunity of exerting the Heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a Story. But when I consider her alone in the midst of her Distresses, looking beyond this gloomy Vale of Affliction and Sorrow into the Joys of Heaven and Immortality, and when I see her in Conversation thoughtless and easy as if she were the most happy Creature in the World, I am transported with Admiration. Surely never did such a Philosophic Soul inhabit such a beautiful Form! For Beauty is often made a Privilege against Thought and Reflection: it laughs at Wisdom, and will not abide the Gravity of its Instructions.

Were I able to represent *Emilia's* Virtues in their proper Colours and their due Proportions, Love or Flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the Picture larger than Life: but as this is but an imperfect Draught of so excellent a Character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any Interest in her Person, all that I can say of her is but impartial Praise extorted from me by the prevailing Brightness of her Virtues. So rare a Pattern of Female Excellence ought not to be concealed but should be set out to the View and Imitation of the World for how amiable does Virtue appear thus as it were made visible to us in our own Example!

*Horatia's* Disposition is of a very different Turn. Her Thoughts are wholly bent upon Conquest and arbitrary Power. That she has some Wit and Beauty no Body denies, and therefore has the Esteem of all her Acquaintance. As a Woman of an agreeable Person and Conversation but whatever her Husband may think of it that is not sufficient for *Horatia*. She values that little of Respect as a mean Acquisition, and demands Veneration in the Right of an Idol, for this Reason her natural Desire of Love is continually

checked with an inconsistent Fear of Wrinkles and old Age.

*Emilia* cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal Charms, tho' she seems to be so, but she will not hold her Happiness upon so precarious a Tenure, whilst her Mind is adorned with Beauties of a more exalted and lasting Nature. When in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty we saw her surrounded with a Crowd of Adorers, she took no Pleasure in Slaughter and Destruction, gave no false deluding Hopes which might encrease the Torments of her disappointed Lovers: but having for some Time given to the Decency of a Virgin Coyness, and examined the Merit of their several Pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent Passion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then Master of many good Qualities and a moderate Fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly encreased to a plentiful Estate. This for a good while proved his Misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced Age with the Opportunities of a Lively Company and a sensual Life. He might have longer wandered in the Labyrinths of Vice and Folly, had not *Emilia's* prudent Conduct won him over to the Government of his Reason. Her Ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his Passions and refining his Pleasures. She shewed him by her own Example, that Virtue is consistent with decent Freedom and good Humour, or rather, that it cannot subsist without 'em. Her good Sense readily instructed her, that a silent Example and an easy unrepining Behaviour, will always be more persuasive than the Severity of Lectures and Admonitions, and that there is so much Pride interwoven into the Make of human Nature, that an obstinate Man must only take the Hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful Train of Management and unseen Persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this Advantage, by approving it as his Thoughts, and seconding it as his Proposal. By this Means she has gained an Interest in some of his leading Passions, and made them accessory to his Reformation.

There is another Particular of *Emilia's* Conduct which I can't forbear mentioning. To some perhaps it may at first Sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable Circumstance, but for my Part, I think it highly worthy of Observation, and to be recommended to the Consideration of the fair Sex. I have often thought wrapping Gowns and dirty Linnen, with all that huddled Oeconomy of Dress which passes under the general Name of a Mob, the Bane of conjugal Love, and one of the readiest Means imaginable to alienate the Affection of an Husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some Ladies, who have been surprized by Company in such a Deshabille, apologize for it after this Manner. Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this Priele, but my Husband and I were sitting all alone by our selves, and I did not expect to see such good Company. Thus by the way is a fine Compliment to the good Man, which 'tis ten to one but he returns in dogged Answers



But there is no single Passage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater Sublimity, than that wherein his Person is described in those celebrated Lines

*—He, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a Tower, &c*

His Sentiments are every way answerable to his Character, and suitable to a created Being of the most exalted and most depraved Nature Such is that in which he takes Possession of his Place of Torments

*—Hail Horrors! hail  
Infernal World! and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new Possessor, one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time  
And Afterwards,*

*—Here at least  
We shall be free, th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth Ambition, tho' in Hell  
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven*

Amidst those Impieties which this Lurged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the Author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a Religious Reader, his Words, as the Poet himself describes them, bearing only a *Seimblance of Worth, not Substance* He is likewise with great Art described as owning his Adversary to be Almighty Whatever perverse Interpretation he puts on the Justice, Mercy, and other Attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his Omnipotence, that being the Perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only Consideration which could support his Pride under the Shroud of his Defeat

Nor must I here omit that beautiful Circumstance of his bursting out in Tears, upon his Survey of those innumerable Spirits whom he had involved in the same Guilt and Ruin with himself

*—H. now prepared  
To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his Peers Attention held them mute  
Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of Scorn  
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth—*

The Catalogue of Evil Spirits has abundance of Learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of Poetry, which rises in a great measure from [its] describing the Places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful Murals of Rivers so frequent among the Ancient Poets The Author had doubtless in this place *Homer's* Catalogue of Ships, and *Virgil's* List of Warriors, in his View The Characters of *Moloch* and *Belial* prepare the Reader's Mind for their respective Speeches and Behaviour in the second and sixth Book The Account of *Thamuz* is finely Romantic, and suitable to what we read among the Ancients of the Worship which was paid to that Idol

<sup>2</sup> [his]

*[—Thamuz can ne next be'und,  
Whose annual Wound in Lebanon altho' d  
The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate,  
In an'ions Ditties all a Summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock  
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded] the Loose tale  
Of Infected Zions Daughters with like Heat,  
Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Pools  
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led  
His Eye survey'd the dail Idolatries  
Of alienated Judah—*

The Reader will pardon me if I insert as a Note on this beautiful Passage, the Account given us by the late ingenious Mr *Maunderell*<sup>2</sup> of this Ancient Piece of Worship, and probably the first Occasion of such a Superstition 'We came to a fair large River—doubtless the Ancient River *Adonis*, so famous for the Idolatrous Rites performed here in Lamentation of *Adonis* We had the Fortune to see what may be supposed to be the Occasion of that Opinion which *Lucian* relates, concerning this River, viz that this Stream, at certain Seasons of the Year, especially about the Feast of *Adonis*, is of a bloody Colour which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of Sympathy in the River for the Death of *Adonis*, who was killed by a wild Boar in the Mountains, out of which this Stream rises Something like this we saw actually come to pass, for the Water was stain'd to a surprising Redness and, as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the Sea a great way into a reddish Hue, occasion'd doubtless by a sort of Minium, or red Earth, washed into the River by the Violence of the Run, and not by any Stain from *Adonis's* Blood

The Passage in the Catalogue, explaining the manner how Spirits transform themselves by Contractions or Enlargement of their Dimensions, is introduced with great Judgment, to make way for several surprising Accidents in the Sequel of the Poem There follows one, at the very End of the first Book, which is what the *Friedl. Critics* call *Marvellous*, but at the same time *probable* by reason of the Passage last mentioned As soon as the Infernal Palace is finished, we are told the Multitude and Rabble of Spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small Compass, that

<sup>2</sup> A Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem at Easter, A.D. 1697 By Henry Maunderell, M.A. It was published at Oxford in 1703, and was in a new edition in 1707 It reached a seventh edition in 1749 Maunderell was a Fellow of Exeter College, which he left to take the appointment of chaplain to the English factory at Aleppo The brief account of his journey is in the form of a diary, and the passage quoted is under the date, March 15, when they were two days' journey from Tripoli The stream he identifies with the *Adonis* was called, he says, by the Turks *Ibruhim Pashli* It is near Gible, called by the Greeks *Byblus*, a place once famous for the birth and temple of *Adonis* The extract from *Paradise Lost* and the passage from Maunderell were interpolated in the first reprint of the *Spectator*

there might be Room for such a numberless Assembly in this capacious Hall. But it is the Poet's Refinement upon this Thought which I must admire, and which is indeed very noble in its self. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar among the fallen Spirits, contracted their Forms, those of the first Rank and Dignity still preserved their natural Dimensions.

*Thus a chosen set of Spirits in alliest Forms  
Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and sat at large,  
Throng'd 'neath the Vaulted Roof of the Hall  
Of that Infernal Court, but far above the  
Airs in their own Dimensions like then set, as,  
The great Seraphs Ioris and Cherubim,  
In close recess and secret council sat,  
As the said Devils Gods on Golden Seats,  
Frequent and full—*

The Character of *Milton*, and the Description of the *Pandemonium*, are full of Beauties.

There are several other Strokes in the first Book wonderfully poetical, and Instances of that Sublime Genius so peculiar to the Author. Such is the Description of *Mazael's* Stature, and of the Infernal Standard, which he unfurls as also of that ghastly Light, by which the Fiends appear to one another in their Place of Torments.

*The Seat of Desolation and of Light,  
Saw what the glowing Ring of those livid Flames  
Casts pale and dreadful—*

The Shout of the whole Host of fallen Angels when drawn up in Battal Arris.

*The universal Host up sent  
A Shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond  
Frighted the region of Chaos and old Night.*

The Review, which the Leader makes of his Infernal Army.

*He thro' the earned files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole Battalion views, their Order due,  
Their Visages and Stature as of Gods  
Their Number last he sums, and so his Heart  
Dursts with Pride, and hard'ning in his  
stretgth*

*Glories—*

The Flash of Light which appear'd upon the drawing of their Swords.

*He spake and to confirm his words outflow  
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the  
thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim the sudden Blaze  
Far round illum'd Hell—*

The sudden Production of the *Pandemonium*.

*Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge  
Rose like an Exhalation, with the Sound  
Of dulcet Synophones and Voices sweet*

The Artificial Illuminations made in it.

*From the arched Roof  
Pendent by subtle Magick, many a Row  
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Crescents, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded Light  
As from a Sky—*

There are also several noble Similes and Allusions in the First Book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe that when *Milton* alludes either to Things or Persons, he never quits his Simile till it rises to some very great Idea, which is often foreign to the Occasion that gave Birth to it. The Resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a Line or two, but the Poet runs on with the Hint till he has roused out of it some glorious Image or Sentiment, proper to inflame the Mind of the Reader, and to give it that sublime kind of Entertainment which is suitable to the Nature of an Heroick Poem. Those who are acquainted with *Homer's* and *Virgil's* way of Writing, can not but be pleased with this kind of Structure in *Milton's* Similitudes. I am the more particular on this Head, because ignorant Readers, who have formed their Taste upon the quaint Similes, and little Turns of Wit which are so much in Vogue among Modern Poets, cannot relish these Beauties which are of a much higher Nature, and are therefore apt to censure *Milton's* Comparisons in which they do not see any surprising Points of Likeness. Monsieur *Perrault* was a Man of this vicious Relish, and for that very Reason has endeavoured to turn into Ridicule several of *Homer's* Similitudes, which he calls *Comparaisons a tort requene, Long tail'd Comparisons*.<sup>1</sup> I shall conclude this Paper on the First Book of *Milton* with the Answer which Monsieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this Occasion. 'Comparisons says he, in Odes and Epic Poems, are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the Discourse, but to amuse and relax the Mind of the Reader, by frequently disengaging him from too painful Attention to the Principal Subject, and by leading him into other agreeable Images. *Homer*, says he, excelled in this Particular, whose Comparisons abound with such Images of Nature as are proper to relieve and diversify his Subjects. He continually instructs the Reader, and makes him take notice, even in Objects which are every Day before our Eyes, of such Circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed. So

<sup>1</sup> See note to No 279. Charles Perrault made himself a lasting name by his Fairy Tales a charming embodiment of French nursery traditions. The four volumes of his *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, published in 1692, included the good general idea of human progress, but worked it out badly, dealing irreverently with Plato as well as Homer and Pindar, and exalting among the moderns not only Molière and Corneille, but also Chapelain, Sendin and Quinault, whom he called 'the greatest lyrical and dramatic poet that France ever had'. The battle had been won with a debate in the Académie Française having ironically complimented Perrault on the ingenuity with which he had elevated little men above the ancients in his poem (published 1687), *le Siècle de Louis le Grand*. Fontenelle touched the matter lightly, as Perrault's ally, in his *Discours sur les Anciens et les Modernes*, but afterwards drew back, saying, 'I do not belong to the party which claims me for its chief'. The leaders on the respective sides, unequally matched, were Perrault and Boileau.

thus he adds, as a *Maxim* universally acknowledged, 'That it is not necessary in Poetry for the Points of the Comparison to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general Resemblance is sufficient, and that too much Nicety in this Particular favours of the Rhetorician and Lipsi grammaticus.'

In short, if we look into the Conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the Soul of each Poem, so to give their Works an agreeable Variety, their Episodes are so many short Iliads, and their Similes so many short Epics, so to which you may add, if you please, that their Metaphors are so many short Similes. If the Reader considers the Comparisons in the first Book of *Milton* of the Sun in an Eclipse, of the Sleeping *Lemurian*, of the Bees swarming about their Hive, of the Fury Dance, in the view whereof I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great Beauties that are in each of those Passages.

No 304 ] Monday, February 18, 1712 [Steele

*Vulnus alit - ens et cæco carpitur igni* — Virg

THE Circumstances of my Correspondent, whose Letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I cannot want Compassion so much as to forbear trying it before the Town. There is some thing so mean and inhuman in a direct *Smithfield* Bargain for Children, that if this Lover carries his Point, and observes the Rules he pretends to follow, I do not nully wish him Success, but also that it may imitate others to follow his Example. I know not one Motive relating to this Use which would produce so many honourable and worthy Actions, as the Hopes of adorning a Woman of Merit. There would ten thousand Ways of Industry and honest Ambition be pursued by young Men, who believed that the Persons admired had Value enough for their Passion to attend the Event of their good Fortune in all their Applications, in order to make their Circumstances fall in with the Duties they owe to themselves, their Families, and their Country. All these Relations a Man should think of who intends to go into the State of Marriage and expects to make it a State of Pleasure and Satisfaction.

MR SPECTATOR,

I have for some Years indulged a Passion for a young Lady of Age and Quality suitable to my own, but very much superior in Fortune. It is the Fashion with Parents (how justly I leave you to judge) to make all Regards give way to the Article of Wealth. From this one Consideration it is that I have concealed the ardent Love I have for her but I am beholden to the Force of my Love for many Advantages which I reap from it towards the better Conduct of my Life. A certain Complacency to all the World, a strong Desire to oblige where ever it lay in my Power, and a circumspect Behaviour in all my Words

and Actions, have rendered me more particularly acceptable to all my Friends and Acquaintance. I have had the same good I fleet upon my Fortune, and I have increased in Riches in proportion to my Advancement in those Arts which make a man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain Sympathy which will tell my Mistress from these Circumstances, that it is I who write this to her Reading, if you will please to insert it. There is not a downright Inanity, but a great Coldness between our Parents so that if either of us declared any kind Sentiment for each other, her Friends would be very back and in his an Obligation upon me to marry, and mine to receive it from hers. Under these Circumstances it is no easy Matter to act with Safety. I have no Reason to fancy my Mistress has any Regard for me, but from a very distant and interested Value which I have for her. If from any Hint in my future Paper of yours she gives me the least Encouragement, I doubt not but I shall surmount all other Difficulties and inspired by an noble Motive for the Care of my Fortune as the Bel of she is to be concerned in it, I will not despair of receiving her one Day from her Father's own Hand.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,  
Clytander

To his Worship the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Andory Title-Page*, Stationer, in the Centre of *Lincolns Inn-Fields*, *Sheweth*.

That your Petitioner and his Forefathers have been Sellers of Books for Time immemorial. That your Petitioner's Ancestor, *Crouel back Title-Page*, was the first of that Vocation in *East am*, who keeping his Station (it is for Weather, at the Corner of *Leithbury*, was by way of Inimicency called the *Stationer*, and a name which from him all succeeding Book-sellers have affected to bear. That the Station of your Petitioner and his Father has been in the Place of his present Settlement ever since that Square has been built. That your Petitioner has formerly had the Honour of your Worship's Custom and hopes you never find Reason to complain of your Penny worth, that particularly he sold you your first *Lilly's Grammar*, and at the same Time a *Wife's Common-sense* almost as good as new. Moreover, that your first rudimental Essays in Spectatorship were made in your Petitioner's Shop, where your worship practised for Hours together sometimes on his Books upon the Rules, sometimes on the little Hieroglyphicks either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the *Edgworth* Woman on the other Side of the Shop had wrought in Ginger bread and sometimes on the *English* Youth, who in sundry Places there were exercising themselves in the traditional Sports of the Field.

From these Considerations it is, that your Petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your Worship, that he has certain Intelligence that you receive great Numbers of defamatory Letters designed by their Authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect. Your Petitioner there-

fore prays that you will please to bestow on him those Refuse Letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful Provision for his Family or at the worst he may be allowed to sell them by the Pound Weight to his good Customers the Printers Cooks of *London* and *Westminster*.

And your Petitioners all ever pray, &c.

In the Spectator,

The humble Petition of *James* *James*, of *London* in the Parish of *St. Martin* in the County of *Middlesex*, in behalf of himself and Neighbours,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners have with great Industry and Application arrived at the most exact Art of Invention or Intricacy. That by the use of their Art and persuasive Addresses, they have for many Years last past miserably afflicted in every tenth Passenger, whether they intended or not to call at the *Ships*, to come in and buy, and from that Sorrowful Behaviour, have received many Injuries, and at the gentle Appellation of *the Lawyers*.

That there have of late set up amongst us certain Persons of *domestic* and *foreign* birth, who by the Strength of their Arms and Luckiness of their Thrusts, draw out the Regard of all Passengers from your said Petitioners from which Violence they are distinguished by the Name of *the Warriors*.

That whilst your Petitioners stand ready to receive Passengers with a submissive Bow, a loud report with a gentle Voice, *Let us see what they say* *Let us see what they say*, the Warriors reach out their Hands at Pistol shot, and seize the Customers at Arms Length.

That while the Warriors strain and relax the Muscles of their Faces in making Distinction between a Spanter in a coloured Scarf and an Handmaid in a Straw Hat, the Warriors use the same Roughness to both and prevail upon the Lazines of the Passengers, to the Impoverishment of your Petitioners.

Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the Warriors may not be permitted to inhabit the politer Parts of the Town and that *Common Court* may remain a Repository for buyers of a more soft Education.

And your Petitioners, &c.

The Petition of *the New Exchange*, concerning the Arts of *buying and Selling*, as if particular *valuing Goods by the Complexion of the Seller*, will be considered on another Occasion.

No 305 ] Tuesday, February 19, 1712 [Addison

Non latè auxilio, nec defensionibus istis  
Tempus eget—Virg.

OUR late News-Papers being full of the Project now on foot in the Court of *France*, for establishing a Political Academy, and I myself having received Letters from several virtuous

among my Foreign Correspondents, which give some Light into that Affair, I intend to make it the Subject of this Day's Speculation. A general Account of this Project may be met with in the *Dans Courant* of last Friday in the following Words, translated from the *Gazette of Amsterdam*.

*Paris, February 12* It is confirmed that the King has resolved to establish a new Academy for Politicks, of which the Marquis de *Fontenay*, Minister and Secretary of State is to be Protector. Six Academicians are to be chosen endued with proper Talents, for learning to form this Academy, in which no Person is to be admitted under twenty five Years of Age. They must likewise each have an Estate of two thousand Livres Year, either in Possession, or to come to him by Inheritance. The King will allow to each a Pension of a Thousand Livres. They are likewise to teach Masters to teach in all the Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and others, which have been made in several Ages past. These members are to meet twice a Week in the *Parlement*. From this Seminary are to be chosen Secretaries to Ambassadors who by degree may advance to higher Employments.

And as to the Politicks made *France* the Terror of *Europe*. The Statesmen who have appeared in the Nation of late Years, have on the contrary rendered it either the Prey or Contempt of its Neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous Academy which has carried all the Parts of Politick Learning to the greatest Height. His chief Design in that Institution was to divert the Men of Genius from meddling with Politics, a Province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis de *Fontenay* seems resolved to make every young Man in *France* as Wise as him self, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a Nursery of Statesmen.

Some private Letters add that there will also be erected a Seminary of Politick Politicians, who are to be brought up at the Feet of *Madam de Maintenon*, and to be dispatched into Foreign Courts upon any Emergencies of State but as the News of this last Project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther Notice of it.

Several of my Readers may doubtless remember that upon the Conclusion of the last War, which had been carried on so successfully by the French, their Generals were many of them transformed into Ambassadors, but the Conduct of those who have commanded in the present War, has, it seems, brought so little Honour and Advancement in their great Monarch that he is resolved to trust his Affairs no longer in the Hands of those Military Gentlemen.

The Regulations of this new Academy very much deserve our Attention. The Students are to have in Possession, or Reversion, an Estate of two thousand *French* Livres *per Annum*, which, as the present Exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty six Pounds *English*. This, with the Pay Allowance of a Thousand Livres, will enable them to find themselves in

Coffee and Snuff not to mention News Papers, Pen and Ink, Wax and Wafers, with the like Necessaries for Politicians

A Man must be at least Five and Twenty before he can be initiated into the Mysteries of this Academy, tho' there is no Question but many grave Persons of a much more advanced Age, who have been constant Readers of the *Paris Gazette*, will be glad to begin the World anew, and enter themselves upon this List of Politicians

The Society of these hopeful young Gentlemen is to be under the Direction of six Professors, who, it seems, are to be Speculative Statesmen, and drawn out of the Body of the Royal Academy. These six wise Masters, according to my private Letters, are to have the following Parts allotted them

The first is to instruct the Students in *State Legerdemain*, as how to take off the Impression of a Seal, to split a Wafer, to open a Letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious Feats of Dexterity and Art. When the Students have accomplished themselves in this Part of their Profession, they are to be delivered into the Hands of their second Instructor, who is a kind of *Pasture Master*

This Artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their Shoulders in a dubious Case, to connive with either Eye, and in a Word, the whole Practice of *Political Grinnace*

The Third is a sort of *Language-Master*, who is to instruct them in the Style proper for a Foreign Minister in his ordinary Discourse. And to the End that this College of Statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the Political Style, they are to make use of it in their common Conversations, before they are employed either in Foreign or Domestic Affairs. If one of them asks in other, what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the Question. If he is desired to change a *Louis d'or*, he must beg Time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the King is at *Versailles* or *Marly*, he must answer in a Whisper. If he be asked the News of the late *Gazette*, or the Subject of a Proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it. Or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his Brow up in Wrinkles, or elevate the Left Shoulder

The Fourth Professor is to teach the whole Art of Political Characters and Hieroglyphics, and to the End that they may be perfect also in this Practice, they are not to send a Note to one another (tho it be but to borrow a *Factus* or a *Machiavil*, which is not written in Cypher)

Their Fifth Professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the Society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the Controversies of probable Doctrines, mental Reservation, and the Rights of Princes. This Learned Man is to instruct them in the Grammar, Syntax, and construing Part of *Treaty Latin*, how to distinguish between the Spirit and the Letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same Form of Words may lay an Obligation upon any Prince in *Europe*, different from that which it lays upon his Most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the Art of

finding Flaws, Loop holes, and Evasions, in the most solemn Compacts, and particularly a great *Rabbinical Secret*, revised of late Years by the Fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory Interpretations of the same Article may both of them be true and valid

When our Statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several Instructors, they are to receive their last Polishing from one who is to act among them as *Master of the Ceremonies*. This Gentleman is to give them Lectures upon those important Points of the *Elbow Chair*, and the *Star Head*, to instruct them in the different Situations of the Right-Hand, and to furnish them with Bows and Inclinations of all Sizes, Measures and Proportions. In short, this Professor is to give the Society their *Stiffening*, and infuse into their Manners that beautiful Political Starch, which may qualify them for Levees, Conferences, Visits, and make them shine in what vulgar Minds are apt to look upon as Trifles

I have not yet heard any further Particulars, which are to be observed in this Society of unsledged Statesmen, but I must confess, had I a Son of five and twenty, I should take it into his Head at that Age to set up for a Politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a Block head. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same Arts which are to enable him to negotiate between Potentates might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between Man and Man. There is no Question but these young *Machiavals* will, in a little time, turn their College upside-down with Plots and Stratagems, and lay as many Schemes to Circumvent one another in a Freg or a Sallad, as they may hereafter put in Practice to over-creach a Neighbouring Prince or State

We are told, that the *Spartans*, tho' they punished Theft in their young Men when it was discovered, looked upon it as Honourable if it succeeded. Provided the Conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a Youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the Historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their publick or private Negotiations. Whether any such Relaxations of Morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended Seminary of Politicians, I shall leave to the Wisdom of their Founder

In the mean time we have fair Warning given us by this doughty Body of Statesmen and as *Sylla* saw many *Marius*s in *Cesar*, so I think we may discover many *Tukeys* in this College of *Academicians*. Whatever we think of our selves, I am afraid neither our *Suyra* or *St Jennis* will be a Match for it. Our Coffee houses are, indeed, very good Institutions, but whether or no these our *British* Schools of Politicks may furnish out as able Envoy's and Secretaries as an Academy that is set apart for that Purpose, will deserve our serious Consideration, especially if we remember that our Country is more famous for producing Men of Integrity than Statesmen and that on the contrary, *French* Truth and *British* Policy make a conspicuous Figure in Nothing, as the Earl of *Rochester* has very well observed in his admirable Poem upon that Barren Subject L

No 306 ] Wednesday, February 20, 1712 [Steele

*Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper  
Imputet? — Juv*

MR SPECTATOR,<sup>1</sup>  
I WRITE this to communicate to you a Misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory Discourse on the Subject I was within this Half-Year in the Possession of as much Beauty and as many Lovers as any young Lady in England But my Admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their Behaviour I have within that Time had the Small-Pox and this Face, which (according to many amorous Epistles which I have by me) was the Seat of all that is beautiful in Woman, is now disfigured with Scars It goes to the very Soul of me to speak what I really think of my Face and tho' I think I did not over-rate my Beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanced in its value with me now it is lost There is one Circumstance which makes my Case very particular the ugliest Fellow that ever pretended to me, was and is most in my Favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably If you could make him return an Obligation which he owes me, in liking a Person that is not amiable — But there is, I fear, no Possibility of making Passion move by the Rules of Reason and Gratitude But say what you can to one who has survived her self, and knows not how to act in a new Being My Lovers are at the Feet of my Rivals, my Rivals are every Day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting Reflection upon what I was Consider the Woman I was did not die of old Age, but I was taken off in the Prime of my Youth, and according to the Course of Nature may have Forty Years After-Life to come I have nothing of my self left which I like, but that

*I am, SIR,  
Your most humble Servant,  
Parthenissa*

When Lewis of France had lost the Battle of Ramelies, the Addresses to him at that time were full of his Fortitude, and they turned his Misfortune to his Glory in that, during his Prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic Constancy under Distresses, and so the World had lost the most eminent Part of his Character Parthenissa's Condition gives her the same Opportunity and to resign Coquests is a Task as difficult in a Beauty as an Hero In the very Entrance upon this Work she must burn all her Love-Letters or since she is so candid as not to call her Lovers who follow her no longer Unfaith-

<sup>1</sup> Mr John Duncombe subscribed this letter to his relative, John Hughes, and said that by Parthenissa was meant a Miss Rotherlwin, afterwards married to the Rev Mr Wyatt, master of Felsted School, in Essex The name of Parthenissa is from the Heroine of a romance by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery

ful, it would be a very good beginning of a new Life from that of a Beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest Inscription, *Articles of a Marriage Treaty broken off by the Small-Pox* I have known but one Instance, where a Matter of this Kind went on after a like Misfortune, where the Lady, who was a Woman of Spirit, writ this Billet to her Lover

SIR,  
'If you flattered me before I had this terrible  
'Malady, pray come and see me now But if you  
'sincerely liked me, stay away, for I am not the  
'same

*Corinna*

The Lover thought there was something so sprightly in her Behaviour, that he answered,

Madaam,  
'I am not obliged, since you are not the same  
'Woman, to let you know whether I flattered you  
'or not but I assure you, I do not, when I tell  
'you I now like you above all your Sex, and hope  
'you will bear what may befall me when we are  
'both one, as well as you do what happens to  
'your self now you are single, therefore I am  
'ready to take such a Spirit for my Companion as  
'soon as you please

*Amilcar*

If Parthenissa can now possess her own Mind, and think as little of her Beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great Diminution of her Charms and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an erasie Behaviour will more than make up for the Loss of them Take the whole Sex together, and you find those who have the strongest Possession of Mens Hearts are not eminent for their Beauty You see it often happen that those who enrage Men to the greatest Violence, are such as those who are Strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that End The fondest Lover I know, said to me one Day in a Crowd of Women at an Entertainment of Musick, you have often heard me talk of my Beloved That Woman there, continued he, smiling when he had fixed my Eye, is her very Picture The Lady he shewed me was by much the least remarkable for Beauty of any in the whole Assembly, but having my Curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my Eyes off of her Her Eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden Surprise she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at This little Act explain'd the Secret She did not understand herself for the Object of Love, and therefore she was so The Lover is a very honest plain Man and what charmed him was a Person that goes along with him in the Cares and Joys of Life, not taken up with her self, but sincerely attentive with a ready and cheerful Mind, to accompany him in either

I can tell Parthenissa for her Comfort, That the Beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of Women An apparent Desire of Admiration, a Reflection upon their own Merit, and a precious Behaviour in their general Conduct, are almost inseparable

Accidents in Beauties All you obtain of them is granted to Importunity and Solicitation for what did not deserve so much of your Time, and you recover from the Possession of it, as out of a Dream

You are ashamed of the Vagaries of Fancy which so strangely mislead you, and your Admiration of a Beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable Reflection upon your self The cheerful good humoured Creatures, into whose Heads it never entered that they could make any Man unhappy are the Persons formed for making Men happy There's Miss *Liddy* can dance a Jigg, raise Paste, write a good Hand, keep an Account, give a reasonable Answer, and do as she is bid while her elder Sister Madam *Martha* is out of Humour, has the Spleen, learns by Reports of People of higher Quality new Ways of being uneasie and displeased And this happens for no Reason in the World, but that poor *Liddy* knows she has no such thing as a certain Negligence that is so becoming, that there is not I know not what in her Air And that if she tall's like a Fool, there is no one will say, Well! I know not what it is, but every Thing pleases when she speaks it

Ask any of the Husbands of your great Beauties, and they'll tell you that they hate their Wives Nine Hours of every Day they pass together There is such a Particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbered with their Charms in all they say or do They pry at publick Devotions as they are Beauties They converse on ordinary Occasions as they are Beauties Ask *Belinda* what it is a Clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a Beauty should answer you In a Word, I think, instead of offering to administer Consolation to *Parthenissa*, I should congratulate her Metamorphosis and however she thinks she was not in the least insolent in the Prosperity of her Charms, she was enough so to find she may make her self a much more agreeable Creature in her present Adversity The Endeavour to please is highly promoted by a Consciousness that the Approbation of the Person you would be agreeable to, is a Reward you do not deserve for in this Case Assurance of Success is the most certain way to Disappointment Good Nature will always supply the Absence of Beauty, but Beauty cannot long supply the Absence of Good Nature

P S

Madam, February 18

'I have yours of this Day, wherein you twice bid me not to disoblige you, but you must explain yourself further before I know what to do

Your most obedient Servant,

T The SPECTATOR.

No 307] Thursday, February 21, 1712 [Ends all

—Versate diu quid ferre recensent  
Quid valeant huius ieri— Hor

I AM so well pleased with the following Letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable Present to the Publick

SIR,

'Though I believe none of your Readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up Trifles than my self, yet as your Speculations are now swelling into Volumes, and will in all Probability pass down to future Ages, methinks I would have no single Subject in them, wherein the general Good of Mankind is concern'd, left unfinished

'I have a long time expected with great Impatience that you would enlarge upon the ordinary Mistakes which are committed in the Education of our Children I the more easily flattered my self that you would one time or other resume this Consideration, because you tell us that your 168th Paper was only composed of a few broken Hints, but finding my self hitherto disappointed, I have ventured to send you my own Thoughts on this Subject

'I remember *Pericles* in his famous Oration at the Funeral of those *Athenian* young Men who perished in the *Saman* Expedition, has a Thought very much celebrated by several Ancient Critics, namely, That the Loss which the Commonwealth suffered by the Destruction of its Youth, was like the Loss which the Year would suffer by the Destruction of the Spring The Prejudice which the Publick sustains from a wrong Education of Children, is an Evil of the same Nature, as it in a manner starves Posterity, and deprives our Country of those Persons who, with due Care, might make an eminent Figure in their respective Posts of Life

'I have seen a Book written by *Juan Huartes*,<sup>1</sup> a Spanish Physician, entitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he lays it down as one of his first Positions, that Nothing but Nature can give life a Man for Learning and that without a proper Temperament for the particular Art or Science which he studies, his utmost Pains and Application, assisted by the ablest Masters, will be to no purpose

'He illustrates this by the Example of *Tully's* Son *Marcus*

'*Cicero*, in order to accomplish his Son in that sort of Learning which he designed him for, sent him to *Athens*, the most celebrated Academy at that time in the World, and where a vast Course, out of the most Polite Nations, could not but furnish a young Gentleman with a Multitude of great Examples, and Accidents that might in

<sup>1</sup> Juan Huarte was born in French Navarre, and obtained much credit in the sixteenth century for the book here cited It was translated into Latin and French The best edition is of Cologne, 1610

'sensibly have instructed him in his designed Studies. He placed him under the Care of *Crassus*, who was one of the greatest Philosophers of the Age, and as if all the Books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his Use, he composed others on purpose for him. Notwithstanding all this, History informs us, that *Marcus* proved a meer Blockhead, and that Nature (who it seems was even with the Son for her Prodigality to the Father) rendered him incapable of improving by all the Rules of Eloquence, the Precepts of Philosophy, his own Endeavours, and the most refined Conversation in *Italy*. This Author therefore proposes, that there should be certain Teachers or Examiners appointed by the State to inspect the Genius of every particular Boy, and to allot him that Part that is most suitable to his natural Tendencies.

*Plato* in one of his Dialogues tells us, that *Socrates*, who was the Son of a Midwife, used to say, that as his Mother, tho' she was very skilful in her Profession, could not deliver a Woman, unless she was first with Child, so neither could he himself raise knowledge out of a Mind, where Nature had not planted it.

Accordingly the Method this Philosopher took of instructing his Scholars by several Interrogatories or Questions, was only helping the Birth, and bringing their own Thoughts to light.

The *Spanish* Doctor above mentioned, as his Speculations grow more refined, asserts that every kind of Wit has a particular Sense corresponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent. As to those Geniuses, which may seem to have an equal Aptitude for several things, he regards them as so many unfinished Pieces of Nature wrought off in haste.

There are, indeed, but very few to whom Nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some Science or other. There is a certain Bias towards Knowledge in every Mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper Applications.

The Story of *Christopher Clavius* is very well known. He was entered in a College of Jesuits, and after having been tried at several Parts of Learning, was upon the Point of being dismissed as an hopeless Blockhead, till one of the Fathers took it into his Head to make an Essay of his Parts in Geometry, which it seems hit his Genius so luckily that he afterwards became one of the greatest Mathematicians of the Age. It is commonly thought that the Sagacity of these Fathers, in discovering the Talent of a young Student,

<sup>1</sup> Christopher Clavius, a native of Bamberg died in 1612, aged 75, at Rome, whither he had been sent by the Jesuits and where he was regarded as the Lucid of his age. It was Clavius whom Pope Gregory XIII. employed in 1581 to effect the reform in the Roman Calendar promulgated in 1582, when the 31st of October became throughout Catholic countries, the 13th of the New Style, an improvement that was not admitted into Protestant England until 1752. Clavius wrote an Arithmetic and Commentaries on Lucid, and justified his reform of the Calendar against the criticism of Scaliger.

has not a little contributed to the Figure which their Order has made in the World.

How different from this manner of Education is that which prevails in our own Country? Where nothing is more a curl than to see forty or fifty Boys of several Ages, Tempers and Inclinations ranged together in the same Class, employed upon the same Authors, and enjoined the same Tasks? Whate'er their natural Genius may be, they are all to be made Poets, Historians, and Orators alike. They are all obliged to have the same Capacity, to bring in the same Title of Verse, and to furnish out the same Portion of Prose. Every Boy is bound to have as good a Memory as the Champion of the Forum. To be brief, instead of adapting Studies to the particular Genius of a Youth we expect from the young Man that he should adapt his Genius to his Studies. This, I must confess, is not so much to be imputed to the Instructor, as to the Parent, who will never be brought to believe, that his Son is not capable of performing as much as his Neighbours; and that he may not raise him whatever he has a Mind to.

If the present Age is more tradable than those which have gone before it in any single Particular, it is in that generous Care which several well-disposed Persons have taken in the Education of poor Children, and as in these Christian Schools there is no Price left for the over-weening Indulgence of a Parent, the Directors of them would make them beneficial to the Publick, if they considered the Precept which I have been thus long musing on. They might easily, by well examining the Parts of those under their Inspection, make a just Distribution of them into proper Classes and Divisions, and allot to them this or that particular Study, as their Genius qualifies them for Professions, Trades, Handicrafts, or Service by Sea or Land.

How is this kind of Regulation wanting in the three great Professions?

Dr. *Swift* complaining of Persons who took upon them Holy Orders, tho' who, either in quality for the Sacred Function, or, somewhere, that many a Man runs his Head against a Pulpit, who may have done his Country excellent Service at a Plough or a Shop.

In like manner many a Lawyer, who makes but an indifferent Figure at the Bar, might have made a very elegant Waterman, and have shined at the *Tenple* Series, tho' he can get no Business in the House.

I have known a Corn-sutter, who with a right Education would have been an excellent Physician.

To descend lower, are not our Streets filled with sagacious Drymen, and Politicians in *Parade*? We have several Taylors of six Foot high, and meet with many a broad pair of Shoulders that are thrown away upon a Barber, when perhaps at the same time we see a pigmy Porter reeling under a Burthen, who might have managed his Needle with much Dexterity, or have snarped his Fingers with great Ease to himself, and Advantage to the Publick.

The *Spaniards*, tho' they acted with the Spirit which I am here speaking of, carried it much fur-



other than what I propose. Among them it was not lawful for the Father himself to bring up his Children after his own Fancy. As soon as they were seven Years old they were all listed in several Companies and disciplined by the Publick. The old Men were Spectators of their Performances, who often run of Quarrels among them, and set them at Strife with one another, that by those early Discoveries they might see how their several Talents lay, and without any regard to their Quality, dispose of them accordingly for the Service of the Commonwealth. By this Means *Sparta* soon became the Mistress of Greece, and famous through the whole World for her Civil and Military Discipline.

If you think this Letter deserves a farther answer, your Speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other Thoughts on the same Subject. I am, &c.

No 308] Friday, February 27, 1712 (St. L.)

—*Jam. Proter*—  
Ironte & let Latige avaritum—Horr

MR SPECTATOR,

I GIVE you this Trouble in order to propose my self to you as an Assaillant in the war of Cures which you have thought fit to undertake for the publick Good. I am a very great Lover of Women, that is to say honestly, and as it is natural to study what one likes, I have industriously applied my self to understand them. The present Circumstance relating to them, is that I think there wants under you, as SPECTATOR, a Person to be distinguished and vested in the Power and Quality of a Censor on Marriages. I lodge at the Temple, and know, by seeing Women come thither, and afterwards observing them conducted by their Council to Judges Chamber, that there is a Custom in Case of making Conveyance of a Wife's Estate, that she is carried to a Judge's Apartment and left alone with him, to be examined in private whether she has not been frightened or sweetned by her Spouse into the Act she is going to do, or whether it is of her own free Will. Now if this latter Method founded upon Reason and Equity, why should there not be also a proper Officer for examining such as are entering into the State of Matrimony, whether they are forced by Parents on one Side, or moved by Interest only on the other, to come together, and bring forth such awkward Heirs as are the Product of half Love and constrained Compliances? There is no Body, though I say it my self, would be fitter for this Office than I am. For I am an ugly Fellow of great Wit and Significancy. My Father was an Irish Country-Squire, my Mother a witty Peauty of no Fortune. The Match was made by Consent of my Mother's Parents against her own. And I am the Child of a Rape on the Wedding Night, so that I am as healthy and as honestly as my Father, but as sprightly and agreeable as my Mother. It would be of great Advantage to you if you would use me under you, that my Mischance might be better regulated for the future, and we might have no more Children of Squab-

bles. I shall not reveal all my Pretensions till I receive your Answer and am,

SIR,  
Your most humble Servant,  
Miles Palfrey.

MR SPECTATOR,

I am one of those unfortunate Men to him the City Walls, who am married to a Woman of Quality, but the Temper is something different from that of Lady *Sun*. My Lady's whole Time and Thoughts are spent in keeping up all the Noise both in Apparel and Furniture. All the Goods in my House have been changed three times in seven Years. I have had seven Children by her, and by our Marriage Art does it was to have her Apartment new furnished as often as she lay in. Nothing in our House is useful but that which is fashionable. My Pewter holds out generally half a Year, my Lute a full twelve-month. Chairs are not fit to sit in that were made two Years since, nor I edel fit for any thing but to sleep in that have stood up above that Time. My Dear is of Opinion that an old-fashioned Estate consumes Cooks, but gives no Herd. If he drinks out of Glass of half a Year, sleep in disorder with Wine from Sir all Beer. Oh dear Sir you may guess all the rest.

Yours

\*P S I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged also to eat *fast* *un* *thly*. I have a pain of Stomach and have a constant Leathum of what ever comes to my own Table for which reason I dine at the *Coffee-House* three Days a Week. Where the good Company wonders they never see you of late. I am sure by your unregarded Discourses you love Broth better than Soup.

MR SPECTATOR,

It is, I let you. You may believe you are a Person as much called of as any Man in Town. I am one of your best Friends in this House, and have said a Word you are so candid a Man and so honest a Fellow, that you will print this Letter, that is in Recommendation of a new Paper called *The Historian*. I have read it carefully, and find it written with Skill, good Sense, Modesty, and Fire. You must allow the Town is kinder to you than you deserve, and I doubt not but you have so much Sense of the World, Change of Humour, and instability of all human Things, as to understand, if it is the only Way to preserve Honour, is to communicate it to others with Good Nature and Judgment. You are so generally read, that what you speak of will be read. This with Men of Sense and Taste is all that is wanting, to recommend *The Historian*.

I am, SIR,  
Your daily Advocate,  
Reader Gentle

\* Steele's papers had many imitations, as the *Historian*, here named, the *Rapscall*, *Obsequator*, *Abolisher*, *Grover*, *Censor*, *Hermist*, *Surprizer*, *Silent Monitor*, *Inquisitor*, *Pilgrimage*, *Restorer*, *Instrator*, *Gumbrich*, &c. There was also in 1712 a *Kambur* misapplying the name of Dr. John's *satirist* of 1750-2.

*T ruing our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the Torturer, when to meet the Noise  
Of his almighty Engine he shall hear  
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels, and his throne it self  
Mist with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange  
Fire,  
His own invented Torments—*

His preferring Annihilation to Shame or Misery, is also highly suitable to his Character, as the Comfort he draws from their disturbing the Peace of Heaven, that if it be not Victory it is Revenge, is a Sentiment truly Diabolical, and becoming the Bitterness of this implacable Spirit.

*Belial* is described in the first Book, as the Idol of the Lewd and Luxurious. He is in the Second Book, pursuant to that Description, characterized as tumorous and slothful and if we look in the Sixth Book, we find him celebrated in the Battel of Angels for nothing but that scoffing Speech which he makes to *Satan*, on their supposed Advantage over the Enemy. As his Appearance is uniform, and of a Piece, in these three several Views, we find his Sentiments in the Infernal Assembly every way conformable to his Character. Such are his Apprehensions of a second Battel, his Horrors of Annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than not to be. I need not observe, that the Contrist of Thought in this Speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable Variety to the Debate.

*Mammon's* Character is so fully drawn in the First Book, that the Poet adds nothing to it in the Second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught Mankind to ransack the Earth for Gold and Silver, and that he was the Architect of *Pandemonium*, or the Infernal Place, where the Evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this Book is every way suitable to so depraved a Character. How proper is that Reflection, of their being unable to taste the Happiness of Heaven were they actually there, in the Month of one, who while he was in Heaven, is said to have had his Mind dazzled with the outward Poms and Glories of the Place, and to have been more intent on the Riches of the Pavement, than on the Beatific Vision. I shall also leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the same Character.

*It is deep World  
Of Darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n all ruling  
Sire  
Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscured,  
And with the Majesty of Darkness round  
Covers his Throne, from whence deep Thunders  
roar  
Mustering their Rage, and Heav'n resembles  
Hell?  
As is our Darkness, cannot we his Light  
Imitate when we please? This desert Soil  
Wants not her hidden Lustre, Gems and Gold,  
Nor want we Skill or Art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence, and what can Heav'n shew  
more?*

*Beelzebub*, who is reckoned the second in Dig-

nity that fell, and is, in the First Book, the second that awakens out of the Trance, and confers with *Satan* upon the Situation of their Affairs, maintains his Rank in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of Moderator between the two opposite Parties, and proposes a third Undertaking, which the whole Assembly gives into. The Motion he makes of detaching one of their Body in search of a new World is grounded upon a Project devised by *Satan*, and cursorily proposed by him in the following Lines of the first Book.

*Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so rise  
There went a Flame in Heav'n, that I ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A Generation, whom his choice Regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n  
Thither, if but to try, shall be perhaps  
Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold  
Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor the Abyss  
Long under Darkness cover. But these Thoughts  
Full Counsel must mature —*

It is on this Project that *Beelzebub* grounds his Proposal.

*—What if we find  
Some easier Enterprize? There is a Place  
(If a true and prophetic Fame in Heav'n  
Err not) another World, the happy Seat  
Of some new Race call'd MAN, about this Time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In Power and Excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above, so was his Will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
That shook Heav'n's whole Circumference, confirm'd.*

The Reader may observe how just it was not to omit in the First Book the Project upon which the whole Poem turns. As also that the Prince of the fallen Angels was the only proper Person to give it Birth, and that the next to him in Dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully Beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's Imagination in this ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven, concerning the Creation of Man. Nothing could shew more the Dignity of the Species, than this Tradition which ran of them before their Existence. They are represented to have been the Talk of Heaven, before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the Roman Commonwealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their State of Pre-existence, but *Milton* does a far greater Honour to Mankind in general, as he gives us a Glimpse of them even before they are in Being.

The rising of this great Assembly is described in a very Sublime and Poetical Manner.

*Their rising all at once was as the Sound  
Of Thunder heard remote —*

The Diversions of the fallen Angels, with the particular Account of their Place of Habitation, are described with great Pregnancy of Thought, and Copiousness of Invention. The Diversions

are every way suitable to Beings who had nothing left them but Strength and Knowledge misapplied, Such are their Contentions at the Race, and in Fights of Arms, with their Entertainment in the following Lines

*Others with vast Typhazean rage more fell  
Rend up both Rocks as d Hills, and ride the Air  
In Whirlwind, Hell scarce holds the wild Up-  
roar*

Their Musick is employed in celebrating their own criminal Exploits, and their Discourse in sounding the unfathomable Depths of Fate, Free-will and Fore-knowledge

The several Circumstances in the Description of Hell are finely imagined as the four Rivers which disgorge themselves into the Sea of Fire, the Ex-reams of Cold and Heat, and the River of Oblivion The monstrous Animals produced in that Infernal World are represented by a single Line, which gives us a more horrid Idea of them, than a much longer Description would have done

*Nature breeds,  
Perverse, all unoutrous, all prodigious Things,  
Abominable, unutterable, and worse  
Innumerable yet have feign'd or Fear conceiv'd,  
Gorgon's, as d H, dra's, and Chimeræ's dire*

This Episode of the fallen Spirits, and their Place of Habitation, comes in very happily to un-  
bend the Mind of the Reader from its Attention to the Debate An ordinary Poet would indeed have spun out so many Circumstances to a great Length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated, the principal Fable.

The Flight of Satan to the Gates of Hell is finely imagined

I have already declared my Opinion of the Allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finished Piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a Part of an Epic Poem The Genealogy of the several Persons is contrived with great Delicacy *Sin* is the Daughter of *Satan*, and *Death* the Offspring of *Sin* The incestuous Mixture between *Sin* and *Death* produces those Monsters and Hell hounds which from time to time enter into their Mother, and tear the Bowels of her who gave them Birth These are the Errors of an evil Conscience, and the proper Fruits of *Sin*, which naturally rise from the Apprehensions of *Death* This last beautiful Moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the Speech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful Issue, she adds,

*Before mine Eyes in Opposition sits  
Grim Death my Son and Foe, who sets them on,  
And nee his Part I would full soon devour  
For 'twas I of other Prey, but that he knows  
His End w th mine is involv'd*

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful Circumstance in the last Part of this Quotation He will likewise observe how naturally the three Persons concerned in this Allegory are tempted by one common Interest to enter into a Confederacy together, and how properly *Sin* is made the Portress of Hell, and the only Being that can open the Gates to that World of Torments

The descriptive Part of this Allegory is likewise very strong, and full of Sublime Ideas The Figure of *Death*, [the Regal Crown upon his Head,] his Menace of *Satan*, his advancing to the Combat, the Outcry at his Birth, are Circumstances too noble to be past over in Silence, and extremely suitable to this *King of Terrors* I need not mention the Justness of Thought which is observed in the Generation of these several Symbolical Persons, that *Sin* was produced upon the first Revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appear'd soon after he was cast into Hell, and that the Errors of Conscience were conceived at the Gate of this Place of Torments The Description of the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton's* Spirit

*On a sudden open fly  
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound  
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate  
Hars! Th under, that the lowest Bottom shook  
Of Erebus She open'd, b it to sh! t  
Excell'd her Power, the Gates wide open stood,  
That with extended Wings a banner'd Host  
Under spread Ensigns marching night pass  
through.*

*With Horse as d Chariots rank'd in loose Array,  
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace Mouth  
Cast forth redounding Smoke and ruddy Flame*

In *Satan's* Voyage through the *Chaos* there are several Imaginary Persons described, as residing in that immense Waste of Matter This may perhaps be conformable to the Taste of those Critics who are pleased with nothing in a Poet which has not Life and Manners ascribed to it, but for my own Part, I am pleased most with those Passages in this Description which carry in them a greater Measure of Probability, and are such as might possibly have happened Of this kind is his first mounting in the Smoke that rises from the Infernal Pit, his falling into a Cloud of Nitre, and the like combustible Materials, that by their Explosion still hurried him forward in his Voyage his springing upward like a Pyramid of Fire, with his laborious Passage through that Confusion of Elements which the Poet calls

*The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave*

The Glimmering Light which shot into the *Chaos* from the utmost Verge of the Creation, with the distant discovery of the Earth that hung close by the Moon, are wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical

No 310] Monday, February 25, 1712 [Steele

*Convinco fungam stabili*— Virg

MR SPECTATOR,  
I AM a certain young Woman that love a certain young Man very heartily and my Father and Mother were for it a great while, but now they say I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid me love him, and I cannot unlove him What must I do? speak quickly

Biddy Dorn-hat e

Dear SPEC,

Feb 19, 1712

I have lov'd a Lady entirely for this Year and Half, tho' for a great Part of the Time (which has contributed not a little to my Pain) I have been debarr'd the Liberty of conversing with her. The Grounds of our Difference was this, that when we had enquired into each others Circumstances, we found that at our first setting out into the World, we should owe five hundred Pounds more than her Fortune would pay off. My Estate is seven hundred Pounds a Year, besides the benefit of Im Mines. Now, dear SPEC, upon this State of the Case, and the Lady's positive Declaration that there is still no other Objection, I beg you'll not fail to insert this, with your Opinion as soon as possible, whether this ought to be esteemed a just Cause or Impediment why we should not be join'd, and you will for ever oblige

Yours sincerely,  
Dick Lovesick

'P S Sir, if I marry this Lady by the Assistance of your Opinion, you may expect a Favour for it

Mr SPECTATOR,

I have the misfortune to be one of those unhappy Men who are distinguished by the Name of discarded Lovers but I am the less mortified at my Disgrace, because the young Lady is one of those Creatures who set up for Negligence of Men, are forsooth the most rigidly Virtuous in the World, and yet their Nicety will permit them, at the Command of Parents, to go to Bed to the most utter Stranger that can be proposed to them. As to me myself, I was introduced by the Father of my Mistress but find I owe my being at first received to a Comparison of my Estate with that of a former Lover, and that I am now in like manner turned off, to give Way to his humble Servant still richer than I am. What makes this Treatment the more extraneous is, that the young Lady is in the Management of this way of Friend, and obeys her Father's Orders on these Occasions without any Manner of Reluctance, and does it with the same Air that one of your Men of the World would signify the Necessity of Affairs for turning another out of Office. When I came home last Night I found this Letter from my Mistress

SIR,

"I hope you will not think it is any manner of Disrespect to your Person or Merit, that the intended Nuptials between us are interrupted. My Father says he has a much better Offer for me than you can make, and has ordered me to break off the Treaty between us. If it had proceeded, I should have behaved myself with all suitable Regard to you, but as it is, I beg we may be Strangers for the Future. Adieu

LYDIA

'This great Indifference on this Subject, and the mercenary Motives for making Alliances, is what I think lies naturally before you, and I beg of you to give me your Thoughts upon it. My Answer to Lydia was as follows, which I hope you will approve, for you are to know the Wo-

man's Family affect a wonderful Ease on these Occasions, tho' they expect it should be painfully received on the Man's Side

MADAM,

"I have received yours, and knew the Prudence of your House so well, that I always took Care to be ready to obey your Commands, tho' they should be to see you no more. Pray give my Service to all the good Family

Adieu,

"The Opera Subscription is full Clitophon

Memorandum. *The Censor of Marriage to consider this Letter, and report the common Usages on such Pretences, with how many Pounds or Acres are generally esteemed sufficient Reason for preferring a new to an old Pretender with his Opinion what is proper to be determined in such Cases for the future.*

Mr SPECTATOR,

'There is an elderly Person, lately left off Business and settled in our Town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the World but he has brought with him such an Inclination to Spleen-bearing, that he disturbs both himself and all our Neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this Frailty, the honest Gentleman is so happy as to have no Enemy. At the same time he has not one Friend who will venture to acquaint him with his Weakness. It is not to be doubted but if this Feeling were set in a proper Light, he would quickly perceive the Indecency and evil Consequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an Infirmary which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays much Deference to you, I beg that when you are at Leisure to give us a Speculation on Gossiping, you would think of my Neighbour. You will hereby oblige several who will be glad to find a Reformation in their gray Friend. And how becoming will it be for him, instead of pouring forth Words at all Adventures to set a Watch before the Door of his Mouth, to refrain his Tongue, to check its Impetuosity, and guard against the Sillies of that little, pert, forward, busy Person, which, under a sober Conduct, might prove a useful Member of a Society in Compliance with whose Intimations, I have taken the Liberty to make this Address to you.

I am, SIR,

Your most obscure Servant  
Philanthropos

Mr SPECTATOR,

Feb 16, 1712

'This is to Petition you in Behalf of my self and many more of your gentle Readers, that at any time when you have private Reasons against letting us know what you think of your self, you would be pleased to pardon us such Letters of your Correspondents as seem to be of no use but to the Printer

'It is further our humble Request, that you would substitute Advertisements in the Place of such Epistles and that in order hereunto Mr Buckley may be authorized to take up of your zealous Friend Mr Charles Little, any Quantity of Words he shall from time to time have occasion for

'The many useful parts of Knowledge which may be communicated to the Publick this Way, will, we hope, be a Consideration in favour of your Petitioners

*And your Petitioners, &c*

*Note.* That particular Regard be had to this Petition, and the Papers marked Letter R may be carefully examined for the future. T

No 311 ] Tuesday, February 26, 1712 [Addison

*Nec Veneris pharetras maces est, aut lampade ferat  
Iude faces ardent, - cuncta a dote sagitta -* Juv

Mr SPECTATOR,

I AM amazed that among all the Variety of Characters, with which you have enriched your Speculations, you have never given us a Picture of those audacious young Fellows among us, who commonly go by the Name of *Fortune-Stealers*. You must know, Sir, I am one who live in a continual Apprehension of this sort of People that lye in wait, Day and Night, for our Children, and may be considered as a kind of Kidnappers within the Law. I am the Father of a young Heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon her self as such for above these Six Years. She is now in the Eighteenth Year of her Age. The Fortune-hunters have already cast their Eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her View whenever she appears in any Publick Assembly. I have my self caught a young Jackanapes with a pair of Silver Fringed Gloves, in the very Fact. You must know, Sir, I have kept her as a Prisoner of State ever since she was in her Teens. Her Chamber Windows are cross barred, she is not permitted to go out of the House but with her Keeper, who is a stry'd Relation of my own. I have likewise forbid her the use of Pen and Ink for this Twelve-Month last past, and do not suffer a Ban-box to be carried into her Room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these Precautions, I am at my Wits End for fear of any sudden Surprise. There were, two or three Nights ago, some Fiddles heard in the Street, which I am afraid portend me no Good, not to mention a tall Irish-Man, that has been seen walking before my House more than once this Winter. My Kinswoman likewise informs me, that the Girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a Gentleman in a Fair Wig, and that she loves to go to Church more than ever she did in her Life. She gave me the slip about a Week ago, upon which my whole House was in Alarm. I immediately dispatched a Hue and Cry after her to the Change, to her Mantuamaker, and to the young Ladies that Visit her; but after above an Hour's search she returned of

herself, having been taking a Walk, as she told me, by *Rosamond's* Pond. I have hereupon turned off her Woman, doubled her Guards, and given new Instructions to my Relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful Eye over all her Motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual Anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my Daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering Tribe of young Fellows, who are for making their Fortunes by these indirect Means, that stealing a Man's Daughter for the sake of her Portion, is but a kind of Tolerated Robbery; and that they make but a poor Amends to the Father, whom they plunder after this Manner, by going to bed with his Child. Dear Sir, be speedy in your Thoughts on this Subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the Disbanding of the Army.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,  
Tim Watchwell

*Themistocles*, the great Athenian General, being asked whether he would chuse to marry his Daughter to an indigent Man of Merit, or to a worthless Man of an Estate, replied, That he should prefer a Man without an Estate, to an Estate without a Man. The worst of it is, our Modern Fortune-Hunters are those who turn their Heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young Fellow finds he can make nothing of *Cook* and *Littleton*, he provides himself with a Ladder of Ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the Premises.

The same Art of Scaling has likewise been practised with good Success by many military Engineers. Stratagems of this nature make Parts and Industry superfluous, and cut short the way to Riches.

Nor is Vanity a less Motive than Idleness to this kind of Mercenary Pursuit. A Fop who admires his Person in a Glass, soon enters into a Resolution of making his Fortune by it, not questioning but every Woman that falls in his way will do him as much Justice as he does himself. When an Heiress sees a Man throwing particular Graces into his Ogle, or talking loud within her Hearing, she ought to look to her self, but if withal she observes a pair of Red-Heels, a Patch, or any other Particularity in his Dress, she cannot take too much care of her Person. These are Bait not to be trifled with, Charms that have done a world of Execution, and made their way into Hearts which have been thought impregnable. The Force of a Man with these Qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several Female Undertakers about the Change, who upon the Arrival of a likely Man out of a neighbouring Kingdom, will furnish him with proper Dress from Head to Foot, to be paid for at a double Price on the Day of Marriage.

We must however distinguish between Fortune-Hunters and Fortune-Stealers. The first are those assiduous Gentlemen who employ their whole Lives in the Chace, without ever coming at the Quarry. *Suffenus* has combed and powdered it

\* R. is one of Steele's signatures, but he had not used it since No 131 for August 3, 1711, every paper of his since that date having been marked with a T.

the Ladies for thirty Years together, and taken his Stand in a Side Box, 'till he has grown wrinkled under their Eyes. He is now lying the same Snares for the present Generation of Beauties, which he practised on their Mothers. *Cottles*, after having made his Applications to more than you meet with in Mr *Cowley's* Ballad of Mistresses, was at last smitten with a City Lady of 20,000 Sterling but died of old Age before he could bring Matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy Friend Mr HONEYCOMB, who has often told us in the Club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a Childless rich Man, he immediately drew on his Boots, called for his Horse, and made up to the Widow. When he is rallied upon his ill Success, WILL with his usual Gaiety tells us, that he always found [her<sup>2</sup>] Pre engaged.

Widows are indeed the great Gaine of your Fortune-Hunters. There is scarce a young Fellow in the Town of six Foot high, that has not pressed in Review before one or other of these wealthy Relicts. *Hi dibrass's Cupid*, who

— took his Stand  
Upon a Widow's Furniture Land,<sup>2</sup>

is daily employed in throwing Darts, and kindling Flame. But as for Widows, they are such a Subtle Generation of People, that they may be left to their own Conduct, or if they make a false Step in it, they are answerable for it to no Body but themselves. The young innocent Creatures who have no Knowledge and Experience of the World, are those whose Safety I would principally consult in this Speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my Opinion, be as punishable as a Rape. Where there is no Judgment there is no Choice. And why the imaging a Woman before she is come to Years of Discretion, should not be as Criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten Years old, I am at a Loss to comprehend. L

No 312 ] Wednesday, February 27, 1712 [Steele

*Quod huic Officium, quæ laus, quod Decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum colore Corporis velit, qui dolorem suum cum alium sibi persuaserit? Quam porro quis ignominiam quam turpitudinem non perulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id suumque malum esse decessit?—Tull de Doloře tolerando*

IT is a very melancholy Reflection, that Men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know Sorrow and Pain to be in their right Senses. Prosperous People (for Happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond Sense of their present Condition, and thoughtless of the Mutability of Fortune. Fortune is a Term which we must use in such Discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen Hand of the Disposer of all Things. But methinks the

Disposition of a Mind which is truly great, is that which makes Misfortunes and Sorrows little when they befall our selves, great and lamentable when they befall other Men. The most unpardonable Malefactor in the World going to his Death and bearing it with Composure, would win the Pity of those who should behold him. And this not because his Calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it. We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own Misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the Weight of his Distresses. On the other hand, without any Touch of Envy, a temperate and well govern'd Mind looks down on such as are exalted with Success, with a certain Shrive for the Imbecility of human Nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to Calamity, as to grow giddy with only the Suspence of Sorrow, which is the Portion of all Men. He therefore who turns his Face from the unhappy Man, who will not look again when his Eye is cast upon modest Sorrow, who shuns Affliction like a Contagion, does but pamper himself up for a Sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater Aptitude to Misery by attempting to escape it. A Gentleman where I happened to be last Night, fell into a Discourse which I thought shewed a good Discerning in him. He took Notice that whenever Men have looked into their Heart for the Idea of true Excellency in human Nature, they have found it to consist in Suffering after a right Manner and with a good Grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing Sorrows, struggling with Adversities, undergoing all kinds of Hardships, and having in the Service of Mankind a kind of Appetite to Difficulties and Dangers. The Gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret Sense of the high Merit which there is in Patience under Calamities, that the Writers of Romances, when they attempt to furnish out Characters of the highest Excellence, ransack Nature for things terrible, they raise a new Creation of Monsters, Dragons, and Giants. Where the Danger ends, the Hero ceases, when he won an Empire, or gained his Mistress, the rest of his Story is not worth relating. My Friend carried his Discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher Beings than Men to join Happiness and Greatness in the same Idea, but that in our Condition we have no Conception of superlative Excellence, or Heroism, but as it is surrounded with a Shade of Distress.

It is certainly the proper Education we should give our selves, to be prepared for the ill Events and Accidents we are to meet with in a Life sentenced to be a Scene of Sorrow. But instead of this Expectation, we soften our selves with Prospects of constant Delight, and destroy in our Minds the Seeds of Fortitude and Virtue, which should support us in Hours of Anguish. The constant Pursuit of Pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our Being. There is a pretty sober Liveliness in the Ode of *Horace* to *Delius*, where he tells him, loud Murth, or immoderate Sorrow, Inequality of Behaviour either in Prosperity or Adversity, are alike ungraceful in Man that is born to die. Moderation in both Circumstances is peculiar to generous Minds. Men of that Sort ever taste the Gratifications of

<sup>2</sup> [them]

<sup>2</sup> Hudibras, Part I, Canto 3, ll. 310-11

Health, and all other Advantages of Life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them resign them with a Greatness of Mind which shews they know their Value and Duration. The Contempt of Pleasure is a certain Preparatory for the Contempt of Pain. Without this, the Mind is as it were taken suddenly by any unforeseen Event, but he that has always, during Health and Prosperity, been abstinent in his Satisfaction, enjoys, in the worst of Difficulties, the Reflection, that his Anguish is not aggravated with the Comprison of past Pleasures which upbraid his present Condition. *Polly* tells us a Story after *Pompey*, which gives us a good Taste of the pleasant Manner the Men of Wit and Philosophy had in old Times of alleviating the Distresses of Life by the Force of Reason and Philosophy. *Pompey* when he came to *Rhodes*, had a Curiosity to visit the famous Philosopher *Possidonius*, but finding him in his sick Bed, he bewailed the Misfortune that he should not hear a Discourse from him. But you may, answered *Possidonius*, and immediately entered into the Point of Stoical Philosophy, which says Pain is not an Evil. During the Discourse, upon every Puncture he felt from his Distemper, he smiled and cried out, Pain, Pain, he is impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an Evil.

Mr SPECTATOR,

Having seen in several of your Papers, a Concern for the Honour of the Clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their Character, and particularly performing the publick Service with a due Zeal and Devotion. I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your Means, several Expressions used by some of them in their Prayers before Sermon, which I am not well satisfied in. As their giving some Titles and Epithets to great Men, which are indeed due to them in their several Ranks and Stations, but not properly used, I think, in our Prayers. Is it not Contradiction to say, Illustrious Right Reverend, and Right Honourable poor Sinner? These Distinctions are suited only to our State here, and have no place in Heaven. We see they are omitted in the Liturgy which I think the Clergy should take for their Pattern in their own Forms of Devotion. There is another Ex-

\* Devotion Another Expression which I take to be improper, is this, the whole Race of Mankind, when they pray for all Men for Race signifies Lineage or Descent. And if the Race of Mankind may be used for the present generation, (though I think not very fitly) the whole Race taken in all from the Beginning to the End of the World. I don't remember to have met with that Expression in their sense anywhere but in the old Version of *Psal* 14, which those Men, I suppose, have but litte Esteem for. And some, when they have prayed for all Schools and Nurseries of good Learning and True Religion, especially the two Universities add these Words, Grant that from them and all other Places dedicated to thy Worship and Service, may come forth such Persons But what do they mean by all other Places? It

pression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned Congregation, to bring in the last Petition of the Prayer in these Words, *O let not the Lord be angry and I will speak but this once*, as if there was no Difference between *Abraham's* interceding for *Sodom*, for which he had no War rant as we can find, and our asking those Things which we are required to pray for they would therefore have much more Reason to fear his Anger if they did not make such Petitions to him. There is another pretty Fancy. When a young Man has a Mind to let us know who gave him his Scarf, he speaks a Parenthesis to the Almighty, Bless, as I am in Duty bound to pray, the right honourable the Countess, is not that as much as to say, Bless her, for thou knowest I am her Chaplain?

Your humble Servant,

T

O

No 313 ] Thursday, February 28, 1712 [Budgell

*Exigite ut mores teneros cen pollice ducat,  
Ut si quis certè vultum facit*——— *Juv*

I SHALL give the following Letter no other Recommendation, than by telling my Readers that it comes from the same Hand with that of last Thursday

SIR,

I send you, according to my Promise, some farther Thoughts on the Education of Youth in which I intend to discuss that famous Question, *Whether the Education at a publick School, or under a private Tutor, is to be preferred?*

As some of the greatest Men in most Ages have been of very different Opinions in this Matter, I shall give a short Account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every Person to determine for himself.

It is certain from *Suetonius*, that the Romans thought the Education of their Children a business properly belonging to the Parents themselves. and *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Marcus Cato*, tells us, that as soon as his Son was capable of Learning, *Cato* would suffer no Body to Teach him but himself, tho he had a Servant named *Clito*, who was an excellent Grammarian, and who taught a great many other Youths.

On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to Publick Schools and Seminaries.

A private Education promises in the first place Virtue and Good-Breeding. A publick School mainly Assurance, and early Knowledge in the Ways of the World.

Mr *Locke* in his celebrated Treatise of Education, confesses that there are Inconveniences

seems to me that this is either a Tautology, as being the same with all Schools and Nurseries before expressed, or else it runs too far, for there are general Places dedicated to the Divine Service which cannot properly be intended here.

\* Some Thoughts concerning Education, § 70.

'to be feared on both sides. If, says he, I keep my Son at Home, he is in danger of becoming my young Master. If I send him Abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning Contagion of Rudeness and Vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at Home, but more ignorant of the World, and more sheepish when he comes Abroad. However, as this learned Author asserts, That Virtue is much more difficult to be attained than Knowledge of the World, and that Vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous Fault than Sheepishness, he is altogether for a private Education, and the more so, because he does not see why a Youth, with right Management, might not attain the same Assurance in his Father's House, as at a publick School. To this end he advises Parents to accustom their Sons to whatever strange Faces come to the House to take them with them when they Visit their Neighbours, and to engage them in Conversation with Men of Parts and Breeding.

'It may be objected to this Method, that Conversation is not the only thing necessary, but that unless it be a Conversation with such as are in some measure their Equals, in Parts and Years, there can be no room for Emulation, Contention, and several of the most lively Passions of the Mind, which, without being sometimes moved by these means, may possibly contract a Dulness and Insensibility.

'One of the greatest Writers our Nation ever produced observes, That a Boy who forms Parties, and makes himself Popular in a School or a College, would act the same Part with equal ease in a Senate or a Privy Council. And Mr. Osborn speaking like a Man versed in the Ways of the World, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an Orchard, trains up a Youth insensibly to Caution, Secrecy and Circumspection, and fits him for Matters of greater Importance.

'In short, a private Education seems the most natural Method for the forming of a virtuous Man in a publick Education for making a Man of Business. The first would furnish out a good Subject for *Plato's* Republick, the latter a Member for a Community over-run with Artifice and Corruption.

'It must however be confessed, that a Person at the head of a publick School has sometimes so many Boys under his Direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his Care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the Fault of the Age, in which we often see twenty Parents, who tho' each expects his Son should be made a Scholar, are not contented altogether to make it worth while for any Man of a liberal Education to take upon him the Care of their Instruction.

'In our great Schools indeed this Fault has been of late Years rectified, so that we have at present not only Ingenious Men for the chief Masters, but such as have proper Ushers and Assistants under them. I must nevertheless own,

that for want of the same Encouragement in the Country, we have many a promising Genius spoiled and abused in those Seminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this Opinion, having myself experienced the Usage of two Rural Masters, each of them very unfit for the Trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my Parts, tho' none of the weakest, could endure, and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another Temper, and a Boy, who would run upon his Errands, wish his Coffee pot, or ring the Bell, might have as little Conversation with any of the Classics, as he thought fit. I have known a Lad at this Place excused his Exercise for assisting the Cook-maid, and remember a Neighbouring Gentleman's Son was among us five Years, most of which time he employed in mowing and watering our Master's grey Pad. I scorned to compound for my Faults, by doing any of these Elegant Offices, and was accordingly the best Scholar, and the worst used of any Boy in the School.

'I shall conclude this Discourse with an Advantage mentioned by *Quintilian*, as accompanying a Publick way of Education, which I have not yet taken notice of, namely, that we very often contract such Friendships at School, as are a Service to us all the following Part of our Lives.

'I shall give you, under this Head, a Story very well known to several Persons, and which you may depend upon as a real Truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with *Westminster* School, knows that there is a Curtain which used to be drawn across the Room, to separate the upper School from the lower. A Youth happened, by some Mischance, to tear the above-mentioned Curtain. The Severity of the Master was too well known for the Criminal to expect any Pardon for such a Fault, so that the Boy, who was of a meek Temper, was terrified to Death at the Thoughts of his Appearance, when his Friend, who sat next to him, had him be of good Cheer, for that he would take the Fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be Men the Civil War broke out, in which our two Friends took the opposite Sides, one of them followed the Parliament, the other the Royal Party.

'As their Tempers were different, the Youth who had torn the Curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the Civil List, and the other, who had born the Blame of it, on the Military. The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a Judge under the Protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy Enterprize of *Penriddock* and *Groves* in the West. I suppose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the Event of that Undertaking. Every one knows that the Royal Party was routed, and all the Heads of them, among whom was the Curtain Champion, imprisoned at *Exeter*. It happened to be his Friend's Lot at that time to go the Western Circuit. The Trial of the Rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now re-

The references to *Suetonius* and *Plutarch's* Life of *Cato* are from the preceding section.

Richard Busby appointed in 1640



maintained but to pass Sentence on them when the Judge, hearing the Name of his old Friend, and observing his Face, more attentively, which he had not seen for many Years, asked him, if he was not formerly a Westminster Scholar, by the Answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous Friend and, without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his Way to London, where employing all his Power and Interest with the Protector, he saved his Friend from the Fate of his unhappy Associates.

The Gentleman, whose Life was thus preserved by the Gratitude of his School-Fellow, was afterwards the Father of a Son, whom he lived to see promoted in the Church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest Stations in it.

No 314 ] Friday, February 29, 1712 [Shek

*Panden dis in Matrem  
Tempesti ut sequi cern*—Hor Od 23

Mr SPECTATOR, Feb 7, 1711-12  
I AM a young Man about eighteen Years of Age, and have been in Love with a young Woman of the same Age about this half Year. I go to see her six Days in the Week, but never could have the Happiness of being with her alone. If any of her Friends are at home, she will see me in their Company, but if they be not in the Way, she flies to her Chamber. I can discover no Signs of her Aversion, but either a Fear of falling into the Toils of Matrimony, or a childish Humidity, deprives us of an Interview apart, and drives us upon the Difficulty of pushing out our Lives in fruitless Expectation. Now, Mr SPECTATOR, if you think us ripe for Oeconomy, perwade the dear Creature, that to pine away into Barrenness and Deformity under a Mother's Shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so unamiable, as she would in full Bloom. [There is a great deal left out before he concludes]

Mr SPECTATOR,  
Your humble Servant,  
Bob Hunkles

If this Gentleman be really no more than Eighteen, I must do him the Justice to say he is the most knowing Infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another Woman: therefore, till he has given a further Account of himself, the young Lady is hereby directed to keep close to her Mother.

The SPECTATOR

I cannot comply with the Request in Mr Frott's Letter but let it go just as it came to my Hands, for being so familiar with the old Gentleman, as

The allusion is to Colonel Wake, father of Dr William Wake, who was Bishop of Lincoln when this paper was written, and became in 1716 Archbishop of Canterbury. The trials of Penruddock and his friends were in 1635.

rough as he is to him. Since Mr Frott has an Ambition to make him his Father-in-Law, he ought to treat him with more Respect besides, his Style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me. Moreover, his Mistress shall continue in her Confinement, till he has found out which Word in his Letter is not wrightly spelt.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I shall ever own my self your obliged humble Servant for the Advice you gave me concerning my Dining, which unluckily came too late. For, as I said, I would not have off Capering till I had your Opinion of the Matter, was at our famous Assembly the Day before I received your Papers, and there was observed by an old Gentleman, who was informed I had a Respect for his Daughter, told me I was an insignificant little Fellow, and said that for the future he would take Care of his Child so that he did not doubt but to crosse my numerous Inclinations. The Lady is confined to her Chamber, and for my Part, am ready to bring my self with the Thoughts that I have danced my self out of a room with her Father. I hope you will pardon the Trouble I give but shall take it for a mighty favour, if you will give me a little more of your Advice to put me in a write Way to cheat the old Dragon and obtain my Mistress. I am once more,

SIR,  
York, Feb 23, Your obliged humble Servant  
1711-12 John Frott

Let me desire you to make what Alterations you please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon Mistake by Haste

I never do pardon Mistakes by Haste  
The SPECTATOR

SIR, Feb 27, 1711-12  
Pray be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief Qualification of a good Poet, especially of one who writes Plays, and you will very much oblige,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,  
N B

To be a very well bred Man

The SPECTATOR

Mr SPECTATOR,  
You are to know that I am naturally Brave, and love Fighting as well as any Man in England. This gallant Leaper of mine makes me extremely delighted with Battles on the Stage. I give you this Trouble to complain to you, that Nicodemus refused to gratifie me in that Part of the Opera for which I have most Taste. I observe it's become a Custom, that whenever any Gentlemen are particularly pleased with a Song, at their crying out *Encore* or *Altro Volte*, the Performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the Opera the last time *Hydaspes* was performed. At that Part of it where the Heroe engages with the Lion, the graceful Manner with which he put that terrible Monster to Death gave me so great a Pleasure, and at the same time so just a Sense of that Gentleman's Intre-

'pudity and Conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a Repetition of it, by crying out *Altro Volto* in a very audible Voice and my Friends flatter me, that I pronounced those Words with a tolerable good Accent, considering that was but the third Opera I had ever seen in my Life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little Regard had to me, that the Lion was carried off, and went to Bed, without being killed any more that Night. Now, Sir, pray consider that I did not understand a Word of what Mr. Nicols said to this cruel Creature, besides, I have no Ear for Music, so that during the long Dispute between em the whole Entertainment I had was from my Eye. Why then have not I as much Right to have a graceful Action repeated as another has a pleasing Sound since I only hear as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing I doing? Pray, Sir, settle the Business of this Claim in the Audience, and let us know when we may cry *Alto Vello, A gliee, again, again*, for the Future. I am an Englishman, and expect some Reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve but I expect your Answer.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant

Joby Rensfree

MR SPECTATOR,

No. 29

'You must give me Leave, amongst the rest of your Female Correspondents, to address you about an Affair which has already given you many a Speculation and which, I know, I need not tell you have had a very happy Influence over the adult Part of our Sex. But as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the Pursuit of the Vanities which have been bred up with us from our Infancy, and all of us quitting the Stage whilst you are prompting us to act our Part well, you ought methinks, rather to turn to our Instructions for the Benefit of that Part of our Sex, who are yet in their native Innocence, and ignorant of the Vices and that Variety of Unhappineses that reign amongst us.

I must tell you, MR SPECTATOR, that it is as much a Part of your Office to oversee the Education of the female Part of the Nation, as well as of the Male, and to convince the World you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the Male Administration of Government as successfully as you have exposed that of Pedagogues, and rescue our Sex from the Prejudice and Tyranny of Education as well as that of our own, who with out your reasonable Interposition are like to improve upon the Vices that are now in vogue.

I who I now the Dignity of your Post, as SPECTATOR, and the Authority a shifful Eye ought to bear in the female World could not forbear consulting you, and beg your Advice in so crucial a Point, as is that of the Education of young Gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient House in a good Air, I am not without Hope but that you will promote this generous Design. I must farther tell you, Sir, that all who shall be committed to my Conduct, beside the usual Accomplishments of the Needle, Dancing, and the French Tongue, shall not fail

to be your constant Readers. It is therefore my humble Petition, that you will entertain the Town on this important Subject, and so far oblige a Stranger, as to raise a Curiosity and Enquiry in my Behalf, by publishing the following Advertisement.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Admirer,

M. W.

## ADVERTISEMENT

The Dancing School for young Gentlemen, which was formerly kept on Mile End Green, being laid down, there is now one set up also as opposite to it at the two Golden Balls, and in the new corner of the very Respite, where, les de les canons of Instruction given to young Gentlemen, they will be able to do the whole Part of Laistry and Fencing, as whatever may render them accomplished. There is a place to make Trial of the Vigilance and Alights, of the Persons concerned as enquire at the two Golden Balls on Mile End Green near Leyney, where they will receive further Satisfaction.

THIS is to give Notice that the SPECTATOR has taken upon him to be Visitor of all Examined Schools, and as such Women are created and desired to prove in the same Office after the same manner that the Visitors of Colleges do in the University of Cambridge of this Land.

All Letters written to the SPECTATOR are desired to forswear ere Expression which is in any of the Letters to him, either out of Lateness or want of Invention, and as true of yet above it to be considered in the whole World. She has in her all that is valuable in Woman.

No 315] Saturday, March 1, 1712 [Addison

Nec deus interit, nisi et in diebus eius  
In exultatione. — Ho

HORACE advises a Poet to consider thoroughly the Nature and Force of his Genius. *Mus* seems to have known perfectly well, wherein his Strength lay, and has therefore chosen a Subject entirely conformable to those Talents, of which he was Master. As his Genius was wonderfully turned to the Sublime, his Subject is the noblest that could have entered into the Thoughts of Man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing, has a place in it. The whole System of the intellectual World, the Creation and the Creation Heavens, Earth and Hell, enter into the Constitution of his Poem.

Having in the First and Second Books represented the Infernal World with all its Horrors, the Thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the opposite Regions of Bliss and Glory.

If *Altera* Majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those Parts of his Poem, where the Divine Persons are introduced as Speakers. One may, I think, observe that the Author proceeds with a

kind of Fear and Trembling, whilst he describes the Sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his Imagination its full Play, but chuses to confine himself to such Thoughts as are drawn from the Books of the most Orthodox Divines, and to such Expressions as may be met with in Scripture. The Sentiments therefore, which we are to look for in these Speeches, are not of a Poetical Nature, nor so proper to fill the Mind with Sentiments of Grandeur as with Thoughts of Devotion. The Passions, which they are designed to rouse, are a Divine Love and Religious Fear. The Particular Beauty of the Speeches in the Third Book, consists in that Shortness and Perspicuity of Style, in which the Poet has couched the greatest Myriades of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular Scheme, the whole Dispensation of Providence, with respect to Man. He has represented all the various Doctrines of Predestination, of Free Will and Grace, as also the great Points of Incarnation and Redemption, which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man, with great Energy of Expression, and in a clearer and stronger Light than I ever met with in any other Writer. As these Points are dry in themselves to the generality of Readers, the coarse and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular Art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those Graces of Poetry, which the Subject was capable of receiving.

The Survey of the whole Creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a Prospect worthy of Omniscience, and as much above that, in which *Vergil* has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the Christian Idea of the Supreme Being is more Rational and Sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular Objects on which he is described to have exerted his Eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively Manner.

Not had the Almighty's Fall or free will  
From the pure Enpyrean a here  
He, hither adorne all the gifts bend'd  
His Eye, His own Works and their Works at once  
Absent but all the Sanctities of Heaven  
Stood truck as Stars, and from his Sight received  
Beatitude past all price. On his right  
The vacant Image of his Glory sat,  
His only Son. On earth he first kneld  
Or to his first Parents, yet the only Son  
Of Mankind, in the happy garden fled,  
Keeping immortal fruits of Joy and Love,  
Uninterrupted Joy, untroubled Love  
In blissful Solitude. He then run o'd  
Hell as of the Gulf between, and Satan there  
Coasting the Wall of Heaven on this side Night,  
In the dark air sublime, and ready now  
To stamp forth warring angels, and a killing seed  
On the bare outside of this world, that seed  
From land unborn'd out of firmament,  
His certain wheel, in Ocean or in Air  
Him God beheld, from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foretelling spoke

Satan's Approach to the Confines of the Creation, is finely imaged in the beginning of the Speech, which immediately follows. The Effects

of this Speech in the blessed Spirits, and in the Divine Person to whom it was address'd, cannot but fill the Mind of the Reader with a secret Pleasure and Complacency.

*Thou while God spoke, on bryal fingers set'st all  
All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirit elect  
Saw'st of his Joy ineffable diffus'd  
Joy, and conferr'd the Son of God's  
Most glorious, in him all his Father sit  
Satan's ally express'd and in his face  
Divine Compassion was by appear'd,  
Love to the end, and without measure Grace*

I need not point out the Beauty of that Circumstance, wherein the whole Host of Angels are represented as standing mute, nor when how proper the Occasion was to produce such a Silence in Heaven. The Close of this Divine Colloquy, with the Vision of Angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and Poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole Poem, if the Bounds of my Paper would give me leave.

*No sooner led the Almighty eyes'd but all  
The multitudes of Angels with a shout  
(Loud as first when her voice the sun began to  
As first the bright voices) utter'd Joy, Heaven rung  
With Jubilee, and led Hosanna's fill'd  
The eternal regions, &c. &c.*

Satan's Walk upon the Outside of the Universe, which, at a Distance, appeared to him of a globular Form, but, upon his nearer Approach, look'd like an unbounded Plain, is natural and noble. As his Roaming upon the Frontiers of the Creation between that Mass of Matter which was wrought into a World, and the shapeless unformed Heap of Materials, which still lay in Chaos and Confusion, strikes the Imagination with some lineaments highly great and wild. I have before spoke of the *Uranian* Vanity, which the Poet places upon this outer to the Surface of the Universe, and shall here explain my self more at large on that, and other Parts of the Poem, which are of the same Shadowy Nature.

*Aristotle* observes, that the Fable of an Epic Poem should abound in Circumstances that are both credible and astonishing, or as the French Critics chure to phrase it, the Fable should be filled with the Probable and the Marvellous. This Rule is as fine and just as any in *Aristotle's* whole Art of Poetry.

If the Fable is only Probable, it differs nothing from a true History; if it is only Marvellous it is no better than a Romance. The great Secret therefore of Heroic Poetry is to relate such Circumstances, as may produce in the Reader at the same time both Belief and Astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well chosen Fable, by the Account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received Opinions of Mankind. *And*

<sup>2</sup> Poetice, in 4. 'The surprising is necessary, in tragedy' but the Epic Poem goes farther, and 'admits even the improbable and incredible, from which the highest degree of the surprising results, because there the action is not seen'

ton's Fable is a Masterpiece of this Nature is the War in Heaven, the Condition of the fallen Angels the State of Innocence, and Temptation of the Serpent, and the Fall of Man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual Points of Faith.

The next Method of reconciling Miracles with Credibility, is by a happy Invention of the Poet, as in particular, when he introduces Agents of a superior Nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. *Ulysses's* Ship being turned into a Rock, and *Aeneas's* Fleet into a Shoal of Water Nymphs though they are very surprising Accidents, are nevertheless probable, when we are told that they were the Gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of Machinery which fills the Poems both of *Homer* and *Virgil* with such Circumstances as are wonderful, but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the Reader the most pleasing Passion that can rise in the Mind of Man, which is Admiration. If there be any Instance in the *Aeneid* liable to Exception upon this Account, it is in the Beginning of the third Book, where *Aeneas* is represented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped Blood. To qualify this wonderful Circumstance, *Polydorus* tells a Story from the Root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous Inhabitants of the Country having pierced him with Spears and Arrows, the Wood which was left in his Body took Root in his Wounds, and gave Birth to that bleeding Tree. This Circumstance seems to have the Marvellous without the Probable, because it is represented as proceeding from Natural Causes, without the Interposition of any God, or other Supernatural Power capable of producing it. The Spears and Arrows grow of themselves, without so much as the Modern Help of an Enchantment. If we look into the Fiction of *Milton's* Fable, though we find it full of surprising Incidents, they are generally suited to our Notions of the Things and Persons described, and tempered with a due Measure of Probability. I must only make an Exception to the *Lumbo of Vanity*, with his Episode of *Sin* and *Death*, and some of the imaginary Persons in his *Chaos*. These Passages are astonishing, but not credible. The Reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a Possibility in them, they are the Description of Dreams and Shadows, not of Things or Persons. I know that many Critics look upon the Stories of *Orpheus*, *Polyphemus*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be Allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are Fables, which considering the Opinions of Mankind that prevailed in the Age of the Poet, might possibly have been according to the Letter. The Persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the Circumstances in which they are represented, might possibly have been Truths and Realities. This Appearance of Probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Aristotle* observes the Ancient Tragick Writers made use of the Names of such great Men as had actually lived in the World, tho' the Tragedy proceeded upon Adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the Subject more Credible. In a Word, besides the

hidden Meaning of an Epic Allegory, the plain literal Sense ought to appear Probable. The Story should be such as an ordinary Reader may acquiesce in, whatever Natural, Moral, or Political Truth may be discovered in it by Men of greater Penetration.

*Satan*, after having long wandered upon the Surface, or outmost Wall of the Universe, discovers at last a wide Gap in it, which led into the Creation, and is described as the Opening through which the Angels pass to and fro into the lower World, upon their Errands to Mankind. His Sitting upon the Brink of this Passage, and taking a Survey of the whole Face of Nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its Beauties, with the Simile illustrating this Circumstance, fills the Mind of the Reader with as surprizing and glorious an Idea as any that rises in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vast Hollow of the Universe with the Eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his first Book) with the Kenn of an Angel. He surveys all the Wonders in this immense Amphitheatre that lye between both the Poles of Heaven, and takes in at one View the whole Round of the Creation.

His Flight between the several Worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular Description of the Sun, are set forth in all the Warmth of a luxuriant Imagination. His Shape, Speech and Behaviour upon his transforming himself into an Angel of Light, are touched with exquisite Beauty. The Poet's Thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the vulgar Opinion of Mankind is the most conspicuous Part of the Creation, and the shining in it an Angel, is a Circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a Poetical Probability, as it was a received Doctrine among the most famous Philosophers, that every Orb had its *Intelligence*, and as an Apostle in Sacred Writ is said to have seen such an Angel in the Sun. In the Answer which this Angel returns to the disguised evil Spirit, there is such a becoming Majesty as is altogether suitable to a Superior Being. The Part of it in which he represents himself as present at the Creation, is very noble in it self, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the Seventh Book.

*I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,  
This World's material Mould, came to a Heap  
Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinitude confin'd,  
Fill at his second Bidding Darkness fled,  
Light shon, &c*

In the following Part of the Speech he points out the Earth with such Circumstances, that the Reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant View of it.

*Look downward on the Globe whose hither Side  
With Light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines,  
That place is Earth, the Seat of Man, that Light  
His Day, &c*

I must not conclude my Reflections upon this Third Book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking Notice of that celebrated Complaint of *Milton*

with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the Praises that have been given it, tho' as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an Excrescence, than as an essential Part of the Poem. The same Observation might be applied to that beautiful Digression upon Hypocritism, in the same Book. L

No 316 ] Monday, March 3, 1712 [John Hughes

*Liberas, quæ sera tunc respexit Inertem*  
Virg Ecl 1

MR SPECTATOR,

If you ever read a Letter which is sent with the more Pleasure for the Reality of its Complaints, this may have Reason to hope for a favourable Acceptance: and if Time be the most irretrievable Loss, the Regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my Liberty from a long State of Indolence and Inactivity, and the Desire of resisting the further Encroachments of Idleness, make me apply to you and the Uneasiness with which I recollect the past Year, and the Apprehensions with which I expect the Future, soon determined me to it.

Idleness is so general a Distemper that I cannot but imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of universal Use. There is hardly any one Person without some Allay of it, and thousands besides, my self spend more Time in idle Uncertainty which to begin first of two Affairs, that would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The Occasion of this seems to be the Want of some necessary Employment, to put the Spirits in Motion, and to awaken them out of their Lethargy. If I had less Leisure, I should have more for I should then find my Time distinguished into Portions, some for Business, and others for the indulging of Pleasures. But now one Race of Indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct myself by. Were one's Time a little struttred by Business, like Water inclosed in its Banks it would have some determined Course but unless it be put into some Channel it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without either Use or Motion.

When Scanderbeg Prince of Epirus was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battels he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his Bones near their Heart, they should be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little Use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what Good I can after my Decease and have accordingly ordered my Bones to be disposed of in this Manner for the Good of my Countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox hunters upon wearing me, would in a short Time be brought to endure their Beds in a Morning, and perhaps even quit them with Regret at Ten. Instead of hurrying away to tease a poor Animal, and run away from their own Thoughts a Chair or a Chariot would be thought

the most desirable Means of performing a Remove from one Place to another. I should be a Cure for the unnatural Desire of John Frott for Dancing, and a Specifick to lessen the Inclination Mrs Fidget has to Motion, and cause her always to give her Approbation to the present Place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian Mummy was ever half so useful in Physick, as I should be to these feverish Constitutions, to repress the violent Sallies of Youth, and give each Action its proper Weight and Repose.

I can stifle any violent Inclination, and oppose a Torrent of Anger, or the Solicitations of Revenge, with Success. But Indolence is a Stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the Foundation of every Virtue. A Vice of more lively Nature were a more desirable Incurable than this Rust of the Mind, which gives a Tincture of its Nature to every Action of ones Life. It were as little Hazard to be lost in a Storm, as to be thus perpetually becalmed. And it is to no Purpose to have within one the Seeds of a thousand good Qualities, if we want the Vigour and Resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all Persons back to an Equilibrium, and this Image of it, this Slumber of the Mind, leaves no Difference between the greatest Genius and the meanest Understanding. A Faculty of doing things remarkably praiseworthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the Owner, than a Heap of Gold to the Man who dares not use it.

To-Morrow is still the fatal Time when all is to be rectified. To-Morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the Shadow, whilst I lose the Reality unmindful that the present Time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the Actions it has produced.

The Time we live ought not to be computed by the Numbers of Years, but by the Use has been made of it, thus 'tis not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly Rent which gives the Value to the Estate. Wretched and thoughtless Creatures, in the only Place where Covetousness were a Virtue we turn Prodigals. Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasiness, nor has there been so many Devices for any one Thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A Shilling shall be hoarded up with Care, whilst that which is above the Price of an Estate, is flung away with Disregard and Contempt. There is nothing now a-days so much avoided as a solicitous Improvement of every part of Time. 'tis a Report must be shunned as one tinders the Name of a Wit and a fine Genius, and as one fears the Dreadful Character of a laborious Plodder. But notwithstanding this, the greatest Wits any Age has produced thought far otherwise, for who can think either Socrates or Demosthenes lost any Reputation, by their continual Pains both in overcoming the Defects and improving the Gifts of Nature. All are acquainted with the Labour and Assiduity with which Tully acquired his Eloquence. Seneca in his Letters to Lucilius assures him, there was not a Day in which he did not either write something,

'or read and epitomize some good Author and I remember *Pliny* in one of his Letters, where he gives an Account of the various Methods he used to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after several Employments which he enumerates, sometimes, 'says he, I hunt but even then I carry with me a Pocket-Book, that whilst my Servants are busied in disposing of the Nets and other Matters I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my Studies, and that if I miss of my Game, I may at the least bring home some of my own Thoughts with me, and not have the Mortification of having caught nothing all Day.'

'Thus, Sir, you see how many Examples I recall to Mind, and what Arguments I use with my self, to regain my Liberty. But as I am afraid 'tis no Ordinary Persuasion that will be of Service, I shall expect your Thoughts on this Subject, with the greatest Impatience, especially since the Good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of Universal Use. For there is no Hope of Amendment where Men are pleased with their Rum, and whilst they think Laziness is a desirable Character. Whether it be that they like the State it self, or that they think it gives them a new Lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without Labour and Application, which others attain to but with the greatest Diligence.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged humble Servant,  
Samuel Slack  
Clytander to Cleone

Madam,

'Permission to love you is all I desire, to conquer all the Difficulties those about you place in my Way, to surmount and acquire all those Qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the Honour of being,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant,  
Clytander

Z

No 317] Tuesday, March 4, 1712 [Addison

— fruges consumere nati — Hor

AUGUSTUS, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well and upon receiving such an Answer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then, says he, go off the Stage with your Applause*, using the Expression with which the Roman Actors made their Exit at the Conclusion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wish that Men, while they are in Health, would consider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of those they leave behind them. Whether it was worth coming into the World for whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being, in short, whether it appears Gracful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satyrst, or the Good

Companion, consider with himself, when his Body shall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul pass into another State of Existence, how much it will redound to his Praise to have it said of him, that no Man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body out did him at an ill-natured Jest, or that he never went to Bed before he had dispatched his third Bottle. These are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceased Persons who have acted among Mankind with some Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a Moment after their Disappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Existence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, [nor celebrated by the Learned. They are neither missed in the Common wealth, nor lamented by private Persons. Their Actions are of no Significance to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much less Dignity, than those who are distinguished by the Faculty of Reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following Purpose. I have often seen from my Chamber window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two smooth Stones one upon another, that is, as the Vulgar phrase it, in polishing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the Club last Night, gave us an Account of a sober Citizen, who died a few Days since. Thus honest Man being of greater Consequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for some Years past kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one Week of it. [Since] the Occurrences set down in it mark out such a Road of Action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful Copy of it, after having first inform'd him, that the Deceased Person had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himself not so well turned for Business, he had for several Years last past lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity.

MONDAY, Eight a-Clock. I put on my Cloaths and walked into the Parlour.

Nine a-Clock ditto. Tied my Knee-strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoked three Pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Current. Things go ill in the North. Mr Nisby's Opinion thereupon.

One a-Clock in the Afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislrying my Tobacco Box.

Two a Clock. Sat down to Dinner. Men Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S S E.

From Six to Ten At the Club Mr Nisby's  
Opinion about the Peace.  
Ten a-Clock Went to Bed, slept sound

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, Eight a Clock  
Rose as usual  
Nine a Clock Washed Hands and Face,  
shaved, put on my double-soled Shoes  
Ten, Eleven, Twelve Took a Walk to Islington

One Took a Pot of Mother Codd's Mild  
Between Two and Three Returned, dined on  
a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon Menu Sprouts  
wanting

Three Nap as usual  
From Four to Six Coffee house Read the  
News A Dish of Toast Grand Vizier strangled  
From Six to Ten At the Club Mr Nisby's  
Account of the Great Turk  
Ten Dream of the Grand Vizier Broken  
Sleep

WEDNESDAY, Eight a-Clock Tongue of my  
Shoe-Buckle broke Hands but not Face  
Nine Paid off the Butcher's Bill Menu To  
be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton  
Ten, Eleven At the Coffee-house More  
Work in the North Stringer in a black Wigg  
asked me how Stocks went

From Twelve to One Walked in the Fields  
Wind to the South  
From One to Two Smoked a Pipe and a  
half

Two Dined as usual Stomach good  
Three Nap broke by the filling of a Pewter  
Dish Menu Cook maid in Love, and grown  
careless

From Four to Six At the Coffee-house Ad-  
vice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was  
first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded  
Six a Clock in the Evening Was half an  
Hour in the Club before any Body else came  
Mr Nisby of Opinion that the Grand Vizier was  
not strangled the Sixth Instant  
Ten at Night Went to Bed. Slept without  
waking till Nine next Morning

THURSDAY, Nine a-Clock Stud within till  
Two a Clock for Sir Timothy who did not bring  
me my Annuity according to his Promise  
Two in the Afternoon Sat down to Dinner  
Loss of Appetite Small Beer sour Beef over-  
cooked

Three Could not take my Nap  
Four and Five Gave half a box on the  
Ear Turned off my Cookmaid Sent a Message  
to Sir Timothy Menu I did not go to the Club  
to night. Went to Bed at Nine a Clock

FRIDAY, Passed the Morning in Meditation  
upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a Quarter  
before Twelve

Twelve a Clock Bought a new Head to my  
Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle Drank a  
Glass of Purl to recover Appetite

Two and Three Dined, and Slept well  
From Four to Six Went to the Coffee house  
Met Mr Nisby there Smoked several Pipes  
Mr Nisby of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for  
the Head

Six a Clock At the Club as Steward Sat  
late  
Twelve a-Clock Went to Bed, dreamt that I  
drank Small Beer with the Grand Vizier

SATURDAY Waked at Eleven, walked in the  
Fields Wind N E

Twelve Caught in a Shower  
One in the Afternoon Returned home, and  
dried myself

Two Mr Nisby dined with me First Course  
Marrow-bones, Second Ox-Cheek, with a Bottle  
of Brooks and Heller

Three a Clock Overslept myself  
Six Went to the Club Like to have fallen  
into a Gutter Grand Vizier certainly Dead  
etc

I question not but the Reader will be surprized  
to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so  
much care of a Life that was filled with such in-  
considerable Actions, and received so very small  
Improvements, and yet, if we look into the Be-  
haviour of many whom we daily converse with,  
we shall find that most of their Hours are taken  
up in those three important Articles of Eating,  
Drinking and Sleeping I do not suppose that a  
Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in pub-  
lick Affairs, or in an illustrious Course of Action  
On the Contrary, I believe our Hours may very  
often be more profitably laid out in such Tran-  
actions as make no Figure in the World than in  
such as are apt to draw upon them the Attention  
of Mankind One may become wiser and better  
by several Methods of Employing one's Self in  
Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable  
without Noise, or Ostentation I would, however,  
recommend to every one of my Readers, the  
keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week,  
and setting down punctually their whole Series of  
Employments during that Space of Time This  
Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true  
State of themselves, and incline them to consider  
seriously what they are about One Day would  
rectify the Omissions of another, and make a Man  
weigh all those indifferent Actions, which, though  
they are easily forgotten, must certainly be ac-  
counted for

L

No 318 ] Wednesday, March 5, 1712 [Steel

[—non omnia possumus omnes—Virg<sup>1</sup>]

MR SPECTATOR,

A CERTAIN piece which you have lately at-  
tacked, has not yet been considered by  
you as growing so deep in the Heart of Man,  
that the Affection outlives the Practice of it.  
You must have observed that Men who have  
been bred in Arms preserve to the most extreme  
and feeble old Age a certain During in their Ap-  
pect In like manner, they who have passed their  
Time in Gallantry and Adventure, keep up, as  
well as they can, the Appearance of it, and carry

<sup>2</sup> [Rident et pulset Lasciv a decentius Aetas—  
Hor]

"Gravity but if you will leave me and coquet it  
"any where else, may your Mistress yield  
T ISABELLA

No 319] Thursday, March 6, 1712 [Budgell

*Quo turram cultus mutantem Protea nodo?*  
Hor

I HAVE endeavour'd, in the Course of my  
Papers, to do Justice to the Age, and have  
taken care as much as possible to keep my self a  
Neuter between both Sexes. I have neither  
spared the Ladies out of Complaisance, nor the  
Men out of Partiality but notwithstanding the  
great Integrity with which I have acted in this  
Particular, I find my self try'd with an Inclination  
to favour my own half of the Species. Whether  
it be that the Women afford a more fruitful Field  
for Speculation or whether they run more in my  
Head than the Men, I cannot tell, but I shall set  
down the Charge as it is laid against me in the  
following Letter

Mr SPECTATOR,

I always make one among a Company of young  
Females, who peruse your Speculations every  
Morning. I am at present Commissioned by  
our whole Assembly, to let you know, that we  
fear you are a little enclin'd to be partial towards  
your own Sex. We must however acknowledge,  
with all due Gratitude, that in some Cases you  
have given us our Revenge on the Men, and done  
us Justice. We could not easily have forgiven  
you several Strokes in the Dissection of the  
*Coquet's Heart*, if you had not, much about the  
same time, made a Sacrifice to us of a *Beau's*  
*Scull*.

You may, however, Sir, please to remember,  
that long since you attacked our Hoods and  
Commodities in such manner, as to use your own  
Expression made very many of us ashamed to  
show our Heads. We must, therefore, beg leave  
to represent to you that we are in Hopes, if you  
would please to make a due Enquiry, the Men  
in all Ages would be found to have been little  
less whimsical in adorning that Part, than our  
selves. The different Forms of their Wigs,  
together with the various Cocks of their Hats,  
all flatter us in this Opinion.

I had a humble Servant last Summer, who  
the first time he declard himself, was in a Full-  
Bottom'd Wig but the Day after to my no  
small Surprise, he accosted me in a thin Natural  
one. I received him, at this our second Inter-  
view, as a perfect Stranger, but was extremely  
confounded, when his Speech discover'd who he  
was. I resolv'd therefore, to fix his Face in my  
Memory for the future but as I was walking in  
the Park the same Evening he appear'd to me  
in one of those Wigs that I think you call a  
*Night-cap*, which had alter'd him more effect-  
ually than before. He afterwards play'd a Couplet  
of Black Riding Wiggs upon me with the same  
Success, and, in short, assumed a new Face al-  
most every Day in the first Month of his Court-  
ship.

'I observed afterwards, that the Variety of  
Cocks into which he moulded his Hat, had not a  
little contributed to his Impositions upon me.

'Yet, as if all these wags were not sufficient to  
distinguish their Heads, you must, doubtless,  
Sir, have observed, that great Numbers of young  
Fellows have, for several Months last past, taken  
upon them to wear Feathers.

'We hope, therefore, that these may, with as  
much Justice, be called *Indian Princes*, as you  
have styled a Woman in a coloured Hood an  
*Indian Queen* and that you will, in due time,  
take these very Gentlemen into Consideration.

'We the more earnestly beg that you already put  
a Stop to this Practice, since it has already lost  
us one of the most agreeable Members of our  
Society, who after having refused several good  
Estates, and two Titles, was lured from us last  
Week by a mixed Feather.

'I am ordered to present you the Respects of  
our whole Company, and am,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,  
DORINDA

Note, The Person wearing the Feather, tho'  
our Friend took him for an Officer in the Guards,  
has proved to be [an arrant Linnen Draper.]

I am not now at leisure to give my Opinion upon  
the Hat and Feather however to wipe off the  
present Imputation, and gratify my Female Cor-  
respondent, I shall here print a Letter which I  
lately received from a Man of Mode, who seems  
to have a very extraordinary Genius in his way.

SIR,

I presume I need not inform you, that among  
Men of Dress it is a common Phrase to say Mr  
Such an one has struck a bold Stroke, by which  
we understand, that he is the first Man who has  
had Courage enough to lead up a Fashion. Ac-  
cordingly, when our Tailors take Measure of us,  
they always demand whether we will have a  
*plain Suit*, or strike a bold Stroke. I think I  
may without Vanity say, that I have struck some  
of the boldest and most successful Strokes of any  
Man in Great Britain. I was the first that  
struck the Long Pocket about two Years since.  
I was likewise the Author of the Frosted Button,  
which when I saw the Town came readily into,  
being resolv'd to strike while the Iron was hot,  
I produced much about the same time the Scallop  
Button, the knotted Cravat, and made a fair Push  
for the Silver cloel'd Stocking.

A few Months after I brought up the modish  
*faulx*, or the Coat with close Sleeves. I struck  
this at first in a plain *Dash*, but that failing, I  
struck it a second time in blue Cramlet and re-  
perted the Stroke in several kinds of Cloth, till  
at last it took effect. There are two or three  
young Fellows at the other End of the Town,  
who have always their Eye upon me and answer  
me Stroke for Stroke. I was once so unwary as  
to mention my Fines in relation to the new  
fashioned Surtout before one of these Gentlemen,  
who was disingenuous enough to steal my

2 [only an Fungus in the Traut Bands]



pers with some Domestick of the Batchelor (who is to be hunted into the Loils they have laid for him) what are his Manners, his Familiarities, his good Qualities or Vices, not as the Good in him is a Recommendation, or the Ill a Diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main Enquiry, What Estate he has in him? When this Point is well reported to the Board, they can take in a wild roving Fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young Fop of the Town. The Way is to make all Places unseemly to him, but the Scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His Brother Hintsmen, Bottle Companions, his Fraternity of Fops, shall be brought into the Conspiracy against him. Then this Matter is not laid in so bare-faced a Manner before him as to have it intimated Mrs. Such & one would make him a very proper Wife but by the Force of their Correspondence they shall make it (as Mr. Waller said of the Marriage of the Dwarfs) as impracticable to have any Woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in Adam to have refused Eve. The Man named by the Commission for Mrs. Such & one, shall neither be in Fashion, nor drive ever to appear in Company, should he attempt to evade their Determination.

The Female Sex wholly govern domestick Life, and by this Means, when they think fit, they can sow Dissentions between the dearest Friends, may make Father and Son irreconcilable Enemies, in spite of all the Ties of Gratitude on one Part, and the Duty of Protection to be paid on the other. The Ladies of the Inquisition understand this perfectly well, and where Love is not a Motive to a Man's chusing one whom they allot, they can, with very much Art, insinuate Stories to the Disadvantage of his Honesty or Courage, till the Creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill Reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed Wedlock for Shelter. I have a long Letter bearing Date the fourth Instant, which gives me a large Account of the Policies of this Court, and find there is now before them a very refractory Person who has escaped all their Mechanations for two Years last past. But they have prevented two successive Matches which were of his own Inclination, the one, by a Report that his Mistress was to be married, and the very Day appointed, Wedding-Clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another, the second time, by insinuating to all his Mistress's Friends and Acquaintance, that he had been false to several other Women, and the like. The poor Man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single Life, but the Inquisition gives out to all his Acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the Gentleman's own Welfare and Happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a Life without Pain or Reproach. Pleasure, Honour or Riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this and what else he may defend himself with, as that the Lady is too old or too young, of a suitable Humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, Every Body tells him all this is spleen and he must have a Wife, while all the Members

of the Inquisition are unanimous in a certain Woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge, than he or any other private Person whatsoever.

SIR,

Temple, March 3, 1711

Your Speculation this Day on the Subject of Idleness, has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful Reflections on my having loitered away the Term (or rather the Vacation) of ten Years in this Place, and unhappily suffered a good Chamber and Study to be idle as long. My Books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my Lord Cole and other venerable Authors were never so slighted in their Lives. I spent most of the Day at a Neighbouring Coffee-House, where we have what I may call a lazy Club. We generally come in Night Gowns, with our Stockings about our Heels, and sometimes but one on. Our Salutation at Entrance is a Yawn and a Stretch, and then without more Ceremony we take our Place at the Lolling Table, where our Discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, Sir, I heartily lament this Loss of Time, and am now resolved (if possible, with double Diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the Arguments of Mr. Shack out of the Senseless Stupidity that I was so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that Penitence accompanies my Confession, and Constancy my Resolutions, I have locked my Door for a Year and desire you would let my Companions know I am not within. I am with great Respect,

SIR, Your most obedient Servant,

T

N B

No 321<sup>d</sup> Saturday, March 8, 1712 [Addison]

*Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcis sinit*  
Hor

THOSE, who I now know many Volumes have been written on the Poems of Homer and Virgil, will easily pardon the Length of my Discourse upon Milton. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon, by the best Judges, as the greatest Production, or at least the noblest Work of Genius in our Language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English Reader in its full Beauty. For this Reason, tho' I have endeavoured to give a general Idea of its Graces and Imperfections in my Six First Papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every Book in particular. The Three first Books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the Fourth. I need not

<sup>2</sup> From this date to the end of the series the Sunday papers upon Milton exceed the usual length of a Spectator essay. That they may not occupy more than the single leaf of the original issue, they are printed in smaller type the columns also, when necessary, encroach on the bottom margin of the paper, and there are few advertisements inserted.

The Speeches of these two first Lovers flow equally from Passion and Sincerity. The Propositions they make to one another are full of Warmth but at the same time founded on Truth. In a Word, they are the Gallantries of *Paradise*.

—When Adam first of Men—

Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,  
Dearest th, self than all,  
But let us ever praise him, and extol  
His bounty, following o'r delightful Task,  
To prune these growing plants, and tend these  
flow'rs,  
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet  
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom,  
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right  
For 'ere to him I did all praises owe,  
And daily thanks, I chiefly, who enjoy  
So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
Pre eminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thy self canst no where find, &c.

The remaining part of *Eve's* Speech, in which she gives an Account of her self upon her first Creation, and the manner in which she was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a Passage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other Poet whatsoever. These Passages are all worded off with so much Art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without offending the most severe.

That Day I oft remember, when from Sleep, &c.

A Poet of less Judgment and Invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled [these] tender Parts of the Poem with Sentiments proper for a State of Innocence, to have described the Warmth of Love, and the Professions of it, without Artifice or Hyperbole, to have made the Man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural Dignity, and the Woman receiving them without departing from the Modesty of her Character in a Word, to adjust the Privileges of Wisdom and

Beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper Force and Loveliness. This mutual Subordination of the two Sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the Speech of *Eve* I have before mentioned, and upon the Conclusion of it in the following Lines.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes  
Of Conjugal attraction unimproved,  
And sweet surrender, half embracing lean'd  
On our first father, half her swelling breast  
Naked in et his under the flowing Gold  
Of her loose tresses hid. he in delight  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
Smil'd with superior Love —

The Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with Envy at the sight of so much Happiness.

We have another View of our first Parents in their Evening Discourses, which is full of pleasing Images and Sentiments suitable to their Condition and Characters. The Speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural Turn of Words and Sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my Reflections upon this Book, with observing the Masterly Transition which the Poet makes to their Evening Worship in the following Lines

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
Both turn'd, and under open Sky, ador'd  
The God that made both [Sky,] Air, Earth and  
Heaven,  
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent Globe,  
And Starry Pole. Thou also mad'st the Night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day, &c.

Most of the Modern Heroick Poets have imitated the Ancients, in beginning a Speech without premising, that the Person said thus or thus but as it is easier to imitate the Ancients in the Omission of two or three Words, it requires Judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the Speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine Instance of this Kind out of *Homer*, in the Twenty Third Chapter of *Loungus*.

<sup>2</sup> [those]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON\*

My LORD,  
THE Author of the *Spectator* having prefixed before each of his Volumes the Name of some great Person to whom he has particular Obligations, lays his Claim to your Lordship's Patronage upon the same Account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already receiv'd great Instances of your Favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a Work of this Nature to your Perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the Characters of Men, and all the Parts of human Life, that it is impossible for the least Misrepresentation of them to escape your Notice. It is Your Lordship's particular Distinction that you are Master of the whole Compass of Business, and have signalized Your Self in all the different Scenes of it. We admire some for the Dignity, others for the Popularity of their Behaviour; some for their Clearness of Judgment, others for their Happiness of Expression; some for the laying of Schemes, and others for the putting of them in Execution. It is Your Lordship only who enjoys these several

Talents united, and that too in as great Perfection as others possess them singly. Your Enemies acknowledge this great Extent in your Lordship's Character, at the same time that they use their utmost Industry and Invention to derogate from it. But it is for Your Honour that those who are now Your Enemies were always so. You have acted in so much Consistency with Your Self, and promoted the Interests of your Country in so uniform a Manner, that even those who would misrepresent your Generous Design for the Publick Good, cannot but approve the Steadiness and Intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible Pleasure to me that I have this Opportunity of professing my self one of your great Admirers, and in a very particular Manner,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obligated,

And most Obedient,

Humble Servant

THE SPECTATOR

No 322] Monday, March 10, 1712 [Steele

—Ad hum in microne gran deduct et angit  
Hor

IT is often said, after a Man has heard a Story with extraordinary Circumstances, It is a very

\* This is the Thomas, Earl of Wharton, who in 1708 became Lord lieutenant of Ireland, and took Addison for his Chief Secretary. He was the son of Philip, Baron Wharton, a firm Presbyterian, sometimes called the good Lord Wharton, to distinguish him from his son and grandson. Philip Wharton had been in opposition of Stuart encroachments, a friend of Algernon Sidney, and one of the first men to welcome William III to England. He died, very old in 1694. His son Thomas did not inherit the religious temper of his father, and even a dedication could hardly have ventured to compliment him on his private morals. But he was an active politician, was with his father in the secret of the landing of the Prince of Orange, and was made by William Comptroller of the Household. Thwarted in his desire to become a Secretary of State, he made himself formidable as a bold, sarcastic speaker and by the strength of his parliamentary interest. He is said to have returned at one time thirty members, and to have spent eighty thousand pounds upon the maintenance of his political position. He was apt, by his manners, to make friends of the young

men of influence. He spent money freely also on the turf, and upon his seat of Winchenden, in Wilts. Queen Anne, on her accession, struck his name with her own hand from the list of Privy Counsellors, but he won his way not only to restoration of that rank, but also in December, 1706, at the age of 67, to his title of Viscount Winchenden and Earl of Wharton. In November, 1708 he became Lord lieutenant of Ireland, with Addison for secretary. He took over with him also Clayton the minister, and kept a gay court, easily accessible, except to Roman Catholics, whom he would not admit to his presence, and against whom he enforced the utmost rigour of the penal code. He had himself conformed to the Church of England. Swift accused him, as Lord lieutenant, of shameless depravity of manners, of injustice, greed, and gross venality. This Lord Wharton died in 1715, and was succeeded by his son Philip, whom George I, in 1718, made Duke of Wharton for his father's vigorous support of the Hanoverian succession. His character was much worse than that of his father, the energetic politician and the man of cultivated taste and ready wit to whom Steele and Addison here dedicated the Fifth Volume of the Spectator.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'Some Years ago it happened that I lived in the same House with a young Gentleman of Merit, with whose good Qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my Endeavour to show as many as I was able in my self. I am a Converse improved general Civilities into an unfeigned Passion on both Sides. He watched an Opportunity to declare himself to me, and I, who could not expect a Man of so great an Estate as his, received his Addresses in such Terms, as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased by them, tho I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His Father was a very hard worldly Man, and proud so that there was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was any thing in my Woman's Person or Character that could balance the Disadvantage of an unequal Fortune. In the mean time the Son continued his Application to me, and omitted no Occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested Passion imaginable to me, and in plain direct Terms offered to marry me privately, and keep it so till he should be so happy as to gain his Father's Approbation, or become possessed of his Estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my Interest also to grant. However I was not so young, as not to take the Precaution of carrying with me a faithful Servant, who had been also my Mother's Maid, to be present at the Ceremony. When that was over I demanded a Certificate, signed by the Minister, my Husband, and the Servant. I just now spoke of. After our Nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same House, but the Restraints we were generally under, and the Interviews we had, being stolen and interrupted, made our Behaviour to each other have rather the impatient Fondness which is visible in Lovers, than the regular and gratified Affection which is to be observed in Man and Wife. This Observation made the Father very anxious for his Son, and press him to a Match he had in his Eye for him. To relieve my Husband from this Importunity, and conceal the Scere of our Marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power to Town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote Place in the Country, and come back under feigned Names by Letter. We long continued this Way of Commerce, and I with my Needle a few Looks and reading over and over my Husband's Letters, passed my Time in a resigned Expectation of better Days. He pleased to take notice, that within four Months after I left my Husband I was delivered of a Daughter, who died within few Hours after her Birth. This Accident and the retired Manner of Life I led, gave criminal Hopes to a neighbouring brute of a Country Gentleman whose Folly was the Source of all my Affliction. This Rustick is one of those rich Clowns, who supply the Want of all manner of Preceding by the Neglect of it, and with some North half Understanding and ample Fortune force themselves upon Persons and Things, witho it any Sense of Time and Place. The poor ignorant People where I lay conceal'd,

and now passed for a Widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the Squire, and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. It happened to be sitting in a little Parlour which belonged to my own Part of the House, and musing over one of the fondest of my Husband's Letters, in which I always kept the Certificate of my Marriage, when this rude Fellow came in, and with the malicious Familiarity of such unbred Brutes, snatched the Papers out of my Hand. I was immediately under so great a Concern, that I threw my self at his Feet, and begged of him to return them. He with the same odious Pretence to Freedom and Gravity, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate he more curious till at last, with an Indignation arising from a Passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the Papers into the Fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the Man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my Tears and Reproaches made the boisterous Calf leave the Room ashamed and out of Countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this Accident with more than ordinary Sorrow. However, such was then my Confidence in my Husband, that I writ to him the Misfortune, and desired another Paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three Posts, and at last answered me in general, that he could not then send me what I asked for, but when he could find a proper Conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his Letters were more cold every Day than the other, and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to Town, where I find both the Witnesses of my Marriage dead, and that my Husband, after three Months Conhabitation, has married a young Lady whom he married in Obedience to his Father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the House and confront him, the Father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my Story should I talk it to the World, what Reparation can I expect for an Injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me, through Necessity, to resign my Pretensions to him for some Provision for my Life, but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he hughed at the heedless Discovery I often made of my self. Let him remember how awkward I was in my dissembled Indifference towards him before Company, ask him how I, who could never conceal my Love for him, at his own Request, can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr SPECTATOR, sensible Spirits know no Indifference in Marriage. What then do you think is my piercing Affliction? — I leave you to represent my Distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have Compassion for Innocence exposed to Infamy.

Octavia

*Between Twelve and One* Dreamed that Mr Froth lay at my Feet, and culled me *Indamora* \*

*SATURDAY* Rose at Eight a Clock in the Morning Sate down to my Toilet

*From Eight to Nine* Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it Fixed it above my left Eye brow

*From Nine to Twelve* Drank my Tea, and dressed

*From Twelve to Two* At Chappel A great deal of good Company *Mum* The third Air in the new Opera *Lady Blithe* dressed frightfully

*From Three to Four* Dined Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from Table

*From Dinner to Six* Drank Tea Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Venny*

*Six a Clock* Went to the Opera I did not see Mr Froth till the beginning of the second Act. Mr Froth talked to a Gentleman in a black Wig Bonded to a Lady in the front Box Mr Froth and his Friend *elph d Nicolini* in the third Act Mr Froth cried out *Ancora* Mr Froth led me to my Chair I think he squeezed my Hand

*Eleven at Night* Went to Bed Melancholy Dreams Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr Froth

*SUNDAY* Indisposed

*MONDAY* Eight a Clock Waked by Miss *Kitty* *Aurencebe* lay upon the Chair by me *Kitty* repeated without Book the Eight best Lines in the Play Went in our Mobbs to the dumb Man, according to Appointment Told me that my Lover's Name began with a *G* *Men* The Conjuror was within a Letter of Mr Froth's Name, &c

'Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my Time well or ill and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused, our Speculation upon that Subject I scarce find a single Action in these five Days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the Violet-Lark, which I am resolved to finish the first Day I am at leisure As for Mr Froth and *Venny*, I did not think they took up so much of my Time and Thoughts, as I find they do upon my Journal The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it and if Mr Froth does not bring Matters to a Conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my Life run away in a Dream

Your humble Servant,

Clarinda

To resume one of the Morals of my first Paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good Inclinations,

\* The heroine of *Aurencebe*

\* Duncan Campbell, said to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes by second sight In 1732 there appeared 'Secret Memoirs of the late Mr D Campbell written by himself with an Appendix by way of vindicating Mr C against the groundless aspersion cast upon him, that he but pretended to be deaf and dumb'

I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterty, were the History of her whole Life published like these five Days of it I shall conclude my Paper with an Epitaph written by an uncertain Author<sup>1</sup> on Sir Philip Sidney's Sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a Temper very much different from that of *Clarinda* The last I thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my Reader will pardon me the Quotation

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke

Underneath this Marble Hears  
Lies the Subject of all Verse,  
Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother  
Death, ere thou hast I'll d another,  
I air, and learn'd, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a Dart at thee

L

No 324 ] Wednesday, March 12, 1732 [Steele

[O curvae in terris animæ, et celestium manes  
Pers<sup>2</sup>]

MR SPECTATOR,  
'THE Materials you have collected together towards a general History of Clubs, make so bright a Part of your Speculations, that I think it is but a Justice we all owe the learned World to furnish you with such Assistances as may promote that useful Work For this Reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect Informations of a Set of Men, if you will allow them a place in that Species of Being who have lately erected themselves into a Nocturnal Fraternity, under the title of the *Moloch Club*, a Name borrowed it seems from a sort of Cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the Nations about them The President is styled *Emperor of the Molochs*, and his Arms are a Turkish Crescent, which his Imperial Majesty bears it present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his Forehead Agreeable to their Name, the avowed design of their Institution is mischief, and upon this Foundation all their Rules and Orders are framed An outrageous Ambition of doing all possible hurt to their Fellow Creatures, is the great Cement of their Assembly, and the only Qualification required in the Members In order to exert this Principle in its full Strength and Perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the Possibility of attending to any Motions of Reason and Humanity then make a general Sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the Streets through which they patrol Some are knock'd down, others stab'd, others cut and carbonado'd To put the Watch to a total Rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a *Coup d'etat* The particular Methods by which

<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson

<sup>2</sup> [Sæc is inter se convenit Ursus — Juv]

was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his Advances. As he was one day talking with her in Company of her two Sisters, the Conversation happening to turn upon Love, each of the young Ladies was by way of Rallery, recommending a Wife to him when, to the no small Surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary Seriousness, that his Heart had been long engaged to one whose Name he thought himself obliged in Honour to conceal but that he could shew her Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. The young Lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this Confession, took the first Opportunity that offered of snatching his Box out of his Hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the Lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the Person, she would not reveal her Name. Upon carrying it to the Window, she was very agreeably surprized to find there was nothing within the Lid but a little Looking Glass, in which, after she had view'd her own Face with more Pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the Box with a Smile, telling him, she could not but admire at his Choice.

WILL fancying that his Story took, immediately fell into a Dissertation on the Usefulness of Looking-Glasses, and applying himself to me, asked, if there were any Looking Glasses in the Times of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, for that he had often observed in the Translations of Poems out of those Languages, that People generally talked of seeing themselves in Wells, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers. Nay, says he, I remember Mr. *Dryden* in his *Ovid* tells us of a swingeing Fellow, called *Polypheme*, that made use of the Sea for his Looking Glass, and could never dress himself to Advantage but in a Calm.

My Friend WILL to shew us the whole Compass of his Learning upon this Subject, further informed us, that there were still several Nations in the World so very barbarous as not to have any Looking Glasses among them and that he had lately read a Voyage to the *South-Sea*, in which it is said, that the Ladies of *Chili* always dress their Heads over a Basin of Water.

I am the more particular in my Account of WILL's last Night's Lecture on these natural Mirrors, as it seems to bear some Relation to the following Letter, which I received the Day before

SIR,

I have read your last *Saturday's* Observations on the Fourth Book of *Milton* with great Satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden Moral, which you have taken notice of in several Parts of the Poem. The Design of this Letter is to desire your Thoughts, whether there may not also be some Moral couched under that Place in the same Book where the Poet lets us know that the first Woman immediately after her Creation ran to a Looking Glass, and became so enamoured of her own Face, that she had never removed to view any of the other Works of Nature, had not she been led off to a Man. If you think fit to set down the whole Passage from

*'Milton*, your Readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the Quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your Paper

Your humble Servant,  
R T

The last Consideration urged by my Quenst is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The Passage he alludes to, is part of *Eve's* Speech to *Adam*, and one of the most beautiful Passages in the whole Poem

*That Day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd  
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how*

*Not distant far from thence a murmuring Sound  
Of Waters issu'd from a Cave, and spread  
Into a liquid Plain, then stood immov'd  
Pure as th' Expulse of Heav'n I thither went  
With unexperie'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green Bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Sky  
As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
A Shape within the wat'ry Glean appear'd  
Bending to look on me, I started back,  
It started back, but pleas'd I soon retir'd,  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering Looks  
Of Sympathy and Love, there I had fix'd  
Mine Eyes till now, and pined with vain Desire,  
Had not a Voice thus warn'd me, What thou  
seest,*

*What thee thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self,  
With thee it came and goes but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no Shadow stays  
I hy coming, and thy soft Embraces, he  
Whose Image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
Mother of Human Race. What could I do,  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
Till I esp'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a Platan, yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably wild,  
Than that smooth wat'ry Image back I turn'd,  
Thou follow'ing cry'dst aloud, Return fair Lye,  
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou  
art,*

*His Flesh, his Bone, to give thee Being, I lent  
Out of my Side to thee, nearest my Heart,  
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual Solace dear  
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half! With that thy gentle hand  
Seiz'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see  
How Beauty is excell'd by manly Grace,  
And Wisdom, which alone is truly fair*

So spake our general Mother, X.

No 326] Friday, March 14, 1712 [Steele

*Inclusam Dantes turris aenea  
Robustaque fores, et regnum canum  
Tristes exubra, numerant satis  
Nocturnus ab aulleris,*  
St non— Hor

Mr SPECTATOR,

YOUR Correspondent's Letter relating to Fortune Hunters, and your subsequent Discourse upon it, have given me Encouragement to send you a State of my Case, by which you will see, that the Matter complained of is a common Grievance both to City and Country.

I am a Country Gentleman of between five and six thousand a Year. It is my Misfortune to have a very fine Park and an only Daughter upon which account I have been so plagu'd with Deer-Stealers and Fops, that for these four Years past I have scarce enjoy'd a Moment's Rest. I look upon my self to be in a State of War, and am forc'd to keep as constant watch in my Seat, as a Governour would do that commanded a Town on the Frontier of an Enemy's Country. I have indeed pretty well secur'd my Park, having for this purpose provided my self of four keepers, who are Left handed, and handle a Quarter-Staff beyond any other Fellow in the Country. And for the Guard of my House, besides a Band of Pensioner-Matrons and an old Mudden Relation, whom I keep on constant Duty, I have Blunderbusses always charg'd, and Fox-Gins planted in private Places about my Garden, of which I have given frequent Notice in the Neighbourhood yet so it is, that in spite of all my Care, I shall every now and then have a saucy Rascal ride by reconnoitring (as I think you call it) under my Windows, as sprucely dress'd as if he were going to a Ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a Mistress on Horseback, having heard that it is a common Practice in Spain, and have therefore taken care to remove my Daughter from the Road side of the House, and to lodge her next the Garden. But to cut short my Story what can a Man do after all? I durst not stand for Member of Parliament last Election, for fear of some ill Consequence from my being off of my Post. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to promote a Project I have set on foot and upon which I have writ to some of my Friends and that is, that care may be taken to secure our Daughters by Law, as well as our Deer and that some honest Gentleman of a publick Spirit, would move for Leave to bring in a Bill For the better preserving of the Female Game.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant

Mr SPECTATOR,

Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12

Here is a young Man walks by our Door every Day about the Dusk of the Evening. He looks up at my Window, as if to see me and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was

looking for. The Air is very cold and pray let him know that if he knocks at the Door, he will be carry'd to the Parlour Fire, and I will come down soon after, and give him an Opportunity to break his Mind.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Mary Comitt

'If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does

Dear SIR,

I beg you to print this without Delay, and by the first Opportunity give us the natural Causes of Longing in Women or put me out of Fear that my Wife will one time or other be deliver'd of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the World, for they say the Child is to bear a Resemblance of what was desired by the Mother. I have been marry'd upwards of six Years, have had four Children, and my Wife is now big with the fifth. The Expences she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her Pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defray'd the Charges of the Month, but of their Education too. Her Fancie being so exorbitant for the first Year or two, as not to confine it self to the usual Objects of Estates and Drinkables, but running out after Equipage and Furniture, and the like Extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few of them. When she was with Child of Tom, my eldest Son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a Relation, whose Husband had made her a Present of a Chariot and a stately pair of Horses and that she was positive she could not breathe a Week longer, unless she took the Air in the Fellow to it of her own within that time. Thus, rather than lose an Heir, I readily comply'd with. Then the Furniture of her best Room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the Child with some of the frightful Figures in the old-fashion'd Tapestry. Well, the Upholsterer was called, and her Longing sav'd that bout. When she went with Molly, she had fix'd her Mind upon a new Set of Plate, and as much China as would have furnished an India Shop. These also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being Father to an Indian Pagod. Hitherto I found her Demands rose upon every Concession and had she gone on, I had been ruined. But by good Fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the Height of her Imagination came down to the Corner of a Venison Pasty, and brought her once even upon her Knees to gnaw off the Ears of a Pig from the Spit. The Gratifications of her Palate were easily preferred to those of her Vanity, and sometimes a Partridge or a Quail, a Wheat Ear or the Pestle of a Lark, were cheerfully purchased nay, I could be contented tho' I were to feed her with green Pease in April, or Cherries in May. But with the Babe she now goes, she is turn'd Girl again, and fallen to eating of Chalk, pretending 'twill make the Child's Skin white and nothing will serve her but I must bear her Company, to prevent its having a Shade of my Brown. In this however I have

'ventur'd to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to Town, she saw a parcel of Crows so heartily at Break fast upon a piece of Horse-flesh, that she had an invincible Desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite Surprize) begged the Coachmen to cut her off a Slice as if 'twere for himself, which the Fellow did and as soon as she came home she fell to it with such an Appetite, that she seem'd rather to devour than eat it. What her next Sally will be, I cannot guess but in the mean time my Request to you is, that if there be any way to come at these wild unaccountable Rovings of Imagination by Reason and Argument, you'd speedily afford us your Assistance This exceeds the Grievance of Pin-Money, and I think in every Settlement there ought to be a Clause inserted, that the Father should be answerable for the Longings of his Daughter But I shall impatiently expect your Thoughts in this Matter and am

SIR,  
Your most Obliged, and  
most Faithful Humble Servant,  
T B

'Let me know whether you think the next Child will love Horses as much as Molly does China-Ware  
T

No 327] Saturday, March 15, 1712 [Addison

—Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo—Virg

WE were told in the foregoing Book how the evil Spirit practis'd upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with Thoughts of Vanity, Pride, and Ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful Art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several Occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mention'd Circumstance, the first Part of the fifth Book. Adam upon his awaking finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual Discomposure in her Looks. The Posture in which he regards her, is describ'd with a Tenderness not to be express'd, as the Whisper with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was convey'd to a Lover's Ear

His wonder was, to find unawaken'd Eve  
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,  
As through unquiet Rest he on his side  
Leaning half-raised, with Looks of cordial Love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beautiful, which whether waking or asleep,  
Shew forth peculiar Graces then, with Voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her Hand soft touching, whisper'd thus Awake  
My fairest, my Espous'd, my latest found,  
Heaven's last best Gift, my ever-new Delight!  
Awake the Morning shines, and the fresh Field  
Calls us, we lose the Prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy  
Reed,

How Nature paints her Colours how the Bee

Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets  
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startle'd  
Eye

On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake  
O Sole, in whom my Thoughts find all Repose,  
My Glory, my Perfection! glad I see  
Thy Face, and soon return'd—

I cannot but take notice that Milton, in the Conferences between Adam and Eve, had his Eye very frequently upon the Book of *Critiques*, in which there is a noble Spirit of Eastern Poetry and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the Age of Solomon. I think there is no question but the Poet in the preceding Speech remember'd those two Passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and fill'd with the same pleasing Images of Nature.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my Love, my Fair one, and come away, for to the Winter is fast, the Rain is over and gone, the Flowers appear on the Earth, the Time of the singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The Fig-tree putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vines with the tender Grape grow a good smell. Arise my Love, my Fair-one and come away

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field, let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bid forth

His preferring the Garden of Eden, to that

Where the Sapiient King  
Held Dalliance with his fair Egyptian Sponse,  
shews that the Poet had this delightful Scene in his mind

Eve's Dream is full of those high Concepts engendering Pride, which we are told, the Devil endeavour'd to instill into her. Of this kind is that Part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam in the following beautiful Lines.

Wilt, sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant Time,  
The cool, the silent, save where Silence yields  
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd Song, now  
rises  
Full or'd the Moon, and with more [pleasing]  
Light

Shadows sets off the Face of things. In eam,  
If none regard Heaven wakes with all his Eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's Desire,  
In whose sight all things joy, with Ravishment,  
Attracted by thy Beauty, still to gaze!

An injudicious Poet would have made Adam talk thro' the whole Work in such Sentiments as these. But Flattery and Falshood are not the Courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her State of Innocence, excepting only in a Dream produc'd on purpose to turn her Imagination. Other vain Sentiments of the same kind in this Relation of her Dream, will be



obvious to every Reader. Tho' the Catastrophe of the Poem is finely presag'd on this Occasion, the Particulars of it are so artfully shadow'd, that they do not anticipate the Story which follows in the ninth Book. I shall only add that tho' the Vision it self is founded upon Truth the Circumstances of it are full of that Wildness and Inconsistency which are natural to a Dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior Character for Wisdom, instructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occasion

*So cheer'd he his fair Spouse, and she wis'd cheer'd,  
But silently a gentle Fear let fall  
From either Eye, and wip'd then with her hair,  
Two other frowns is Drops that ready steal  
Each in the crystal Shew, he ere they fell  
Kiss'd, as the grace is Star of sweet Remorse  
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have effac'd*

The Morning Hymn is written in Imitation of one of those Psalms, where, in the overflowings of Gratitude and Praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous Parts of the inanimate Creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the Mind with glorious Ideas of God's Works, and awaken that Divine Enthusiasm which is so natural to Devotion. But if this calling upon the dead Parts of Nature, is at all times a proper kind of Worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first Parents, who had the Creation fresh upon their Minds, and had not seen the various Dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many Topicks of Praise which might afford Matter to the Devotions of their Posterity. I need not remark the beautiful Spirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the Holiness of that Resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those Speeches which are assigned to the Persons in this Poem, I proceed to the Description which the Poet gives<sup>\*</sup> of *Raphael*. His Departure from before the Throne, and the Flight thro' the Chorus of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with Circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the Gate of Heaven as framed after such a manner, that it open'd of it self upon the Approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

*'Till at the Gate  
Of Heaven arriv'd, the Gate self-open'd wide,  
On golden Hinges turn'd, as by Word  
Divine, the Sovereign Arch'd steel'd framed*

The Poet here seems to have regarded two or three Passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where speaking of *Peleus*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Tripoeds* running on Golden Wheels, which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the Assembly of the Gods; and, when there was no more Use for them, return again after the same manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this Point, as *M. Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of *Homer*

<sup>\*</sup> [gives us]

the Marvellous does not lose sight of the Probable. As the marvellous Workmanship of *Milton's* Gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Tripoeds*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a Passage in the Scripture, which speaks of Wheels in Heaven that had Life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but *Milton* had this Circumstance in his Thoughts, because in the following Book he describes the Chariot of the *Messiah* with living Wheels, according to the Plan in *Ezekiel's* Vision.

*—Forth rush'd with Whirlwind sound  
The Chariot of paternal Deity  
Flash'd thick flames, Wheel with a wheel undrawn,  
Itself instruct with Spirit—*

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for imitating every thing that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting *Peleus's* *Tripoeds* with *Ezekiel's* Wheels.

*Raphael's* Descent to the Earth, with the Figure of his Person, is represented in very lively Colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian*, and *English* Poets have given a Loose to their Imaginations in the Description of Angels. But I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the Notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his Heavenly Plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the Earth, the Poet concludes his Description with a Circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest Strength of Fancy.

*—Like Man's Son he stood,  
As if shool his Plumes, that Heavenly Fragrance  
fill'd  
The Court wide—*

*Raphael's* Reception by the Guardian Angels, his passing through the Wilderness of Sweets, his distant Appearance to *Adam*, have all the Graces that Poetry is capable of bestowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular Description of *Eve* in her Domestick Employments.

*So saying, with disparted sul Looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable Thro'ghts intent,  
What Place to chuse for Delicacy best,  
If hat order, so contriv'd, as not to mix  
Tastes, no' well join'd, unelegat, but bring  
Taste after Taste, upbeld with kindest Change,  
Besturs her then, &c.*

Though in this, and other Parts of the same Book, the Subject is only the Housewifery of our first Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing Images and strong Expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable Parts in this Divine Work.

The natural Majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive Behaviour to the Superior Being, who had vouchsafed to be his Guest, the solemn Hail which the Angel bestows upon the

Mother of Mankind, with the Figure of *Eve* ministering at the Table, the Circumstances which deserve to be admired.

*Raphael's* Behaviour is every way suitable to the Dignity of his Nature, and to that Character of a sociable Spirit, with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received Instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one Friend converses with another, and to warn him of the Enemy, who was contriving his Destruction. Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at Table with *Adam*, and eating of the Fruits of *Paradise*. The Occasion naturally leads him to his Discourse on the Food of Angels. After having thus entered into Conversation with Man upon more indifferent Subjects, he warns him of his Obedience, and makes natural Transition to the History of that fallen Angel, who was employ'd in the Circumvention of our first Parents.

Had I followed *Monsieur Boissac's* Method in my first Paper of *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the Beginning of *Raphael's* Speech in this Book, as he supposes the Action of the *Epic* to begin in the second Book of that Poem. I could allege many Reasons for my drawing the Action of the *Epic* rather from its immediate Beginning in the first Book, than from its remote Beginning in the second, and shew why I have considered the sacking of *Troy* as in *Epic* according to the common Acceptation of that Word. But as this would be a dry, unentertaining Piece of Criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first Paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the Notions be true, the Unity of *Milton's* Action is preserved according to either of them, whether we consider the Fall of Man in its immediate Beginning, as proceeding from the Resolutions taken in the infernal Council, or in its more remote Beginning, as proceeding from the first Revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The Occasion which *Milton* assigns for this Revolt, as it is founded on Hints in Holy Writ, and on the Opinion of some great Writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

The Revolt in Heaven is described with great Force of Imagination and a fine Variety of Circumstances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's Imitation of *Homér* in the last of the following Lines.

*At length into the Limits of the North  
They came, and Satan took his Royal Seat  
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount  
Rais'd on a Mount with Pyramids and Towers  
From Diamond Quarries torn, and Rocks of  
Gold,*

*The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call  
That Structure in the Dialect of Men  
Interpreted)*

*Homér* mentions Persons and Things, which he tells us in the Language of the Gods are call'd by different Names from those they go by in the Language of Men. *Milton* has imitated him with his usual Judgement in this particular Place, wherein he has likewise the Authority of Scripture to justify him. The Part of *Aldiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite Host of Angels

preserved his Allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble Model of religious Singularity. The Zeal of the Seraphim breaks forth in a becoming Warmth of Sentiments and Expressions, as the Character which is given us of him denotes that generous Scorn and Intrepidity which attends Heroic Virtue. The Author doubtless designed it as a Pattern to those who live among Mankind in their present State of Degeneracy and Corruption.

*So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful sent  
Among the faithless, faithful only he,  
Amongst unnumber'd false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unsecul'd, untir'd,  
His Loyalty he left, his Love, his Zeal  
Nor Number, nor Example with him wrought  
To swerve from Truth, or change his constant  
Mind,*

*Though single From amidst them forth he  
pass'd,  
Long way, through hostile Scorn, &c. he sus-  
tain'd*

*Superior, nor of Violence fear'd ought,  
And, thus retorted Scorn, his Back he turn'd  
On their proud Towers to swift Destruction  
doom'd.*

No 328<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs, March 17, 1712* [Steele]

*Delecta illa urbanitate tam stulta*  
Petron. Arb.

THAT useful Part of Learning which consists in Emendations, Knowledge of different Readings, and the like, is what in all Ages Persons extremely wise and learned have had in great Veneration. For this reason I cannot but rejoice at the following Epistle, which lets us into the true Author of the Letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did myself the Honour to publish in a former Paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical Learning, but finding myself not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter myself I may deserve from some professed Patrons of Learning, I could not but do myself the Justice to shew I am not a Stranger to such Erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However this only to let the World see what I could do, and shall not give my Reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the Ostentation I shew at present.

SIR,

March 13, 1712

<sup>1</sup> Upon reading your Paper of yesterday, <sup>2</sup> I took the Pains to look out a Copy I had formerly taken, and remembered to be very like your last

<sup>1</sup> This paper is No 328 in the original issue, but Steele omitted it from the reprint and gave it in the place the paper by Addison which here stands next to it marked with the same number, 328. The paper of Addison's had formed no part of the original issue. Of the original No 328 Steele inserted a censure at the end of No 330.

<sup>2</sup> See No 324

'Letter Comparing them, I found they were the very same, and have, underwritten, sent you that Part of it which you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, that Posterity may know 'twas Gabriel Bullock that made Love in that natural Stile of which you seem to be fond. But, to let you see I have other Manuscripts in the same Way, I have sent you Enclosed three Copies, faithfully taken by my own Hand from the Originals, which were writ by a Yorkshire gentle man of a good estate in Widdam Mary, and an Uncle of hers, a Knight very well known by the most ancient Gentry in that and several other Counties of Great Britain. I have exactly followed the Form and Spelling. I have been credibly informed that Mr. William Bullock, the famous Comedian, is the descendant of this Gabriel, who begot Mr. William Bullock's great grandfather on the Body of the above-mentioned Mrs. Margaret Clark. But neither Speed, nor Baker, nor Selden, taking notice of it, I will not pretend to be positive. But desire that the letter may be reprinted, and what is here recovered may be in *Italic*.

I am, SIR,

Your daily Reader

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark

'Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark. I pray you let Affection excuse Presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the Sight of your sweet Countenance and comely Body, sometimes when I had occasion to lay Trick or Ignorish Power at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming Desire to become your Servant. And I am the more bold now to write in your sweet self, because I am now my own Man, and my match were I please, for my Father is taken away and now I am come to my Inuag which is ten Year Land, and a House and there is never a Yard Land in our Field but is as well worth ten Pound a Year, as a Thief's worth a Halter. And all my Brothers and Sisters are provided for besides I have good Household Stuff, though I say it, both Priss and Penster, Linnens and Woollens, and though my House be thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you shall think well of this Motion, I will writ upon you as soon as my new Cloaths is made, and Hay Harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good Matches in our Town, but my Mother (God's Peace be with her) charged me upon her Death Bed to marry a Gentlewoman, or a who had been well trained up in Serving and Cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our Means together, I shall be made grand Jury-man ere two or three Years come about, and that will be a great Credit to us. If I could have got a Blessing for Sixpence I would have sent one on Purpose, and some Trifle or other for a Token of my Love.

<sup>1</sup> In some counties 20, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of Land

'but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So hope you will take this Letter in good Part, and insert it with what Care and Speed you can, I rest and ren am,

Yours, if my own, Mr. GABRIEL BULLOCK, now my Father is dead  
Swepston, Leicestershire

'When the Coal Carts come, I shall send oftener, and may come in one of them myself. I or Mr. William to go to London at Westminster, remember a parliament

'Sir  
William, I hope that you are well. I write to let you know that I am in trouble about a lady you once, and I do desire that you will be my friend for when I did come to see her at your hall, it was mighty Abused. I would fain see you at topechist and they would not let me go to you, but I desire that you will be our friend, for it is no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did make us all. I wish that I might see you, for they say that you are a good man and many doth wonder at it, but madam norton is abused and created two I believe. I might a had many a lady, but I can have none but her with a good counsors, for there is a God that know our hearts. If you and madam norton will come to York, there I shall meet you if God be willing and if you pleased so be not angrier till you know the trutes of things.

I give my to me lady, and to Mr. George Nelson Aysebury, and to madam norton, March, the 19th 1706

This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she went to York

'Madam Mary. Deare loving sweet lady, I hope you are well. Do not go to London, for they will put you in the nunnery, and heed not Mrs. Lues what she saith to you, for she will ly and cheat you go from to another Place, and we will gate wed so with speed. And what I write to you, for if they gate you to London they will keep you there and so let us gate wed, and we will both go so if you go to London, you ruemg your self so heed not what none of them saith to you let us gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time. I will do any thing for you to my poore. I hope the devil will fail them all, for a hellish Company there be from there cursed trick and mischief wrys good lord blees ana deliver both you and me

I think to be at York the 24 day

This is for madam mary norton to go to London for a lady that belongs to disforth

'Madam Mary, I hope you are well. I am sorry that you went away from York deare loving sweet lady, I writ to let you know that I do remain faithful and if can let me know where I can meet you, I will wed you, and I will do any thing to my poor for you are a good woman, and will be a loving Mistress. I am in trouble for you, so if you will come to York I will wed you so with speed come, and I will have none but you so, sweet love, heed not what to

'sry to me, and with speed come heed not what  
'none of them say to you, your Maid makes you  
'believe ought

'So dare love think of Mr George Nul-ton with  
'speed, I sent you 2 or 3 letters before

'I gave mystic cleod some notes, and thry put  
'me in prison all the night for me pams, and non  
'new where I was, and I did get cold

'But it is for mrs I uey to go a good way from  
'home, for in yorl and round about she is known  
'to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell her  
'soul is black within, her cooke stinks of hell  
R M arch 19th, 1706

No 328] Monday, March 17, 1722 [Addison

*Nullum me a labore reclamat ut in—Hoc*

Mr SPECTATOR,

'AS I believe this is the first Complaint th it  
'ever was made to you of this nature, so  
'you are the first Person I ever could prevail upon  
'my self to try it before When I tell you I have  
'a healthy vigorous Constitution, a plentiful I state,  
'no inordinate Desires, and am married to a  
'virtuous lovely Woman, who neither wants Wit  
'nor Good Nature, and by whom I have a numer-  
'ous Offspring to perpetuate my Family, you will  
'naturally conclude me a happy Man. But, not-  
'withstanding these promising Appearances, I am  
'so far from it, that the prospect of being ruin'd  
'and undone, by a sort of Extravagance which of  
'late Years is in a less degree crept into every  
'fashionable Family, deprives me of all the Com-  
'forts of my life, and renders me the most anxious  
'miserable Man on Earth My Wife, who was  
'the only Child and darling Car of an indulgent  
'Mother, employ'd her early Years in learning all  
'those Accomplishments we generally undervalue  
'by good Breeding and polite Education She  
'sings, dances, plays on the Lute and Harpsicord,  
'paints prettily, is a perfect Mistress of the  
'French Tongue, and has made a considerable  
'Progress in Italian She is besides excellently  
'skilled in all domestic Sciences, as Preserving,  
'Pickling, Pastry, making Wines of Fruits of our  
'own Growth, Embroidering, and Needleworks  
'of every Kind Hitherto you will be apt to think  
'there is very little Cause of Complaint but sus-  
'pend your Opinion till I have further explain'd  
'my self, and then I make no question you will  
'come over to mine You are not to imagine I  
'find fault that she either possesses or takes de-  
'light in the Exercise of those Qualifications I  
'just now mention'd 'tis the immoderate Fond-  
'ness she has to them that I lament, and that  
'what is only design'd for the innocent Amuse-  
'ment and Recreation of Life, is become the  
'whole Business and Study of her's The six  
'Months we are in Town (for the Year is equally  
'divided between that and the Country) from al-  
'most Break of Day till Noon, the whole Morn-  
'ing is laid out in practising with her several Mas-  
'ters and to make up the Losses occasion'd by

'her Absence in Summer, every Day in the Week  
'their Attendance is requir'd and as they all are  
'People eminent in their Professions, their Skill  
'and I am must be recompens'd accordingly So  
'how far these Articles extend, I leave you to  
'judge Lining, one would think, is no ex-  
'pensive Diversion, but as she enlarges the Mat-  
'ter, 'tis a very considerable Addition to her Dis-  
'bursements Which you will easily believe, when  
'you know she prints I us for all her I emble Ac-  
'quittance, and draws all her Relations Portraits  
'in Miniature the first must be mounted by no  
'body but Colmar, and the other set by no body  
'but Charles Blather What follows, is still  
'much worse than the former for, as I told you,  
'she is a great Artist at her Needle, 'tis incredible  
'what Summs she expends in Embroidery For be-  
'sides what is appropriated to her personal Use,  
'as Mantles, Petticoats, Stomachiers, Handker-  
'chiefs, Purse, Pin cushions, and Working  
'Aprons, she keeps four French Protections con-  
'tinually employ'd in making divers Pieces of  
'superfluous I urniture, as Quills, Toilets, Hang-  
'ings for Closets, Beds, Window Curtains, as y  
'Chairs, and Tabourets Nor have I any hopes  
'of ever reclaiming her from this Extravagance,  
'while she obstinately persists in thinking it a  
'not able piece of good Housewifery, because they  
'are made at home, and she has had some share  
'in the Performance There would be no end of  
'relating to you the Particulars of the annual  
'Charge, in furnishing her Store-Room with a  
'Provision of Pickles and Preserves for she is  
'not contented with having every thing, unless it  
'be done every way, in which she consults an  
'Hereditary Book of Receipts for her female  
'Ancestors have been always fund for good  
'Housewifery, one of whom is made immortal, by  
'giving her Name to an Eye-Water and two sorts  
'of Puddings I cannot undertake to recite all  
'her medicinal Preparations, as Salves Cere-  
'cloths, Powders, Confects, Cordials, Ratafia,  
'Persico, Orange flower, and Cherry Brandy, to-  
'gether with innumerable sorts of Simple Waters  
'But there is nothing I try so much to Heart, as  
'that detestable Catalogue of counterfeit Wines,  
'which derive their Names from the Roots, Herbs,  
'or Trees of whose Juices they are chiefly com-  
'pounded They are lorthsome to the Taste, and  
'pernicious to the Health and as they seldom  
'survive the Year, and then are thrown away,  
'under a false Pretence of I rigidity, I may af-  
'firm they stand me in more than if I entertain'd  
'all our Visitors with the best Burgundy and  
'Champaign Coffee, Chocolate, Green, Im-  
'perial, Pecco, and Bolus I can seem to be trifles  
'but when the proper Appurtenances of the Ter-  
'rable are added, they swell the Account higher  
'than one would imagine I cannot conclude  
'without doing her Justice in one Article where  
'her Frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny  
'her the Merit of it, and that is in relation to her  
'Children, who are all confin'd, both Boys and  
'Girls, to one large Room in the remotest Part of  
'the House, with Bolts on the Doors and Bars to  
'the Windows, under the Care and Tuition of an  
'old Woman, who had been dry Nurse to her  
'Grandmother This is their Residence all the

'Year round, and as they are never allow'd to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any Expence in Apparel or Learning. Her eldest Daughter to this day would have neither read nor writ, if it had not been for the Butler, who being the Son of a Country Attorney, has taught her such a Hand as is generally used for engrossing Bills in *Chancery*. By this time I have sufficiently tired your Patience with my domestic Grievances, which I hope you will agree could not well be contain'd in a narrower Compass, when you consider what a Paradox I undertook to maintain in the Beginning of my Epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a Trust. And now I heartily wish the Relation I have given of my Misfortunes may be of Use and Benefit to the Publick. By the Example I have set before them, the truly virtuous Wives may learn to avoid those Errors, which have so unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly these three. First, in mistaking the proper Objects of her Esteem, and fixing her Affections upon such things as are only the Trappings and Decorations of her Sex. Secondly, in not distinguishing what becomes the different Stages of Life. And, Lastly, The Abuse and Corruption of some excellent Qualities, which, if circumscrib'd within just Bounds, would have been the Blessing and Prosperity of her Family, but by a vicious Extreme are like to be the Ruin and Destruction of it.

No 329] Tuesday, March 18, 1712 [Addison

*Ire tamen resta', Numā quo devenit et Ancus*  
Hor

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY told me the other Night, that he had been reading my Paper upon *Windsor-Abbey*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious Inventions. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another Paper upon *the Tomb*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read History. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's Head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last Summer upon *Baker's Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his Disputes with Sir ABRAHAM TREBLOUNT since his last coming to Town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next Morning, that we might go together to the *Abbey*.

I found the Knight under his Butler's Hands, who always serves him. He was no sooner Dressed, than he called for a Glass of the Widow *Truemy's* Water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a Dram of it at the same time, with so much Heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unprofitable upon which the Knight observing that I [had] made several wry Faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the World against the Stone or Gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the Virtues of it sooner, but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of Good will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a Man whilst he staid in Town, to keep off Infection, and that he got together a Quantity of it upon the first News of the Sickness being at *Dantzick*. When of a sudden turning short to one of his Servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call [?] Hackney Coach, and take care it was an elderly Man that drove it.

He then resumed his Discourse upon Mrs *Truemy's* Water, telling me that the Widow *Truemy* was one who did more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the County. That she distilled every Poppy that grew within five Miles of her, that she distributed her Water gratis among all Sorts of People, to which the Knight added, that she had a very great Jointure, and that the whole Country would soon have it in Match between him and her, and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His Discourse was broken off by his Man's telling him he had called a Coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his Eye upon the Wheels, he asked the Coachman if his Axletree was good, upon the Fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest Man, and went in without further Ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER popping out his Head, called the Coachman down from his Box, and upon his presenting himself at the Window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at my good Tobaccoist's, and take in a Roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happen'd in the remaining part of our Journey, till we were set down at the West end of the *Abbey*.

As we went up the Body of the Church, the Knight pointed at the Trophies upon one of the new Monuments, and cry'd out, A brave Man, I warrant him! Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsley Shovel*, he hung his Head that way and cry'd Sir *Cloudsley Shovel!* a very gallant Man! As we stood before *Bushy's* Tomb, the Knight utter'd himself again after the same Manner, Dr *Bushy*, a great Man! he whipp'd my Grandfather a very great Man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a Blockhead, a very great Man!

We were immediately conducted into the little Chappel on the right hand. Sir ROGER planting himself at our Historian's Elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the Account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco's* Head. Among several other Figures, he was very well pleas'd to see the Statesman *Creat* upon his Knees, and, concluding them all to be great Men, was conducted to the Figure which represents that Martyr to good Housewifery, who died by the prick of a Needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was

very inquisitive into her Name and Family, and after having regarded her Finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then convey'd to the two Coronation-Chairs, where my old Friend, after having heard that the Stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the Chair and looking like the Figure of an old *Gothick* King, asked our Interpreter, What Authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The Fellow, instead of returning him an Answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his Forfeit. I could observe Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus reprimanded but our Guide not insisting upon his Demand, the Knight soon recovered his good Humour, and whispered in my Ear, that if WILL WIMBLE were with us, and saw those two Chairs, it would go hard but he would get a Tobacco Stopper out of one or t other of them.

Sir ROGER, in the next Place, laid his Hand upon *Edward* the Third's Sword, and leaning upon the Pommel of it, gave us the whole History of the *Black Prince* concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker's* Opinion, *Edward* the Third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sate upon the *English* Throne.

We were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb, upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil, and afterwards *Henry* the Fourth's, upon which he shook his Head, and told us there was fine Reading in the Casualties in that Reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that Monument where there is the Figure of one of our *English* Kings without an Head and upon giving us to know, that the Head, which was of beaten Silver, had been stolen away several Years since. Some Whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir ROGER, you ought to lock up your Kings better they will carry off the Body too, if you don't take care.

THE glorious Names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great Opportunities of shining, and of doing Justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some Surprise, had a great many Kings in him, whose Monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest Passion for the Glory of his Country, and such a respectful Gratitude to the Memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the Benevolence of my good old Friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary Man for which reason he shook him by the Hand in parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his Lodgings in *Norfolk-buildings*, and talk over these Matters with him more at leisure.

No 330 ] *Wednesday, March 19, 1712* [Steele

*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*—— Juv

THE following Letters, written by two very considerate Correspondents, both under twenty Years of Age, are very good Arguments of the Necessity of taking into Consideration the many Incidents which affect the Education of Youth.

SIR,

'I have long expected, that in the Course of your Observations upon the several Parts of human Life, you would one time or other fall upon a Subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is the Patronage of young modest Men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the World. For want of such Assistances, a Youth of Merit languishes in Obscurity or Poverty, when his Circumstances are low, and runs into Riot and Excess when his Fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make my self better understood, than by sending you an History of my self, which I shall desire you to insert in your Paper, it being the only Way I have of expressing my Gratitude for the highest Obligations imaginable.

'I am the Son of a Merchant of the City of *London*, who, by many Losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant Trade and Credit to very narrow Circumstances, in Comparison to that of his former Abundance. This took away the Vigour of his Mind, and all manner of Attention to a Fortune, which he now thought desperate, insomuch that he died without a Will, having before buried my Mother in the midst of his other Misfortunes. I was sixteen Years of Age when I lost my Father and an Estate of £200 a Year came into my Possession, without Friend or Guardian to instruct me in the Management or Enjoyment of it. The natural Consequence of this was, (though I wanted no Director, and soon had Fellows who found me out for a smart young Gentleman, and led me into all the Debaucheries of which I was capable) that my Companions and I could not well be supplied without my running in Debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed with a Guard strong enough for the most desperate Assassins, to a Bayliff's House, where I lay four Days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable Company. As soon as I had extricated my self from this shameful Confinement, I resolutely upon it with so much Horror, that I deserted all my old Acquaintance, and took Chambers in an Inn of Court, with a Resolution to study the Law with all possible Application. But I trifled away a whole Year in looking over a thousand Intricacies, without I intend to apply to in any Case of Doubt so that I only lived there among Men, as little Children are sent to School before they are capable of Improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this State of Suspence, not knowing how to dispose of my self, I was sought for by a Relation of

mine, who, upon observing a good Inclination in me, used me with great Familiarity, and carried me to his Seat in the Country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good Company in the County, and the great Whigs, and I have to him for this kind Notice and Reverence with him ever since, has made so strong an Impression upon me, that he has an Authority of a Father over me, founded upon the Love of a Brother. I have a good Study of books, a good Stable of Horses always at my command, and this I am not now quite eighteen Years of Age, familiar Converse on his Part, and a strong Inclination to exert my self on mine have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr SPECTATOR, by this Gentleman's Favour and Patronage, by this own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak thus as well by subscribing the initial Letters of my Name to thank him, as to incite others to an Imitation of his Virtue. It would be a worthy Work to shew what great Charities are to be done with the Experience and how many noble Actions are lost out of Indifference in Persons capable of performing them if they were put in mind of it. If a Gentleman of Figure in a County would make his Family a Pattern of Sobriety, good Sense and Breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the Education and growing Prospects of the younger Gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of male Heer or a publick Occasion, and render him the Leader of his Country from their Gratitude to him, instead of being a Slave to their Riots and Tumults in order to be made their Representative. The sure thing might be recommended to all who have made any Progress in any Part of Education, or arrived at any Degree in a Profession, others may gain Preference and Fortunes from their Patrons, but I have, I hope received from the good Habits and Virtues. I repeat to you Sir, my Request to print this, in return for all the Evil an helpless Orphan shall ever escape, and all the Good he shall receive in this Life, which are wholly owing to this Gentleman's Favour to me.

SIR,  
Your most obed<sup>t</sup> &c I am Sir,  
J. P.

MR SPECTATOR,  
I am a Lad of about fourteen I find as in my Pleasure in Learning I have been at the Latin School four Years I don't know I ever play'd truant for neglected any Task my Master set on me in my Life I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon and night and so it is with me that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding, whither I went. Our Maid told me she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep. And I dream to or three Nights in the Week I am reading, Tu et al and Hoc or My Master seems to be well pleased with my Performances as my Boy is in the same Class. I tell you, if I had my own Mind, I would choose rather to be a Scholar,

I am Sir

than a Private writer Learning I have a very good affectionate Father, but the very rich, yet so mighty near that he thinks much of the Charges of my Education. He often tells me, he believes my Schooling will run him that I cost him God knows what in Money. I tremble to tell him I want no more. I am forced to keep my Pocket Money and lay it out for a Book now and then, that he don't know of. He has ordered my Master to buy no more Books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for Monday's other Day, and he told me in a Trice of time, he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my Master had a Mind to make him think I had got a great way in my Learning. I am sometimes a Month behind other Boys in getting the Books my Master gives Orders for. All the Boys in the School but I, have the Greek Authors in Latin Perseus, gift and lettered on the back. My Father is often reckoning up how long I have been in School, and tells me he fears I do little good. My Father's Carriage so discourages me that he makes me grow dull and indolently. My Master wonders what is the matter with me, I am afraid to tell him for he is a Man that loves to encourage Learning, and would be apt to chide my Father, and not knowing my Father's Temper, may make him worse. But if you have any Love for Learning, I beg you would give me some Instructions in this case, and I persuade Parents to encourage their Children when they find their diligent and desirous of Learning. I have heard some Parents say, they would do any thing for their Children, if they would but mind their Learning. I would be glad to be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my Politeness. If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your Prosperity as long as I live.

I am Sir  
2, 1711

Your Son &c  
James Disraeli

MR SPECTATOR,  
The intention you showed yesterday would have been paid and I find you provided better for the two Liberaries of my Paper, and placed more the letter R, in the place of A and me I am sure I am in the place A word to the wise I am Sir  
I am Sir  
7 Irish

According to the Fundation of the above Correspondent, the Reader is desired in the Paper of the 17th to send R for T.

Ne 231 } I am Sir, 20, 1712. (Budge)

— Sed iam pro-<sup>1</sup> tibi-<sup>2</sup> ellere barbam Pers.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir ROBERT, in the 18th of 1712, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the List of

1 [I am Sir]  
2 Steele had discontinued the signature R since No 134, for August 3, 1711

venerable old Man I was at a loss to guess the Reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the Figure, and asked me if I did not think that our Forefathers look'd much wiser in their Beards than we do without them? For my part, says he, when I am walking in my Gallery in the Country, and see my Ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my Age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old Patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle Smock-fac'd young Fellow I love to see your *Abrahams*, your *Isaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old Pieces of Tapestry, with Beards below their Girdles, that cover half the Hangings The Knight added, if I would recommend Beards in one of my Papers, and endeavour to restore human Faces to their Ancient Dignity, that upon a Month's warning he would undertake to lead up the Fashion himself in a pair of Whiskers

I smiled at my Friend's Fancy, but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the Metamorphoses our Faces have undergone in this Particular

The Beard, conformable to the Notion of my Friend Sir ROGER, was for many Ages look'd upon as the Type of Wisdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the Philosophers of his Time, who endeavour'd to rival one another in Beard, and represents a learned Man who stood for a Professorship in Philosophy, as unqualify'd for it by the Shortness of his Beard

*Aelian*, in his Account of *Zoilus*, the pretended Critick, who wrote against *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this *Zoilus* had a very long Beard that hung down upon his Breast, but no Hair upon his Head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding it seems, the Hairs of his Head as so many Suckers, which if they had been suffer'd to grow, might have drawn away the Nourishment from his Chin, and by that means have starved his Beard

I have read somewhere that one of the Popes refus'd to accept an Edition of a Saint's Works, which were presented to him, because the Sun in his Effigies before the Book, was drawn without a Beard

We see by these Instances what Homage the World has formerly paid to Beards and that a Barber was not then allow'd to make those Depredations on the Faces of the Learned, which have been permitted him of latter Years

Accordingly several wise Nations have been so extremely Jealous of the least Ruffle offer'd to their Beard, that they seem to have fixed the Point of Honour principally in that Part The *Spaniards* were wonderfully tender in this Particular Don *Quevedo*, in his third Vision on the Last Judgment, has carry'd the Humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain glorious Countrymen, after having receiv'd Sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil Spirits, but that his Guides happening to disorder his Mustaches, they were forced to recompose them with a Pair of Curling-Irons before they could get him to file off

If we look into the History of our own Nation, we shall find that the Beard flourish'd in the *Saxon*

Heptarchy, but was very much discourag'd under the *Norman* Line It shot out, however, from time to time, in several Reigns under different Shires The last Effort it made seems to have been in Queen *Mary's* Days, as the curious Reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the Figures of Cardinal *Poole*, and Bishop *Gardiner*, tho' at the same time, I think it may be question'd, if Zeal against Popery has not induced our Protestant Painters to extend the Beards of these two Persecutors beyond their natural Dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible

I find but few Beards worth taking notice of in the Reign of King *James the First*

During the Civil Wars there appeared one, which makes too great a Figure in Story to be passed over in Silence, I mean that of the redoubt'd *Hudibras*, in Account of which *Butler* has transmitted to Posterity in the following Lines

*His lawny Beard was th' equal Grace  
Both of his Wisdom, and his Face,  
In Cut and Dye so like a Tyle,  
A sudden View it would beguile  
The upper Part thereof was Wlry,  
The nether Orange mixt with Grey*

The Whisker continu'd for some time among us after the Expiration of Beards, but this is a Subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discuss'd it at large in a distinct Treatise, which I keep by me in Manuscript, upon the *Mustache*

If my Friend Sir ROGER's Project, of introducing Beards, should take effect, I fear the Luxury of the present Age would make it a very expensive Fashion There is no question but the *Beaux* would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest Colours, and the most immoderate Lengths A fair Beard, of the Tapestry-Size Sir ROGER seems to approve, could not come under twenty Guineas The famous Golden Beard of *Asclepius* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the Extravagance of the Fashion

Besides, we are not certain that the Ladies would not come into the Mode, when they take the Air on Horse-back They already appear in Hats and Feathers, Coats and Periwigs, and I see no reason why we not suppose that they would have their *Riding-Beards* on the same Occasion

*I may give the Moral of this Discourse in another Paper* X

No 332 ] Friday, March 21, 1712 [Steele

*Murus aptus acutus  
Naribus horum hominum* — Hor

*Dear Short-Face,*

I N your Speculation of *Wednesday* last, you have given us some Account of that worthy Society of Brutes the *Mohocks*, wherein you have particularly specify'd the ingenious Performance of the Lion Tippers, the Dancing-Masters, and the Tumblers But as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect History of the whole Club, you might very easily omit one of





No 333 ] Saturday, March 22, 1712 [Addison

—local in Certamina Divos—Virg

WE are now entering upon the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the Buttel of Angels, having rused his Reader's Expectation, and prepared him for it by several Passages in the preceding Books. I omitted quoting these Passages in my Observations on the former Books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the Subject of which gave occasion to them. The Author's Imagination was so inflam'd with this great Scene of Action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions Satan in the Beginning of his Poem

—Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless Perdition, there to dwell  
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to Arms

We have likewise several noble Hints of it in the Infernal Conference

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers,  
That led th' unbattel'd Seraphim to War,  
How well I see and rue the dire Event,  
That with sad Overthrow and foul Defeat  
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host  
In horrible Destruction laid thus low  
But see! the angry Victor has recall'd  
His Ministers of Vengeance and Pursuit,  
Back to the Gates of Heav'n. The sulph'rous  
Hail

Hot after us in Storm, derv'd on, hath laid  
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice  
Of Heaven receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,  
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous Rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his Shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep

There are several other very sublime Images on the same Subject in the First Book, as also in the Second

What when we fled again pursu'd and strook  
With Heav'n's afflictive Thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us. This Hell then seem'd  
A Refuge from those Wounds—

In short, the Poet never mentions anything of this Buttel but in such Images of Greatness and Terror as are suitable to the Subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that Passage, where the Power, who is described as providing over the Chaos, speaks in the Third Book

Thus Satan, and him thus the Anarch old  
With faulting Speech, and Visage uncompos'd,  
Answer'd, I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late

and Green (enjoining at the words 'render them accomplished') to which a conspicuous place was given, with original as 'rom by Steele, in No 314

Made Head against Heaven's King, tho' over-  
thrown

I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host  
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep  
With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout,  
Confusion worse confounded, and Heav'n's Gates  
Pour'd out by Millions her victorious Bands  
Pursuing—

It requir'd great Pregnancy of Invention, and Strength of Imagination, to fill this Buttel with such Circumstances as should ruse and astonish the Mind of the Reader, and at the same time an Exactness of Judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surpris'd to find his Buttels still rising one above another, and improving in Horrour, to the Conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* Fight of Angels is wrought up with the same Beauty. It is usher'd in with such Signs of Wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first Engagement is carry'd on under a Cope of Fire, occasion'd by the Flights of innumerable burning Darts and Arrows, which are discharged from either Host. The second Onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial Thunders, which seem to make the Victory doubtful, and produce a kind of Consternation even in the good Angels. This is follow'd by the tearing up of Mountains and Promontories till, in the last place, the Messiah comes forth in the Fullness of Majesty and Terror. The Pomp of his Appearance amidst the Roarings of his Thunders, the Flashes of his Lightnings, and the Noise of his Chariot-Wheels, is described with the utmost Flights of Human Imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last Dry's Engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the Ideas most Readers would conceive of a Fight between two Armies of Angels.

The second Dry's Engagement is apt to startle in Imagination, which has not been rused and quicken'd for such a Description, by the reading of the ancient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold Thought in our Author, to ascribe the first Use of Artillery to the Rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious Invention may be well suppos'd to have proceeded from such Authors, so it entered very properly into the Thoughts of that Being, who is all along describ'd as aspiring to the Majesty of his Maker. Such Engines were the only Instruments he could have made use of to imitate those Thunders, that in all Poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the Arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the Hills, was not altogether so daring a Thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepar'd for such an Incident by the Description of the Grin's War, which we meet with among the Ancient Poets. What still made this Circumstance the more proper for the Poet's Use, is the Opinion of many learned Men, that the Table of the Grin's War, which makes so great a noise in Antiquity, [and gave birth to the sublimest Description in *Hesiod's* Works was] an Allegory founded upon this very Tradition of a Fight between the good and bad Angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what Judgment *Milton*, in this Narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the Descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets and at the same time improved every great Hint which he met with in their Works upon this Subject. *Homer* in that Passage, which *Longin* us has celebrated for its Sublimeness, and which *Virgil* and *Orvid* have copy'd after him, tells us, that the Giants threw *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. Heads in Epithet to *Pelion* (*εἰσοριφύλλον*) which very much swells the Idea, by bringing up to the Reader's Imagination all the Woods that grew upon it. There is further a great Beauty in his singling out by Name these three remarkable Mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a Beauty as the Scene of *Milton's* War could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his Fragment upon the Giants' War, has given full scope to that Wildness of Imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the Giants tore up whole Islands by the Roots, and threw them to the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Levinos* in his Arms and whirling it to the Skies, with all *Vulcan's* Shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount *Ida*, with the River *Euphrates*, which ran down the Sides of it. But the Poet, not content to describe him with this Mountain upon his Shoulders, tells us that the River flow'd down his Back, as he held it up in that Posture. It is visible to every judicious Reader, that such Ideas savour more of Burlesque, than of the Sublime. They proceed from a Wantonness of Imagination, and rather divert the Mind than astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is sublime in these several Passages, and composes out of them the following great Image

*From their Foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated Hills, with all their Lowl  
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy Tops  
Up-lifting bore them in their Hands*

We have the full Majesty of *Homer* in this short Description, improv'd by the Imagination of *Claudian*, without its Puerilities.

I need not point out the Description of the fallen Angels seeing the Promontories hanging over their Heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless Beauties in this Book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the Notice of the most ordinary Reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful Strokes of Poetry in this Book, and such a variety of Sublime Ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this Paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the End of my Lord *Rochester's* Essay on Untranslated Poetry. I shall refer my Reader thither for some of the Master Strokes in the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, tho' at the same time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

*Milton*, notwithstanding the sublime Genius he was Master of, has in this Book drawn to his Assistance all the Helps he could meet with among the Ancient Poets. The Sword of *Michael*, which

makes so great a havoc among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the Armory of God.

—But the Sword  
Of *Michael* from the Armory of God  
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that Edge. It met  
The Sword of *Satan*, with steep Force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer —

This Passage is a Copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the Sword of *Aeneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into Pieces the Sword of *Turinus*, which came from a mortal Forge. As the Moral in this Place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a Man who is favoured by Heaven such an allegorical Weapon, is very conformable to the old Eastern way of thinking. Not only *Homer* has made use of it, but we find the *Jerish* Hero in the Book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the Battels of the chosen People with so much Glory and Success, receiving in his Dream a Sword from the Hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following Passage, wherein *Satan* is described as wounded by the Sword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

*The grating Sword with discontinuous Wound  
Pass'd thro' him but th' Ethereal Substance  
clos'd  
Not long drussible, and from the Gash  
A Stream of Nectarous Humour issuing flow'd  
Sanguine, (such as celestial Spirits may bleed)  
And all his Armour shaid*

*Homer* tells us in the same manner, that upon *Dionides* wounding the Gods, there flow'd from the Wound an Ichor, or pure kind of Blood, which was not bred from mortal Vitals, and that tho' the Pain was exquisitely great, the Wound soon closed up and healed in those Beings who are vested with Immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his Description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the Battel, and bellowing with the Wound he had received, had his Eye on *Achilles* in the *Iliad*, who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the Fight, and making an Outcry louder than that of a whole Army when it begins the Charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general Battel, were terrify'd on each side with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the Horreur of this Image, without running into the Ridicule of it.

—Where the Might of *Gabriel* sought,  
And with fierce Eussius pierc'd the deep Array  
Of *Moloch*, furious King! who him defy'd,  
And at his Chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threaten'd nor from the Holy Que of Heaven  
Refrain'd his Tongue blasphemous but anon  
Down cloven to the Waste, with slatter'd Arms  
And uncuten'd Pain fed bellowing —

*Milton* has likewise raised his Description in this

Book with many Images taken out of the poetical Parts of Scripture The Messiah's Chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a Vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* Spirit in the Poetical Parts of his Prophecy

The following Lines in that glorious Commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the Host of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a Sublime Passage in the Psalms

*Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's Might!  
Ascend thy Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels  
That shake Heaven's Basis, bring forth all my War,*

*My Bow, my Thunder, my Almighty Arms,  
Gird on thy Sword on thy puissant Thigh*

The Reader will easily discover many other Strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but *Milton* had heated his Imagination with the Fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he enter'd upon this Engagement of the Angels *Homer* there gives us a Scene of Men, Heroes, and Gods, mix'd together in Battel *Mars* animates the contending Armies, and lifts up his Voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly and at all the Shouts and Confusion of the Fight *Jupiter* at the same time Thunders over their Heads, while *Neptune* raises such a Tempest, that the whole Field of Battel and all the Tops of the Mountains shake about them The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himself, whose Habitation was in the very Center of the Earth, was so affrighted at the Shock, that he leapt from his Throne *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a Storm of Fire upon the River *Aanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a Rock at *Mars*, who, he tells us, cover'd seven Acres in his Fall

As *Homer* has introduced into his Battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in Nature, *Milton* has filled his Fight of good and bad Angels with all the like Circumstances of Horrour The Shout of Armies, the Rattling of Brazen Chariots, the Hurling of Rocks and Mountains, the Earthquake, the Fire, the Thunder, are all of them employ'd to lift up the Reader's Imagination, and give him a suitable Idea of so great an Action With what Art has the Poet represented the whole Body of the Earth trembling, even before it was created

*All Heaven resounded, and had Earth been then,  
All Earth had to its Center shook*

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole Heaven shaking under the Wheels of the Messiah's Chariot, with that Exception to the Throne of God?

*—Under his burning Wheels  
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the Throne it self of God —*

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much Terror and Mystery, the Poet has still found means to make his Readers conceive an Idea of him, beyond what he himself was able to describe

*Yet half his Strength he put not forth, but  
checkt*

*His Thunder in mud Volley, for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven*

In a Word, *Milton's* Genius, which was so great in it self, and so strengthened by all the helps of Learning, appears in this Book every way equal to his Subject, which was the most Sublime that could enter into the Thoughts of a Poet As he knew all the Arts of affecting the Mind, [he knew it was necessary to give] it certain Resting-places and Opportunities of recovering it self from time to time He has [therefore] with great Address interspersed several Speeches, Reflections, Similitudes, and the like Reliefs to diversify his Narration, and ease the Attention of [the] Reader, that he might come fresh to his great Action, and by such a Contrast of Ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler Parts of his Description

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No 334.] Monday, March 24, 1712 [Steele

*Voluisti, in suo Genere, unumquemque  
nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixisti-  
que non tam ea quae recta essent probari, quam  
quae prava sunt fastidi: s adhærescere*

Cicero de Gestu

IT is very natural to take for our whole Lives a light Impression of a thing which at first fell into Contempt with us for want of Consideration The real Use of a certain Qualification (which the wiser Part of Mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous Circumstance) shews the ill Consequence of such Prepossessions What I mean, is the Art, Skill, Accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of Dancing I knew a Gentleman of great Abilities, who bewail'd the Want of this Part of his Education to the End of a very honourable Life He observ'd that there was not occasion for the common Use of great Talents that they are but seldom in Demand and that these very great Talents were often render'd useless to a Man for want of small Attainments. A good Mien (a becoming Motion, Gesture and Aspect) is natural to some Men, but even these would be highly more graceful in their Carnage, if what they do from the Force of Nature were confirm'd and heightened from the Force of Reason To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the Force of Reason on such a Subject, will appear fantastical, but when you have a little attended to it, an Assembly of Men will have quite another View and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible Rules, why this Man with those beautiful Features, and well fashion'd Person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those Advantages When we read, we do it without any exerted Act of Memory that presents the Shape of the Letters, but Habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like Children, to

\* [had he not given]

² [his]

recollect and join those Letters. A Man who has not had the Regard of his Gesture in any part of his Education, will find himself unable to act with Freedom before new Company, as a Child that is but now learning would be torc'd without Hesitation. It is for the Advancement of the Pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary Life, that one would wish Dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper Deportment in Matters that appear the most remote from it. A Man of Learning and Sense is distinguished from others as he is such tho he never runs upon Points too difficult for the rest of the World, in like Manner the reaching out of the Arm and the most ordinary Motion discovers whether a Man ever learnt to know what is the true Harmony and Composure of his Limbs and Countenance. Whoever has seen *Beth* in the Character of *Perillus*, march to his Throne to receive *Orres*, is convinced that majestick and great Conceptions are expressed in the very Step but perhaps, this no other Man could perform that Incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater Elevation were he a Dancer. This is so dangerous a Subject to treat with Gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further but the Author of the following Letter has treated it in the Essay he speaks of in such a Manner, that I am bounden to him for a Revolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another Opinion of it have to say in its Defence.

MR SPECTATOR,

'Since there are scarce any of the Arts or Sciences that have not been recommended to the World by the Pens of some of the Professors, Musicians, or Lovers of them whereby the Usefulness, Excellence, and Benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical Part, have been made publick, to the great Advantage and Improvement of such Arts as I call Sciences why should Dancing, an Art celebrated by the Ancients in so extraordinary a Manner, be totally neglected by the Moderns, and left destitute of any Pen to recommend its various Excellencies and substantial Merit to Mankind?

'The low Ebb to which Dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this Silence. The Art is esteem'd only as an amusing Trifle it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the Imputation of Illiterate and Mechanical. And as *Terence* in one of his Prologues complains of the Rope dancers drawing all the Spectators from his Play so may we well say, that Capering and Tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the Place of just and regular Dancing on our Theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, highly time that some one should come to its Assistance, and relieve it from the many groves and growing Errors that have crept into it, and over-cast its real Beauties and to set Dancing in its true light, would shew the Usefulness and Elegancy of it, with the Pleasure and Instruction

produced from it and also lay down some fundamental Rules, that might so tend to the Improvement of its Professors, and Information of the Spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform and the latter render'd more capable of judging, what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this Art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious Pen capable of so generous an Undertaking, and in some measure to relieve Dancing from the Disadvantages it at present lies under, I, who teach to dance, have attempted a small Treatise as an Essay towards an History of Dancing, in which I have enquired into its Antiquity, Original, and Use and shewn what Esteem the Ancients had for it. I have likewise considered the Nature and Perfection of all its several Parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a Qualification and an Exercise and endeavour'd to answer all Objections that have been maliciously rais'd against it. I have proceeded to give an Account of the particular Dances of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, whether religious, warlike or civil and taken particular notice of that Part of Dancing relating to the ancient Stage, and in which the *Pantomimes* had so great a share.

'Nor have I been wanting in giving an historical Account of some particular Masters excellent in this surprising Art. After which, I have advanced some Observations on the modern Dancing both as to the Stage, and that Part of it so absolutely necessary for the Qualification of Gentlemen and Ladies and have concluded with some short Remarks on the Origin and Progress of the Character by which Dances are writ down, as I communed to one Master from another. If so ne great Genius after this would arise, and advance this Art to that Perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For if we consider the Origin of Arts and Sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from Beginnings so mean and unprofitable, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprising Strictures should have been rais'd upon such ordinary Foundations. But what cannot a great Genius effect? Who would have thought that the clamorous Noise of a Smith's Hammers should have given the first rise to Music? Yet *Alexandrus* in his second Book relates, that *Pisagoras* in passing by a Smith's Shop found that the Sounds proceeding from the Hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different Weights of the Hammers. The Philosopher, to improve this Hint, suspends different Weights by Strings of the same Thickness, and found in like manner that the Sounds answer'd to the Weights. This being discover'd, he finds out those Numbers which produce'd Sounds that were Consonants As, that in a String of the same Substance and Tension the one being double the Length of the other, gave that Interval which is called *Diaphason*, or an Eighth the same was also effected from two Strings of the same Length and Size the one having four times the Tension of the other. By these Steps, from so mean a Beginning, did this great Man reduce, what was only before Noise, to one of the most delightful Sciences, by many

<sup>a</sup> John Weaver

'ing it to the Mathematicks and by that means caused it to be one of the most abstruse and demonstrative of Sciences Who knows therefore but Motion, whether Decorous or Representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some Person capable of reducing it into a regular Science, tho' not so demonstrative as that proceeding from Sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a Place among the magnify'd Arts

'Now, Mr SPECTATOR, as you have declared your self Visitor of Dancing Schools, and this being an Undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think my self indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the Publication of this my Essay, to ask your Advice, and hold it absolutely necessary to have your Approbation, and in order to recommend my Treatise to the Perusal of the Parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young Ladies, to whom, as Visitor, you ought to be Guardian  
Salop, March 29, I am, SIR,  
1 1711-12 Your most humble Servant

No 335 ] Tuesday, March 25, 1712 [Addison

*Respuere exemplar vite morumque jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc dicere voces*  
Hor

MY friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, when we last met together at the Club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new Tragedy with me, insuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a Play these twenty Years The last I saw, said Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before hand that it was a good Church-of-England Comedy<sup>1</sup> He then proceeded to enquire

<sup>1</sup> This is a fourth puff (see Nos 223, 229, 290) of Addison's friend Ambrose Philips The art of packing a house to secure applause was also practised on the first night of the acting of this version of *Andromache*

<sup>2</sup> The *Committee*, or the *Faithful Irishman*, was written by Sir Robert Howard soon after the Restoration, with for its heroes two Cavalier colonels, whose estates are sequestered, and their man Leg (Teague), an honest blundering Irishman The Cavaliers defy the Roundhead Committee, and 'the day may come,' says one of them, 'when those that suffer for their consciences and honour may be rewarded' Nobody who heard this from the stage in the days of Charles II could feel that the day had come Its comic Irishman kept the *Committee* on the stage, and in Queen Anne's time the thorough Tory still relished the stage caricature of the maintainers of the Commonwealth in Mr Dry with his greed, hypocrisy, and private incontinence, his wife, who had been cookmaid to a gentleman, but takes all the State matters on herself, and their empty son Abel, who knows Parliament men and Sequestrators, and whose 'profound contemplations are caused by the conservation of his spirits for the nation's good'

of me who this Distress Mother was and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* Widow, he told me that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when he was a School boy he had read his Life at the end of the Dictionary My Friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks* should be Abroad I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their Hands last Night for I observed two or three lusty black Men that follow'd me half way up *Fleet-street*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them You must know, continu'd the Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind to hunt me, for I remember an honest Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time for which reason he has not ventured himself in Town ever since I might have shown them very good Sport, had this been their Design for as I am an old Fox hunter, I should have turned and dodg'd, and have play'd them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their Lives before Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentlemen had any such Intention, they did not succeed very well in it for I threw them out, says he, at the End of *Norfolk street*, where I doubled the Corner, and got shelter in my Lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the House before it is full, I will have my own Coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the Fore-Wheels mended

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed Hour, bid Sir ROGER fear no thing, for that he had put on the same Sword which he made use of at the Battel of *Steinkirk* Sir ROGER's Servants, and among the rest my old Friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good Oaken Plants, to attend their Master upon this occasion When he had placed him in his Coach, with myself at his Left-Hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the Head of his Footmen in the Rear, we convey'd him in safety to the Play-house, where, after having march'd up the Entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the Pit As soon as the House was full, and the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and looked about him with that Pleasure, which a Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in its self, at the sight of a Multitude of People who seem pleas'd with one another, and partake of the same common Entertainment I could not but fancy to myself, as the old Man stood up in the middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper Center to a Tragick Audience Upon the entering of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better Stratagem I was indeed very attentive to my old Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them as a Piece of natural Criticism, and was well pleas'd to hear him at the Conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end One while he appear'd much concerned for *Andromache*, and a little

while after as much for *Hermione* and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER saw *Andromache's* obstinate Refusal to her Lover's Importunities, he whisper'd me in the Ear, that he was sure she would never leave him to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence, you can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head, and muttered to himself, Al, do if you can. This Part dwelt so much upon my Friends Imagination that at the close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my Ear, These Widows Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World. But pray, says he, you that are a Critick, is this Play according to your Dramatick Rules, as you call them? Should your People in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play that I do not know the Meaning of.

The fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an Answer. Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's* Ghost. He then renewed his Attention, and from time to time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Piques, whom at his first entering, he took for *Attyanax*, but he quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap, to which Sir ROGER added, On my Word, a notable young Blagger!

As there was a very remarkable Silence and Stillness in the Audience during the whole Action, it was natural for them to take the Opportunity of these Intervals between the Acts, to express their Opinion of the Players, and of their respective Parts. Sir ROGER hearing a Cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his Friend *Pyllades* was a very sensible Man as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time. And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old Fellow in Whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SEVTRY seeing two or three Wiggs who sat near us, lean with an attentive Ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should smother the hint, pluck'd him by the Elbow, and whisper'd something in his Ear that lasted till the Opening of the Fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the Account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his Death, and at the Conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody Piece of Work, that he was glad it was not done upon the Stage. Seeing afterwards *Orestes* in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an Evil Consequence, adding, that *Orestes*, in his Madness, look'd as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the House, so we were the last that went out of it, being re-

solved to have a clear Passage for our old Friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the Crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his Entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the Play house being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the Performance of the excellent Piece which had been presented but with the Satisfaction which it had given to the good old Man.

No 336 } Wednesday, March 26, 1712 { Spectator

—Clan est ferisse pudorem  
Cuncti fene fatras, ea cum reprehendere coner,  
Qua gravis infusus, qua doctus Roscius egit  
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducit,  
Vel quia turpe putant facere minoribus, et, quae  
Iuvenes didicerit, senes ferenda putari.—HOR

MR SPECTATOR,  
AS you are the daily Endeavourer to promote Learning and good Sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your Consideration what ever may promote or prejudice them. There is an Evil which has prevailed from Generation to Generation, which grey Hairs and is rymical Custom continue to support. I hope your Spectatorial Authority will give a reasonable Check to the Spread of the Infection, I mean old Mens overbearing the strongest Sense of their Juniors by the mere Force of Seniority so that for a young Man in the Bloom of Life and Vigour of Age to give a reasonable Contradiction to his Elders, is esteemed an unpardonable Insolence, and regarded as a reversing the Decrees of Nature. I am a young Man, I confess, yet I honour the grey Head as much as any one however, when in Company with old Men, I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously into which Absurdities, Prejudice, Pride, or Interest, will sometimes throw the wisest. I count it no Crime to rectify their Reasoning, unless Conscience must trundle to Ceremony, and Truth fall a Sacrifice to Complaisance. The strongest Arguments are enervated, and the brightest Evidence disappears before those trementious Reasonings and dazzling Discoveries of venerable old Men. You are young giddy headed Fellows, you have not yet had Experience of the World. Thus we young folks find our Ambition cramped, and our Laziness indulged, since, while young, we have little room to display our selves, and, when old, the Weakness of Nature must pass for Strength of Sense, and we hope that hoary Heads will raise us above the Attacks of Contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our Activity in the pursuit of Learning, take our Case into Consideration, and, with a Gloss on brave *Filius's* Sentiments, assert the Rights of Youth, and prevent the pernicious Inroachments of Age. The generous Reasonings of that gallant Youth would adorn your Paper and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good

'Entertainment to the most intelligent of your Readers.

*So these three Men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own Eyes. Then was kindled the Wrath of Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite, of the Kindred of Ram. Against Job was his Wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three Friends was his Wrath kindled, because they had found no Answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw there was no Answer in the Month of these three Men, then his Wrath was kindled. And Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durst not shew you mine Opinion. I said, Days should speak, and Multitude of Years should teach Wisdom. But there is a Spirit in Man, and the Inspiration of the Almighty giveth them Understanding. Great Men are not always wise. Neither do the aged understand Judgment. Therefore I said, hearken to me. I also will shew mine Opinion. Behold, I waited for your Words, I gave ear to your Reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you. And behold there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his Words lest ye should say, we have found out Wisdom. God thrusteth him down, not Man. Now he hath not directed his Words against me. Neither will I answer him with your Speeches. They were amazed, they answered no more. They left off speaking. When I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no more) I said, I will answer also my Part. I also will shew mine Opinion. For I am full of Matter, the Spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my Belly is as Wine, which hath no vent, it is ready to burst the new Bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed. I will open my Lips, and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any Man's Person, neither let me give flattering Titles unto Man. For I know not to give flattering Titles, so doing my Maker would soon take me away.'*

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I have formerly read with great Satisfaction your Papers about Idols, and the Behaviour of Gentlemen in those Coffee-houses where Women officiate, and impatiently waited to see you take India and China Shops into Consideration. But since you have pass'd us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your Notice, or that the Grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning Eye, I must make my Complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure at this present Writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-Women about Town, and though I say it, keep as good Things, and receive as fine Company as any of this End of the Town, let the other be who she will. In short, I am in a fair Way to be easy, were it not for a Club of Female Rakes,

<sup>2</sup> Job, ch xxxii.

'who under pretence of taking their innocent Rambles, forsooth, and diverting the Spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a-day to cheapen Tea, or buy a Skreen. What else should they mean? as they often repeat it. These Rakes are your idle Ladies of Fashion, who having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my Ware. One of these No-Customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a Set of Tea-Dishes, another for a Bason, a third for my best Green-Tea, and even to the Punch-Bowl, there's scarce a piece in my Shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable Architecture disordered, so that I can compare 'em to nothing but to the Night-Goblins that take a Pleasure to overturn the Disposition of Plates and Dishes in the Kitchens of your housewifely Maids. Well, after all this Racket and Clutter, this is too dear, that is their Aver-sion, another thing is charming but not wanted. The Ladies are cured of the Spleen, but I am not a Shilling the better for it. Lord! what signifies one poor Pot of Tea, considering the Trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr SPECTATOR, are terrible Things for though I am not possess'd by them myself, I suffer more from 'em than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such Day-Goblins to make fewer Visits or to be less troublesome when they come to one's Shop and to convince 'em, that we honest Shopkeepers have something better to do, than to cure Folls of the Vapours gratis. A young Son of mine, a School-Boy, is my Secretary, so I hope you'll make Allowances

I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,

March the 22nd and very humble Servant,  
T Rebecca the Distress'd

No 337 ] Thursday, March 27, 1712 1 Budgell

*Ingat equum teneri docilem servare Magister,  
Ire viani quare monstrat eques*—— Hor

I HAVE lately received a third Letter from the Gentleman, who has already given the Publick two Essays upon Education. As his Thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this Subject, I shall communicate them to the Reader

SIR,

'If I had not been hindered by some extraordinary Business, I should have sent you sooner my further Thoughts upon Education. You may please to remember, that in my last Letter I endeavour'd to give the best Reasons that could be urg'd in favour of a private or publick Education. Upon the whole it may perhaps be thought that I seem'd rather inclin'd to the latter, tho' at the same time I confess'd that Virtue, which ought to be our first and principal Care, was more usually acquired in the former.

I intend therefore, in this Letter, to offer at Methods, by which I conceive Poys might be made to improve in Virtue, as they advance in Letters. I know that in most of our publick Schools Vice is punished and discouraged whenever it is



found out, but this is far from being sufficient, unless our Youth are at the same time taught to form a right Judgment of Things, and to know what is properly Virtue.

To this end, whenever they read the Lives and Actions of such Men as have been famous in their Generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many *Greek* or *Lat* Sentences, but they should be asked their Opinion of such an Action or Saying, and obliged to give their Reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper Notions of Courage, Temperance, Honour and Justice.

There must be great Care taken how the Example of any particular Person is recommended to them in gross, instead of which, they ought to be taught wherein such a Man, tho' great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this Caution, a Boy is often so dazzled with the Lustre of a great Character, that he confounds its Beauties with its Blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty Parts of it with an Eye of Admiration.

I have often wondered how *Alexander*, who was naturally of a generous and merciful Disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an Action as that of dragging the Governour of a Town after his Chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his Passion for *Homer*, but I lately met with a Passage in *Plutarch*, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer Light into the Motives of this Action. *Plutarch* tells us, that *Alexander* in his Youth had a Master named *Lysimachus*, who, tho' he was a Man destitute of all Politeness, ingratiated himself both with *Philip* and his Pupil, and became the second Man at Court, by calling the King *Peleus*, the Prince *Achilles*, and himself *Phaon*. It is no wonder if *Alexander* having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate *Achilles*, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of Cruelty and Extravagance.

To carry this Thought yet further, I shall submit it to your Consideration, whether instead of a Theme or Copy of Verses, which are the usual Exercises, as they are called in the School-phrases, it would not be more proper that a Boy should be tasked once or twice a Week to write down his Opinion of such Persons and Things as occur to him in his Reading, that he should descant upon the Actions of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*, shew wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or approve any particular Action, observe how it might have been carried to a greater Degree of Perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any Speech, and how far it agreed with the Character of the Person speaking. This Exercise would soon strengthen his Judgment in what is blamable or praiseworthy, and give him an early Seasoning of Morality.

Next to those Examples which may be met with in Books, I very much approve *Horace's* Way of setting before Youth the infamous or honourable Characters of their Contemporaries. That *Poet* tells us, this was the Method his Father made use of to incline him to any par-

ticular Virtue, or give him an Aversion to any particular Vice. If, says *Horace*, my Father advised me to live within Bounds, and be contented with the Fortune he should leave me, Do not you see (says he) the miserable Condition of *Burrus*, and the Son of *Albus*? Let the Misfortunes of those two Wretches teach you to avoid Luxury and Extravagance. If he would inspire me with an Abhorrence to Debauchery, do not (says he) make your self like *Sectanus*, when you may be happy in the Enjoyment of lawful Pleasures. How scandalous (says he) is the Character of *Trebonius*, who was lately caught in Bed with another Man's Wife? To illustrate the Force of this Method, the Poet adds, That is a headstrong Patient, who will not at first follow his Physician's Prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his Neighbours die all about him: so Youth is often frightened from Vice, by hearing the ill Report it brings upon others.

*Xenophon's* Schools of Equity, in his Life of *Cyrus* the Great, are sufficiently famous. He tells us, that the *Persian* Children went to School, and employ'd their Time as diligently in learning the Principles of Justice and Sobriety, as the Youth in other Countries did to acquire the most difficult Arts and Sciences: their Governors spent most part of the Day in hearing their mutual Accusations one against the other, whether for Violence, Cherting, Slander, or Ingratitude, and taught them how to give Judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these Crimes. I omit the Story of the long and short Coat, for which *Cyrus* himself was punished, as a Case equally known with any in *Littleton*.

The Method, which *Apuleius* tells us the *Indian Gymnosophists* took to educate their Disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His Words are as follow: When their Dinner is ready, before it is served up, the Masters enquire of every particular Scholar how he has employ'd his Time since Sun rising, some of them answer, that having been chosen as Arbiters between two Persons they have composed their Differences, and made them Friends; some, that they have been executing the Orders of their Parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own Application, or learnt it from the Instruction of their Fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them, who cannot make it appear that he has employed the Morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the Company, and obliged to work, while the rest are at Dinner.

It is not impossible, that from these several Ways of producing Virtue in the Minds of Boys, some general Method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, that our Youth cannot be too soon taught the Principles of Virtue, seeing the first Impressions which are made on the Mind are always the strongest.

The Archbishop of *Cambray* makes *Telemachus* say, that tho' he was young in Years, he was old in the Art of knowing how to keep both his own and his Friend's Secrets. When my Father, says the Prince, went to the Siege of

Troy, he took me on his Knees, and after having embrac'd and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the Nobles of *Ithaca*, O my Friends, says he, into your Hands I commit the Education of my Son, if ever you lov'd his Father, shew it in your Care towards him, but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a Secret. These Words of my Father, says *Telmachus*, were continually repeated to me by his Friends in his Absence, who made no scruple of communicating to me in their Unersiness to see my Mother surrounded with Lovers, and the Measures they designed to take on that Occasion. He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a Man, and at the Confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it nor could all the Insinuations of his Father's Rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the Seal of Secrecy.

There is hardly any Virtue which a Lad might not thus learn by Practice and Example.

I have heard of a good Man, who used at certain times to give his Scholars Six Pence apiece, that they might tell him the next day how they had employ'd it. The third part was always to be laid out in Charity, and every Boy was blamed or commended as he could make it appear that he had chosen a fit Object.

In short, nothing is more wanting to our publick School, than that the Masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the Manners of their Scholars, as in forming their Tongues to the learned Languages. Where ever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr *Locke*, that a Man must have a very strange Value for Words, when preferring the Languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* to that which made them such brave Men, he can think it worth while to hazard the Innocence and Virtue of his Son for a little *Greek* and *Latin*.

As the Subject of this Essay is of the highest Importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any Author, I have sent you what occur'd to me on it from my own Observation or Reading, and which you may either suppress or publish as you think fit.

X. I am, SIR, Yours, &c

No 338] Friday, March 28, 1712 [

[—*Nil fuit unquam  
Tam dispar sibi*—Hor.]

I FIND the Tragedy of the *Distrest Mother* is publish'd to day. The Author of the Prologue, I suppose, pleads an old Excuse I have read somewhere, of being *drill with Design*, and the Gentleman who writ the Epilogue, has, to my

knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the Exceptions made against Gayety at the end of serious Entertainments, in the following Letter. I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any body, a Practice which cannot have any ill Consequence, but from the Abilities of the Person who is guilty of it.

MR SPECTATOR,

I had the Happiness the other Night of sitting very near you, and your worthy Friend Sir *ROGER*, at the acting of the new Tragedy, which you have in a late Paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly pleas'd with the advantageous Situation Fortune had given me in placing me so near two Gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such Reflections on the several Incidents of the Play, as pure Nature suggested, and from the other such as flow'd from the evarest Art and Judgment. Tho' I must confess that my Curiosity led me so much to observe the Knight's Reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve my self by yours. Nature, I found, play'd her Part in the Knight pretty well, till at the last concluding Lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my Custom, when I have been well entertained at a new Tragedy, to make my Retreat before the facetious Epilogue enters: not but that those Pieces are often very well writ, but having put down my Half Crown, and made a fair Purchase of as much of the pleasing Melancholy as the Poet's Art can afford me, or my own Nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me, and can't endure to be at once trick'd out of all, tho' by the witness Dexterity in the World. However, I kept my Seat 'till the other Night, in hopes of finding my own Sentiments of this Matter favour'd by your Friend's when, to my great Surprise, I found the Knight entering with equal Pleasure into both Parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs *Oldfield's* Gucy, as he had been before with *Andromache's* Greatness. Whether this were no other than an Effect of the Knight's peculiar Humanity, pleas'd to find at last, that after all the tragical Doings every thing was safe and well, I don't know. But for my own part, I must confess, I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the Poet had saved *Andromache*, and

Mr Tonson's family and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of it, and that when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and order'd it to be given to *Budgett*, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place. Johnson calls it 'the most successful Epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was recited twice,' and whenever afterwards the play was acted the Epilogue was still expected and was spoken. This is a fifth paper for the benefit of Ambrose Philips, inserted, perhaps, to make occasion for a sixth (No 342) in the form of a reply to *Physibulus*.

[—*Sensetur ad manum  
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet*  
Hor.]

The Prologue was by Steele. Of the Epilogue Dr Johnson said (in his Lives of the Poets, when telling of Ambrose Philips), 'It was known

'could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the Stage For you cannot imagine, Mr SPECTATOR, the Mischief she was reserv'd to do me I found my Soul, during the Action, gradually work'd up to the highest Pitch, and felt the exalted Passion which all generous Minds conceive at the Sight of Virtue in Distress. The Impression, believ me, Sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could at an Extremity have ventured to defend your self and Sir ROGER against half a Score of the fiercest Mohocks But the ludicrous Epilogue in the Close extinguish'd all my Ardoar, and made me look upon all such noble Achievements, as downright silly and romantick. What the rest of the Audience felt, I can't so well tell For my self, I must declare, that at the end of the Play I found my Soul uniform, and all of a Piece, but at the End of the Epilogue it was so jumbled together, and divided between Jest and Earnest, that if you will forgive me an extravagant Fancy, I will here set it down I could not but fancy, if my Soul had at that Moment quitted my Body, and descended to the poetical Shades in the Posture it was then in, what a strange Figure it would have made among them They would not have known what to have made of my motley Spectre, half Comick and half Tragick, all over resembling a ridiculous Face, that at the same time laughs on one side and cries o'ther The only Defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me, most unnatural Tack of the Comick Tail to the Tragick Head, is this, that the Minds of the Audience must be refreshed, and Gentlemen and Ladies not sent away to their own Homes with too dismal and melancholy Thoughts about them For who knows the Consequence of this? We are much obliged indeed to the Poets for the great Tenderness they express for the Safety of our Persons, and heartily thank them for it But if that be all pray, good Sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great Harm, and that let them do their best, we shall in all probability live out the Length of our Days, and frequent the Theatres more than ever What makes me more desirous to have some Reformation of this matter, is because of an ill Consequence or two attending it For a great many of our Church-Musicians being related to the Theatre, they have in Imitation of these Epilogues, introduced in their farewell Voluntaries a sort of Musick quite foreign to the design of Church-Services, to the great Prejudice of well disposed People Those fingering Gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their Aurs to the Place and Business and that the Musician is obliged to keep to the Text as much as the Preacher For want of this I have found by Experience a great deal of Mischief For when the Preacher has often, with great Piety and Art enough, handled his Subject, and the judicious Clerk has with utmost Diligence culled out two Staves proper to the Discourse, and I have found in my self and in the rest of the Pew good Thoughts and Dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry ligg from

'the Organ-Loft One knows not what further ill Effects the Epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce But this I am credibly informed of, that *Paul Lorrain* has resolv'd upon a very sudden Reformation in his tragical Dramas and that at the next monthly Performance he designs, instead of a Penitential Psalm, to dismiss his Audience with an excellent new Ballad of his own composing Pray, Sir, do what you can to put a stop to those growing Evils, and you will very much oblige

Your Humble Servant,  
Physibulus

No 339] Saturday, March 29, 1712 [Addison

—*Ut his exordia primis*

*Omnia, et ipse tener Mundi concreverit orbis  
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto  
Ceperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas*

[Virg.]

LONGINUS has observed,<sup>3</sup> that there may be a Loftiness in Sentiments, where there is no Passion, and brings Instances out of ancient Authors to support this his Opinion The Pæthetick, as that great Critick observes, may animate and inspire the Sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the Passions, very often want the Talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary *Milton* has shewn himself a Master in both these ways of Writing The Seventh Book, which we are now entering upon, is an Instance of that Sublime which is not mixed and worked up with Passion The Author appears in a kind of composed and sedate Majesty, and tho' the Sentiments do not give so great an Emotion as those in the former Book, they abound with as magnificent Ideas The Sixth Book, like a troubled Ocean, represents Greatness in Confusion the seventh Affects the Imagination like the Ocean in a Calm, and fills the Mind of the Reader, without producing in it any thing like Tumult or Agitation

The Critick above mentioned, among the Rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his Reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and been engaged in Works of the same nature as in particular, that if he writes on a poetical Subject, he should consider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an Occasion By this means one great Genius often catches the Flame from another, and writes in his Spirit, without copying servilely after him There are a thousand shining Passages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*

<sup>1</sup> Paul Lorrain was the Ordinary of Newgate He died in 1710 He always represented his convicts as dying Penitents, wherefore in No 63 of the *Tatler* they had been called 'Paul Lorrain's Saints'

<sup>2</sup> [Ovid]

<sup>3</sup> On the Sublime, § 8

<sup>4</sup> § 14

Milton, tho' his own natural Strength of Genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect Work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his Conceptions, by such an Imitation as that which *Longin* is has recommended

In this Book, which gives us an Account of the six Days Works, the Poet received but very few Assistances from Heathen Writers, who were Strangers to the Wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of Poetry upon this Subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless Allusions to them through the whole course of this Book. The great Critick I have before mentioned, though an Heathen, has taken notice of the sublime Manner in which the Law-giver of the *Jews* has describ'd the Creation in the first Chapter of *Genesis*,<sup>1</sup> and there are many other Passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty, where this Subject is touch'd upon. *Milton* has shewn his Judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying those high Strains of *Eastern* Poetry, which were suited to Readers whose Imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder Climates.

Adam's Speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an Account of what had passed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great and solemn. The following Lines, in which he tells him, that the Day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

*And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
Much of his Race, though steep, suspense in  
Heav'n  
Held by thy Voice, thy potent Voice he hears,  
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell  
His Generation, &c*

The Angel's encouraging our first Parent[s] in a modest pursuit after Knowledge, with the Causes which he assigns for the Creation of the World, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the Worlds were made, comes forth in the Power of his Father, surrounded with an Host of Angels, and clothed with such a Majesty as becomes his entering upon a Work, which, according to our Conceptions, [appears to] the utmost Exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful Description has our Author rused upon that Hint in one of the Propheets. *And behold there came four Chariots out from between two Mountains, and the Mountains were Mountains of Brass*<sup>3</sup>

*About his Chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots  
wing'd,  
From th' Armoury of Gold, where stand of old  
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd*

<sup>1</sup> Longinus, §9 — "So likewise the Jewish legislator, no ordinary person, having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law 'And God said, — What? Let there be Light, and there was Light. Let the Earth be, and the Earth was'" [looks like] —

<sup>3</sup> Zechariah vi 1

*Against a solemn Day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial Equipage! and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,  
Attendant on their Lord. Heav'n open'd wide  
Her ever-during Gates, Harmonious Sound!  
On golden Hinges moving*

I have before taken notice of these Chariots of God, and of these Gates of Heaven and shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same Idea of the latter, as opening of themselves, tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Horns* first of all removed those prodigious Heaps of Clouds which lay as a Barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the Description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the Chaos, calming its Confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first Out-Line of the Creation

*On Heavenly Ground they stood, and from the  
Shore*

*They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss,  
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, vast, and wild,  
Up from the bottom issu'd by furious Wounds  
And surging Waves, as Mountains to assault  
Heaven's height, and with the Center mix the  
Pole*

*Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep,  
Peace!*

*Said then th' Omnisic Word, your Discord end  
Nor staid, but, on the Wings of Cherubim  
Up-lifted, in Paternal Glory rode  
Far into Chaos and the World unborn,  
For Chaos heard his Voice. He call'd His Train  
Follow'd in bright Procession, to behold  
Creation, and the Wonders of his Might  
Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his Hand  
He took the Golden Compasses, prepar'd  
In God's eternal Store, to circumscribe  
This Universe, and all created Things  
One Foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round, through the vast Profundity obscure,  
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
Thus be thy just Circumference, O World!*

The Thought of the Golden Compasses is conceived altogether in *Homer's* Spirit, and is a very noble Incident in this wonderful Description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several Arms and Instruments with the same greatness of Imagination. I let the Reader only peruse the Description of *Minerva's* *Aegis*, or Buckler, in the Fifth Book, with her Spear, which would overturn whole Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was sufficient to cover an Army drawn out of an hundred Cities. The Golden Compasses in the above mentioned Passage appear a very natural Instrument in the Hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As Poetry delights in clothing abstracted Ideas in Allegories and sensible Images, we find a magnificent Description of the Creation form'd after the same manner in one of the Propheets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand, meting out the Heavens with his Span, comprehending the Dust of the Earth in a Measure, weighing

the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great Work of Creation, represents him as laying the Foundations of the Earth, and stretching a Line upon it And in another place as furnishing the Heavens, stretching out the North over the empty Place, and hanging the Earth upon nothing. This last noble Thought *Milton* has express'd in the following Verse

*And Earth self ball'rd in her Center hung*

The Beauties of Description in this Book he so very much, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The Poet has employ'd on them the whole Energy of our Tongue. The several great Scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the Reader seems present at this wonderful Work, and to assist among the Chorus of Angels, who are the Spectators of it. How glorious is the Conclusion of the first Day.

*Thus was the first Day Fair and Morn  
Nor fast nor celebrated nor unsung  
By the Celestial Quire, when Orient Light  
Exhild first from Darkness they beheld,  
hail'd day of Heaven and Earth's first Joy and  
Sight*

*The hallow numbers of Orb they fill'd*

We have the same elevation of Thought in the third Day, when the Mountains were brought forth, and the Deep was made.

*Immediately the Mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare Backs uprear  
Into the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky  
So high as fear'd the timid Hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of Waters—*

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable World described in this Day's Work, which is filled with all the Graces that other Poets have lavish'd on their Descriptions of the Spring, and leads the Reader's Imagination into a Theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several Glories of the Heavens make their Appearance on the Fourth Day

*First in his Fast the glorious Lamp was seen,  
Regent of Day and all the Horizon round  
Invested with bright Rays, join'd to roam  
His Longitude through Heaven's high Road  
The gray  
Down and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet Influence Less bright the  
Moon,*

*But opposite in level'd West was set,  
His Mirror, with full face borrowing her Light  
From him, for other Lights she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till Night, then in the East her turn she  
shines,*

*Revol'd on Heaven's great Axis, and her Reign  
With thousand lesser Lights divided I told,  
With thousand thousand Stars that then ap-  
pear'd  
Spangling the Hemisphere—*

One would wonder how the Poet could be so concise in his Description of the six Days Works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an Episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively Idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his Account of the Fifth and Sixth Days, in which he has drawn out to our View the whole Animal Creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest Productions in the World of living Creatures, the Reader will find a most exquisite Spirit of Poetry in the Account which our Author gives us of them. The Sixth Day concludes with the Formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes occasion, as he did after the Fall in Heaven, to remind Adam of his Obedience, which was the principal Design of this last Day.

The Poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into Heaven, and taking a Survey of his great Work. There is something inexpressibly Sublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author describes that great Period of Time, filled with so many Glorious Circumstances, when the Heavens and Earth were finished, when the Messiah ascended up in triumph thro' the everlasting Gates, when he looked down with pleasure upon his new Creation, when every Part of Nature seem'd to rejoice in its Existence, when the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

*So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth Day  
Yet not till the Creator from his Work  
Desisting, 'to incarnate, to return'd,  
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high Abode,  
Hence to behold this new created World,  
For Addition of his Empire, how vast spread  
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how  
fair,*

*Answering his great Ides Up he rode,  
Follow'd with Acclamations, and the Sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand Harps, that tuned  
Angelical Harmonies, the Earth, the Air  
Resounding (tho' reverberated for thou heardest)  
The Heavens and all the Constellations rung,  
The Planets in their Station hasting sped,  
While the bright Pomp ascend'd jubilate  
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
Open, ye Heavens, ye portals of Divine, let in  
The great Creator from his Work, and  
Magnificence, his six Days Work, a World!*

I cannot conclude this Poem upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appeared under this Title. The Work was

<sup>1</sup> [this]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Richard Blackmore's *Creation* appeared in 1712. Besides this praise of it from Addison, its religious character caused Dr Johnson to say that if Blackmore 'had written nothing else it would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favourites of the English muse. But even with the help of all his epics it has failed to secure him any such place in the estimation of posterity. This work is not an epic, but described on its title page as 'a Philosophical Poem, De-

undertaken with so good an Intent, and is executed with so great a Mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble Productions in our *English Verse*. The Reader cannot but be pleased to find the Depths of Philosophy enlivened with all the Charms of Poetry, and to see so great a Strength of Reason, amidst so beautiful a Redundancy of the Imagination. The Author has shewn us that Design in all the Works of Nature, which necessarily leads us to the Knowledge of its first Cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable Instances, that Divine Wisdom, which the Son of *Sirach* has so justly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his Formation of the World, when he tells us, that *He created her, and saved her, and numbered her, and found her out in all her Works*. L.

No 340 ] Monday, March 31, 1712 [Steele

*Quis novus hic restris successit sedibus Hospes?  
Quem sese Ore ferens? quam forte Pectore et  
Armis?—Virg*

I TAKE it to be the highest Instance of a noble Mind to bear great Qualities without discovering in a Man's Behaviour any Consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the World. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the Duty of a great Person so to demean himself, as that whatever Endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no Qualities but such as any Man may

'monstrating the Existence and Providence of a 'God'. It argues in blank verse, in the first two of its seven books, the existence of a Deity from evidences of design in the structure and qualities of earth and sea, in the celestial bodies and the air in the next three books it argues against objections raised by Atheists, Atomists, and Fatalists in the sixth book proceeds with evidences of design, taking the structure of man's body for its theme and in the next, which is the last book, treats in the same way of the Instincts of Animals and of the Faculties and Operations of the Soul. This is the manner of the Poem.

*The Sea does next denounce our Vain, and there*

*No less the Marks of perfect skill appear  
When first the Storms to the Congress come,  
And by their Course send the rugged Frame,*

*What did the Liquid to the Asserby call  
To give their Aid to form the pondrous Ball?  
First, tell us, why did any come? next, why  
In such a disproportion to the Dry?  
Why were the Most in it under so cruel a  
That to a Thousand Dry, they are but one*

It is hardly a 'mark of perfect skill' that there are five or six thousand of such dry Lines in Blackmore's poem, and not even one that should lead a critic to speak in the same breath of Blackmore and Milton.

arrive at. He ought to think no Man valuable but for his publick Spirit, Justice and Integrity and all other Endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those Virtues. Such a Man, if he is Wise or Valiant, knows it is of no Consideration to other Men that he is so, but as he employs those high Talents for their Use and Service. He who affects the Applauses and Addresses of a Multitude, or assumes to himself a Pre-eminence upon any other Consideration, must soon turn Admiration into Contempt. It is certain, that there can be no Merit in any Man who is not conscious of it but the Sense that it is valuable only according to the Application of it, makes that Superiority valuable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this Light it is considered as a Thing in which every Man bears a Share. It annexes the Ideas of Dignity, Power, and Fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is Possessor of it. and all Men who are Strangers to him are naturally moved to indulge a Curiosity in beholding the Person, Behaviour, Feature, and Shape of him in whose Character, perhaps, each Man had formed something in common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the Causes, all Men have [a yearning<sup>1</sup>] Curiosity to behold a Man of heroic Worth and I have had many Letters from all Parts of this Kingdom, that request I would give them an exact Account of the Stature, the Mien, the Aspect of the Prince<sup>2</sup> who lately visited *England*, and has done such Wonders for the Liberty of *Europe*. It would puzzle the most Curious to form to himself the sort of Man my several Correspondents expect to hear of, by the Action mentioned when they desire a Description of him. There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own Circumstances, in all their Enquiries. A Friend of mine in *Holland* beseeches me to be very exact in my Account of that wonderful Man, who had marched

<sup>1</sup> [an earning]

<sup>2</sup> Prince Eugene of Savoy, grandson of a duke of Savoy, and son of Eugene Maurice, general of the Swiss, and Olympe Mancini, a niece of Mazarin, was born at Paris in 1665, and in ended for the church, but had so strong a bent towards a military life that when refused a regiment in the French army he served the Emperor as volunteer against the Turks. He opposed the march of the French into Italy when Louis XIV declared war with Austria, and refused afterwards from Louis a Marshal's staff, a pension, and the government of Champagne. Afterwards in Italy, by the surprise of Cremona he made Marshal Villeroi his prisoner, and he was Marlborough's companion in wars at Plzen and in other victories. It was he who saved Turin, and expelled the French from Italy. He was 49 years old in 1712, and had come in that year to England to induce the court to continue the war, but found Marlborough in disgrace and the war very unpopular. He had been feasted by the city and received from Queen Anne a sword worth £500, which he wore at his birthday reception. He had also stood as godfather to Steele's third son, who was named after him.

an Army and all its Baggage over the Alps, and, if possible, to learn whether the Persian who shew'd him the Way and is drawn in the Map, be yet living. A Gentleman from the University, who is deeply intent on the Study of Humanity, deserves me to be as particular if I had Opportunity in observing the whole Intercourse between his Highness and our late General. Thus do Mens Fancies work according to their several Educations and Circumstances, but all pay a Respect mixed with Admiration, to this illustrious Character. I have waited for his Arrival in *Holland*, before I would let my Correspondents know, that I have not been so inquisitive a Spectator, as not to have seen Prince *Lucene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every Expectation of those who have writ to me on that Head, nor is it possible for me to find Words to let one know what an useful Glance there is in his Countenance who surpris'd *Crimona*, how daring he appears who faced the Trenches of *Furni*. But in general I can say, that he who beholds him will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the Wit or Force of Man. The Prince is of that Stature which makes a Man not easily become all Parts of Exercise, has Height to be graceful on Occasions of State and Ceremony, and no less adapted for Agility and Dispatch in his Aspect is erect and compass'd, his Eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling, his Action and Address the most easy and ungringable, and his Behaviour in an Assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain Art of mixing, insensibly with the rest and becoming one of the Company, instead of receiving the Courtship of it. The Shape of his Person, and Composure of his Limbs, are remarkably even and beautiful. There is in his Look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his Quality or Character, but the innate Disposition of his Mind. It is apparent that he suffers the Presence of much Company, instead of taking Delight in it, and he appears in Publick while with us, rather to return Good will, or satisfy Curiosity, than to gratify any Taste he himself had of being popular. As his Thoughts are never tumultuous in Danger, they are as little discomposed on Occasions of Pomp and Magnificence. A great Soul is affected in either Case no further than in considering the properest Methods to extricate it self from them. If this Hero has the strong Inclinations to uncommon Enterprizes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he prosecutes and enjoys the Fame of them with the Justness, Propriety, and good Sense of *Cesar*. It is easy to observe in him a Mind is capable of being entertained with Contemplation as Enterprize, a Mind ready for great Exploits, but not impatient for Occasions to exert it self. The Prince has Wisdom and Valour in as high Perfection as Man can enjoy, it which noble Faculties in conjunction, banish all vain Glory, Ostentation, Ambition, and all other Vices which might intrude upon his Mind to make it unequal. These Habits and Qualities of Soul and Body render this Personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every Man should have in him, the Exertion of

his very self, abstracted from the Circumstances in which Fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince *Lucene*, and were told he was a private Gentleman, you would say he is a Man of Modesty and Merit. Should you be told that he is Prince *Lucene*, he would be diminished no otherwise than that part of your distant Admiration would turn into familiar Good will. Thus I thought fit to entertain my Reader with, concerning an Hero who never was equalled but by one Man, over whom also he has this Advantage, that he has had an Opportunity to manifest in I seem for him in his Adversity. I

No 341] Tuesday, April 1, 1712 [Budge]l

—*Re, ate at times u astumque timorem*  
*Meriti*— Virg

HAVING, to oblige my Correspondent *Phyllis*, printed his Letter last Friday, in relation to the new Epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a Gentleman who does not agree with him in his Sentiments upon that Matter.

SIR,

I am amazed to find an Epilogue attached in your last Friday's Paper, which has been so generally applauded by the Town, and received such Honours as were never before given to any in an *English* Theatre.

The Audience would not permit Mrs. *Oldfield* to go off the Stage the first Night, till she had repeated it twice the second Night the Noise of *Acorns* was as loud as before, and she was again oblig'd to speak it twice the third Night it was still called for a second time and, in short, contrary to all other Epilogues, which are dropt after the third Representation of the Play, this has already been repeated nine times.

I must own I am the more surpris'd to find this Censure in Opposition to the whole Town, in a Paper which has hitherto been famous for its Candour of its Criticisms.

I can by no means allow your melancholy Correspondent, that the new Epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the Prologue and Epilogues are real Parts of the ancient Tragedy, but every one knows that on the *British* Stage they are distinct Performances by themselves, Pieces entirely detached from the Play, and no way essential to it.

The moment the Play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield* is no more *Andromache*, but Mrs. *Oldfield*, and 'tho the Poet had left *Andromache stone-dead upon the Stage*, as your ingenious Correspondent phrases it, Mrs. *Oldfield* might still have spoke a merry Epilogue. We have an Instance of this

<sup>1</sup> Marlborough

= Budge here defends with bad temper the Epilogue which Addison ascribed to him. Probably it was of his writing, but transformed by Addison's corrections.

'in a Tragedy' where there is not only a Death but a Martyrdom. *St Catherine* was there personated by *Nell Gwyn*, she lies stone dead upon the Stage, but upon those Gentlemen's offering to remove her Body, whose Business it is to carry off the Shins in our *English Tragedies*, she breaks out into that abrupt Beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good Epilogue

*Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,  
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue*

'This diverting Manner was always practised by Mr *Dryden*, who if he was not the best Writer of Tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest Turn for a Prologue or an Epilogue. The Epilogues to *Cleomenes*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*, *Aurugeze*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all Precedents of this Nature

'I might further justify this Practice by that excellent Epilogue which was spoken a few Years since, after the Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, with a great many others, in which the Authors have endeavour'd to make the Audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the Writer of this, they have however shewn that it was not for want of Good-will

'I must further observe, that the Guilty of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French Play, since every one knows that Nation, who are generally esteem'd to have as polite a Taste as any in *Europe*, always close their Tragick Entertainments with what they call a *Petite Piece*, which is purposely design'd to raise Mirth, and send away the Audience well pleased. The same Person who has supported the chief Character in the Tragedy, very often plays the principal Part in the *Petite Piece*, so that I have my self seen at *Paris*, *Orster* and *Lulm* acted the same Night by the same Man

'Tragick Comedy, indeed, you have your self in a former Speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks the Tide of the Passions while they are yet flowing, but this is nothing at all to the present Case, where they have already had their full Course

'As the new Epilogue is written conformable to the Practice of our best Poets, so it is not such an one which, as the Duke of *Brettingham* says in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other Play, but who wholly rises out of the Occurrences of the Piece it was composed for

'The only Reason your mournful Correspondent gives against this *Facetious Epilogue*, as he calls it, is, that he has mind to go home melancholy. I wish the Gentleman may not be more Grave than Wise. For my own part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the Anguish of a seditious Piece remain upon me, while it is representing, but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If *Physibilus* is however resolv'd to be inconsolable, and not to have his Tears dried up, he need only continue his old Custom, and when he has had his

half Crown's worth of Sorrow, sink out before the Epilogue begins

'It is pleasant enough to hear this Tragical Genius complaining of the great Mischiefs *Andromela* had done him. What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor Gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of *Harlequin's* Case, who was tickled to Death. He tells us soon after, thro' a small Mistake of Sorrow for Rage, that during the whole Action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have strick'd half a score of the fiercest *Mole's* in the Excess of his Grief. I cannot but look upon it as an happy Accident, that a Man who is so bloody minded in his Affliction, was diverted from this sort of outrageous Melancholy. The Valour of this Gentleman in his Distress, brings to one's memory the Knight of the sorrowful Countenance, who lyes about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old Romance. I shall readily grant him that his Soul, as he himself says, 'could have made a very ridickous Figure, had it quitt'd the Body, and descended to the Poetical Shades, in such an Encounter

'As to his Conceit of tickling a *Fragile Head* with a *Comic Tail*, in order to refresh the Audience, it is such a piece of Jargon, that I don't know what to make of it

'The elegant Writer makes a very sudden Transition from the Play house to the Church, and from thence, to the Gallows

'As for what relates to the Church, he is of Opinion, that these Epilogues have given occasion to those merry Jigs from the Organ Loft, which have dissipated those good Thoughts, and Dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the Crew, upon the singing of two Stanzas call'd out by the judicious and diligent Clerk

'He fetches his next Thought from *Tyburn*, and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any Innovations in the Tragedies of his Friend *Paul Lorrain*

'In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy Writer, who is so mightily scandaliz'd at a gay Epilogue after a serious Play, speaking of the Fate of those unhappy Wretches who are condemn'd to suffer in ignominious Death by the Justice of our Laws, endeavours to make the Reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor Purlesque Expressions of *Tragical Dramas*, and *Monthly Performances*

I am, Sir, with great Respect,  
Your most obedient, most humble Servant,  
Philomelus

No 342] Wednesday, April 2, 1752 [Steele

*Iustitiae partes sunt non violare homines Verum  
cum ducis non offendere* — Iull

AS Regard to Decency is a great Rule of Life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the Fickle World, I cannot overlook the following Letter which describes an egregious Offender



Mr SPECTATOR,

'I was this Day looking over your Papers, and reading in that of *December* the 6th with great delight, the amiable Grief of *Astrea* for the Absence of her Husband, it threw me in a great deal of Reflection. I cannot say but this arose very much from the Circumstances of my own Life, who am a Soldier, and expect every Day to receive Orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a Wife that is very dear to me and that very deservingly. She is, at present, I am sure, no way below your *Astrea* for Conjunction. Affection. But I see the Behaviour of some Women so little suited to the Circumstances wherein my Wife and I shall soon be, that it is, with a Reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my Duty. What puts me to present Pain, is the Example of a young Lady, whose Story you shall have as well as I can give it you. *Horatius*, an Officer of good Rank in her Majesty's Service, happen'd in a certain Part of *England* to be brought to a Country Gentleman's House, where he was receiv'd with that more than ordinary Welcome, with which Men of domestic Inheritance such few Soldiers whom a military Life, from the variety of Adventures, has not render'd overbearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. *Horatius* stay'd here some time, and had easy Access at all hours, as well as unavoidable Conversation at some parts of the Day with the beautiful *Sylva*, the Gentleman's Daughter. People who live in Cities are wonderfully struck with every little Country Abode they see where they take the Air, and 'tis natural to fancy they could live in every neat Cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present Circumstances. The turbulent way of Life which *Horatius* is used to, made him reflect with much Satisfaction on all the Advantages of a sweet Retreat, one dry and smother'd, the rest, you'll think it not probable it might enter into his Thought, that such a Woman as *Sylva* would consociate the Happiness. The World is so debauch'd with me in Considerations, that *Horatius* knew it would be receiv'd as an Act of Generosity, if he asked for a Woman of the Highest Merit, without further Questions, of a Parent who had nothing to add to her personal Qualifications. The Wedding was celebrated at her Father's House. When that was over, the generous Husband did not proportion his Provision for her to the Circumstances of her Fortune, but consider'd his Wife as his Darling, his Pride, and his Vanity, or rather that it was in the Woman he had chosen that a Man of Sense could show Pride or Vanity with an Excuse, and therefore adorn'd her with rich Habits and valuable Jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his very utmost in this, that it was an Occupation he could not but be guilty of to a Woman he had so much Pleasure in, desir'd her to consider it as such, and begg'd of her also to take these Matters rightly, and believe the Gems, the Gowns the Laces would still become her better, if her Air and Behaviour was such, that it might appear she dress'd thus rather in Compliance to his Humour than Way, than in out of any Value she

her self had for the Trifles. To this Iesson, too hard for Woman, *Horatius* add'd, that she must be sure to stay with her Friends in the Country till his Return. As soon as *Horatius* departed, *Sylva* saw in her Looking glass that the Love he conceiv'd for her was wholly owing to the Accident of seeing her, and she is convinced it was only her Misfortune the rest of Mankind had not beheld her, or Men of much greater Quality and Merit had continu'd for one so genteel, tho' bred in Obscurity, so very witty, tho' never requir'd with Court or Town. She therefore resolv'd not to hide so much Excellence from the World, but without any Regard to the Absence of the most generous Man alive, she is now the gayest Lady about this Town, and has shut out the Thoughts of her Husband by a constant Return of the finest young Fellows this Age has produced to entertain whom, she squanders away all *Horatius* is able to supply her with, tho' that Supply is purchased with no less Difficulty than the Hazard of his Life.

Now, Mr SPECTATOR, would it not be a Work becoming your Office to treat this (unnatural as she deserves) You should give it the severest Reflections you can. You should tell Women, that they are more accountable for their Behaviour in Absence than after Death. They should be not dishonour'd by their Levities the instant they return, and be laugh'd at by empty Tops, who will not fail to turn into Ridicule the good Man who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good Company.

I am,  
SIR,  
your most Obedient  
Humble Servant

All Strictness of Behaviour is so unmercifully laugh'd at in our Age, that the other much worse Extreme is the more common Fault. But let any Woman consider which of the two Offences an Husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining, than she could to please Company, or raising the Desires of the whole Room to his disadvantage, and she will easily be able to form her Conduct. We have indeed carry'd Women's Characters too much into publick Life, and you shall see them now a days affect a sort of Quack, but I can not help venturing to disoblige them for their Service, by telling them, that the utmost of a Woman's Character is contain'd in Domestic Life, she is blamable or praiseworthy according as her Carriage affects the House of her Father or her Husband. All she has to do in this World, is contain'd within the Duties of a Daughter, a Sister, a Wife, and a Mother. All these may be well performed, tho' a Lady should not be the very finest Woman in an Opera or an Assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of Wit, a plain Dress, and a modest Air. But when the very Brains of the Sex are turn'd, and they place their Ambition on Circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but as it frequently does, in their placing, all their Industry, Pleasure, and Ambition on things, which will naturally make the Grati-

cations of Life last, at best, no longer than Youth and good Fortune? And when we consider the least ill Consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own Condition 75 Years advance, with a disrelish of Life, and falling into Contempt of their own Persons, or being the Derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than in additional Part of the Species, (for their own Happiness and Comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their Ambition to excell will be directed accordingly, and they will in no part of their Lives want Opportunities of being shining Ornaments to their Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, or Children

passes into the Body of another Man, or of some Brute, which he resembled in his Humour, or his Fortune, when he was one of us

As I was wondering what this profusion of Learning would end in, WILL told us that *Jack Freeloze*, who was a Fellow of Whim, made Love to one of those Ladies who throw away all their Fondness [on] Parrots, Monkeys, and Lap-dogs Upon going to pay her a Visit one Morning, he writ a very pretty Epistle upon this Hint *Jack*, says he, was conducted into the Parlour, where he dived himself for some time with her favourite Monkey, which was chained in one of the Windows, till at length observing a Pen and Ink lie by him, he writ the following Letter to his Mistress, in the Person of the Monkey, and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the Window, and went about his Business

The Lady soon after coming into the Parlour, and seeing her Monkey look upon a Paper with great Earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says WILL, whether it was written by *Jack* or the Monkey

No 343] Thursday, April 3, 1712 [Addison

—Errat et illic

*Hinc venit, hinc illic, et quoslibet occupat artus  
Spiritus æque feris humana in corpora transit,  
Inque feras noster*—— Pythag ap Ov

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little Learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the Club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the Transmigration of Souls, and that the Eastern Parts of the World believed in that Doctrine to this day Sir Paul Rycaut,\* says he, gives us an Account of several well disposed Mahometans that purchase the Freedom of any little Bird they see confined to a Cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our Countrymen from their Captivity at *Algiers* You must know, says WILL, the Reason is, because they consider every Animal as a Brother or Sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their Charity to them, tho' under such mean Circumstances. They'll tell you, says WILL, that the Soul of a Man, when he dies, immediately

Madam,

'Not having the Gift of Speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an Opportunity of making myself known to you, and having at present the Conveniences of Pen, Ink, and Paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my History in Writing, which I could not do by word of Mouth You must know, Madam, that about a thousand Years ago I was an *Indian Brachman*, and versed in all those mysterious Secrets which your *European* Philosopher, called *Pythagoras*, is said to have learned from our Fraternity I had so ingratiated my self by my great Skill in the occult Sciences with a *Dæmon* whom I used to consult with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him I desire that my Soul might never pass into the Body of a brute Creature, but this he told me was not in his Power to grant me I then begged that into whatever Creature I should chance to Transmigrate, I might still retain my Memory, and be conscious that I was the same Person who lived in different Animals This he told me was within his Power, and accordingly promised on the word of a *Dæmon* that he would grant me what I desired From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made President of a College of *Brachmans*, an Office which I discharged with great Integrity till the day of my Death

'I was then shuffled into another Human Body, and acted my Part so very well in it, that I became first Minister to a Prince who reigned upon the Banks of the *Ganges* I here lived in great Honour for several Years, but by degrees lost all the Innocence of the *Brachman*, being obliged to rifle and oppress the People to enrich my Sovereign till at length I became so odious that my Master, to recover his Credit with his Subjects, shot me thro' the Heart with an Arrow, as I was one day addressing my self to him at the Head of his Army

\* Sir Paul Rycaut, the son of a London merchant, after an education at Trinity College, Cambridge, went in 1661 to Constantinople as Secretary to the Embassy He published in 1668 his 'Present State of the Ottoman Empire,' in three Books, and in 1670 the work here quoted, 'A Particular Description of the Mahometan Religion, the Seraglio, the Maritime and Land Forces of Turkey,' abridged in 1701 in Savage's History of the Turks, and translated into French by Besnier in 1707 Consul afterwards at Smyrna, he wrote by command of Charles II a book on 'The Present State of the Greek and American Churches,' published 1679 After his return from the East he was made Privy Councillor and Judge of the High Court of Admiralty He was knighted by James II, and one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society He published between 1687 and 1700, the year of his death, Knolles's History of the Turks, with a continuation of his own, and also translated Pithua's Lives of the Popes and Garcilaso de la Vega's History of Peru

'Upon my next remove I found my self in the Woods, under the shape of a Jack all, and soon listed my self in the Service of a Lion. I used to yelp near his Den about midnight, which was his time of roaring and seeking after his Prey. He always followed me in the Rear, and when I had run down a fat Buck, a wild Goat, or an Hare, after he had served very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a Bone that was but half picked for my Encouragement but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three Chases, he gave me such a confounded Grape in his Anger, that I died of it.

'In my next Transmigration I was again set upon two Legs, and became an *Indian Traveller* but having been guilty of great Extravagances, and being marry'd to an expensive Jade of a Wife, I run so curiously in debt, that I durst not shew my Head. I could no sooner step out of my House, but I was arrested by some body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventur'd abroad one Night in the Dusk of the Evening, I was taken up and hurry'd into a Dungeon, where I died a few Months after.

'My Soul then enter'd into a Flying Fish, and in that State led a most melancholy Life for the space of six Years. Several Fishes of Prey pursued me when I was in the Water, and if I took my self to my Wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of Birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of *English Ships*, I observed a huge Sea Gull whetting his Bill and hovering just over my Head. Upon my dipping into the Water to avoid him, I fell into the Mouth of a monstrous Shark that swallow'd me down in an instant.

'I was some Years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent Banker in *London street*, and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of Money, became so very sordid and avaritious, that the whole Town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old Fellow to look upon, for I had in my manner starved my self, and was nothing but Skin and Bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find my self dwindled into an Emmet, a Figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a Mite if I did not mend my Manners. I therefore applied my self with great diligence to the Offices that were allotted me, and was generally look'd upon as the noblest Ant in the whole Molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a Burden, by an unlucky Coal Sparrow that lived in the Neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our Commonwealth.

'I then better'd my Condition a little, and lived a whole Summer in the Shape of a Bee but being tired with the painful and penurious Life I had undergone in my two last Transmigrations, I fell into the other Extrem, and turned Drone. As I one day headed a Party to plunder an Hive, we were received so warmly by the Swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the Spot.

'I might tell you of many other Transmigrations which I went thro' how I was a Town-

Rake, and afterwards did Penitence in a Bay. Gelding for ten Years is also how I was a Taylor, a Shrimp, and a Tom tit. In the last of these my Shapes I was shot in the *Christmas Holidays* by a young Jack a napes, who would needs try his new Gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and other several Strages of Life, to remind you of the young Beau who made love to you about Six Years since. You may remember, Madam, how he nrisled, and danced, and sung, and play'd a thousand Tricks to gain you, and how he was at last carry'd off by a Cold that he got under your Window one Night in a Scremde. I was that unfortunate young Fellow, whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky Body, I found myself upon a Hill in *Altopia*, where I lived in my present Grotesque Shape, till I was caught by a Servant of the *English Factory*, and sent over into *Gnat Britain*. I need not inform you how I came into your Hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a Chain. I am, however, very happy in this my Captivity, as you often bestow on me those Kisses and Caresses which I would have given the World for, when I was a Man. I hope this Discovery of my Person will not tend to my Disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed Favours to

Your most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Pugg

P. S. 'I would advise your little Shock-dog to keep out of my way for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my Rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a Snap as he won't like.

No 344 ] Friday, April 4, 1712

[ Steele

—In solo virendi causa palato est—Jun

MR SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your Way to discourse on little Ambition, or the many whimsical Ways Men fall into, to distinguish themselves among their Acquaintance. Such Observations, well pursued, would make a pretty History of low Life. I myself am got into a great Reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary Occurrences in a Man's Life seem to do) from a mere Accident. I was some Days ago unfortunately engaged among a Set of Gentlemen, who esteem a Man according to the Quantity of Food he throws down at a Meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing my self according to the Notions of Superintendence, the rest of the Company entertain, ate so immoderately for their Applause, as had life to have cost me my Life. What added to my Misfortune was, that having naturally a good Stomach, and having lived soberly for some time, my Body was as well prepared for this Contention as if it had been by Appointment. I had

'quickly vanquished every Glutton in Company but one, who was such a Prodigy in his Way, and withal so very merry during the whole Entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his Competitor, which in a little time concluded in a complete Victory over my Rival after which, by Way of Insult, I took a considerable Proportion beyond what the Spectators thought me obliged in Honour to do. The Effect however of this Engagement, has made me resolve never to exert more for Renown and I have, pursuant to this Resolution, compounded three Wagers I had depending on the Strength of my Stomach, which happened very luckily, because it was stipulated in our Articles either to play or pay. How a Man of common Sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine, but the Occasion of this, is to desire you to inform several Gluttons of my Acquaintance, who took on me with Envy, that they had best moderate their Ambition in time, lest Infamy or Death attend their Success. I forgot to tell you, Sir, with what insuperable Pleasure I received the Acclamations and Applause of the whole Board, when I had almost cut my Antagonist into Convulsions. It was then that I returned his Mirth upon him with such success as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a Desire of Fame, and a passionate Fondness for Distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the Company been so loud in their Approbation of my Victory. I don't question but the same Thirst after Glory has often caused a Man to drink Quarts without taking Breath, and prompted Men to many other difficult Enterprises, which if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a Man's Advantage. This Ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued, however I can't help observing, that you hardly ever see a Man commended for a good Stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (tho' he had before dined) as well to confirm the Person that commended him in his good Opinion of him, as to convince any other at the Table, who may have been unattentive enough not to have done Justice to his Character.

*I am, Sir,  
Your most humble Servant,  
Epimure Munition*

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I have writ to you three or four times to desire you would take notice of an impertinent Custom the Women, the fine Women, have lately fallen into, of taking Snuff.' Thus silly

<sup>2</sup> Charles Lillie, the perfumer, from whose shop at the corner of Beaufort Buildings the original Spectators were distributed, left behind him a book of receipts and observations, 'The British Perfumer, Snuff Manufacturer, and Colourman's Guide,' of which the MS was sold with his business, but which remained unpublished until 1822. He opens his Part III 'on Snuffs' with an account of the Origin of Snuff-taking in England, the practice being one that had become fashionable in his day, and only about eight years before

'Trick' is attended with such a Coquet Air in some Ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of, but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs Sauter is so imprudent of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does Salt at Meals and as she reflects a wonderful Peace and Negligence in all her manner, in upper lip mixed with Snuff and the Snuff, is what is presented to the Observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty Creature her Neice does all she can to be as disagreeable as her Aunt, and if she is not as offensive to the Eye she is quite as much to the Ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident Air, by a nauseous Rattle of the Nose, when the Snuff is delivered, and the Fingers make the Stops and Claws on the Nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly Image in speaking of Ladies that is very true but where rises the Offence? Is

the appearance of the *Spectator*. It dates from Sir George Rooke's expedition against Cadix in 1702. Before that time snuff-taking in England was confined to a few luxurious foreigners and English who had travelled abroad. They took their snuff with pipes of the size of quills out of small spring boxes. The pipes let out a very small quantity upon the bowl of the hand, and thus was snuffed up the nostrils with the intention of producing a sneeze which, says Lillie, 'I need not say forms now no part of the design or rather fashion of snuff-taking,' least of all in the ladies who took part in this method of snuffing defiance at the public enemy. When the fleet, after the failure of its enterprise against Cadix proceeded to cut off the French ships in Vigo Bay, on the way it plundered Port St Mary and adjacent places, where, among other merchandize, seizure was made of several thousand barrels and casks, each containing four tin canisters of snuffs of the best growth and finest Spanish manufacture. At Vigo, among the merchandize taken from the shipping there destroyed, were prodigious quantities of gross snuff, from the Havannah, in bales, bags, and scrowes (unwashed buffalo hides, used with the hairy side inwards, for making pelices), which were designed for manufacture in different parts of Spain. Altogether fifty tons of snuff were brought home as part of the prize of the officers and sailors of the fleet. Of the coarse snuff, called Vigo snuff, the sailors, among whom it was shared, sold wagon loads at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, for not more than three pence or four pence a pound. The greater part of it was bought up by Spanish Jews, to their own very considerable profit. The fine snuff taken at Port St Mary, and divided among the officers, were sold by some of them at once for a small price, while others held their stocks and, as the snuff so taken became popular and gave a pittoic impulse to the introduction of a fashion which had hitherto been almost confined to foreigners, they got very high prices for it. These accounts for the fact that the ladies too had added the use of the perfumed snuff box to their other fashionable accomplishments.

*For I that day was absent, as beſel,  
Bound on a Voyage uncoſtly and obſcure,  
Far on Excursion towards the Gates of Hell,  
Squad in full Legion (ſuch Command we had)  
To ſee that none thence iſſued forth a Spy,  
Or Enemy, while God was in his World,  
Leſt he, means'd at ſuch Eruption bold,  
Deſtruction with Creation might have mix'd*

There is no queſtion but our Poet drew the Image in what follows from that in *Virgil's* ſixth Book, where *Aeneas* and the Sibyl ſtand before the Adamantine Gates, which are there deſcribed as ſhut upon the Place of Torments, and liſten to the Groans, the Clank of Chains, and the Noiſe of Iron Whips, that were heard in thoſe Regions of Pain and Sorrow

*—Fast we found, faſt ſhut  
The diſmal Gates, and barricado'd ſtrong,  
But long ere our Approaching heard within  
Noiſe, other than the Sound of Dance or Song,  
Torment, and loud Lament, and furious Rage*

*Adam* then proceeds to give an account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation. How agreeably does he repreſent the Poſture in which he found himſelf, the beautiful Landſhip that ſurrounded him, and the Gladneſs of Heart which grew up in him on that occaſion?

*—As we waked from ſoundeſt Sleep,  
Soft on the ſtew'ry Herb I found me laid  
In balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun  
Soon dried, and on the reeking Moisture ſet  
Straight towards Heaven my round'ring Eyes I turn'd,*

*And gaz'd awhile the ample Skj, till rais'd  
By quick inſtructive Motion, up I ſprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my Feet. About me round I ſaw  
Hill, Dale, and ſhady Woods, and ſunny Plains,  
And liquid lapſe of num'ring Streams, by theſe*

*Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or  
flew,  
Birds on the Branches warbling, all things  
smil'd  
With Fragrance, and with Joy my Heart o'er-  
flow'd*

*Adam* is afterwards deſcrib'd as ſurprized at his own Exiſtence, and taking a Survey of himſelf, and of all the Works of Nature. He likewiſe is repreſented as diſcovering by the Light of Reaſon, that he and every thing about him muſt have been the Effect of ſome Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his Worſhip and Adoration. His firſt Addreſs to the Sun, and to thoſe Parts of the Creation which made the moſt diſtinguiſhed Figure is very natural and amusing to the Imagination

*—Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair Light,  
And thou enlighten'd Earth, ſo freſh and gay,  
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods and  
Plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,  
Tell if you ſaw, how came I thus, how here?*

His next Sentiment, when upon his firſt going to ſleep he ſancies himſelf loſing his Exiſtence, and falling away into nothing, can never be ſufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he ſtill preſerves the Conſciouſneſs of his Exiſtence, together with his removal into the Garden which was prepared for his Reception, are alſo Circumſtances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in Sacred Story

Theſe and the like wonderful Incidents in this Part of the Work, have in them all the Beauties of Novelty, at the ſame time that they have all the Graces of Nature. They are ſuch as none but a great Genius could have thought of, tho', upon the peruſal of them, they ſeem to riſe of themſelves from the Subject of which he treats. In a word, tho' they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true Character of all fine Writing

The Impreſſion which the Interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the Mind of our firſt Parent, is deſcrib'd with great Strength and Judgment, as the Image of the ſeveral Beaſts and Birds paſſing in review before him is very beautiful and lively

*—Each Bird and Beaſt behold  
Approaching two and two, theſe cowering low  
With Blandiſhment, each Bird ſtoop'd on his  
Wing  
I nam'd them as they paſs'd—*

*Adam*, in the next place, deſcribes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude. The Poet here repreſents the ſupreme Being, as making an Eſſay of his own Work, and putting to the trial that reaſoning Faculty, with which he had endued his Creature. *Adam* urges, in this Divine Colloquy, the Impoſſibility of his being happy, tho' he was the Inhabitant of *Paradiſe*, and Lord of the whole Creation, without the Converſation and Society of ſome rational Creature, who ſhould partake thoſe Bleſſings with him. This Dialogue, which is ſupported chiefly by the Beauty of the Thoughts, without other poetical Ornaments, is as fine a Part as any in the whole Poem. The more the Reader examines the Juſtneſs and Delicacy of its Sentiments, the more he will find himſelf pleaſed with it. The Poet has wonderfully preſerved the Character of Majesty and Condeſcenſion in the Creator, and at the ſame time that of Humility and Adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following Lines

*Thus I preſumptuous, and the Viſion bright,  
As with a Smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd,  
&c*

*—I, with leave of Speech implo'r'd  
And humble Deprecation, thus reply'd  
Let not my Words offend thee Heavenly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak, &c*

*Adam* then proceeds to give an account of his ſecond Sleep, and of the Dream in which he beheld the Formation of *Eve*. The new Paſſion that was awaken'd in him at the ſight of her, is touch'd very finely

redue'd his Fortune below the Capacity of acting according to his natural Temper, than to say of him, *That Gentleman was generous*. My beloved Author therefore has, in the Sentence on the Top of my Paper, turn'd his Eye with a certain Satire from beholding the Addresses to the People by Largees and publick Entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the Circumstances of Time and a Man's own Fortune. A constant Benignity in Commerce with the rest of the World, which ought to run through all a Man's Actions has Effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in your self. He turns his Recommendation of this Virtue in commercial Life and according to him a Citizen who is frank in his Kindnesses, and abhors Severity in his Demands. He who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good Neighbourhood, is just and easy he who appears naturally averse to Disputes, and above the Sense of little Sufferings, bears a nobler Character, and does much more good to Mankind, than any other Man's Fortune without Commerce can possibly support. For the Citizen above all other Men has Opportunities of arriving at that highest Fruit of Wealth, to be liberal without the least Expence of a Man's own Fortune. It is not to be denied but such a Practice is liable to hazard but this therefore adds to the Obligation, that, among Traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the Favour a Secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy Distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the Intercourse of commercial Friendship, (with which I am duly made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous Man so many Enemies of the contrary Party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of *Tom the Bounteous*, who lends at the ordinary Interest, to give Men of less Fortune Opportunities of making greater Advantages. He conceals, under a rough Air and distant Behaviour, a bleeding Compassion and womanish Tenderness. This is governed by the most exact Circumspection, that there is no Industry wanting in the Person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper Expences. This I know of *Tom*, but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same Care I was forced to use some time ago in the Report of another's Virtue, and said fifty instead of a hundred, because the Man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious for every Man of ordinary Circumstances looks upon a Man who has this known Benignity in his Nature, as a Person ready to be his Friend upon such Terms as he ought to expect it, and the Wealthy, who may envy such a Character, can do no Injury to its Interests but by the Imitation of it, in which the good Citizens will rejoice to be rivall'd. I know not how to form to myself a greater Idea of Humane Life, than in what is the Practice of some wealthy Men whom I could name, that make no step to the Improvement of their own Fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other Men, who would languish in Poverty without that Munificence. In a Nation where there are so many publick Funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good Subject, who does

not embark some part of his Fortune with the State, to whose Vigilance he owes the Security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an Obligation upon many, and extending his Benignity the furthest a Man can possibly, who is not engaged in Commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the State some part of this sort of Credit he gives his Banker, may in all the Occurrences of his Life have his Eye upon removing Writ from the Door of the Industrious, and defending the unhappy upright Man from Bankruptcy. Without this Benignity, Pride or Vengeance will precipitate a Man to elude the Receipt of half his Demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shewn Mercy. This Benignity is essential to the Character of a fair Trader, and any Man who designs to enjoy his Wealth with Honour and Self Satisfaction. Nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the Practice of supporting good and industrious Men, would carry a Man further even to his Profit, than indulging the Propensity of serving and obliging the Fortune. My Author argues on this Subject, in order to incline Men's Minds to those who want them most, after this manner, *We must always consider the Nature of things, and govern our selves accordingly. The wealthy Man, when he has repaid you, is upon a Ballance with you, but the Person whom you favour'd with a Loan, if he be a good Man, will think himself in your Debt after he has paid you. The Wealthy and the Conspicuous are not obliged by the Benefit you do them, they think they confer a Benefit when they receive one. Your good Offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their Favour as to receive it. But the Man below you, who knows in the Good you have done him, you respected himself more than his Circumstances, does not act like an obliged Man, only to him from whom he has received a Benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little Offices he can do for you, he is so far from agnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his Actions and Expressions. Moreover, the Regard to what you do to a great Man, at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his Family, but what you do to a Man of an humble Fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest Man) raises the Affections towards you of all Men of that Character (of which there are many) in the whole City.*

There is nothing gains a Reputation to a Preacher so much as his own Practice, I am therefore casting about what Act of Bnignity is in the Power of a SPECTATOR. Alas, that lies but in a very narrow compass, and I think the most immediate under my Patronage, are either Pityers, or such whose Circumstances bear an Affinity with theirs. All therefore I am able to do at this time of this Kind, is to tell the Town that on Friday the 21th of this Instant April, there will be perform'd in *York-Buildings* a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Music, for the Benefit of Mr *Edward Keen*, the Father of twenty Children, and that this Day the haughty *George Powell* hopes all the good natured part of the Town will favour him, whom they Applauded

in *Alexander, Timon, Icar, and Orestes*, with their Company this Night, when he hazards all his heroic Glory for their Approbation in the humble Condition of honest *Jack Falstaff* 1

No 347] Tuesday, April 8, 1711 [Budge]ll

*Quis furor & Crues! qua tan'a licentia ferri!*  
Lucan

I DO not question but my Country Readers I have been very much surprized at the several Accounts they have met with in our publick Papers of that Species of Men among us, lately known by the Name of *Mohocks*. I find the Opinions of the Learned, as to their Origin and Designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such Society of Men. The Terror which spread it self over the whole Nation some Years since, on account of the *Irish*, is still fresh in most Peoples Memories, tho' it afterwards appeared there was not the least Ground for this general Conspiration.

The late Patrick Icar was, in the Opinion of many deep and penetrating Persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the *Mohocks* are like those Spectres and Apparitions which frighten several Towns and Villages in her Majesty's Dominions, tho' they were never seen by any of the Inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these *Mohocks* are a kind of Bull Beggars, first invented by prudent married Men and Masters of Families, in order to deter their Wives and Daughters from taking the Air at unseasonable Hours, and that when they tell them the *Mohocks* will catch them, it is a Caution of the same nature with that of our Fore fathers, when they bid their Children have a care of *Rat-cul* and *Bloody bones*.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much Reason for that great Alarm the whole City has been in upon this Occasion. tho' at the same time I must own that I am in some doubt whether the following Pieces are Genuine and Authentick, and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the Name by which the Emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the *Indian* Orthography.

I shall only further inform my Readers, that it was some time since I recen'd the following Letter and Manifesto, tho' for particular Reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

To the SPECTATOR

SIA,

Finding that our earnest Endeavours for the Good of Mankind have been barely and maliciously represented to the World, we send you enclosed our Imperial Manifesto, which it is our Will and Pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the Publick, by inserting it in your next daily Paper. We do not doubt of your ready Compliance in this Particular, and therefore bid you heartily Farewell.

Sign'd,  
Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,  
Emperor of the Mohocks

The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor of the Mohocks

Whereas we have received Information from sundry Quarters of this great and populous City, of several Outrages committed on the Legs, Arms, Noes, and other Parts of the good People of England, by such as have stak'd themselves our Subjects, in order to vindicate our Imperial Dignity from those false Aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we our selves might have encouraged or abetted any such Practices we have, by these Presents, thought fit to signify our utmost Abhorrence and Detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular Proceedings, and do hereby further give notice, that if any Person or Persons has or have suffered any Wound, Hurt, Damage or Detriment in his or their Limb or Limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said Person or Persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the Inspection and Redress of the Grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the Care of our principal Surgeon, and be cured at our own Expence, in some one or other of those Hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

And to the end that no one may, either through Ignorance or Inadvertency, incur those Penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on Persons of loose and dissolute Lives, we do hereby notify to the Publick, that if any Man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful Business, at proper Hours, that it is not done by our Order, and we do hereby permit and allow any such person so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

We do also command all and every our good Subjects, that they do not presume, upon any Pretext whatsoever, to issue and rally forth from their respective Quarters till between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve. That they never *Tif the Lion* upon Man, Woman or Child, till the Clock at *St. Distan's* shall have struck One.

That the *Sweat* be never given but between the Hours of One and Two always provided, that our *Hunters* may begin to *Hunt* a little after the Close of the Evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the Necessity of *Pinning*, it shall always be in the most fleshy Parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

It is also our Imperial Will and Pleasure, that our good Subjects the *Sweaters* do establish their *Hummums* in such close Places, Alleys, Nooks, and Corners, that the Patient or Patients may not be in danger of catching Cold.

That the *Tumblers*, to whose Care we chiefly commit the Female Sex, confine themselves to *Drury Lane* and the Parterre of the *Terrible*, and that every other Party and Division of our Subjects do each of them keep within the respective Quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall

1 Turkish Sweating Baths. The Hummums in Covent Garden is one of the first of these baths (bagmots) set up in England

'in any wise be construed to extend to the  
'Hunters, who have our full Licence and Per-  
'mission to enter into any Part of the Town  
'where ever their Game shall lead them

'And whereas we have nothing more at our  
'Imperial Heart than the Reformation of the  
'Cities of London and Westminster, which to  
'our unspeakable Satisfaction we have in some  
'measure already effected, we do hereby earn-  
'estly pray and exhort all Husbands, Fathers,  
'Housekeepers and Masters of Families, in either  
'of the foresaid Cities, not only to repair them-  
'selves to their respective Habitations at early  
'and seasonable Hours, but also to keep their  
'Wives and Daughters, Sons, Servants, and  
'Apprentices, from appearing in the Streets at  
'those Times and Seasons which may expose  
'them to a military Discipline, as it is practised  
'by our good Subjects the *Mahocks*: and we do  
'further promise, on our Imperial Word, that as  
'soon as the Reformation aforesaid shall be  
'brought about, we will forthwith cease all Hos-  
'tilities to cease

*Given from our Court at the Devil  
Tavern, March 15, 1712*

X

No 348 ] Wednesday, April 9, 1712 [Steele

*Invidiam placare parvas virtute relictam*—Hor

MY SPECTATOR,

I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the  
Places where I visit, so that I am afraid you  
are wholly unacquainted with what passes among  
my part of the World, who are, tho' I say it,  
without Controversy, the most accomplished and  
beloved of the Town. Give me leave to tell  
you, that I am extremely discomposed when I  
hear Scandal, and am an utter Enemy to all  
manner of Detraction, and think it the greatest  
Manness that People of Distinction can be  
guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to  
come into Company, where you do not find them  
pulling one another to pieces, and that from no  
other Provocation but that of hearing any one  
commended. Merit, both as to Wit and Beauty,  
is become no other than the Possession of a few  
trifling People's Favour, which you cannot pos-  
sibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in  
you that is deserving. What they would bring  
to pass, is, to make all Good and Evil consist in  
Report, and with Whispers, Calumnies and  
Impertinencies, to have the Conduct of those  
Reports. By this means Innocents are blasted  
upon their first Appearance in Town and there  
is nothing more required to make a young  
Woman the object of Envy and Hatred, than to  
deserve Love and Admiration. This abominable  
Endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing  
that is praise worthy, is as frequent among the  
Men as the Women. If I can remember what  
passed at a Visit last Night, it will serve as an  
Instance that the Sexes are equally inclined to  
Defamation, with equal Malice, with equal  
Impudence. *Jack Triplett* came into my Lady  
*Arty's* about Light of [the] Clock. You know

the manner we sit at a Visit, and I need not  
describe the Circle but Mr *Triplett* came in,  
introduced by two Tapers, supported by a spruce  
Servant, whose Hair is under a Cap till my  
Lady's Candles are all lighted up, and the Hour  
of Ceremony begins. I say, *Jack Triplett*  
came in, and singing (for he is really good Con-  
pany) '*Faery Queen, Charming Creature*,  
— he went on, *It is a most unreasonable*  
*thing that People cannot go peaceably to see their*  
*ends, if these Murderers are let loose. Such*  
*a Shape! such an Air! what a Glance! was that*  
*as her Chariot pass'd by mine—* My Lady  
herself interrupted him, *Pray who is this fine*  
*thing—* I warrant, says another, 'tis the  
*'Creature I was telling your Ladyship of just*  
*now. You were telling of!* says *Jack*, *I wish*  
*I had been so happy as to have come in and*  
*heard you, for I have not Words to say what*  
*she is.* But if an agreeable Height, a modest  
Air, a Virgin Shame, and Impudence of being  
beheld, amidst a Blaze of ten thousand Charms  
— The whole Room flew out— Oh Mr  
*Triplett!*— When Mrs. *Lofty*, a non-natural  
said she believed she knew whom the Gentleman  
meant, but she was indeed, as he civilly repre-  
sented her, impatient of being beheld— Then  
turning to the Lady next to her— *The most*  
*unbr'd Creature you ever saw.* Another pursued  
the Discourse. As unbr'd, Madam, as you  
may think her, she is extremely bely'd if she is  
the Novice she appears, she was last Week at a  
Ball till two in the Morning. Mr *Triplett*  
inquires whether he was the happy Man that took  
Care of her home, but— This was followed  
by some particular Exception that each Woman  
in the Room made to some peculiar Grace or  
Advantage so that Mr *Triplett* was benten  
from one Limb and Feature to another, till he  
was forced to resign the whole Woman. In the  
end I took notice *Triplett* recorded all this  
Malice in his Heart, and saw in his Countenance,  
and a certain waggish Shrug, that he design'd to  
repeat the Conversation I therefore let the  
Discourse die, and soon after took an Occasion  
to commend a certain Gentleman of my Acquaint-  
ance for a Person of singular Modesty, Courage,  
Integrity, and withal as a Man of an entertaining  
Conversation, to which Advantages he had a  
Shape and Manner peculiarly graceful. Mr  
*Triplett*, who is a Woman's Man, seem'd to hear  
me with Patience enough commend the Qualities  
of his Mind. He never heard indeed but that  
he was a very honest Man, and no Fool but for  
a fine Gentleman, he must ask Pardon. Upon  
no other Foundation than this, Mr *Triplett* took  
occasion to give the Gentleman's Praise, by  
what Method some part of the Estate was  
acquired, how much it was beholden to a Mar-  
riage for the present Circumstances of it. After  
all, he could see nothing but a common Man in  
his Person, his Breeding or Understanding.  
Thus, Mr SPECTATOR, this impertinent Hu-  
mour of diminishing every one who is produced  
in Conversation to their Advantage runs thro'  
the World, and I am, I confess, so fearful of  
the Force of all Tongues, that I have begged of  
all those who are my Well-wishers never to com-



'mend me, for it will but bring my Faults into Examination, and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed Perfections. I am confident a thousand young People, who would have been Ornaments to Society, have, from Fear of Scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite Arts of Life. Their Lives have passed away in odious Rusticity, in spite of great Advantages of Person, Genius and Fortune. There is a vicious Error of being blam'd in some well-mind'd People, and a wicked Pleasure in suppressing them in others: both which I recommend to your Spectatorial Wisdom to remedy: and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the Town, but new Toasts will owe to you the Beauty, and new Wits their Fame. I am,

SIR,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

R. MARY

No 349] Thursday, April 10, 1712 [1st Issue]

Quos ille tuorum

Maximus haud urget lethi meum: unde ruendi  
In ferrum ei s' proci auras, aurumque capaces  
Alotis. — Lucan

I AM very much pleas'd with a Consolatory Letter of *Plutarch*, to one who had lost a Son that was a young Man of great Merit. The Thought with which he comforts the afflicted Father, is, to the best of my Memory, as follows. That he should consider Death had set a kind of Seal upon his Son's Character, and placed him out of the Reach of Vice and Infamy. That while he liv'd he was still within the Possibility of falling away from Virtue, and losing the Fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a Man's Reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

Thus, among other Motives, may be one Reason why we are naturally averse to the fading out into a Man's Praise till his Heart is lodg'd in the Dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forc'd to retract our Opinions. We may forfeit the Esteem we have conceiv'd of him and some time or other appear to us under a different Light from what he does at present. In short, as the Life of any Man cannot be call'd happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the Conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that *Epaminondas*, being ask'd whether *Chabrias*, *Sphurates*, or he himself, deserv'd most to be esteem'd? You must first see us die, said he, before that Question can be answer'd.

As there is not a more melancholy Consideration to a good Man than his being obnoxious to such a Change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up in Uniformity in his Actions, and preserve the Beauty of his Character to the last.

The End of a Man's Life is often compar'd to

the winding up of a well-written Play, where the principal Persons still act in Character, whatever the Part is which they undergo. There is scarce a great Person in the *Grecian* or *Roman* History, whose Death has not been remark'd upon by some Writer or other, and censur'd or applauded according to the Genius or Principles of the Person who he is descant'd on it. *Monsieur de St. Evremont* is very particular in setting forth the Constancy and Courage of *Petrus Arduus* during his last Moments, and thins he discovers in them a greater Firmness of Mind and Resolution than in the Death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no question but this polite Author's Affection of appearing singular in his Remarks, and making Discoveries which had escap'd the Observation of others, threw him into this course of Reflection. It was *Petrus* is a Merit, that he died in the same Guety of Temper in which he liv'd. But as his Life was altogether loose and dissolute, the Indifference which he shew'd at the Close of it is to be look'd upon as a piece of natural Carelessness and Levity, rather than Fortitude. The Resolution of *Socrates* proceed'd from very different Motives, the Consciousness of a well spent Life, and the prospect of a happy Eternity. If the ingenious Author above mentioned was so pleas'd with Guety of Humour in a dying Man, he might have found a much nobler Instance of it in our Countryman Sir *Thomas More*.

This great and learned Man was famous for enlivening his ordinary Discourses with Wit and Pleasantry, and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an Epistle Dedicatory, acted in all parts of Life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a Point of Religion, and is respect'd as a Martyr by that Side for which he suffer'd. That innocent Mirth which had been so conspicuous in his Life did not forsake him to the last. He maintain'd the same Cheerfulness of Heart upon the Scaffold, which he us'd to shew at his Table, and upon trying his Head on the Block, gave Instances of that Good-Humour with which he had always entertain'd his Friends in the most ordinary Occurrences. His Death was of a piece with his Life. There was nothing in it new, forc'd or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his Head from his Body as a Circumstance that ought to produce any Change in the Disposition of his Mind: and as he died under a fixed and settled Hope of Immortality, he thought any unusual degree of Sorrow and Concern improper on such an Occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of Imitation from this Example. Men's natural Fears will be a sufficient Guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was Philosophy in this extraordinary Man, would be Frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the Cheerfulness of his Temper, as in the Simplicity of his Life and Manners.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Instance of a Person who seems to me to have shewn more Intrepidity and Greatness of Soul in his dying Moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this Instance in the History of the Re-

\* *Plutarch's* Life of *Epaminondas*

volutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot de Vertot<sup>1</sup>

When Don Sebastian, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the Territories of *Muly Mohic*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Mohic* was warring with a Distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive Battle was given, but knowing the fatal Consequences that would happen to his Children and People, in case he should die before he put an end to that War, he commanded his principal Officers that if he died during the Engagement, they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they should ride up to the Litter in which his Corpse was carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him as usual. Before the Battle began, he was carried through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their Religion and Country. Finding afterwards the Battle to go against him, tho' he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge, which afterwards ended in a complete Victory on the side of the *Moor*s. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where lying his finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture. L

No 330 ] Friday, April 11, 1712 [Steele

*Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si  
Justitia vocat pugnaque pro suis commodis,  
in vultu est*—Tull

CAPTAIN SENTREY was last Night at the Club, and produced a Letter from *Ipswich*, in which his Correspondent desired him to communicate to his Friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an Account of an Engagement between a French Privateer, commanded by one *Donnick Pottiere*, and a little Vessel of that Place laden with Corn, the Master whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The *Englishman* defended himself with incredible Bravery, and beat off the *French*, after having been boarded three or four times. The Enemy still came on with greater Fury, and

hoped by his Number of Men to carry the Prize, till at last the *Englishman* finding himself unprepared, and ready to perish, struck. But the Effect which this singular Gallantry had upon the Captain of the Privateer, was no other than an unmanly Desire of Vengeance for the Loss he had sustained in his several Attacks. He told the *Ipswich* Man in a speaking-Trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he desired to see him sink. The *Englishman* at the same time observed a Disorder in the Vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the Disorder in which the Ship's Crew had of their Captain's Intimacy. With this Hope he went into his Boat, and approached the Enemy. He was taken in by the Sailors in spite of their Commanders, but though they received him against his Command, they treated him when he was in the Ship in the manner he directed. *Pottiere* caused his Men to hold *Goodwin*, while he beat him with a Stick till he fainted with Loss of Blood, and Rage of Heart, after which he ordered him into Irons without allowing him any Food, but such as one or two of the Men stole to him under peril of the like Usage. After having kept him several Days overwhelmed with the Misery of Stench, Hunger, and Soreness, he brought him into *Calais*. The Governor of the Place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed *Pottiere* from his Charge with Ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the Relief which a Man of Honour would bestow upon an Enemy barbarously treated, to recover the Imputation of Cruelty upon his Prince and Country.

When Mr SENTREY had read his Letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the Barbarity, he fell into a sort of Criticism upon Magnanimity and Courage, and argued that they were inseparable and that Courage, without regard to Justice and Humanity, was no other than the Fierceness of a wild Beast. A good and truly bold Spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by Reason and a Sense of Honour and Duty. The Affection of such a Spirit exerts itself in an Impudent Aspect, an over-bearing Confidence, and a certain Negligence of giving Offence. This is visible in all the cooling Youths you see about this Town, who are noisy in Assemblies, unruffled by the Presence of wise and virtuous Men, in a word, insensible of all the Honours and Decencies of human Life. A shameless Fellow takes advantage of Merit clothed with Modesty and Magnanimity, and in the Eyes of little People appears sprightly and agreeable, while the Man of Resolution and true Gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a Propriety in all things and I believe what you Schoolers call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast Expression, may give you an Idea of what I mean, when I say Modesty is the certain Indication of a great Spirit, and Impudence the Affection of it. He that writes with Judgment, and never rises into improper Warmth, manifests the true Force of Genius. In like manner, he who is quiet and equal in all his Behaviour, is supported in that Deportment by what we may call true Courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave Man as the unthinking part of Mankind

<sup>1</sup> The Abbé Vertot—Renatus Aubert de Vertot d'Ambouf—was born in 1655, and living in the SPECTATOR's time. He died in 1735, aged 80. He had excommunicated out of the severe order of the Capuchins into that of the Præmonstratenses when, at the age of 34, he produced, in 1689, his first work, the History of the Revolutions of Portugal, here quoted. Continuing to write history, in 1701 he was made a member, and in 1705 a perpetual member, of the Académie des Inscriptions et belles Lettres.

imagine To dare, is not all that there is in it The Privater we were just now talking of, had Boldness enough to attack his Enemy but not Greatness of Mind enough to admire the same Quality exerted by that Enemy in defending him self This his base and little Mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the Prize, of which he failed and the damage done to his own Vessel and therefore he used an honest War, who defended his own from him, in the Manner as he would a Thief that should rob him

He was equally disappointed, and had not Spirit enough to consider that one Case would be Laudable and the other Criminal Malice, Rancour, Hatred, Vengeance, are what tear the Breasts of man Men in Fight but Fame, Glory, Conquests, Desires of Opportunities to pardon and oblige their Opposers are what glow in the Minds of the Gallant The Captain ended his Discourse with a Specimen of his Book-Learning and gave us to understand that he had read a French Author on the Subject of Juiness in point of Gallantry I love, said Mr SPARTAN, a Critick who mixes the Rules of Life with Annotations upon Writers My Author, added he, in his Discourse upon Epick Poem, takes occasion to speak of the same Quality of Courage driven in the two different Characters of *Turnus* and *Aeneas* He makes Courage the chief and greatest Ornament of *Turnus*, but in *Aeneas* there are many others which out shine it, amongst the rest that of Piety *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the Poet full of Ostentation, his Language haughty and vain glorious as placing his Honour in the Manifestation of his Valour *Aeneas* speaks little, is slow to Action, and shows only a sort of defensive Courage If Equipage and Address make *Turnus* appear more courageous than *Aeneas*, Conduct and Success prove *Aeneas* more valiant than *Turnus* T

No 351 ] Saturday, April 12, 1712 [Addison

*Ir te omis domus inclinata recurbit*—Virg

IF we look into the three great Heroick Poems which have appeared in the World, we may observe that they are built upon very slight Foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 Years after the Trojan War and, as the writing of History was not then in use among the *Greeks*, we may very well suppose that the Tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge tho' there is no question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable Adventures, as were still talked of among his Contemporaries

The Story of *Aeneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of Circumstances and by that means afforded him an Opportunity of embellishing it with Fiction, and giving a full range to his own Invention We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his Fable, the principal Particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Aeneas* his Voyage and Settlement in Italy The Reader may find an Abridgment of the

whole Story as collected out of the ancient Historians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionysius Halicarnassensis* 1

Since none of the Criticks have considered *Virgil's* Fable, with relation to this History of *Aeneas*, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this Light, so far as regards my present Purpose Whoever looks into the Abridgment above mentioned, will find that the Character of *Aeneas* is filled with Piety to the Gods, and a superstitious Observation of Prodigious, Oracles, and Predictions *Virgil* has not only preserved this Character in the Person of *Aeneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular Prophecies which he found recorded of him in History and Tradition The Poet took the matters of Fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that ludicrous Prophecy, which one of the *Harpyes* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third Book, namely, that before they had built their intended City, they should be reduced by Hunger to eat their very Tables But, when they hear that this was one of the Circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the History of *Aeneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it The Historian above mentioned acquainted us, a Prophetess had foretold *Aeneas* that he should take his Voyage Westward, till his Companions should eat their Tables and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their Flesh upon Cakes of Bread, for want of other Conveiences, they afterwards sat on the Cakes themselves upon which one of the Company said merrily, *We are eating our Tables* They immediately took the Hint, says the Historian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the History of *Aeneas* it may be worth while to consider with how much Judgment he has justified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a Passage in an Heroick Poem The Prophetess who foretells it, is an Hungry *Harpy*, as the Person who discovers it is young *Ascanius* 2

*Aeneas etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus*!

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the Mouth of a Boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the Company I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several Criticks may be accounted for the same way *Virgil* himself, before he begins that Relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by Tradition What further confirms me that this Change of

1 In the first book of his Roman Antiquities

2 *Dionysius* says, that the prophecy was either, as some write given at Dodona, or, as others say, by a Sybil, and the exclamation was by one of the sons of *Aeneas*, as it is related, or he was some other of his comrades

the Poet was a celebrated Circumstance in the History of *Aeneas*, is, that *Oris* has given place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his Account of the heathen Mythology.

None of the Critics I have met with having considered the Table of the *Aeneid* in this Light, and taken notice how the Poet has, in which it was founded, in those those Parts in which appear the most exceptionable, I hope the Length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious Part of my Reader.

The History, which was the Basis of *Plutarch's* Poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to insert every Circumstance of it in the Body of his Poem. He omits the Book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief Account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any Beast of the Field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden Fruit, that she was overcome by this Temptation, and that *Adam* followed her Example. From these few Particulars, *Plutarch* has formed one of the most Entertaining Poems that have ever been produced. He has disposed of these several Circumstances among so many beautiful and natural Fictions of his own, that his whole Story looks only like a Continuation upon sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete Relation of what the other is only in Epitome. I have misused the longer on this Consideration, as I look upon the Disposition and Contrivance of the Table to be the principal Beauty of the ninth Book, which has more Story in it, and is fuller of Incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traversing the Globe, and still keeping within the Shadow of the Night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful Imaginations with which he introduces this his second Series of Adventures. Having examined the Nature of every Creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his Purpose, he again returns to Paradise, and, to avoid Discovery, sinks by Night with a River that runs under the Garden, and rises up again through a Fountain that issued from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own Person and, after the Example of *Homer*, fills every Part of his Work with Manners and Characters introduces a Soliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the Destruction of Man. He is then described as gliding through the Garden under the resemblance of a Mist, in order to find out that Creature in which he design'd to tempt our first Parents. This Description has something in it very Poetical and Surprising.

*So saying, through each Thicket Dark or Dry,  
Like a black Mist, low creeping, he held on  
His Midnight Search, where soonest he might find*

*The Serpent him fast sleeping soon he found  
In Labyrinth of many a Round self-wild,  
His Head the midst, well stor'd with subtle Wiles*

<sup>2</sup> [run]

The Author afterwards gives us a Description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a Divine Poem, and peculiar to that first Season of Nature. He represents the Earth, before it was earth, as a great Altar, breathing out its Incense from all Parts, and sending up a pleasant Savour to the Nostrils of its Creator, to which he adds a noble Idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their Morning Worship, and filling up the Universal Consort of Praise and Adoration.

*From this, as sacred Light began to dawn  
Is Eden on the hill, and sovers, that breathed  
Sweet Morning Incense, when all things that  
breathe  
From the Earth's great Altar send up silent  
Praise  
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
With grateful Smell, for he came the human  
Pair  
As dawn'd their mortal Worship to the Choir  
Of Creatures chanting Voice—*

The Dispute which follows between our two first Parents, is represented with great Art. It proceeds from a Difference of Judgment, not of Passion, and is managed with Reason not with Heat. It is such a Dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had Man continued Happy and Innocent. There is a great Delicacy in the Moralities which are interspersed in *Adam's* Discourse, and which the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. That Force of Love which the Father of Mankind so finely describes in the eighth Book, and which is inserted in my List *Saturday's* Paper, shows it self here in many fine Instances. As in those fond Regards he cast towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

*Her long with ardent I look'd, his Eye pursued  
Not that, but desiring more her stay  
Oft he to her his Charge of quick return  
Repeated, she to none was oft engaged  
To be return'd by noon, amid the Dove*

In his Impatience and Amusement during her Absence.

*Admiring thus,  
Wanted, he desirous for her return, had no  
Of choice? Flo vers a Garland, to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown  
As heifers oft are 'bout their Hardest Queen  
Greet? Joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd*

But particularly in that passionate Speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

*Some cursed Fraud  
Or Enemy, with Legions thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee all ruin'd, for with thee  
Certain my Resolution is to die!  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet Converse and Love so deary so I'd,  
To live again in these wild Woods forlorn?*

<sup>2</sup> [arises]

*Should God create another Eve and I  
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my Heart: no, no I feel  
The Link of Nature draw me 'till I tear  
Each of my Bones from its, and from thy State  
Mine nor shall be parted, Bliss or Woe!*

The Beginning of this Speech, and the Preparation to it are united with the same Spirit as the Conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several Wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found Eve separated from her Husband, the many pleasing Images of Nature which are intermix'd in this part of the Story, with its gradual and regular Progress to the fatal Catastrophe, are so very remarkable that it would be superfluous to point out their respective Beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my Remarks on this great Work, because I have given a general Account of them in my Paper on the first Book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem, which I shall here quote as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem. I mean that where the Serpent is described as rolling forward in all his Pride, untroubled by the evil Spirit, and conducting Eve to her Destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his Assistance. These several Particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

*Hope darts, as if Joy  
Brighten his Crest, as when a new Spring Fire,  
Compact of nectuous Vapour, which the Night  
Condenses, and the Cold urons round,  
Knells through Agitation to a Flame,  
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit adorns)  
Hoaring and blazing with delusive Light,  
Mistakes the air and Night-vander from his  
Way  
To logs and Mirres, and oft through Poi'd or  
Poet,  
Flies swelld up and lost, from succour far*

That secret Intoxication of Pleasure, with all those transient flushings of Guilt and Joy which the Poet represents in our first Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to [those] flaggins of Spirits, damps of Sorrow, and mutual Accusations which succeed it, are concern'd with a wonderful Imagination, and described in very natural Sentiments.

When Dido in the fourth *Æneid* yielded to that fatal Temptation which ruin'd her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled the Heavens were fill'd with Flashes of Lightning, and the Nymphe howl'd upon the Mountain-tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical Spirit, has described all Nature as disturb'd upon Eve's eating the forbidden Fruit.

*So saying, her rash Hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she snatches, she eat  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her  
Seat  
Sighing, through all her Works gave signs  
Of Woe  
That all was lost——*

<sup>2</sup> [that]

Upon Adam's falling into the same Guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in Confusions.

*It scrip'd not to eat  
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
but fondly recover with himself. Chorus  
Lark's trembled from her shrills, as again  
In Pines, and Nature gave a second Groan,  
Sky howl'd, and uttering Thunder, some sad  
Deaths*

*It set at compleat nought of the mortal Sin——*

As all Nature suffer'd by the Guilt of our first Parents, these Symptoms of terrible and Condemnation are wonderfully imagined, not only as Productions, but as Marks of her Sympathizing in the Fall of Man.

Adam's Converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact Copy of that between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the Girdle which she had received from *Venus*, upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she [had ever] done before, even when their Loves were at the highest. The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a Summit of Mount *Ida*, which produced under them a Bed of Flowers, the *Io's*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth*, and concludes his Description with their falling asleep.

I let the Reader compare this with the following Passage in *Milton*, which begins with Adam's Speech to Eve.

*For ne'er did thy Beauty, sure the Day  
I saw thee first, as I wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all Perfection, so enthrall my Sense  
With order to enjoy thee, fairer to view  
I have seen, Bount' of thy virtuous Tree  
So said he, and forsook of Glance or Joy  
Of amorous Intent, well in dress'd food  
Of Love, whose Eye dar'd not a slanders Fair.  
Her hand I seized, and to a shady Bank  
I thick overhung with verdant Roof unborrow'd,  
He led her working to his Flowers on the  
Couch,*

*Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
And Hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest Lap  
Thence they their fill of Love, and Love's dis-  
tress  
Took largely, of their mutual Guilt the Seal,  
The Solace of their Sin, till down Sleep  
Oppress'd them——*

As no Poet seems ever to have studied *Homer* more, or to have more resembled him in the Greatness of Genius than *Milton*, I think I should have given but a very imperfect Account of his Beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable Passages which look like Parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular Images and Expressions which are translated from the *Greek* Poet but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater Incidents, however, are not only set off

<sup>2</sup> [ever had]

by being shewn in the same Light with several of the same nature in *Homer*, but by thit means may be also guarded against the Cavils of the Tasteless or Ignorant

No 352 ] Monday, April 14, 1712 [Steele

*Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia* — Iull

**WILL HONEYCOMB** was complaining to me yesterday, that the Conversation of the Town is so altered of late Years, that a fine Gentleman is at a loss for Matter to start Discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the Talk he generally meets with. **WILL** takes notice, that there is now an Evil under the Sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any Satyrists or Moralists in any Age. Men, said he, grow Knaves sooner than they ever did since the Creation of the World before. If you read the Tragedies of the last Age, you find the artful Men and Persons of Intigue, are advanced very far in Years, and beyond the Pleasures and Silhes of Youth; but now **WILL** observes, that the Young have taken in the Vices of the Aged, and you shall have a Man of Five and Twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to overreach, cozen, and beguile. My Friend adds, that till about the latter end of King *Charles's* Reign, there was not a Rascal of any Eminence under Forty in the Places of Resort for Conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving Men's Fortunes, without regard to the Methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young Men form themselves upon a certain Neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true Esteem, and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of Mind and Discourse, that they have not any remaining Value for true Honour and Honesty, preferring the Capacity of being Artful to gain their Ends, to the Merit of despising those Ends when they come in competition with their Honesty. All this is due to the very silly Pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the Ability of carrying their Point in a word, from the Opinion that shallow and inexperienced People entertain of the short liv'd force of Cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various Faces which Folly cover'd with Artifice puts on to impose upon the Unthinking, produce a great Authority<sup>1</sup> for asserting, that nothing but Truth and Ingenuity has any lasting good Effect, even upon a Man's Fortune and Interest.

Truth and Reality have all the Advantages of Appearance, and many more. If the Shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better. For why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be thit which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dis-

semble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best way in the World for a Man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it, and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discover'd to want it, and then all his Prins and Labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in Painting, which a skilful Eye will easily discern from native Beauty and Complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a Part long for where Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray her self one time or other. Therefore if any Man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his Goodness will appear to every body's Satisfaction, so that upon all accounts Sincerity is true Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of this World, Integrity hath many Advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of Dissimulation and Deceit: it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the World. It has less of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it. It is the shortest and nearest way to our End, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them: whereas Integrity grows Strength by use, and the more and longer any Man practiseth it, the greater Service it does him, by confirming his Reputation and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest Trust and Confidence in him, which is an unspeakable Advantage in the Business and Affairs of Life.

Truth is always consistent with it self, and needs nothing to help it out, it is always near at hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. Whereas a Lie is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon the rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false Foundation, which continually stands in need of Props to shoor it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial Building at first upon a true and solid Foundation for Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no Discovery of which the Crafty Man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his Pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them: he is the last Man thit finds himself to be found out and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes Fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most commendous Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument for the speedy dispatch of Business: it creates Confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings things to an issue in few Words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which commonly brings a

<sup>1</sup> Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons, Vol II, Sermon x (folio edition) Italics in first issue

'Such are all the Parts of Practical Geometry I have known a Man contract a Friendship with a Minister of State, upon cutting a Dial in his Window, and remember a Clergyman who got one of the best Benefices in the West of *England*, by setting a Country Gentleman's Affairs in some Method, and giving him an exact Survey of his Estate

'While I am upon this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Particular which is of use in every Station of Life, and which methinks every Master should teach his Scholars I mean the writing of *English Letters* To this End, instead of perplexing them with *Latin* Epistles, I Hymns and Verses, there might be a punctual Correspondence established between two Boys, who might yet in any imaginary Parts of Business, or be allow'd sometimes to give a range to their own Fancies, and communicate to each other whatever Trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever fail'd at the appointed time to answer his Correspondent's Letter

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of Boys would find themselves more advantaged by this Custom, when they come to be Men, than by all the *Greek* and *Lat* in their Masters can teach them in seven or eight Years

'The want of it is very visible in many learned Persons, who, while they are admiring the Styles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, want Phrases to express themselves on the most common Occasions I have seen a Letter from one of these *Latin* Orators, which would have been deservedly laugh'd at by a common Attorney

'Under this Head of Writing I cannot omit Accounts and Short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such Arts as I have been here recommending

'You must doubtless, Sir, observe that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such Boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural Talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer Parts of Learning yet I believe I might carry this Matter still further, and venture to assert that a Lad of Genius has sometimes occasion for these little Acquirements, to be as it were the forerunners of his Parts, and to introduce [him] into the World

'History is full of Examples of Persons, who tho' they have had the largest Abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the Favour of great Men by these trivial Accomplishments as the compleat Gentleman, in some of our modern Comedies, makes his first Advances to his Mistress under the disguise of a Painter or a Dancing-Master

'The Difference is, that in a Lad of Genius these are only so many Accomplishments, which in another are Essentials the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them In short, I look upon a great Genius, with these little Additions, in the same Light as I regard the Grand Signior, who is obliged, by an express Command in the *Alcoran*, to learn and

'practise some Handycraft Trade Tho' I need not have gone for my Instance farther than *Germany*, where several Emperors have voluntarily done the same thing *Leopold* the last, I would in *Wood* and I have heard there are several handycraft Works of his making to be seen at *Venna* so neatly turned, that the best Joiner in *Europe* might safely own them, without any disgrace to his Profession

'I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be a most improvin, a Boys Genius to the utmost pitch it can be carry'd What I would endeavour to show in this Essay is, that there may be Methods taken, to make Learning advantageous even to the meanest Capacities

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c

X

No 354 ] Wednesday, April 16, 1722 [Steele

—Cum n agnus virtutibus affers  
Grande s periculum —Juv

MR SPECTATOR,  
'YOU have in some of your Discourses described most sorts of Women in their distinct and proper Classes, as the *Ape*, the *Coquet*, and many others, but I think you have never yet said anything of a *Devotte* A *Devotte* is one of those who dispraise Religion by their indiscreet and unscrupulous introduction of the Mention of Virtue on all Occasions She professes she is a but nobody ought to doubt she is an I betrays the Labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with Cheerfulness and Alacrity She lives in the World, and denies her self none of the Diversions of it, with a constant Declaration how she did all things in it are to her She is never her self but at Church, there she displays her Virtue, and is so fervent in her Devotions, that I have frequently seen her Pray her self out of Breath While other young Ladies in the House are dancing, or playing at Questions and Commands, she reads aloud in her Closet She says all Love is ridiculous, except 't be Celestial but she speaks of the Passion of one Mortal to another with too much Bitterness, for one that had no Jealousy mixed with her Contempt of it If at any time she sees a Man

<sup>1</sup> Leopold the last was also Leopold the First He died May 6, 1705, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph, who died while the *Spectator* was being issued, and had now been followed by his brother, the Archduke Charles whose claim to the crown of Spain England had been supporting, when his recession to the German throne had not seemed probable His coronation as Charles VI was, therefore, one cause of the peace. Leopold, born in 1640, and educated by the Jesuits, became Emperor in 1658, and reigned 49 years He was an adept in metaphysics and theology, as well as in wood turning, but a feeble and oppressive ruler, whose empire was twice saved for him by Sobieski from the Turks, and from the French by Marlborough.

ately increase to the Distributer's Hand, and see their God in Person Feeding and Refreshing his Creatures! Oh Envyed Happiness! But why do I say Envyed? as if our [God?] did not still preside over our temperate Meals, cheerful Hours, and innocent Conversations

Put tho' the sacred Story is every where full of Miracles not inferior to this, and tho' in the midst of those Acts of Divinity he never gave the least Hint of a Design to become a Secular Prince, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than Hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches and Pomp for Peter, upon an Accident of Ambition among the Apostles hearing his Master explain that his Kingdom was not of this World, was so scandaliz'd<sup>2</sup> that he whom he had so long follow'd should suffer the Ignominy, Shame, and Death which he foretold that he took him aside and said, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee* For which he suffered a severe Reprehension from his Master, as having in his View the Glory of Man rather than that of God

The great Change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to make his publick Entry into Jerusalem with more than the Power and Joy, but none of the Ostentation and Pomp of a Triumph he came Humble, Meek, and Lowly with an unfeild new Ecstasy, Multitudes strewed his Way with Garments and Olive-Branches, Crying with loud Gladness and Acclamation, *Hosannah to the Son of David, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* At this great King's Accession to his Throne, Men were not Ennobled, but Sav'd Crimes were not Remitted, but Sins Forgiven he did not bestow Medals, Honours, Favours, but Health, Joy, Sight, Speech The first Object the Blind ever saw, was the Author of Sight while the Lame Ran before, and the Dumb repeated the *Hosannah* Thus attended, he Entered into his own House, the sacred Temple and by his Divine Authority expell'd Traders and Worldlings that profaned it and thus did he, for a time, use a great and despotie Power, to let Unbelievers understand, that 'twas not Want of, but Superiority to all Worldly Dominion, that made him not exert it But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? Shall this Obscure Nazarene command *Israel*, and sit on the Throne of *David*?<sup>3</sup> Their proud and dis-

dunful Hearts, which were petrified with the Love and Pride of this World, were impregnable to the Reception of so mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with Benefits to conspire his Death Our Lord was sensible of their Design, and prepared his Disciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more distinctly what should befall him but Peter with an ungrounded Resolution, and in a Flush of Temper, made a sanguine Protestation, that tho' all Men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended It was a great Article of our Saviour's Business in the World, to bring us to a Sense of our Inability, without God's Assistance, to do any thing great or good he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his Courage and Fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him Three that very Night

But what Heart can conceive what Tongue utter the Sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mock'd, and spurr'd? Whom do they drag like a Felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to Expiate those very Injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of Life! How his Wounds blacken, his Body writhes, and Heart heaves with Pity and with Agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy trust if thou art Infamy! Lo he inclines his Head to his sacred Bosom! Hark, he Groans! see, he Expires! The Earth trembles the Temple rends, the Rocks burst, the Dead Arise! Which are the Quack? Which are the Dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Crew! T

No 357 ] Saturday, April 19, 1712. [Add son

Quis talia fando  
Temperet a tachryis is Virg<sup>2</sup>

THE Tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of Persons in it than any other in the whole Poem The Author upon the winding up of his Action introduces all those who had any Concern in it, and shews with great Beautie the Influence which it had upon each of them It is like the last Act of a well-written Tragedy in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the Audience, and represented under those Circumstances in which the Determination of the Action places them

I shall therefore consider this Book under four Heads, in relation to the Celestial, the Infernal, the Humane, and the Imaginary Persons, who have their respective Parts allotted in it

To begin with the Celestial Persons The

ant Forms that ran in the Thoughts of the then Powerful in Jerusalem, upon the most Truly Glorious Entry that ever Prince made for there was not one that followed him who was not in his Interest their Proud Christian Hero

Putrified with the Christian Hero  
[Addresse personae seil con cunctia cuipr

Hor ]

<sup>1</sup> [Good God] in first Issue and in *Christian Hero*

<sup>2</sup> In the *Christian Hero* this passage was — 'become a Secular Prince, or in a forcible or Miraculous Manner to cast off the *Rouan* Yoke they were under, and restore again those disgraced Favourites of Heav'n to its former Indulgence, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves (so deep set is our Natural Pride) any other than hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches and Pomp For Peter, who it seems ever since he left his Net and his Skiff, Dreamt of nothing but being a great Man, was utterly undone to hear our Saviour explain to 'em that his Kingdom was not of this World, and was so scandaliz'd —

<sup>3</sup> — 'Throne of David? Such were the unpleas-



Guardian Angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their Vigilance, their Arrival their Manner of Reception, with the Sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those Spirits who are said to Rejoice at the Conversion of a Sinner, are very finely laid together in the following Lines.

*Up into Heaven from Paradise it haste  
Th' Angelick Guards ascended, in state and sad  
For Man, for of his State by this they knew  
Much would rue & how the sinner found had stol'n  
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' welcome News  
From Earth arriv'd at Heav'n Gate, displeas'd  
All were rol'd in cloud, and Sadness did not spare  
That time Celestial Visages, yet in state  
With pity, rich'd not their Bliss  
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
The Ethereal People run, to hear and know  
How all befel. They to the throne supreme  
Accountable made haste, to make appear  
With rich'ous Pleas, their utmost vigilance,  
As easily approv'd, when the Most High  
Edmunt's Father, from his secret cloud,  
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice*

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing Parts of this Poem interceded for our first Parents before their Fall, overthrew the Rebel Angels and created the World, is now represented as descending to *Paradise*, and pronouncing Sentence upon the three Offenders. The Cool of the Evening, being a Circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great Scene, it is poetically described by our Author who has also kept religiously to the Form of Words in which the three several Sentences were pitted upon Adam, Eve, and the Serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the Numerousness of his Verse, than to deviate from those Speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The Guilt and Confusion of our first Parents standing naked before their Judge, is touch'd with great Penury. Upon the Arrival of *Sin* and *Death* into the Works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

*See! with what cat these Dogs of Hell aduice,  
To waste and har'ock you the World, which I  
So fair and good creat'd, &c*

The following Passage is formed upon that glorious Image in Holy Writ, which compares the Voice of an innumerable Host of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs to the Voice of mighty Thunderings, or of many Waters.

*He ended, and the Heavenly Audience loud  
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of Seas  
Through Multitude that sung. Just are thy  
Ways*

*Righteous are thy Decrees in all thy Works,  
Who can extenuate thee?*

Tho' the Author in the whole Course of his Poem, and particularly in the Book we are now examining, has infinite Allusions to Places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my Remarks of such as are of a Poetical Nature, and which are woven with great Beauty into the Body of this Fable. Of this kind is that Passage in the

present Book, where describing *Sin* and *Death* as marching thro' the Works of Nature, he adds,

*Behind her Death*

*Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
On his pale Horse*

Which alludes to that Passage in Scripture, so wonderfully poetical, and terming to the Imagination. *And I look'd, and behold a pale Horse, and his Name that sat on him was Death, and Hell follow'd with him, and Perer was given into them over the fourth Part of the Earth, to kill with Sword, and with Hunger, and with Siciness, and with the Beasts of the Earth.*

Under this first Herd of Celestial Persons we must likewise take notice of the Command which the Angels receiv'd, to produce the several Changes in Nature, and solely the Beauty of the Creation. Accordingly they are represented as inserting the Stars and Planets with malignant Influences, vealing the Light of the Sun, bringing down the Winter into the milder Regions of Nature, planting Winds and Storms in several Quarters of the Sky, storing the Clouds with Thunder, and in short, perverting the whole Frame of the Universe to the Condition of its criminal Inhabitants. As this is a noble Incident in the Poem, the following Lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the Earth, and placing it in a different Posture to the Sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceiv'd with that sublime Imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author.

*Some say he bid his Angels turn ascanse  
The Poles of Earth twice ten Degrees and more  
From the Sun's Axle, they with Labour push'd  
Oblique the Centric Globe*

We are in the second place to consider the Infernal Agents under the view which *Milton* has given us of them in this Book. It is observ'd by those who would set forth the Greatness of *Virgil's* Plan, that he conducts his Reader thro' all the Parts of the Earth which were discover'd in his time *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Europe* are the several Scenes of his Fable. The Plan of *Milton's* Poem is of an infinitely greater Extent, and fills the Mind with many more astonishing Circumstances. *Satan*, having surrounded the Earth seven times departs at length from *Paradise*. We then see him steering his Course among the Constellations, and after having traversed the whole Creation pursuing his Voyage thro' the Chaos, and entering into his own Infernal Dominions.

His first appearance in the Assembly of fallen Angels, is work'd up with Circumstances which give a delightful Surprise to the Reader but there is no Incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the Transformation of the whole Audience, that follows the Account their Leader gives them of his Expedition. The gradual Change of *Satan* himself is describ'd after *Osai's* manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated Transformations which are look'd upon as the most beautiful Parts in that Poet's Works.

*Milton* never fails of improving his own Hints, and bestowing the last finishing Touches to every Incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the Dimensions and Bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the Infernal Spirits who lay under the same Transformation, with the annual Change which they are supposed to suffer, are Instances of this kind. The Beauty of the Diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the sixth Paper of these Remarks the great Judgment with which it was contriv'd.

The Parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the human Persons, come next under our Consideration. *Milton's* Art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the Parts of these our first Parents. The Representation he gives of them, without falsifying the Story, is wonderfully contriv'd to influence the Reader with Pity and Compassion towards them. Tho' *Adam* involves the whole Species in Misery, his Crime proceeds from a Weakness which every Man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the Frailty of Human Nature, than of the Person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a Fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the Excess of Love for *Eve*, that ruin'd *Adam*, and his Posterity. I need not add, that the Author is justifying'd in this Particular by many of the Fathers, and the most orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means fill'd a great part of his Poem with that kind of Writing which the French Critics call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of Readers.

*Adam* and *Eve*, in the Book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such Sentiments as do not only interest the Reader in their Afflictions, but rouse in him the most melting Passions of Humanity and Commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several Changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a Disorder of Mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his Innocence and his Happiness, he is filled with Horror, Remorse, Despair, in the Anguish of his Heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unmask'd Existence.

*Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
To mould me Man? did I solicit thee  
From Darkness to promote me? or here place  
In this delicious Garden? As my Will  
Concurr'd not to my Being, 'twere but right  
And equal to reduce me to my Dust,  
Desirous to resign, and render back  
All I receiv'd—*

He immediately after recovers from his Presumption, owns his Doom to be just, and begs that the Death which is threaten'd him may be inflicted on him.

*Why delays  
His Hand to execute, what his Decree  
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?  
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless Pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortality my Sentence, and be Earth  
Insensible! how glad would lay me down,*

*As in my Mother's Lap? there should I rest  
And sleep secure, his dreadful Voice no more  
Would thunder in my Ears no fear of worse  
To me and to my Offspring, would torment me  
With cruel Expectation—*

This whole Speech is full of the like Emotion, and varied with all those Sentiments which we may suppose natural to a Mind so broken and disturb'd. I must not omit that generous Concern which our first Father shews in it for his Posterity, and which is so proper to affect the Reader.

*Hide me from the Face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
Of Happiness! yet well, if here would end  
The Misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear  
My own Deservings, but this will not serve,  
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget  
Is propagated Curse. O Voice once heard  
Delightful y, Increase and Multiply  
Now Death to hear!*

*In me all  
Posterity stands curs'd! Fair Patrimony,  
That I must leave ye Sons! O were I able  
To waste it all my self, and leave you none!  
So dismal cried, how would you bless  
Me, now your Curse! Ah, why should all  
Mankind,  
For one Man's Fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed  
But all corrupt—*

Who can afterwards behold the Father of Mankind extended upon the Earth, uttering his midnight Complaints, bewailing his Existence, and wishing for Death, without sympathizing with him in his Distress?

*Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,  
Thro' the still Night, not now, (as ere Man fell)  
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black Air  
Accompanied, with Damps and dreadful Gloom,  
Which to his evil Conscience represented  
All things with double Terror. On the Ground  
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold Ground! and  
oft  
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
Of tardy Execution—*

The Part of *Eve* in this Book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the Reader in her Favour. She is represented with great Tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is spur'd from him with a Spirit of Upbidding and Indignation, conformable to the Nature of Man, whose Passions had now gained the Dominion over him. The following Passage, wherein she is described as renewing her Addresses to him, with the whole Speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic.

*He added not and from her turn'd. But Eve  
Not so repuls'd, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And Presses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought*

*His Power, and 'tis proceeding her Complaint  
 Forsake her rest, thus, Adam! Witness Heaven  
 What Love's my bliss, and Reverence my Hell  
 I hear thee, and myself, glow with thy breath,  
 Unhappy I have doted thy Suppliants  
 I beg, and clasping thee, I beg thee never  
 (Witness I have my goodly Foes, who list  
 Thy Counsel, and thy aid, thy Distress,  
 My only Strength, and Glory! I will not let thee  
 With thee shall I be, and I will not let thee  
 With thee shall I be, and I will not let thee  
 Between us two, I will not let thee be  
 Between us two, I will not let thee be*

Aeneas's Reconciliation to her is worked up in the same Spirit of Sentiment, and is as if he were proposing to her Husband in the language of her Despair, that to prevent their Grief from descending upon Posterity, they should resolve to live Childless, or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own Deaths by violent Methods. As these Sentiments naturally engage the Reader to regard the Mother of Mankind with more than ordinary Commiseration, the likewise occurs a very fine Moral. The Resolution of doing to end our Miseries does not show such a degree of Magnanimity as a Resolution to bear them, and submit to the Dispensations of Providence. Our Author here the effort with great Delicacy, represented *Love* as returning this Thought on *Adams* and approving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the Imaginary Persons, or *Deities* and so I have set a large Part in this Book. Such beautiful extended Allegories are certainly some of the finest Compositions of Genius, but as I have before observed, are not accessible to the Nature of an Heroic Poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquisite in its kind, if not excusable. It is a Part of such a Work. The Poet is contented in it with an clear and open, that I shall not let it be in explaining them, but still wish to observe that a Reader who knows the Strength of the English Language, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt Words and Phrases to describe the Action(s) of those two imaginary Persons, and particularly in that Part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a Bridge over the *Cherubs*. A Work suitable to the Genius of *Milton*.

Since the Subject I am upon, I will seize an Opportunity of speaking more at large of such Shadowy and Imaginary Persons, as may be introduced into Heroic Poems. I shall but leave to explain myself in a Matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the Critics have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary Persons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are just shown, without being engaged in any Series of Action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a Person, and describes a short Part to him in his *Iliad*,<sup>2</sup> but we must consider

that though you regard such a Person as entirely shadowy and immaterial, the Heathens made Sentences of him, placed him in their Temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* mentions of a her such Allegorical Person, it is only in this way, which is every an ordinary Thought to the Mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as Poetical than Allegorical Descriptions. Instead of telling us that Men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the Persons of *Typhoeus* and *Leviathan*, who, he tells us, are inseparable Compositions. Instead of saying that the time was when *Adam* ought to have received his Reconciliation, he tells us, that the *Heaven* brought him his Reconciliation. In stead of describing the Effects which *Adam* as *God* produced in that he tells us that the *Heaven* of it were compressed by *Adam* for *Adam* *Adam*, *Adam*, *Adam*, *Adam*, and *Adam*. In the same figure of speech, he represents *Victory* as following *Prometheus*, *Prometheus* as the Mother of *Minerals* and *Minerals*, *Minerals* as dressed by the *Genius* *Minerals* as wearing *Terrestrial* and *Cometary* like Garment. I might give several other Instances of it of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Virgil* has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that *Ulysses* sat on the right Hand of the *Mercury* when he marched forth against the *Pelid* Angels, that at the rising of the Sun the *Heaven* untied the Gates of Light, that *Demeter* was the Daughter of *Sun*. Of the same nature are the Expressions, where describing, the singing of the *Nightingale* he adds, *Silphium* *silphium*, and upon the *Messiah's* bidding *Peace* to the *Cherubs*, *Cherubs* *Cherubs* *Cherubs*. I might add innumerable Instances of our Poets using in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned in which Persons of an imaginary Nature are introduced, are such short Allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular Circumstances to the Reader after an unusual and entertaining manner. Let it be such Persons are introduced as principal Actors, and engaged in a Series of Adventures, they take too much upon them and are by no means proper for an Heroic Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal Part. I cannot forbear therefore mentioning that *Sin* and *Death* are improper Agents in a Work of this nature. *Seneca* and *Accius* in one of the Tragedies of *Eschylus*, who represented these two Persons ruling down *Prometheus* to a Rock for which he has been

Sleep a wife, the youngest of the *Greeks*. Sleep makes her swear by *Her* that she will hold to her word, and when she has done so flies off in her company, sits in the hope of a night to walk to a pine tree upon the peak of *Ida* whence when *Zeus* was subdued by love and sleep *Sleep* went down to the ships to tell *Poseidon* that now was his time to help the *Greeks*.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Prometheus Bound* of *Eschylus*, the binding of *Prometheus* by pitiless Strength, who moel at compassion in the god *Hephaestus* charged to serve him in this office, opens the

<sup>2</sup> [*Sin and Death*]

<sup>2</sup> In the fourteenth Book, where *Hercules* visits the home of *Sleep*, the brother of *Death* and offers him the bribe of a gold chain if he will shut the eyes of *Zeus*, *Sleep* does not think it can be done. Here then doubles her bribe, and offers

justly censured by the greatest Critics. I do not know any imaginary Person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the Sins of Man kind, adds that dreadful Circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence*. It is certain this imaginary Person might have been described in all her purple Spots. The *Scor* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her right Hand, *Plague* on her Left, and *Death* in her Rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the Tail of a Comet, or darted upon the Earth in a Flash of Lightning. She might have tinted the Atmosphere with her Breath the very glaring of her Eyes might have scattered Infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in such sublime Writing, the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great than all that the most fanciful Poet could have bestowed upon her in the Richness of his Imagination. L

No 358] Monday, April 21, 1702 [Steele

*Desigere in loco*—Hor

CHARLES LILLIE attended me the other day, and made me a Present of a large Sheet of Paper, on which is delineated a Pavement of Mosaic Work, lately discovered at *Stonsfield* near *Woodstock*. A Person who has

sublimity of the ancient dramas. Addison is wrong in saying that there is a personification here of Strength and Necessity. Heptastatos does indeed say that he obeys Necessity but his personified companions are Strength and Force, and of these Force appears only as the dumb attendant of Strength. Addison's 'greatest critics' had something to learn when they were blind to the significance of the contrast between Visible Strength at the opening of this poem, and the close with sublime prophecy of an unseen Power of the future that disarms Jans on his throne and gathers his thunders about the undaunted Prometheus.

*Now let the all-revelling fire sit at the driven,  
Let him, with the flocks, storms and the crash  
Of subterranean thunders, into ruin  
And' could confusion herald and ringle all  
For a night of these. I heard ne that I speak  
If he is forced to cast him from his throne*  
(Mrs Webster's translation)

so much the Gift of Speech as Mr Lillie, and can carry on a Discourse without Reply, had great Opportunity on that Occasion to expatiate upon so fine a Piece of Antiquity. Among other things, I remember, he gave me his Opinion, which he drew from the Ornament of the Work, That this was the Floor of a Room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this Work, made as I fancy run over the many gay Impressions I had read in ancient Authors, which contained variations to his side Care and Anxiety, and gave a Loose to that pleasing Forgetfulness wherein Men put off their Character of Business, and enjoy their very Schemes. These Hours were usually passed in Rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the Objects all around the Company gladdened their Hearts, which, joined to the cheerful Looks of well-chosen and agreeable Friends, gave new Vigour to the Air, produced the latent Fire of the Modest, and gave Grace to the slow Humour of the Reserved. A judicious Mixture of such Company, crowned with Chaplets of Flowers, and the whole Apartment glittering with gay Lights, cheered with a Profusion of Roses, artificial Falls of Water, and Intervals of soft Notes to Songs of Love and Wine, suspended the Cares of human Life, and made a Festival of mutual Kindness. Such Parties of Pleasure as these, and the Reports of the agreeable Passages in their Jollities, have in all Ages weakened the dull Part of Mankind to pretend to Mirth and Good-Humour, without Capacity for such Entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred Men fit for any Employment to one who is capable of passing a Night in the Company of the first Taste, without showing any Member of the Society, overruling his own Part of the Conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the Pleasure of the whole Company. When one considers such Collections of Companions in past Times, and such as one might name in the present Age, with how much Spleen most a Man needs reflect upon the outward Gravity of those who affect the Frolic with an ill Grace? I have a Letter from a Correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull Companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a Frolic. Irregularity in its self is not what creates

give Notice the Exact Delineation of the same is engraved and Imprinted on a large Elephant sheet of Paper, which are to be sold at Mr Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, at 15 s. 6 d. There are to be had, at the same Place, at one Guinea each, on superline Atlas Paper, some painted with the same variety of Colours that the said Pavement is furnished with this piece of Antiquity is esteemed by the Learned to be the most considerable ever found in Britain. The fine pavement discovered at Stonsfield in 1711 measures 35 feet by 67, and although by this time groundworks of more than a hundred Roman villas have been laid open in this country, the Stonsfield was the still one of the most considerable of its kind.

Pleasure and Mirth, but to see a Man who knows what Rule and Decency are descend from them agreeably in our Company, is what denominates him a pleasant Companion. Instead of that, you find many whose Mirth consists only in doing Things which do not become them, with a secret Conscience that all the World know they do not better. To this is always added something invidious to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry Fellows, among whom the Frolick was started and pressed by a great Majority, that every Man should immediately draw a Tooth after which they have gone in a body and smacked a Coffer. The same Company, at another Night, has each Man burned his Crest and one perhaps, whose I state would bear it, has thrown a long Wig and lace Hat into the same Fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and run into the Streets, and frighted Women very successfully. There is no Inhabitant of any striding in *Comedy* but can tell you a hundred good Humours, where People have come off with little Blood shed, and yet scowered all the witty Hours of the Night. I know a Gentleman that has several Wounds in the Head by Watch Poles, and has been thrice run through the Body to carry on a good Jest. He is very odd for a Man of so much Good-Humour, but to this day he is seldom merry, but he has a vision to be vibrant at the same time. As it by the favour of these Gentlemen I am humbly of Opinion, that a Man may be a very witty Man, and never did one Statute of this Kingdom not excepting even that of Stirling.

The Writers of Plays have what they call Unity of Time and Place to give a Justice to their Representations, and it would not be unjust if all who pretend to be Compositions would confine their Action to the Place of Met. 11, for a Frolick earned further may be better performed by other Animals than Men. It is not to add much Ground, or do much Mischief, that should denigrate a pleasant Fellow, but that is truly I rejoice which is the Play of the Mind, and consists of various and unforeseen Allies of Imagination. Testimony of Spirit is a very uncommon Talent, and must proceed from an Assembly of agreeable Qualities in the same Person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it, but it is a Talent one cannot name in a Man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second Place. The best Man that I know of for heightening the Revel Griety of a Company, is *Estom*, whose Jovial Humour diffuses itself from the highest Person at an Entertainment to the meanest Water. Merry Tales, accompanied with apt Gestures and lively Representations of Circumstances and Persons, beguile the gravest Mind into a Consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a Man is

in his good Grace, he has a Mistrickry that does not debase the Person he represents, but which, taking from the Gravity of the Character adds to the Agreeableness of it. This pleasant Fellow gives one some idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who is said to have given the Audience, in dumb show, an exact Idea of any Character or Passion, or an intelligible Relation of any publick Occurrence, with no other Expression than that of his Looks and Gestures. If all who have been obliged to these Talents in *Estom*, will be at *Love for Love* to morrow Night they will but pay him what they owe him, it so easy a Rate is being present at a Play which no body would omit seeing, that he, or he not ever seen it before.

No 359.] Tuesday, April 22, 1712 [Burdell

*Tar aut ena lupum sequitur, h f is se capellam, I lorum cyllum se, itur las u a capella*

Viz.

As we were at the Club last Night, I observ'd that my Friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual Custom, sat very silent and intercal of minding what was said by the Company, was whetting to himself in a very thoughtful Mood, and playing with a Card. I jogg'd Sir ANTHONY TITMORT who sat between us, and as we were both observing him we saw the Knight strike his Head and heard him say to himself, *A foolish Woman! I can't tell it*. Sir ANTHONY gave him a gentle Pat upon the shoulder, and offered to try him a Bottle of Wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old Friend started, and recovering out of his brown Study, told Sir ANTHONY that once in his Life he had been in the right. In short, after some little Hesitation, Sir ROGER told us in the fullness of his Heart that he had just received a Letter from his Steward, which requir'd him that his old Rival and Anagonist in the County Sir *David Dunard*, had been making a Visit to the Widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she'll have a Man that's half a Year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the Bargain.

WILL. HOWARDSON, who looks upon I love as his particular Province interrupting our Friend with a janty Laugh I thought, knight, says he, thou hast lived long enough in the World, not to pin thy Happiness upon one that is a Woman and a Widow. I think that without Vanity I may pretend to know as much of the Female World as any Man in *Great Britain*, tho the chief of my Knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL. immediately, with his usual Lucency, rambl'd into an Account of his own Amours. I am now, says he upon the Verge of Fifty, (tho' by the way we all knew he was turn'd of Threescore) You may easily guess, continued WILL., that I have not lived so long in the World without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the Phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my Fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my Success.

<sup>1</sup> Said to have been one of the frolics of Sir Charles Sedley.

<sup>2</sup> See note on p. 378. Congreve's *Love for Love* was to be acted at Drury Lane on Tuesday night 'At the desire of several Ladies of Quality for the Benefit of Mr. Estcourt.'

I made my first Addresses to a young Lady in the Country, but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a Conclusion, her Father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a Surgeon, the old Pat forbade him his House, and within a fortnight after married his Daughter to a Fox hunter in the Neighbourhood.

I made my next Applications to a Widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a Fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one Morning, she told me that she intended to keep her Ready Money and Jointure in her own Hand, and desired me to call upon her Attorney in *Leons-Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this Overture, that I never enquired either for her or her Attorney afterwards.

A few Months after I addressed my self to a young Lady, who was an only Daughter, and of a good Family. I danced with her at several Balls, squeezed her by the Hand, and said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her Heart, and though my Fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond Father would not deny her the Man she had fixed her Affections upon. But as I went one day to the House in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole Family in Confusion, and heard to my unspeakable Surprise, that Mrs. Ferby was that very Morning run away with the Butler.

I then courted a second Widow, and am at a Loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my Person and Behaviour. Her Maid indeed told me one Day that her Mistress had said she never saw a Gentleman with such a Spindle Pair of Legs as Mr. H. except

After this I had Siege to four Heiresses successively, and being a handsome young Dog in those Days, quickly made a Breach in their Hearts, but I don't know how it came to pass, tho' I seldom failed of getting the Daughter's Consent, I could never in my Life get the old People on my side.

I could give you an Account of a thousand other unsuccessful Attempts, particularly of one which I made some Years since upon an old Woman, whom I had certainly lured away with flying Colours, if her Relations had not come pouring in to her Assistance from all Parts of *England*, nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hired Frost.

As WILL'S Transitions are extremely quick, he turn'd from Sir ROGUE, and applying himself to me, told me there was a Passage in the Book I had considered last *Saturday*, which deserved to be writ in Letters of Gold, and taking out a Pocket-Milton read the following Lines, which are Part of one of *Adam's* Speeches to *Eve* after the Fall.

— O! why did our  
Creator wise! that people'd highest Heav'n  
With Spirits masculine, create at last  
This Novelt on Earth, this fair Defect  
Of Nature? and not fill the World at once  
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine?  
Or find some other way to generate

*Man! and? This Mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall, unnumber'd  
Disturbances on Lust's rough Female Snares,  
As a strait Conjunction with this Sex  
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
As soe misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom grin  
Through her pervertness, but shall see her  
gaid*

*by a far worse, or if she love, will held  
By Parents, or his I assist Choice too late  
Shall meet atree by link'd, and Wedlock bound  
To a full Adversary, I's Hate or Slanc,  
Which infinite Calamity shall cause  
To hurru Life, and No ishold Peace confound!*

Sir ROGUE listened to this Passage with great Attention, and desiring Mr. HO to come to fold down a Leaf at the Place, and lend him his Book, the Knight put it up in his Pocket, and told us that he would read over those Verses again before he went to Bed. X

No 360 ] Wednesday, April 23, 1712 [Steel

De pauperate facies  
Plus se cute ferunt — Hor

I HAVE nothing to do with the Business of this Day, any further than affixing the piece of *Latin* on the Head of my Paper, which I think a Motto not unamiable, since if Silence of our Poverty is a Recommendation, still more commendable is his Modesty who conceals it by a decent Dress.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'There is an Evil under the Sun which has not yet come within your Speculation and is, the Censure Disesteem, and Contempt which some young Fellows meet with from particular Persons, for the reasonable Methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better Dress, than may seem to a Relation regularly consistent with a small Fortune, and therefore may occasion a Judgement of a suitable Exaggeration in other Particulars. But the Disadvantage with which the Man of narrow Circumstances acts and speaks is so strangely set forth in a little Book called the *Christian Hero*,<sup>2</sup> that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable but necessary. I very often nows the hurry of Conclusions that are made in contempt of a Person that appears to be cautious, which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the Company of those that are of a superior Quality and Fortune, by appearing to be in a better Condition than one is, so far as such Appearance shall not make us really of worse.

It is a Justice due to the Character of one who

<sup>1</sup> Paradise Lost, Bk. x, ll. 898—908

<sup>2</sup> The passage is newly at the beginning of Steel's third chapter, 'It is in every body's observation with what disadvantage a Poor Man enters upon the most ordinary affairs,' &c.

'suffers hard Reflections from any particular Person upon this Account, that such Persons would enquire into his manner of spending his Time, of which tho' he further Information can be had than that he remains so many Hours in his Chamber, yet, if this is cleared to inquire that a reasonable Creature wrong with a narrow Fortune does not make the best use of this Retirement would be a Conclusion extremely unreasonable. From what has or will be said I hope no Conclusion can be extorted, implying, that I would have any young Fellow spend more Time than the common Leisure which his Studies require, or more Money than his Fortune or Allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of a Acquaintance with his Betters. For as to his Time, the loss of that ought to be valued to more substantial Acquaintance for each irreparable Moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously Accountable. And as to his Dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest Presence of two plain Suits a Year. For being perfectly satisfied in *My own* Convenience of making use of a Man by presenting him with but a moderate dress. I would by no means be thought to contravert that Consent by mutuality, the Advantage of Economy. It is an Axiom which adorns of itself that if a Man is a Gentleman of tolerable Science dressed like a Gentleman, he will be better received. As to the Quality of his Suit, then one of much better Price whose Dress is regulated by the notions of Frugality. A Man's Appearance tells within the Censure of every one that sees him. His Puffs and Lappets, very few are Judges of, and even upon these few, I cannot at first be well intrusted for Policy and good Breeding will counsel him to be reserved in his Fringes, and to support himself only by the common spirit of Conversation. Indeed among the judicious, the World's Delicacy, Idiom, true Image, Structure of Pen and Gem is true and the retention of use of with a singular and comely Gravity, will maintain the figure of an easy Gentleman and Depth of Character.

All Gentlemen of Fortune, at least the young and middle aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their Dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same Consideration. With what Confusion is a Man of figure obliged to retract his civilities of the Hat to a Person whose Air and Attire hardly entitle him to it? For whom nevertheless the other has a particular Esteem, tho' he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a Manner. It must be allowed that any young Fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might with artificial Management save ten Pound a Year, instead of fine Holland he might inorn in Sackcloth, and in other Particulars be proportionably shabby. But of what great Service would this Sum be in every Misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good Acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the Appearance of an easy Fortune is necessary towards making one I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into ones Discourse certain Exclamations

'about *Bank Stock*, and to shew a marvellous Surprise upon its fall as well as the most affected Triumph upon its Rise. The Veneration and Respect which the Practice of all Arts has preserved to Appearance, without doubt suggests to our Frisemen that wife and Polite Education to apply and recommend themselves to the pulchick by all those Decorations upon their Surplices and Hosiery which the most eminent Families in the Neighbourhood can furnish them with. While in be more attractive to a Man of Letters, than that immense Collection of all Ages and Languages which a skilful Bookseller, in conjunction with a Printer, will mix upon his Column and the Latticework of his Shop? The same Spirit of ornamenting a handsome Appearance, is among the grave and solid Apprentices of the Law, where I could be particularly dull in approving of the Worn Apprentices to be significant of a Printer, and you may easily distinguish in his most lately made his Pretext in Business by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his Window. If indeed the Chamber is a Ground Room, and has Rugs before the Nursery of necessity more extended, and the Pump of Business better maintained. And what can be a greater Indication of the Quality of Dress, than that burdensome luxury which is the regular Habit of our Judges, Nobles, and Peers, with which upon certain Days we see them incumbered? And though it may be said this is useful and necessary for the Duty of the State, yet the wisdom of them have been remitted before they arrived at their present station, for being *very well dressed* they are as to my own Part, I am near Thirty and since I left School have not been idle which is a moderate Praise for having studied hard I bring him off a clean Sheet of Moral Philosophy and a tolerable Jargon of Metaphysics from the University since that I have been employed in the clear Part of the perplexed Style and Jargon of the Law, which is hereditarily descended to all its Professors. To all which severe Studies I have thrown in, at proper Intervals, the pretty Learning of the Chivalry. No withstanding which I am what *Shakspeare* calls a *School-boy* or I *believe* which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular Methods of thinking I needs and a Fortune by the inheritance of a Profession is so very slow and uncertain, a Man should take all reasonable Opportunities by enlarging a good Acquaintance, to court that Time and Chance which is said to happen to every Man.

No 361 ] *Tuesday, April 24, 1712* [ *1712* ]

*Tartarus ante d'orem, quod protinus omnis  
Cor trement somnus* — *Arg*

I HAVE lately received the following Letter from a Country Gentleman

[ clearing ] Henry IV Pt I Act iii sc 2

Mr SPECTATOR,  
 'The Night before I left London I went to see  
 a Play, called *The Humorous Lieutenant*.  
 Upon the Rising of the Curtain I was very much  
 surprized with the great Consort of Cat calls  
 which was exhibited thit evening, and be, an to  
 think with myself thit I had made a Mistake,  
 and gone to a Musick-Meeting, instead of thit  
 Play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to  
 me to see so many Persons of Quality of both  
 Sexes assembled together at a kind of Catter  
 wailing, for I cannot look upon thit Perform-  
 ance to have been any thing better, whatever the  
 Musicians themselves might think of it. As I  
 had no Acquaintance in the House to ask Ques-  
 tions of and was forced to go out of Town early  
 the next Morning, I could not learn the Secret  
 of thit Matter. What I would therefore desire  
 of you, is, to give some account of thit strange  
 Instrument, which I found the Company called  
 a Cat-call and particularly to let me know  
 whether it be a piece of Musick lately come from  
 Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I  
 would rather hear an English Fiddle though I  
 durst not shew my Dislike whilst I was in the  
 Play-house, it being my Chance to sit the very  
 next Man to one of the Performers

I am, SIR,

Your most affectionate Friend  
 and Servant,

John Shallow, Esq

In compliance with *Squire Stallow's* Request, I design this Paper as a Dissertation upon the Cat call. In order to make myself a Master of the Subject, I purchased one the Beginning of last Week, though not without great difficulty, being inform'd it two or three Toy-shops that the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its Original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that Particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good Friend, and a great Proficient in the Mathematical Part of Musick, concludes from the Simplicity of its Make, and the Uniformity of its Sound, that the Cat call is older than any of the Inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that Musical Instruments took their first Rise from the Notes of Birds, and other melodious Animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first Ages of Mankind to imitate the Voice of a Cat thit lived under the same Roof with them? He added, thit the Cat had contributed more to Harmony than any other Animal: as we are not only beholden to her for this Wind Instrument but for our String Musick in general.

Another Virtuoso of my Acquaintance will not allow the Cat call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the World soon after the antient Comedy for which reason it has still a place in our Dramatick Entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately return'd from his Travels, has more than once assured me, namely that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the Statue of a *Mourner*,

who holds an Instrument in his Right Hand very much resembling our Modern Cat call.

There are others who ascribe thit Invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those Instruments which thit famous Musician made use of to draw the Beasts about him. It is certain, thit the Roaring of a Cat does not call together a greater Audience of thit Species than thit Instrument, if dextrously play'd upon in proper Time and Place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned Conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking thit the Cat call is originally a Piece of English Musick. Its Resemblance to the Voice of some of our *British* Songsters, as well as the Use of it, which is peculiar to our Nation, confirms me in this Opinion. It has at least received great Improvements among us whether we consider the Instrument it self, or these several Quavers and Graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this who heard thit remarkable overgrown Cat-call which was placed in the Center of the Pit, and presided over all the rest at [the] celebrated Performance lately exhibited in *Drury Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the Original of the Cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the Use of it. The Cat call exerts it self to most advantage in the *British* Theatre. It very much Improves the Sound of Nonsense, and often goes along with the Voice of the Actor who pronounces it, as the Violin or Harpsichord accompanies the *Italian* Recitativo.

It has often supplied the Place of the antient *Chorus*, in the Works of Mr \*\*\*. In short, a bad Poet has as great an Antipathy to a Cat call, as many People have to a real Cat.

Mr Collier, in his ingenious Essay upon Musick<sup>2</sup> has the following Passage

*I believe its possible to invent an Instrument that shall have a quite contrary Effect to those Martial ones now in use. An Instrument that shall sink the Spirits, and shake the Nerves, and curdle the Blood, and inspire Despair, and Courage and Consternation, at a surprizing rate. 'Tis probable the Roaring of Lions, the Wharbling of Cats and Scratch O'ys, together with a Mixture of the Howling of Dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this Invention. Whether such As to Musick as this might not be of Service in a Camp, I shall leave to the Military Men to consider.*

What this learned Gentleman supposes in Speculation, I have known actually verified in Practice

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> Essays upon several Moral Subjects, by Jeremy Collier, Part II p 30 (ed 1732). Jeremy Collier published the first volume of these Essays in 1697, after he was safe from the danger brought on himself by attending Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins when they were executed for the "assassination plot." The other two volumes appeared successively in 1705 and 1709. It was in 1693 that Collier published his famous "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage."

<sup>2</sup> By Beaumont and Fletcher



'her,' who have ensured our Safety at our Merits, and drawn Jealousy from our Cups in Conversation, deserve the Custom and Thrushes of the whole Town and it is your Duty to remind them of the Obligation

I am, SIR,  
Your Humble Servant,  
Tom Pottle

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Person who was long immured in a College, read much, saw little, so that I knew no more of the World than what a Lecture or a View of the Map might me By this means I improved in my Study, but became unpleasant in Conversation By conversing generally with the Dead, I grew almost unfit for the Society of the Living so by a long Confinement I contracted an ungracious Aversion to Conversation and ever discoursed with Pain to my self, and little Entertainment to others At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing and the Mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the Discourse ran upon Books, put me upon forcing my self amongst Men I immediately affected the politest Company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the Rust I had contracted but by an uncouth Imitation of Men used to act in publick, I got no further than to discover I had a Mind to appear a finer thing than I really was

'Such I was, and such was my Condition, when I became an ardent Lover and passionate Admirer of the Leauteous *Belinda* Then it was that I really began to improve This Passion changed all my Fears and Diffidencies in my

'Esteourt, it may be remembered, connected the advertisement of his Bumper Tavern with the recommendation of himself as one ignorant of the wine trade who relied on Brooke and Hellier, and so ensured his Customers good wine Among the advertisers in the *Spectator* Brooke and Hellier often appeared One of their advertisements is preceded by the following, evidently a contrivance of their own, which shows that the art of puffing was not then in its infancy 'Thus is to give Notice, That Brooke and Hellier have not all the New Port Wines this Year, nor above one half, the Vintners having bought 130 Pipes of Mr Thomas Barlow and others, which are all natural, and shall remain Genuine, on which all Gentlemen and others may depend Note 'Altho' Brooke and Hellier have asserted in several Papers that they had 140 Pipes of New Oporto Wines coming from Bristol, it now appears, since their landing, that they have only 133 Pipes, 1 Hhd of the said Wines, which shews plainly how little what they say is to be credited'

Then follows their long advertisement, which ends with a note that 'Their New Ports, just landed, being the only New Ports in Merchants Hands, and above One Half of all that is in London, will begin to be sold at the old prices the 12th inst (April) at all their Taverns and Cellars'

'general Behaviour, to the sole Concern of pleasing her I had not now to study the Action of a Gentleman, but Love possessing all my Thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a Mind to appear My Thoughts grew free and generous, and the Imitation to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my Carriage a faint Similitude of that distinguished Manner of my *Belinda* The way we are in at present is, that she sees my Passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential Regards Thus Respect to her she returns with much Civility, and makes my Value for her as little a Misfortune to me, as is consistent with Discretion She sings very charmingly and is readier to do so at my Request, because she knows I love her She will dance with me rather than another, for the same Reason My Fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my Heart to her, and her Circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the Narrowness of mine But I write to you now, only to give you the Character of *Belinda*, as a Woman that has Address enough to demonstrate a Gratitude to her Lover, without giving him Hopes of Success in his Passion *Belinda* has from a great Wit, governed by as great Prudence, and both adorned with Innocence, the Happiness of always being ready to discover her real Thoughts She has in many of us, who now are her Admirers, but her Treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our Merit towards her, and what we are in our selves, that I protest to you I have neither Jealousy nor Hatred toward my Rivals Such is her Goodness, and the Acknowledgment of every Man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will treat him who best deserves her I will not say that this Peace among us is not owing to Self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best Deserver I think there is something uncommon and worthy of Imitation in this Lady's Character If you will please to Print my Letter, you will oblige the little Fraternity of happy Rivals, and in a more particular Manner,

SIR,  
Your most humble Servant,  
Will Cymon

No 363 ] Saturday, April 26, 1712 [Addison

—Cruelis ubique  
Luctus, ubique pavor, et pluvium Mortis  
Imago—Virg

MILTON has shewn a wonderful Art in describing that variety of Passions which arise in our first Parents upon the Breach of the Commandment that had been given them We see them gradually passing from the Triumph of their Guilt thro Remorse Shame, Despair Contrition, Prayer, and Hope, to a perfect and complete Repentance At the end of the tenth Book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the Ground and watering the Earth with their Tears To which the Poet joins this beau-

utiful Circumstance, that they offer'd up their penitential Prayers, on the very Place where their Judge appear'd to them when he pronounced their Sentence.

—*They for'k with to the place  
Repair'd where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
Before him Reverent, and both confess'd  
Humbly their Faults, and Pardon begg'd, with  
Tears  
Watering the Ground*—

[There is a Beauty of the same kind in a Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own Eyes, instead of breaking his Neck from the Palace-Battlements (which furnishes so elegant an Entertainment for our English Audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount *Cithæron*, in order to end his Life in that very Place where he was exposed in his Infancy, and where he should then have died, had the Will of his Parents been executed.]

As the Author never fails to give a poetical Turn to his Sentiments, he describes in the Beginning of this Book the Acceptance which these their Prayers met with, in a short Allegory, form'd upon that beautiful Passage in holy Writ And another Angel came and stood at the Altar, having a golden Censer, and there was given unto him much Incense, that he should offer it with the Prayers of all Saints upon the Golden Altar, which was before the Throne And the Smoke of the Incense which came with the Prayers of the Saints, ascended up before God

—*To Heaven their Prayers  
Flew up, nor miss'd the Way, by evil Winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate in they pass'd  
Dimensionless through heavenly Doors, then clad  
With Incense, where the Golden Altar smelt,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's Throne*—

We have the same Thought expressed a second time in the Intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very Emphatical Sentiments and Expressions

Among the Poetical Parts of Scripture, which Milton has so finely wrought into this Part of his Narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* speaking of the Angels who appear'd to him in a Vision, adds, that every one had four Faces, and that their whole Bodies, and their Backs, and their Hands, and their Wings, were full of Eyes round about

—*The Cohort bright  
Of watchful Cherubims, four Faces each  
And like a double Janus, all their Shape  
Spangled with Eyes*—

The Assembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the solemn Decree pass'd upon Man, is represented in very lively Ideas The Almighty is here describ'd as remembering Mercy in the midst of Judgment, and commanding *Michael* to deliver his Message in the mildest Terms lest the Spirit of Man, which was already broken with the Sense of his Guilt and Misery, should fail before him

—*Yet lest they faint  
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I beheld them soft'ed, and with Tears  
Bewailing their Excess, all Terror hide*

The Conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving Sentiments Upon their going abroad after the melancholy Night which they had pass'd together, they discover the Lion and the Eagle pursuing each of them their Prey towards the Eastern Gates of Paradise There is a double Beauty in this Incident, not only as it presents great and just Omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as it expresses that Liberty which was now produced in the Animal Creation The Poet to shew the like Changes in Nature, as well as to grace his Poem with a noble Prodigy, represents the Sun in an Eclipse This particular Incident has likewise a fine Effect upon the Imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows for at the same time that the Sun is under an Eclipse, a bright Cloud descends in the Western Quarter of the Heavens, filled with an Host of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it self The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its Lustre and Magnificence

—*Why in the East  
Darkness ere Days mid course, and morning  
Light*

*More orient in that Western Cloud that dawns  
O'er the blue Firmament a radiant White,  
And slow ascends, with something Heavenly  
franght!*

*He id' not, for by this the heav'nly Bands  
Dropt from a Sky of Jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a Hill made halt,  
A glorious Apparition*—

I need not observe how properly this Author, who always suits his Parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employ'd *Michael* in the Expulsion of our first Parents from Paradise The Archangel on this Occasion neither appears in his proper Shape, nor in that familiar Manner with which *Raphael* the sociable Spirit entertained the Father of Mankind before the Fall His Person, his Port, and Behaviour, are suitable to a Spirit of the highest Rank and exquisitely describ'd in the following Passage

—*Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his Shape Celestial, but as Man  
Clad to meet Man over his lucid Arms  
A Military Vest of Purple flow'd,  
Livelier than Melibœus, or the Grain  
Of Sarras, sworn by Kings and Heroes old,  
In time of Truce His had dypt the Woof  
His stary Helm, unbelied, shew'd him prime  
In Manhood where Youth ended, by his side,  
As in a glistering Zodiack, hung the Sword,  
Satan's dire dread, and in his Hand the Spear  
Adam bow'd low, he Kingly from his State  
Inlued not, but his coming thus declared*

Eve's Complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of Paradise is wonderfully beautiful The Sentiments are not only proper to the Subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish

*Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave  
I thee, native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,  
Fit haunts of Gods? Where I had hope to spend  
Quiet, though sad, the residue of that Day  
That must be mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,  
That never will in other Climate grow,  
My early Visitation, and my last  
At Even, which I bid part tender Hand  
From the first opening Bud, and gave you  
Names,*

*Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rouse  
Your Tribes, and water from the ambrosial  
Fount?*

*Thee, lastly, in thyself Beauty, by me adorn'd  
With what to Sight or Smell was sweet, from  
thee*

*How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower World, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other Air  
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?*

Adam's Speech abounds with Thoughts which  
are equally moving, but of a more masculine and  
elevated Turn. Nothing can be conceived more  
Sublime and Poetical than the following Passage  
in it

*This most afflicts me, that departing hence  
As from his Face I shall be hid, deprived  
His blessed Countenance, here I could frequent,  
With Worship, place by place where he would  
suff'd*

*Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate,  
O this Mount let appear'd, near this Tree  
stood visible, among these Pines his Voice  
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd,  
So many grateful Altars I would raise  
Of grassy Turf, and pile up every Stone  
Of lustre from the Brook, in memory  
Or monument to Ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet-smelling Gums and Fruits and  
Flowers*

*In yonder nettle World where shall I seek  
His bright Appearances, or Footsteps trace?  
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
To Life prolong'd as I promised Race, I now  
Glaucy behold though but his utmost Skirts  
Of Glory, and far off his Steps adore*

The Angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest  
Mount of Paradise, and by's before him a whole  
Hemisphere, as a proper Stage for those Visions  
which were to be represented on it. I have before  
observed how the Plan of Milton's Poem is in  
many Particulars greater than that of the *Iliad*  
or *Æneid*. Virgil's Hero, in the last of these  
Poems, is contented with a Sight of all those  
who are to descend from him: but though that  
Episode is justly admired as one of the noblest  
Designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow  
that this of Milton is of a much higher Nature.  
Adam's Vision is not confined to any particular  
Tribe of Mankind, but extends to the whole  
Species.

In this great Review which Adam takes of all  
his Sons and Daughters, the first Objects he is  
presented with exhibit to him the Story of Cain  
and Abel, which is drawn together with much  
Closeness and Propriety of Expression. That

Curiosity and natural Horror which arises in  
Adam at the Sight of the first dying Man, is  
touched with great Beauty.

*But have I now seen Death? is this the way  
I must return to native Dust? O Sight  
Of horror, soul, and nety to behold,  
Herrid to thine, so v' horrible to feel!*

The second Vision sets before him the Image  
of Death in a great Variety of Appearances. The  
Angel, to give him a general Idea of those Effects  
which his Guilt had brought upon his Posterity,  
places before him a large Hospital or Lazar-  
House, fill'd with Persons lying under all kinds  
of mortal Disorders. How finely has the Poet told  
us that the sick Persons languish'd under linger-  
ing and incurable Distempers, by an apt and judi-  
cious use of such Imaginary Beings as those I  
mentioned in my last Saturday's Paper.

*Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans. Despair  
Tended the Sic', his from Couch to Couch,  
As o'er them to imphant Death his Dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft unhooked  
With. Vo us, as their chief Good and final Hope*

The Passion which likewise rises in Adam on  
this Occasion, is very natural.

*Sight so deform, what Heart of Rock could long  
Dry eyes behold? Adam could not, but rapt,  
Fro' not of Woman born, Con passion quell'd a  
His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears*

The Discourse between the Angel and Adam,  
which follows, abounds with noble Morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in Poetry  
than a Contrast and Opposition of Incidents, the  
Author, after this melancholy Prospect of Death  
and Sickness, raises up a Scene of Mirth, Love,  
and Jollity. The secret Pleasure that steals into  
Adam's Heart as he is intent upon this Vision, is  
imagined with great Delicacy. I must not omit  
the Description of the loose female Troop, who  
seduced the Sons of God, and they are called in  
Scripture

*For that fair female Troop thou saw'st, that  
seem'd*

*Of Goddesses so Blithe, so smooth so Gay,  
Yet enjoin'd of all Good wherein consists  
Woman's domestick Honour and chief Praise,  
Bred only and complicit to the taste  
Of lustful Appetence, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and trowle the long gown, and roll the  
Eye*

*To these that sober Race of Men, whose Lives  
Religious titt'd them the Sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their Virtue, all their Fame  
Ignobly, to the Frains and to the Smiles  
Of those fair Athenists—*

The next Vision is of a quite contrary Nature,  
and fill'd with the Horrors of War. Adam at the  
Sight of it melts into Tears, and breaks out in that  
passionate Speech,

*—O what are these!  
Death's Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death  
Indignantly to Men, and multiply  
Ten Thousandfold the Sin of him who slew*

*Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave  
Thee, native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,  
Fit haunts of Gods? When I had hope to spend  
Quiet, though sad, the residue of that Day  
That must be mortal to us both O Flowers,  
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With Worship, place by place where he vouch-  
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*Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate,  
O! thus mount I appear'd, unacross this Tree  
Stood visible, among these Pines his Voice  
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd,  
So many grateful Altars I would rear  
Of grassy Turf, and pile up ever Stone  
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I must return to native Dust? O Sight  
Of Terror foul, and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think! how horrible to feel!*

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*Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans  
Despair Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch,  
And order them triumph'd Death his Dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strid, though oft invoked  
With Vows, as then chief God and final Hope*

The Passion which likewise rises in Adam on this Occasion, is very natural

*Sight so deform, what Heart of Rock could loig  
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
Two not of Woman born, Con passion quell'd  
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*For that fair female Troop thou sav'st, that  
seem'd*

*Of Goddesses, so Blithe, so Smooth, so Gay,  
Yet empty of all Good! whom our consents  
Woman's domestic Heir and chief Praise,  
Bred only and compleat to the taste  
Of lustful Appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and trolle the Fougne, and roll the  
Eye*

*To these that sober Race of Men, whose Lives  
Religious ti'd them the Sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their Virtue, all their Fame  
Ignobly, to the Traitors and the Smiles  
Of those fair Atheists—*

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*—O what are these!  
Death's Minsters, not Men, who thus deal Death  
Indeemably to Men, and multiply  
Ten Thousandfold the Sin of him who strew*

*His Brother for of whom such Massacre  
Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men?*

Milton, to keep up an agreeable Variety in his Visions, after having roused in the Mind of his Reader the several Ideas of Terror which are conformable to the Description of War, presses on to those softer Images of Triumph and Festivity, in that Vision of Lewdness and Luxury which ushers in the Flood.

As it is visible that the Poet had his Eye upon Ovid's Account of the universal Deluge, the Reader may observe with how much Judgment he has avoided every thing that is redunant or puerile in the Latin Poet. We do not here see the Wolf swimming among the Sheep, nor any of those wanton Imaginations, which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming the great Catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that Verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but Sea, and that that Sea had no Shore to it, he has not set the Thought in such a Light as to incur the Censure which Critics have pressed upon it. The latter part of that Verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

*Taugue mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,  
Nil nisi pontus erat, decra it quoque litorea  
ponto—Ovid*

—Sea cover'd Sea,  
Sea without Shore—Milton

In Milton the former Part of the Description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this Occasion is that which follows in our English Poet,

—And in their Palaces  
Where Luxury late reign'd, Sea Monsters  
—chaf'd—  
And stabl'd—

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the Sea Calves lay in those Places where the Goats were used to browse? The Reader may find several other parallel Passages in the Latin and English Description of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the Advantage. The Sky's being overcharged with Clouds, the descending of the Rains, the rising of the Sea, and the Appearance of the Rainbow, are such Descriptions as every one must take notice of. The Circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the Opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a Place in this Paper.

—Then shall this Mount  
Of Paradise by night of Waves be stor'd  
Out of his Place, push'd by the horn'd Flood  
With all his Verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift  
Down the great River to the opening Gulf,  
And there take root, on Island salt and bare,  
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea Nymphs  
—clang—

The Transition which the Poet makes from the Vision of the Deluge, to the Concern it occa-

<sup>1</sup> Nat. Quæst. Bk. III. § 27

<sup>2</sup> [this]

sioned in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the first Thought it introduces is rather in the Spirit of Ovid.

*How didst thou grieve them, Adam, to behold  
The End of all thy Offspring, Laid so sad,  
Depopulation of thee, another I lo'd  
Of I fear and Sorrows, a I lo'd thee also drown'd,  
And sink thee as thy Sons, till gently rear'd  
By thy Angels, on thy I let thou stood'st at last,  
Thou comfortless as when a Father mourns  
His Children, all to new destroy'd at once*

I have been the more particular in my Quotations out of the eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining Books of this Poem, for which Reason the Reader might be apt to overlook those many Passages in it which deserve our Admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single Circumstance of the Removal of our first Parents from Paradise, but tho' this is not in itself so great a Subject as that in most of the foregoing Books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising Incidents and pleasing Episodes, that these two last Books can by no means be looked upon as unequal Parts of this Divine Poem. I must further add, that had not Milton represented our first Parents as driven out of Paradise, his Fall of Man would not have been complete, and consequently his Action would have been imperfect.

No 364 ] Monday, April 28, 1717 [Steel.

[—Navibus]<sup>1</sup> atque  
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere—Hor

MR SPECTATOR,<sup>2</sup>

A Lady of my Acquaintance, for whom I have too much Respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet Action, has given occasion to this Trouble. She is a Widow, to whom the Indulgence of a tender Husband has entrusted the Management of a very great Fortune, and a Son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The Boy has Parts of the middle Size, neither shining nor despicable, and has pressed the common Exercises of his Years with tolerable Advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward Youth. By the Help of this last Qualification, which serves as a Varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best Use of his Learning and display it to full length upon all Occasions. Last Summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the Vicar before an Assembly of most of the Ladies in the Neighbourhood, and from such weighty Considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls

<sup>1</sup> [Sirena vas exercet iertia Navibus]

<sup>2</sup> Dr Thomas Birch, in a letter dated June 15, 1764, says that this letter was by Mr Philip Yorke, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, who was author also of another piece in the *Spectator*, but his son could not remember what that was.

'out, the Mother is become mysteriously persuaded that her Son is a great Scholar, and that to chain him down to the ordinary Methods of Education with others of his Age, would be to cramp his Faculties, and do an irreparable Injury to his wonderful Capacity.

'I happened to visit at the House last Week, and missing the young Gentleman at the Tea-Table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a Circumstance void inquiring after him. My Lady told me, he was gone out with her Woman, in order to make some Preparations for their Equipage for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The Oddness of the Expression shock'd me a little; however, I soon recovered my self enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this Summer to shew her Son his Estate in a distant County, in which he has never yet been. She soon took care to rob me of that agreeable Mistake, and let me into the whole Affair. She enlarg'd upon young Master's prodigious Improvements, and his comprehensive Knowledge of all Book Learning concluding, that it is now high time he should be made acquainted with Men and Things that she had resolv'd he should make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, but could not bear to leave him out of her Sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a Resolution, but found my self not in fit Humour to meddle with a Subject that demand'd the most soft and delicate Touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the Son's Abilities, or the Mother's Discretion being sensible that in both these Cases, tho' supported with all the Powers of Reason, I should, instead of gaining her Ladyship over to my Opinion, only expose my self to her Disesteem. I therefore immediately determin'd to refer the whole Matter to the SPECTATOR.

'When I came to reflect at Night, as my Custom is, upon the Occurrences of the Day, I could not but believe that this Humour of carrying a Boy to travel in his Mother's Lap, and that upon pretence of learning Men and Things, is a Case of an extraordinary Nature, and carries on it a particular Stamp of Folly. I did not remember to have met with its Parallel within the Compass of my Observation, tho' I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it. From hence my Thoughts took Occasion to ramble into the general Notion of Travelling, as it is now made a Part of Education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a Lad from Grammar and Law, and under the Tuition of some poor Scholar, who is willing to be bribed for thirty Pounds a Year, and a little Victuals, send him crying and snivelling into foreign Countries. Thus he spends his time as Children do at Puppet-Shows, and with much the same Advantage, in staring and gazing at an amazing Variety of strange things strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the Reasons and Meaning of them, whilst he should be laying the solid Foundations of Know-

ledge in his Mind, and furnishing it with just Rules to direct his future Progress in Life under some illustrious Master of the Art of Instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing I thought in Nature, than to consider how Men should fall into so palpable a Mistake? It is a large Field, and my very well exercise a sprightly Genius but I don't remember you have yet taken a Turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make People understand, that *Travel* is really the last Step to be taken in the Institution of Youth, and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

'Certainly the true End of visiting Foreign Parts, is to look into their Customs and Policies, and observe in what Particulars they excel or come short of our own to learn some odd Peculiarities in our Manners, and wear off such awkward Stiffnesses and Affectations in our Behaviour, as may possibly have been contracted from constantly associating with one Nation of Men, by a more free, general and mixed Conversation. But how can any of these Advantages be attained by one who is a mere Stranger to the Customs and Policies of his native Country, and has not yet fix'd in his Mind the first Principles of Manners and Behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gawdy Structure without any Foundation or, if I may be allow'd the Expression, to work a rich Embroidery upon a Colweb.

'Another End of travelling which deserves to be consider'd, is the Improving our Taste of the best Authors of Antiquity, by seeing the Places where they lived, and of which they wrote, to compare the natural Face of the Country with the Descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the Picture agrees with the Original. This must certainly be a most charming Exercise to the Mind that is rightly turn'd for it besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to Morality, if the Person is capable of drawing just Conclusions concerning the Uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous Alterations Time and Barbarity have brought upon so many Palaces, Cities and whole Countries, which make the most illustrious Figures in History. And this Hint may be not a little improved by examining every Spot of Ground that we find celebrated as the Scene of some famous Action or retaining any Footsteps of a *Cato*, *Cicero* or *Brutus*, or some such great virtuous Man. A nearer View of any such Particular, tho' really little and trifling in it self, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous Mind to an Emulation of their Virtues, and a greater Ardency of Ambition to imitate their bright Examples, if it comes duly temper'd and prepar'd for the Impression. But this I believe you'll hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the Sense and Spirit of the Ancients, that they don't yet understand their Language with any [Exactness.]

1 [Exactness]

I can't quit this head without paying my Acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining Pieces this Age has produc'd, for the Pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess, that

'But I have wander'd from my Purpose, which  
'is only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond  
'*English Mother*, and Mother's *ow* Son from  
'being shewn in ridiculo in Spectre thro' the  
'most polite Part of *Europe*. Pray tell them,  
'that though to be *Scandal*, or jumbled in an out-  
'landish Stage Crotch, in my perhaps be less useful  
'for the Constitution of the Body, yet it is apt to  
'cause such a Dizziness in young empty Heads,  
'as too often loses their Life-time

I am, SIR,

Your most Humble Servant,  
Philip Homebred

SIR,

Birch Lane

'I was marry'd on Sunday last, and went  
'agreeably to bed but, to my Surprise, was  
'waken'd the next Morning by the Thunder of  
'a Set of Drums. These warlike Sounds (I  
'think) are very improper in a Marriage Con-  
'sort, and give great Offence they seem to in-  
'sinuate, that the Joy of this State is slight,  
'and that Jars and Discord soon ensue. I fear  
'they have been ominous to many Matches, and  
'sometimes prov'd a Prelude to a Battle in the  
'Honey Moon. A Nod from you may hush  
'them, therefore pray, Sir, let them be silenced,  
'that for the future none but soft Airs may usher  
in the Morning of a Bridal Night, which will be  
'a favour not only to those who come after, but  
'to me who can still subscribe my self,

Your most humble  
and most obedient Servant,  
Robin Bridegroom

MR SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that sort of Women whom  
'the graver Part of our Sex are apt to call a  
'Pride. But to shew them that I have very  
'little Regard to their Rallery, I shall be glad to  
'see them all at *The Inconsistencies*, or the  
'*Wanton Wife*, which is to be acted, for the  
'Benefit of Mrs *Potter*, on Monday the 28th  
'Instant. I assure you I can laugh at an Ama-  
'rous Widow, or Wanton Wife, with as little  
'temptation to imitate them, as I could at any  
'other vicious Character. Mrs *Potter* oblig'd  
'me so very much in the exquisite Sense she  
'seem'd to have of the honourable Sentiments  
'and noble Passions in the Character of *Hermione*,  
'that I shall appear in her behalf at a

the Book I have in my hand is *Mr A's*  
*Remarks upon Italy*. That Ingenious gentleman  
has with so much Art and Judgment applied his  
exact Knowledge of all the Parts of Classical  
Learning to illustrate the several occurrences of  
his Travels, that his Work alone is a pregnant  
Proof of what I have said. No Body that has a  
taste this way, can read him going from *Rome* to  
*Naples*, and imitating *Horace* and *Silvius Italicus*  
his Chariot, but he must feel some Uneasiness in  
himself to reflect that he was not in his Return  
I am sure I wish'd it Ten times in every Page,  
and that not without a secret Vanity to think in  
what State I should have travell'd the *Apennine*  
Road with *Horace* for a Guide, and in company  
with a Country man of my own, who of all Men  
living knows best how to follow his Steps.]

'Comedy, tho' I have not great Relish for any  
'Entertainments where the Mirth is not season'd  
'with a certain Severity, which ought to recom-  
'mend it to People who pretend to keep Reason  
'and Authority over all their Actions

I am, SIR,

Your frequent Reader,  
Altamura

T

No 365 ] Tuesday April 29, 1712 [Budget]

Veni magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—  
Virg

THE Author of the *Menagiana* requires us,  
that discursing one Day with several Ladies  
of Quality about the Effects of the Month of  
*May*, which infuses a kindly Warmth into the  
Earth, and all its Inhabitants the Marchioness  
of S— who was one of the Company, told  
him, *That though she would promise to be chaste*  
*in every Month besides, she could not engage for*  
*her self in May*. As the beginning therefore of  
this Month is now very near, I design this Pa-  
per for a Caveat to the Fair Sex, and publish it be-  
fore *April* is quite out, that if any of them should  
be caught tripping, they may not pretend they  
had not timely Notice

I am induced to this, being perswaded the  
above mentioned Observation is as well calcu-  
lated for our Climate as for that of *France*, and  
that some of our *British* Ladies are of the same  
Constitution with the *French* Marchioness

I shall leave it among Physicians to determine  
what may be the Cause of such an Anniversary  
Inclination whether or no it is that the Spirits  
after having been as it were frozen and congealed  
by Winter, are now turned loose, and set a  
rambling, or that the gay Prospects of Fields and  
Meadows, with the Courtship of the Birds in  
every Bush naturally unbend the Mind, and  
soften it to Pleasure or that, as some have  
imagined, a Woman is prompted by a kind of In-  
stinct to throw herself on a Ped of Flowers, and  
not to let those beautiful Couches which Nature  
has provided be useless. However it be, the Ef-  
fects of this Month on the lower part of the Sex,  
who act without Disguise, [are] very visible. It  
is at this time that we see the young Wenches in  
a Country Parish dancing round a *May Pole*,  
which one of our learned Antiquaries supposes to  
be a Relique of a certain Pagan Worship that I  
do not think fit to mention

It is likewise on the first Day of this Month  
that we see the ruddy Milk Maid exerting her  
self in a most sprightly manner under a Pyramid  
of Silver Pans, and, like the Virgin *Parthena*,  
oppress'd by the costly Ornaments which her  
Benefactors lay upon her

I need not mention the Ceremony of the Green  
Gown, which is also peculiar to this gay Season

The same periodical Love-Fit spreads through  
the whole Sex, as Mr *Dryden* well observes in  
his Description of this merry Month

2 [sic] and in first Reprint.

For thee, sw et Month, the Groves green Linnæes  
 swear,  
 If not the first, the fairest of the Year,  
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
 And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs  
 The sprightly Mry commands our Mouth to keep  
 The Virgils of her Night, and breaks their Sleep,  
 Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she  
 moves,  
 Inspires new Flames, renews extinguish'd  
 Loves.

Accordingly among the Works of the great  
 Masters in Painting, who have drawn this general  
 Season of the Year, we often observe *Cusids*  
 confused with *Jessies* flying up and down pro-  
 miscuously in several Parts of the Picture. I  
 cannot but add from my own Experience, that  
 about this time of the Year Love Letters come  
 up to me in great Numbers from all Quarters of  
 the Nation.

I recen d an Epistle in particular by the late  
 Poet from a *Polish* Gentleman, who makes  
 heavy Complaints of one *Zehida*, whom it seems  
 he has courted unsuccessfully these three Years  
 past. He tells me that he designs to try her this  
 May, and if he does not carry his Point, he will  
 never think of her more.

Having thus furly admonish'd the female Sex,  
 and bid before them the Dangers they are ex-  
 posed to in this critical Month, I shall in the next  
 place lay down some Rules and Directions for  
 their better avoiding those Calamities which are  
 so very frequent in this Season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to  
 venture abroad in the Fields, but in the Company  
 of a Parent, a Guardian, or some other sober dis-  
 creet Person. I have before shewn how apt they  
 are to trip in a flow'ry Meadow, and shall fur  
 ther observe to them, that *Proserpine* was out a  
 Maying, when she met with that fatal Adventure  
 to which *Milton* alludes when he mentions

—That fair Field  
 Of Fenn, where Proserpine gathering Flowers,  
 Herself a fairer Flower, by gloomy Dis  
 Was gather'd—

Since I am got into Quotations, I shall conclude  
 this Head with *Virg*'s Advice to young People,  
 while they are gathering wild Strawberries and  
 Nosegays, that they should have a care of the  
*Sunk in the Grass*.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those  
 Prescriptions, which our Astrological Physicians  
 give in their Almanacks for this Month: such as  
 use a spare and simple Diet, with the moderate  
 Use of *Phlebotomy*.

Under this Head of Abstinence I shall also ad-  
 vise my fair Readers to be in a particular manner  
 careful how they meddle with Romances, Cho-  
 colate, Novels, and the like Inflamers, which I

look upon as very dangerous to be made use of  
 during this great Carnival of Nature.

As I have often declar'd, that I have nothing  
 more at heart than the Honour of my dear  
 Country Women, I would beg them to consider,  
 whenever their Resolutions begin to fail them,  
 that there are but one and thirty Days of this  
 soft Season, and that if they can but weather out  
 this one Month, the rest of the Year will be eas-  
 y to them. As for that Part of the fair-Sex who  
 stay in Town I would advise them to be parti-  
 cularly cautious how they give them selves up to  
 their most innocent Intermittents. If they  
 cannot forswear the Play house I would recom-  
 mend *Tragedy* to them rather than *Comedy*,  
 and should think the *Puffed shurt* much easier  
 for them than the *O'ra*, all the while the Sun is in  
*Gemini*.

The Reader will observe that this Paper is  
 written for the use of those Ladies who think it  
 worth while to war against Nature in the Cause  
 of Honour. As for that abandoned Crew, who  
 do not think Virtue worth contending for, but give  
 up their Reputation at the first Summons, such  
 Warnings and Premonitions are thrown away  
 upon them. A Prostitute is the same every Crea-  
 ture in all Months of the Year, and makes no dif-  
 ference between May and December. X

No 366 ] Wednesday, April 30, 1712 [ Steele

Pone me fagi is ubi nulla camp s  
 Arbor assit a recreatur aura,  
 Dulce i dentem Lalagna amalo,  
 Dulce loquenter:—Hor

THESE are such wild Inconsistencies in the  
 Thoughts of a Man in love, that I have often  
 reflected there can be no reason for allowing him  
 more Liberty than others possessed with I renry,  
 but that his Distemper has no Malvolence in it  
 to any Mortal. His Devotion to his Mistress  
 troubles in his Mind a general tenderness which  
 exerts it self towards every Object as well as his  
 Fair one. When this Passion is represented by  
 Writers, it is common with them to endeavour at  
 certain Quaintnesses and Turns of Imagination,  
 which are apparently the Work of a Mind at ease,  
 but the Men of true Taste can easily distinguish  
 the Exaction of a Mind which overflows with ten-  
 der Sentiments, and the Labour of one which is  
 only describing Distress. In Performances of this  
 kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty,  
 every Sentiment must grow out of the Occasion,  
 and be suitable to the Circumstances of the Char-  
 acter. Where this Rule is transgressed, the  
 humble Servant, in all the fine things he says, is  
 but shewing his Mistress how well he can dress,  
 instead of saying how well he loves. Love and  
 Drapery is as much a Man, as Wit and Turn is  
 Passion.

MR SPECTATOR,

The following Verses are a Translation of a  
 'Lagland Love-Song, which I met with in

<sup>1</sup> This quotation is made up of two passages in  
 Dryden's version of Chaucer's Knight's Tale,  
 'Paradise and Arcite'. The first four lines are  
 from Bk. II. ll. 663—666, the other four lines are  
 from Bk. I. ll. 176—179.

<sup>2</sup> Paradise Lost, Bk. II. ll. 268—271.



'Scheffer's History of that Country' I was agreeably surprized to find a Spirit of Tender-ness and Poetry in a Region which I never suspected for Delicacy. In hotter Climates, tho' altogether uncivilized, I had not wonder'd if I had found some sweet wild Notes among the Natives where they live in Groves of Oranges and hear the Melody of Larks about them. But a *Lapland Lyric*, brim'd with Sentiments of Love and Poetry, not unworthy old *Greece* or *Rome*, a regular Ode from a Climate pinched with Frost, and curd with Darkness so great a Part of the Year where as running thro' the poor Natives should get Food, or be tempted to propagate their Species this, I confess, seemed a greater Miracle to me than the famous Stories of their Drums, their Winds and Incantations.

I am the bolder in recommending this Northern Song, because I have faithfully kept to the Sentiments, without adding or diminishing anything to no greater Praise from my Translation, than they who smooth and clean the Furs of that Country which have suffered by Curriers. The Numbers in the Original are as loose and unequal, as those in which the British Ladies support their *Pudor* etc., and perhaps the truest of them might not think it a disagreeable Present from a Lover. But I have ventured to bind it in sterner Measures as being more proper for our

<sup>1</sup> John Scheffer, born in 1621, at Strasburg, was at the age of 27 so well known for his learning, that he was invited to Sweden, where he received a liberal pension from Queen Christina as her librarian, and was also a Professor of Law and Rhetoric in the University of Upsala. He died in 1699. He was the author of 27 works, among which is his 'Lapponia,' a Latin description of Lapland, published in 1673 of which an English version appeared at Oxford in folio, in 1674. The song is there given in the original Lapp, and in a rendering of Scheffer's Latin less convenient than polished than that published by the Spectator, which is Ambrose Philips's translation of a translation. In the Oxford translation there were six stanzas of this kind

*With brightest beams let the Sun shine  
On Orma Moor  
Could I be sure  
That from the softest of the lofty Pine  
I Orma Moor might see,  
To his lightest bow would climb,  
And with maudlin Labor  
Hence to ascend  
My Mistress if that there she be*

*Could I but know amidst what Flowers  
Or in what Shade she stays,  
The good by Boers  
With all their verdant Pride,  
Their Blossoms and the Spring,  
Which make my Mistress disappear,  
And her in ev'ry Darkness hide,  
I from the Roots and Beds of Earth would tear*

In the same chapter another song is given of which there is a version in No 406 of the Spectator

'Tongue, tho' perhaps wilder Graces my better  
Than the Genius of the *Lapland* Language  
'It will be necessary to imagine that the Author  
of this Song, not having the Liberty of visiting  
his Mistress at her Father's House, was in hopes  
of spying her at a Distance in the Fields

## I

*The sun & Sun, whose glad some Ray  
Is ever so fair to Rural Play,  
Despise the Mustard which the Skins,  
And bring my Orma to my Eyes*

## II

*Oh! were I so near to thee,  
Pd climb that Pine Tree's topmost Bough,  
Alight in that quivering bough,  
And round it round for ever gaze*

## III

*If Orma Moor, were art thou land?  
What Woe conceals my sleep? Maid?  
Fast by the Roots of the Fair  
The Trees that hide my, pro and Fair*

## IV

*Oh! I could ride the Clouds and Sties,  
Or on the Ravens Pinions rise  
To stalk, to Stairs, a moment stay,  
And cast a Lover on his way*

## V

*My Bliss too long my Bride denies,  
Apace she waxes in Summer flies  
Nor yet the winter Blasts I fear,  
Nor Storms or Night shall keep me here*

## VI

*What may for Strength with Steel compare?  
Oh! Love is better stronger far  
By Bolts of Steel are Lungs cut fir'd,  
But cruel Love it chains the Mind*

## VII

*No longer 'thou perplex thy Breast,  
When Thoughts torment the first are best,  
'Tis nought to go, 'tis Death to stay,  
Away to Orma, I haste away*

<sup>1</sup> SPECTATOR, April the 10th  
'I am one of those despicable Creatures called  
'a Chamber-Maid, and have lived with a Mistress  
'for some time, whom I love as my Life, which  
'has made my Duty and Pleasure inseparable  
'My greatest Delight has been in being employ'd  
'about her Person and indeed she is very seldom  
'out of Humour for a Woman of her Quality  
'But here lies my Complaint, Sir, To hear with  
'me is all the Encouragement she is pleas'd to  
'bestow upon me for she gives her cast off  
'Cloaths from me to others, some she is pleas'd  
'to bestow in the House to those that neither  
'wants nor wears them and some to Hangers-on,  
'that frequents the House daily, who comes  
'dressed out in them. Thus, Sir, is a very mortifying Sight to me, who am a little necessitous  
'for Cloaths and loves to appear what I am, and  
'excuses an Uncomeliness, so that I can't serve with  
'that Cheerfulness as formerly, which my Mis-  
'tress takes notice of, and calls Envy and Ill-

'Temper at seeing others preferred before me  
'My Mistress has a younger Sister lives in the  
'House with her, that is some thousands below  
'her in Estate, who is continually helping her  
'I vows on her Maid, so that she can appear  
'every Sunday, for the first Quarter, in a fresh  
'Suit of Cloaths of her Mistress's giving, with all  
'other things suitable. All this I see without  
'envying, but not without wishing my Mistress  
'would a little consider what a Discouragement it  
'is to me to have my Perquisites divided between  
'Farmers and Jobbers, which others enjoy more  
'to themselves. I have spoke to my Mistress  
'but to little Purpose. I have desired to be dis-  
'charged (for indeed I fret my self to nothing) but  
'that she answer with Silence. I beg, Sir, your  
'Direction what to do, for I am fully resolv'd to  
'follow your Counsel who am

*Your Admirer and humble Servant,*  
Constantin Comb-brush

'I beg that you would put it in a better Dress  
'and let it come abroad that my Mistress, who  
'is an Admirer of your Speculations, may see it.

No 367 ] Thursday, May 2, 1712 [Addison

*Peritura parcat et arte* — Juv

I HAVE often pleas'd my self with consider-  
ing the two kinds of Benefits which accrue  
to the Publick from these my Speculations, and  
which, were I to speak after the manner of Logi-  
cians, I would distinguish into the *Material* and  
the *Formal*. By the latter I understand those  
Advantages which my Readers receive, as their  
Minds are either improv'd or delighted by these  
my daily Labours, but having already several  
times descanted on my Endeavours in this Light,  
I shall at present wholly confine my self to the  
Consideration of the former. By the Word *Ma-  
terial* I mean those Benefits which arise to the  
Publick from these my Speculations, as they con-  
sume a considerable quantity of our Paper Manu-  
facture, employ our Artisans in Printing, and find  
Business for great Numbers of Indigent Persons.

Our Paper-Manufacture takes into it several  
mean Materials which could be put to no other  
use, and affords Work for several Hands in the  
collecting of them, which are incapable of any  
other Employment. I those poor Retilers, whom  
we see so busy in every Street, deliver in their  
respective Gleanings to the Merchant. The Mer-  
chant carries them in Loads to the Paper Mill,  
where they pass thro' a fresh Set of Hands, and  
give life to another Trade. Those who have Mills  
on their Estates, by this means considerably raise  
their Rents, and the whole Nation is in a great  
measure supply'd with a Manufacture, for which  
formerly she was oblig'd to her Neighbours.

The Materials are no sooner wrought into  
Paper, but they are distributed among the Presses,  
where they again set innumerable Artists at Work,  
and furnish Business to another Mystery. From  
hence, accordingly as they are stain'd with News

or Politicks, they fly thro' the Town in *Post Men*,  
*Post-Boys*, *Daily-Courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys*,  
and *Examiners*. Men, Women, and Children  
contented who shall be the first Bearers of them,  
and get their daily Sustenance by spreading them.  
In short, when I trace in my Mind a Bundle of  
Kgs to a Quire of *Spectators*, I find so many  
Hands employ'd in every Step they take thro'  
their whole Progress, that while I am writing a  
*Spectator*, I fancy my self providing Bread for a  
Multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty  
Readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my  
Paper, after it is thus printed and published, is  
still beneficial to the Publick on several Occasions.  
I must confess I have lighted my Pipe with my  
own Works for this Twelve month past. My  
Lady often sends up her little Daughter to  
draw some of my old *Spectators*, and has fre-  
quently told me, that the Paper they are print-  
ed on is the best in the World to wrap Spice in.  
They likewise make a good Foundation for a  
Mutton pie, as I have more than once experi-  
enc'd, and were very much sought for, last *Christ-  
mas*, by the whole Neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the Changes  
that a Linen Linnen undergoes, by passing  
thro' the several Hands above mentioned. The  
finest pieces of Holland, when worn to Tatters,  
assume a new Whiteness more beautiful than their  
first, and often return in the shape of Letters to  
their Native Country. A Lady's Shift may be  
metamorphos'd into *Passepieds*, and come into  
her Possession a second time. A Beau may per-  
use his Cravat after it is worn out, with greater  
Pleasure and Advantage than ever he did in a  
Cravat. In a word, a Piece of Cloth, after having  
officiated for some Years as a Towel or a Napkin,  
may by this means be rais'd from a Dunghill, and  
become the most valuable Piece of Furniture in a  
Prince's Cabinet.

The politest Nations of *Europe* have endeav-  
oured to vie with one another for the Reputation  
of the finest Printing. Absolute Governments, as  
well as Republicks, have encouraged in Art  
which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial  
that was ever invented among the Sons of Men.  
The present King of *France*, in his Pursuits after  
Glory, has particularly distinguished himself by  
the promoting of this useful Art, inasmuch that  
several Books have been printed in the *Louvre*  
at his own Expence, upon which he sets so great  
a value, that he considers them as the noblest  
Presents he can make to foreign Princes and Am-  
bassadors. If we look into the Commonwealths  
of *Holland* and *Venice*, we shall find that in this  
Particular they have made themselves the Envy  
of the greatest Monarchies. *Elzevir* and *Aldus*  
are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner  
of the one or Doge of the other.

The several Presses which are now in *England*,  
and the great Encouragement which has been  
given to Learning for some Years last past, has  
made our own Nation as glorious upon this Ac-  
count, as for its late Triumphs and Conquests.  
The new Edition which is given us of *Cæsar's*  
Commentaries, has already been taken notice of  
in foreign *Gazettes*, and is a Work that does

in your to the *English Press*.<sup>1</sup> It is no wonder that an Edition should be very correct, which has passed thro' the Hands of one of the most accurate learned and judicious Writers this Age has produced. The Beauty of the Paper of the *Claracter*, and of the several Cuts with which this noble Work is illustrated, makes it the finest Book that I have ever seen. And is a true Instance of the *Felicity* of Genius, which tho' it does not come the first in any Art, generally carries it to greater Height than any other Country in the World. I am particularly glad that this Author comes from a *British* Printing-house, so great a Mark of Honour as he is the first who has given us any tolerable Account of our Country.

My Illustrious Readers, if any such there are will be surprised to hear the talk of Learning and the Glory of a Nation and of Printing as an Art that gives a Reputation to a People more when it flourishes. When Men thus are taken up with Ambition they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable which does not bring with it an extraordinary Power or Interest to the Person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never and this Paper so far as to engage with *Letters* and *Liberal Arts*, I shall only regard such kind of Rewards with that Eye which is due to so deplorable a Degree of Stupidity and Ignorance.

No 368] Friday, May 2 1712 [Sterk

*Despectus*  
*Iugere ubi esset atque in luce editus*  
*Humanae vitae et in rebus et in eis*  
*At qui laboris more fit uterque et*  
*Quis est amicus aude et leti et exequi*  
 Turpinus and Tull

AS the *Spectator* is in a kind of Paper of News from the natural World, as others are from the busy and political Part of Mankind, I shall translate the following Letter written to an eminent French Gentleman in this Town from *Paris*, which gives us the Exit of an Heroine who is a Pattern of Patience and Generosity.

SIR,

Paris, April 18, 1712

It is so many Years since you left your native Country, that I am to tell you the Characters of your nearest Relations as much as if you were an utter Stranger to them. The Occasion of this

<sup>1</sup> Just published, 1712 by Dr Samuel Clarke, then 37 years old. He had been for 12 years Chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, and Boyle Lecturer in 1704-5, when he took for his subject the Being and Attributes of God and the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. He had also translated Newton's *Optics*, and was become chaplain to the Queen, Rector of St James's, Westminster, and D.D. of Cambridge. The recitations of heterodoxy that followed him through his after life date from this year, 1712, in which, besides the edition of *Caesar*, he published a book on the Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.

is to give you an account of the Death of Madam de Villacerse, whose Departure out of this Life I know not whether a Man of your Philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some Circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole Life happy in an uninterrupted Health and was always honoured for in a Venness of Temper and Greatness of Mind. On the 10th instant this Lady was taken with an Indisposition which confined her to her Chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick Bed, and yet necessary to rid us of my Satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some Years ago Monsieur de Villacerse, one of the most considerable Surgeons in France, was devotedly in love with this Lady. Her Quality placed her above any Application to her in the account of his Passion, but as we now always has some regard to the Person whom she loves to be her real Admirer, she now took it in her head (upon Advice of her Physicians) to lose some of her blood, to send for Mon sieur de Villacerse, that occasion I happened to be there at that time and my near Relation gave me the Privilege to be present. As soon as her Arm was exposed bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the Venous Colour, and when I observed him served with a sudden Tremor which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my Cousin with some Apprehension. She smiled, and said she knew Mr de Villacerse had no Inclination to do her Injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also proceeded in his Work. Immediately after the Operation he cried out that he was the most unfortunate of all Men for that he had opened an Artery instead of a Vein. It is as impossible to express the Artist's Distraction as the Patient's Composure. I will not dwell on little Circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time it was thought necessary to tie off her Arm. She was so far from using *Festum* as it would be natural to one of a lower Spirit to treat him that she would not let him be absent from any Consultation about her present Condition, and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the Measures (tho' they were taken about her) Before this last Operation she ordered her Will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone she bid the Surgeons of whom poor *Festum* was one, go on in their Work. I know not how to give you the Terms of Art, but there appeared such Symptoms after the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her Behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole Affair, that I was particularly curious in taking Notice of what passed as her Life approached nearer and nearer, and took Notice of what she said to all about her, particularly Word for Word what she spoke to Mr *Festum*, which was as follows.

Sir, you give me inexpressible Sorrow for the Anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all Intents and Purposes from the Interests of human Life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in

"it I do not consider you as one by whose Error I have lost my Life no, you are my Benefactor, as you have hasten'd my Entrance into a happy Immortality This is my Sense of this Accident, but the World in which you live may have I thoughts of it to your Disadvantage, I have therefore taken Care to provide for you in my Will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their Ill Nature"

"While this excellent Woman spoke these Words, *Festean* looked as if he received a Condemnation to die, instead of a Pension for his Life *Madam de Villacerse* lived till Light of [the] Clock the next Night and tho' she must have laboured under the most exquisite Torments, she possessed her Mind with so wonderful a Patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that hour You who had not the happiness to be personally known to this Lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the Honour you had of being related to so great Merit, but we who have lost her Conversation, cannot so easily resign our own Happiness by Reflection upon hers

*I am,*

SIR,

Your affectionate Kinsman,

and most obedient humble Servant,

Paul Regnaud

There hardly can be a greater Instance of an Heroick Mind, than the unprejudiced Manner in which this Lady weighed this Misfortune. The regard of Life it self could not make her overlook the Contrition of the unhappy Man, whose more than Ordinary Concern for her was all his Guilt. It would certainly be of singular Use to human Society to have an exact Account of this Lady's ordinary Conduct, which was Crowned by so uncommom Magnanimity. Such Greatness was not to be acquired in her last Article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant Practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding Death, not as the Dissolution, but Consummation of her Life

T

No 369] Saturday, May 3, 1712 [Addison

*Segnius irritant animos deumssa per aures  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*—

Hor

MILTON, after having represented in Vision the History of Mankind to the first great Period of Nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in Narration. He has devised a very handsome Reason for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner though doubtless the true Reason was the Difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a Story in visible Objects. I could wish, however, that the Author had done it, whatever Pains it might have cost him. To give my Opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the History of Mankind in Vision, and part in Narrative, is as if an History-Painter should put in Colours one half of his Subject,

and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton's* Poem flags any where, it is in this Narration, where in some places the Author has been so attentive to his Divinity, that he has neglected his Poetry. The Narration, however, rises very happily on several Occasions, where the Subject is capable of Poetical Ornaments, as particularly in the Confusion which he describes among the Builders of *Babel*, and in his short Sketch of the Plagues of *Egypt*. The Storm of Hail and Fire, with the Darkness that overspread the Land for three Days, are described with great Strength. The beautiful Passage which follows, is raised upon noble Hints in Scripture

—*Thus with ten thousand*

*The River Dragon tamed at length submits  
To let his Sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn Heart, but still as Ice  
More harden'd after Thaw, till in his Rage  
Pursues whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea  
Swallows him with his Host, but then lets pass  
As on dry Land between two Crystal Walls,  
A-d-d by the Rod of Moses so to stund  
Divided*

The River-Dragon is an Allusion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence *Egypt* derives her Plenty. This Allusion is taken from that sublime Passage in *Ezekiel*, *Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee, Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great Dragon that lieth in the midst of his Rivers, which hath said, my River is mine own, and I have made it for my self*. Milton has given us another very noble and poetical Image in the same Description, which is copied almost Word for Word out of the History of *Moses*

*All Night he will pursue, but his Approach  
Darkness defends between till morning Watch,  
Then through the fiery Pillar and the Cloud  
God looking forth, will trouble all his Host,  
And crize their Chariot Wheels when by command*

*Moses once more his potent Rod extends  
Over the Sea the Sea his Rod obeys  
On their embattel'd Ranks the Waves return  
And overwhelm their Wars*

As the principal Design of this Episode was to give *Adam* an Idea of the Holy Person, who was to restate human Nature in that Happiness and Perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the Line of *Abraham*, from whence the *Messiah* was to Descend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular Liveliness to this part of the Narration

*I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith  
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, his Native Soil,  
Of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford  
To Haran, after him a cumbrous Train  
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous Servitude,  
Notward'ring poor, but trusting all his Wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a Land unknown  
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents  
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring  
Plain*

*Of Moreh, there by Providence is  
Gifts to his Progeny of all that I as'd,  
From Hamath Asparaz to the Desert South  
(Things by their Names I call, though yet un-  
named)*

As Virgil's Vision in the sixth *Aeneid* probably gave Milton the Hint of this whole *Epistle*, the last Line is a Translation of the Verse where *Aeneas* mentions the Names of Places, which they were to bear hereafter

*Hæc tunc in præsertim, rursus sunt ne nominare  
terre*

The Poet has very finely represented the Joy and Gladness of Heart which rises in *Adam* upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his Day at a distance through Types and Shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the Redemption of Man completed, and *Paradise* again renewed, he breaks forth in Rapture and Transport

*O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!  
Thou art all this Good of Earth shall produce, &c*

I have hinted in my sixth Paper on *Milton*, that in Heroick Poem, according to the Opinion of the best Critics, ought to end happily, and leave the Mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many Doubts and Fears, Sorrows and Disquietudes, in a State of Tranquillity and Satisfaction. *Milton's Fable*, which had so many other Qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this Particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite Judgment, as well as the truest Invention by finding out a Method to supply this natural Defect in his Subject. Accordingly he leaves the Adversary of Mankind in the last View which he gives us of him, under the lowest State of Mortification and Disappointment. We see him chewing Ashes, grovelling in the Dust and laden with super-numerary Pains and Torments. On the contrary, our two first Parents are comforted by Dreams and Visions, cheered with Promises of Salvation, and, in a manner, raised to a greater Happiness than that which they had forfeited. In short, *Satan* is represented miserable in the height of his Triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of his Misery.

*Milton's Poem* ends very nobly. The last Speeches of *Adam* and the Arch Angel are full of Moral and Instructive Sentiments. The Sleep that fell upon *Eve* and the Effects it had in quieting the Disorders of her Mind produces the same kind of Consolation in the Reader who cannot peruse the last beautiful Speech which is ascribed to the Mother of Mankind, without a secret Pleasure and Satisfaction.

*Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I  
know,  
For Grief is also in Sleep, and Dreams ad us,  
What he'll sent prophetic, some great Good  
Promising, since with Sorrow and Heart's Dis-  
tress*

*Wearied I fell asleep, but now lead on,  
In me is no delay, will thou to go,  
Is to stay here, without thee here to stay,*

*Is to go hence in willing thou to me  
Art all things under Heaven, all Places thou,  
Who for this woful Crime art banish'd hence  
Thou farther Consolation yet see'st  
I carry hence, though all by me is lost  
Such Fairer, I unworthy, am encompass'd,  
By me the promised Seed shall all restore*

The following Lines, which conclude the Poem, rise in a most glorious Blaze of Poetical Images and Expressions.

*Melchior* in his *Ethiopicks* acquaints us, that the Motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals; the former do not stir their Feet, nor proceed Step by Step, but slide over the Surface of the Earth by an uniform Swimming of the whole Body. The Reader may observe with how Poetical a Description *Milton* has attributed the same kind of Motion to the Angels who were to take Possession of *Paradise*.

*So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard  
Hill glads, but answer'd not, for now too nigh  
Th' Ambangal stood, and from the other Hill  
To their fix'd Station all us bright Array  
The Cherubin descended, in the Groin'd  
Gliding unperceiv'd, as evening Mist  
Rise from a River, o'er the Marsh glides,  
And waters grow'd fast at the Labourer's Heel  
Honest and returning, Night I went in'd, and  
The braided sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a Conquest*

The Author helped his Invention in the following Passage, by reflecting on the Behaviour of the Angel who, in Holy Writ, has the Commend of *Job* and his Family. The Circumstances thrown from that Relation are very gracefully made use of on this Occasion.

*In either Hand the hastening Angel caught  
Our lucre's Parents, and with Eastern Gate  
Led to our secret, and down the Cliff as fast  
To the subjected Plain, then disappear'd  
They looking back, &c.*

The [Scene<sup>1</sup>] which our first Parents are surprized with upon their looking back on *Paradise*, wonderfully strikes the Reader's Imagination: as nothing can be more natural than the Tears they shed on that Occasion.

*They looking back, all the Eastern side bel old  
Of Paradise, so late their happy Seat,  
Wad'erly that flank'd the Gate  
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery Arms  
Some natural Fears they dropp'd, but woful  
then so on,*

*The World was all before them, whither to chuse  
Their Place of Rest, and Providence their Guide*

If I might presume to offer at the smallest Alteration in this divine Work, I should think the Poem would end better with the Passage here quoted, than with the two Verses which follow.

*They had in hand, with vanquishing Steps and  
slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way*

<sup>1</sup> [Prospect]

look all round us and behold the different I'm playments of Mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the Player is, in an assumed Character. The Lawyer, who is valiant and loud in a Cause wherein he knows he has not the Truth of the Question on his Side, is a Player as to the personated Part, but incomparably meaner than he is to the Prostitution of himself for Hire, because the Pleader's Likelihood introduces Injustice the Player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The Divine, whose Passions transport him to say any thing with any View but promoting the Interests of true Piety and Religion is a Player with a still greater Imputation of Guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a Character more sacred. Consider all the different Pursuits and Employments of Men, and you will find half their Actions tend to nothing else but Disguise and Imposture, and all that is done which proceeds not from a Man's very self, is the Action of a Player. For this Reason it is that I in the frequent men of the Stage. It is, with me, a Matter of the highest Consideration what Parts are well or ill performed, what Passions or Sentiments are ridiculed or calumniated, and consequently what Manners and Customs are transused from the Stage to the World, which reciprocally nourish each other. As the Writers of Fick Poems introduce shadowy Persons, and represent Vices and Virtues under the Characters of Men and Women, so I, who am a Spectator in the World, may perhaps sometimes make use of the Names of the Actors of the Stage, to represent or admonish those who transact Affairs in the World. When I am commending *Wilks* for representing the Tenderneſs of a Husband and a Father in *Macbeth*, the Contrivance of a reformed Prodigal in *Harry*, the Fourth, the winning Emptiness of a young Man of Good nature and Wealth in *the Trip to the Jubilee*,<sup>1</sup> the Officialness of an artful Servant in the *Idler*,<sup>2</sup> when thus I celebrate *Wilks*, I talk to all the World who are engaged in any of those Circumstances. If I were to speak of Merit neglected, unappreciated, or misunderstood, might not I say *Escount* has a great Capacity? But it is not the Interest of others who bear a Figure on the Stage that his Talents were understood, it is their Business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing, in which he would shine. Were one to rouse a Suspicion of himself in a Man who passes upon the World for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if I *Lord Effington* were not on the Stage, *Cibber* sets the false Pretensions to a genteel Behaviour so very justly, he would have in the generosity of Mankind more that would admire than decide him. When we come to Characters directly Comical, it is not to be imagined what Effect a well regulated Stage would have upon Men's Manners. The Craft of an Usurer, the Absurdity of a rich Fool, the awkward Roughness of a Fellow of half Courage, the ungraceful

Mirth of a Creature of half Wit, might be forever put out of Countenance by proper Parts for *Dogget*, *Johnson* by acting *Corbaccio*,<sup>3</sup> the other Night, must have given all who saw him a thorough Detestation of aged Avarice. The Penitency of a peevish old Fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the Ingenious Mr *William Perlethman* in the *Fops Fortune*,<sup>2</sup> where, in the Character of *Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Pesty*, he answers no Questions but to those whom he likes, and want no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr *Perlethman* is also Master of as many Tricks in the Dumb-Scene as can be expected from a Man in the Circumstances of being ready to perish out of Fear and Hunger. He wonders throughout the whole Scene very mysteriously, without neglecting his Victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great Qualification for the World to follow Business and Pleasure too, what is it in the Ingenious Mr *Perlethman* to represent a Sense of Pleasure and Pain at the same time as you may see him do this Evening?<sup>3</sup>

As it is certain that a Stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the Nation, Men turned for regular Pleasure cannot employ their Thoughts more usefully, for the Diversion of Mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this Entertainment to the greatest Height. It would be a great Improvement, as well as Embellishment to the Theatre, if Dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the Actors. One who has the Advantage of such an agreeable foolish Person as Mrs *Bucknell*, joined with her Capacity of Imitation, could in proper Gesture and Motion represent all the decent Characters of Female Life. An amiable Modesty in one Aspect of a Dancer, an assumed Confidence in another, a sudden Joy in another, a falling off with an Impudence of being beheld, a Return towards the Audience with an unsteady Resolution to approach them,

<sup>1</sup> In Ben Jonson's *Volpone*

<sup>2</sup> Cibber's *Love makes a Man*, or *The Fops Fortune*

<sup>3</sup> For the Benefit of Mr Perlethman At the Desire of Several Ladies of Quality By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane this present Monday being the 5th of May, will be presented a Comedy called *Love makes a Man*, or *The Fops Fortune*. The Part of Don Lewis, alias Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Pesty by Mr Perlethman Carlos Mr Wilks Clodio, alias Don Disavalle Thick Scullo de Half Witto, Mr Cibler and all the other Parts to the best Advantage With a new Epilogue, spoken by Mr Perlethman, riding on an Ass By her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes And To Morrow, being Tuesday, will be presented, A Comedy call'd *The Constant Couple*, or *A Trip to the Jubilee* For the Benefit of Mrs Bucknell To do as kind a service to Mrs Bucknell as to Mr Perlethman on the occasion of their benefits is the purpose of the next paragraph of Steele's Essay

<sup>1</sup> Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, or *A Trip to the Jubilee*

<sup>2</sup> Ben Jonson's *Volpone*

<sup>3</sup> In Colley Cibber's *Careless Husband*

and a well acted Sollicitude to please, would revive in the Company all the fine Touches of Mind raised in observing all the Objects of Affection or Passion they had before beheld. Such elegant Entertainments as these, would polish the Town into Judgment in their Gratifications, and Delicacy in Pleasure is the first step People of Condition take in Reformation from Vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only Capriccity for this sort of Dancing of any on the Stage, and I dare say all who see her Performance to-morrow Night, when sure the Rump will do her best for her own Benefit, will be of my Mind. 1

No 371 ] Tuesday, May 6, 1712 [Addison

*Famne igitur laudas quod se sapientibus unius Ridebat*— Juv

I SHALL communicate to my Reader the following Letter for the Entertainment of this Day

SIR,

You know very well that our Nation is more famous for that sort of Men who are called *Humourists*, than any other Country in the World for which reason it is observed that our *English Comedy* excels that of all other Nations in the Novelty and Variety of its Characters.

Among those innumerable Sets of *Whims* which our Country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more Curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of Diversion for the Entertainment of themselves or their Friends. My Letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a Company that has something of Burlesque and Ridicule in its Appearance. I shall make my self understood by the following Example. One of the Wits of the last Age who was a Man of a good Estate, thought he never laid out his Money better than in a Jest. As he was one Year at the Bath, observing that in the great Confluence of fine People, there were several among them with long Chins, a part of the Visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a Score of these remarkable Persons who had their Mouths in the Middle of their Faces. They had no sooner pleased themselves about the Table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our *English Proverb* says,

*'Tis merry in the Hall,  
If hen Beards wag all*

It proved so in the Assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many Peaks of Faces agitated with Lauging, Drinking, and Discourse, and observing all the Chins that were present meeting together very often over the Center of the Table, every one grew sensible of the Jest,

and came into it with so much Good Humour, that they lived in strict Friendship and Alliance from that Day forward.

The same Gentleman some time after picked together a Set of Oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky Cast in their Eyes. His Diversion on his Occasion was to see the cross Glances, mistaken Signs, and wrong Connuivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted Rays of Sight.

The third Last which this merry Gentleman exhibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient Body to fill his Table. He had ordered one of his Servants, who was pleased behind a Screen, to write down their Table Bill, which was very easy to be done without the help of Short hand. It appears by the Notes which were taken, that tho' their Conversation never fell, there were not above twenty Words spoken during the first Course that upon serving up the second, or even the Company was a quarter of an Hour in telling them that the Ducklins and (Asparagus) were very good and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same Opinion. His Jest did not, however, go off so well as the former for one of the Guest being a brave Man, and full of Resentment that he knew how to express went out of the Room and sent the Spectator an Inviter to a Challenge in Writing, which though it was afterwards dropp'd by the Interposition of Friends, put a Stop to these ludicrous Entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no Moral in these Jest, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of Unluckiness than Wit. However, as it is natural for one Man to refine upon the Thought of another, and impossible for any single Person how great soever his Parts may be, to invent an Art, and bring it to its utmost Perfection. I shall here give you an account of an honest Gentleman of my Acquaintance who upon hearing the Character of the Wit above mentioned has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the Benefit of Mankind. He invited half a dozen of his Friends one day to Dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant Phrases in their Discourse, as *d'y hear me, d'ye see, that is, and so Sir*. Each of the Guests making frequent use of his particular License, appeared so ridiculous to his Neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the Company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest Circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite Expletive, the Conversation was cleared of its Redundancy, and had a greater Quantity of Sense, tho' less of Sound in it.

The same well meaning Gentleman took occasion at another time, to bring together such of his Friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual Custom of Swearing. In order to shew the Absurdity of the Practice, he had recourse to

<sup>1</sup> George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Dryden's Zimri, and the author of the *Rehearsal*

<sup>2</sup> [Sparrow grass] and in first Reprint

'Tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving Club Having often met with their Facces, and observed a certain slinking Way in their dropping in one after another, I had the Curiosity to enquire into their Characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the Singularity of their Dress and I find upon due Examination they are a Knot of Parish Clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the Bills of Morrhity over their Half-pints I have so great a Value and Veneration for any who have but even an assenting *Amen* in the Service of Religion, that I am afraid lest these Persons should incur some Scandal by this Practice and would therefore have them, without Railery, advised to send the Florence and Pullets home to their own Houses, and not pretend to live as well as the Overseers of the Poor

I am, SIR,  
Your most humble Servant,  
Humphry Transfer

MR SPECTATOR,

May 6

'I was last Wednesday Night at a Tavern in the City, among a Set of Men who call themselves the *Lawyers Club* You must know, Sir, this Club consists only of Attorneys and at this Meeting every one proposes the Cause he has then in hand to the Board, upon which each Member gives his Judgment according to the Experience he has met with If it happens that any one puts a Case of which they have had no Precedent, it is noted down by their Clerk *Will Goosequill*, (who registers all their Proceedings) that one of them may go the next Day with it to a Counsel This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal End of their Meeting but had you been there to have heard them relate their Methods of managing a Cause, their Manner of drawing out their Bills and, in short, their Arguments upon the several ways of abusing their Clients, with the Applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your Remarks on them They are so conscious that their Discourses ought to be kept secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any Person who is not of their Profession When any who are not of the Law are let in, the Person who introduces him, says, he is a very honest Gentleman, and he is taken in, as their Cant is, to pry Costs I am admitted upon the Recommendation of one of their Principals, as a very honest good natured Fellow that will never be in a Plot; and only desires to drink his Bottle and smoke his Pipe You have formerly remarked upon several Sorts of Clubs and as the Tendency of this is only to increase Fraud and Deceit, I hope you will please to take Notice of it

I am (with Respect)

Your humble Servant,

H R

No 373 ] Thursday, May 8, 1712 [Budgett

[Fallit enim Vitum specie virtutis et umbra  
Juv']

MR. LOCKE, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two Chapters upon the Abuse of Words.<sup>2</sup> The first and most palpable Abuse of Words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct Ideas The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the Application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one Idea, sometimes another He adds, that the Result of our Contemplations and Reasonings, while we have no precise Ideas fixed to our Words, must needs be very confused and absurd To avoid this Inconvenience, more especially in moral Discourses, where the same Word should constantly be used in the same Sense, he earnestly recommends the use of Definitions A Definition, says he, is the only way whereby the precise Meaning of Moral Words can be known He therefore accuses those of great Negligence, who Discourse of Moral things with the least Obscurity in the Terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks *Morality is capable of Demonstration as well as the Mathematics*

I know no two Words that have been more abused by the different and wrong Interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, *Modesty* and *Assurance* To say such in one is a *modest Man*, sometimes indeed passes for a good Character, but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward Fellow, who has neither Good-breeding, Politeness, nor any Knowledge of the World

Again, *A Man of Assurance*, tho' at first it only denoted a Person of a free and open Carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate Wretch, who can break through all the Rules of Decency and Morality without a Blush

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these Words to their true Meaning, to prevent the Idea of *Modesty* from being confounded with that of *Sheepishness*, and to hinder *Impudence* from passing for *Assurance*

If I was put to define *Modesty*, I would call it *The Reflection of an Ingenious Mind, either when a Man has committed an Action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the Censure of others*

For this Reason a Man truly Modest is as much so when he is alone as in Company, and as subject to a Blush in his Closet, as when the Eyes of Multitudes are upon him

<sup>2</sup> [— Strabon em  
Appellat patrum pater, et filium, male parvus  
Si em filius est, ut abortivus fuit olim  
Sisyphus hunc varum, distortis curvibus, illum  
Balbutit scaurum, pravus sultum male talis  
Hor]

<sup>2</sup> Book III, Chapters 10, 11 Words are the subject of this book ch 10 is on the Abuse of Words, ch 11 of the Remedies of the foregoing imperfections and abuses



I do not remember to have met with any Instance of Modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose Father being a tributary King to the Romans had several Complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppressor of his Subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his Father. But coming into the Senate and hearing a Multitude of Crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed with it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a Word. The Story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this Instance of Modesty and Innocency than they could have been by the most Pathetical Oration; and, in short, pardoned the Prince rather for this early Promise of Virtue in the Son.

I take Assurance to be the Faculty of possessing my own Mind, or of seeing and doing independent of the World, without any Dependence or Envy in the Mind. This which generally gives a Man Assurance is a moderate Knowledge of the World, but above all a Mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the Rules of Honour and Decency. An open and assured Behaviour is the natural Consequence of such a Resolution. A Man thus armed, if his Words or Actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself and from a Consciousness of his own Integrity, assumes Force enough to despise the little Censures of Ignorance or Malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A Man without Assurance is liable to be uneasy by the Folly or Ill nature of every one he converses with. A Man without Modesty is lost to all Sense of Honour and Virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above mentioned possessed both these Qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without Assurance he would not have undertaken to speak before the most august Assembly in the World without Modesty he would have played the Clown if he had taken upon him, tho' it had appeared ever so second done.

It is now that has been said, it is plain, that Modesty and Assurance are both mild and very well meet in the same Person. When they are thus mixed and blended together they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a modest Assurance, by which we understand the just Mean between Boldness and Impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that is the same Man may be both Modest and Assured, so it is also possible for the same Person to be both Impudent and Rashful.

We have frequent Instances of this odd kind of Mixture in People of depraved Minds and mean Education who tho' they are not able to meet in Man's Lays, or pronounciate in Sentence without Confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest Villanies, or most indecent Actions.

Such a Person seems to have made a Resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those Checks and Restraints his Temper and Complexion seem to have laid in his

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this Maxim, that the Practice of *Modesty* is the most proper Method to give a Man a becoming Assurance in his Words and Actions. *Modesty* always seeks to shelter itself in one of the two, and is sometimes attended with both.

No 374] Friday, May 9, 1712 [ Steele

Author's reputation and satisfaction

THE PLAIN FAULT, which, the common wants Name. It is the very contrary to Procrastination. As we lose the present Hour by delaying, from Day to Day to execute what we ought to do immediately. So most of us take Occasion to sit still and throw away the Time in our Possession, by Procrastinating on what is present, when we have already acquitted our selves, and established our Characters in the sight of Mankind. But when we thus put a Value upon our selves for what we have already done, any further thing to explain our selves in order to assist our future Conduct, that will give us an overweening opinion of our Merit to the prejudice of our present Industry. The great Rule, methinks, should be to manage the Instant in which we stand with Fortitude, Firmness and Moderation, according to Men's respective Circumstances. If our past Action reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe Reflections so effectually as by contrary Behaviour. If they are praiseworthy, the Memory of them is of no use but to be suitably to them. Thus a good present Behaviour is an implicit Repentance for any Misusage in what is past, but present Slackness will not atone up for past Activity. Time has swallowed up all three. Contempts did yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the Actions of the Antediluvians. But we are now awake, and what shall we do to Day, to Day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the Folly of last Night, or resolve upon the Course of Virtue to-morrow? Last Night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never come. This Instant make use of. Can you oblige my Man of Honour and Virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick Friend? Will it receive him to see you enter, and suspend your own Love and Pleasure to comfort his Weakness, and hear the Impertinencies of a Wretch in Pain? Don't stay to take Counsel, but be gone. Your Mistress will bring Sorrow, and your Bottle Madness. Go to neither. Such Virtues and Diversions are these are mentioned because they occur to all Men. But every Man sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present Moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an impardonable Folly. What I attempted to consider, was the Mischief of setting such a Value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a Man have filled all the Offices of Life with the highest Duty till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to Day,

he must expect he will in the Effects upon his Reputation be considered as the Man who did Yesterday. The Man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a Press of People, whose before him intercept his Progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. *Cæsar*, of whom it was said, *that he thought not of doing what he there was any thing left for him to do*, went on in performing the greatest Exploits, without assuming to himself a Privilege of taking Rest upon the Foundation of the Merit of his former Actions. It was the manner of that glorious Captain to write down what Scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his Affairs in Method, and capable of a clear Review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a Renown upon any thing which was past. I shall produce two Fragments of his to demonstrate, that it was his Rule of Life to support himself rather by what he should perform than what he had done already. In the Tablet which he wore about him the same Year, in which he obtained the Battle of *Pharsalia*, there were found these loose Notes for his own Conduc. It is supposed, by the Circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the Evening of the same Night.

'My Part is now but begun, and my Glory must be sustained by the Use I make of it. Victory otherwise my Loss will be greater than that of *Pompey*. Our personal Reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective Fortunes. All my private Enemies among the Prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another Day. *Brutus* is ashamed to see me. I will go to his Tent and be reconciled in private. Give all the Men of Honour who take part with me, the Terms I offered before the Battle. Let them owe this to their Friends who have been long in my Interests. Power is weakened by the full Use of it, but extended by Moderation. *Gallus* is proud, and will be servile in his present Fortune, let him wait. Send for *Syrmus*. He is modest, and his Virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my Heart with Reflection and am fit to rejoice with the Army to-morrow. He is a popular General who can expose himself like a private Man during a Battle but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private Man after a Victory.

What is particularly proper for the Example of all who pretend to Industry in the Pursuit of Honour and Virtue, is, That this Hero was more than ordinarily sollicitous about his Reputation when a common Mind would have thought it self in Security, and given it self a Loose to Joy and Triumph. But though this is a very great Instance of his Temper, I must confess I am more taken with his Reflections when he retired to his Closet in some Disturbance upon the repeated ill Omens of *Calphurnia's* Dream the Night before his Death. The literal Translation of that Fragment shall conclude this Paper.

'Be it so [then.]' If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be

'then, because I am willing it should be then. nor shall I escape it because I am unwilling. It is in the Gods when but in my self how I shall die. If *Calphurnia's* Dreams are fumes of Indigestion, how shall I behold the Day after to-morrow? If they are from the Gods, their Admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their Decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a Fullness of Days and of Glory, what is there that *Cæsar* has not done with as much Honour as ancient Heroes? *Cæsar* has not yet died. *Cæsar* is prepared to die. I

No 375] Saturday, May 10, 1712 [Hughes]

*Non possideret in illa occasio  
Recte beatum rectius occulat  
Non en laeti qui Deorum  
al miris sapienter uti,  
Duramque callet Pauperem pati,  
Pejusque Letho facit um tunc! —Hor*

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble Saying of *Seneca* the Philosopher, That a virtuous Person struggling with Misfortunes, and rising above them, is an Object on which the Gods themselves may look down with Delight. I shall therefore set before my Reader a Scene of this kind of Distress in private Life, for the Speculation of this Day.

An eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending fruitless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his Manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than solicit his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, being herself on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appearing so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraidng him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great Offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him and surprized her in Tears, which she endeavour'd to conceal, and always put on an Air of Cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their Experience, their eldest Daughter whom I shall call *Amarda*, was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Furrier, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her Father's Affairs. *Anania* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called in at the Farmer's House as he follow'd his Country Sports, fell

\* [than]

\* See note on p 65.

passionately in love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but from a loose Education had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature who never suspected his Intentions, was pleased with his Person and having observed his growing Passion for her hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished Relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just received from her Friend which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak. In rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked her self up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter

*SIR,*  
I have heard of your Misfortune, and have offer'd your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred Pounds a year, and to pay down the Sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenious as to tell you that I do not intend Marriage. But if you are wise, you will use your Authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your Family, and of mending her self happy.

*I am, &c*

This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's* Mother. She open'd and read it with great Surprise and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain her self to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows.

*Dearest Child,*

Your Father and I have just now received a Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to you, with a Proposal that insults our Misfortunes and would throw us to a lower Degree of Misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous Man think, that the tenderest of Parents would be tempted to supply their Wants by giving up the best of Children to Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and cruel Artifice to make this Proposal at a time when he thinks our Necessities must compel us to any thing. But we will not eat the Bread of Shame, and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Fearful of pitying us. It is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my Child better News.

I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on I was startled by a Noise of one that knocked at the Door, and hath brought us an unexpected Supply of a Debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is

some days I have lived almost without Support, having convey'd what little Money I could raise to your poor Father—I thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at Liberty. That cruel Letter would have broke his Heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no Companion at present besides little *Fanny*, who stands watching my Tools as I write, and is crying for her Sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discover'd that my present Trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my Sorrows, to grieve thee. No it is to intrude it thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an Affliction, which we have not brought on our selves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it than by the Loss of thy Innocence. Heaven preserve my dear Child.

*Thy Affectionate Mother*

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carry'd it first to his Master, who he imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal, and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the Contents. He was not a little moved it so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress. But at the same time was infinitely surpris'd to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolv'd not to suppress the Letter, but carefully seal'd it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his undertakings to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention. Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part in her Sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter and was resolv'd to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeased to see this Second Epistle which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

*MY MADAM,*

I am full of Shame, and will never forgive my self, if I have not your Pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my Intention to add Trouble to the Afflicted nor could any thing, but my being a Stranger to you have betray'd me into a Fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a Son. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your Daughter nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

*MADAM,*

*Your most obedient  
Humble Servant*

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to compleat the generous Act he had now resolv'd on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplex'd Affairs. To conclude, he marry'd *Amanda*, and

enjoy'd the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues

No 376 ] Monday, May 12, 1712 [Steele

—Pavone ex P<sub>3</sub> thagon eo —Persius

MR SPECTATOR,

I HAVE observed that the Officer you some time ago appointed as Inspector of Signs, has not done his Duty so well as to give you an Account of very many strange Occurrences in the publick Streets, which are worthy of, but have escaped your Notice Among all the Oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you of gave me most Delight You must have observed that all the Criers in the Street attract the Attention of the Passengers, and of the Inhabitants in the several Parts, by something very particular in their Tone it self, in the dwelling upon a Note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a Scream The Person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very graciously receives the Bounty of the People, for no other Merit but the Homage they pay to his Manner of signifying to them that he wants a Subsidy You must, sure, have heard speak of an old Man, who walks about the City, and that part of the Suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the Office of a *Day-Watchman*, followed by a Goose, which hears the Bob of his Ditty, and confirms what he says with a Quack, Quack I gave little heed to the mention of this known Circumstance, till, being the other day in those Quarters, I passed by a decrepit old Fellow with a Pole in his Hand, who just then was bawling out, Half an Hour after one o' Clock, and immediately a dirty Goose behind him made her Response, Quack, Quack I could not forbear attending this grave Procession for the length of half a Street, with no small amazement to find the whole Place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy Mid-night Voice at Noon day, giving them the Hour, and exhorting them of the Departure of Time, with a Bounce at their Doors While I was full of this Novelty, I went into a Friend's House, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical Monitor and his Equipage My Friend gave me the His story and interrupted my Commendation of the Man, by telling me the Livelihood of these two Animals is purchased rather by the good Parts of the Goose, than of the Leader For it seems the Peripatetic who walked before her was a Watchman in that Neighbourhood and the Goose of her self by frequent hearing his Tone, out of her natural Vigilance, not only observed, but answered it very regularly from Time to Time The Watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in Partner, only altering their Hours of Duty from Night to Day The Town has come into it, and they live very comfortably This is the

Matter of Fact Now I desire you, who are a profound Philosopher, to consider this Alliance of Instinct and Reason your Speculation may turn very naturally upon the Force the superior Part of Mankind may have upon the Spirits of such as, like this Watchman, may be very near the Standard of Geese And you may add to this practical Observation, how in all Ages and Times the World has been carry'd away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no Creature which had Reason, and, under the Symbol of this Goose, you may enter into the Manner and Method of leading Creatures, with their Eyes open, thro' thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why

All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Wisdom, by,

SIR,  
Your most humble Servant,  
Michael Gander

MR SPECTATOR,

I have for several Years had under my Care the Government and Education of young Ladies, which Trust I have endeavour'd to discharge with due regard to their several Capacities and Fortunes I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an humble courteous Mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming Mien, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the Household Part of Family Affairs but still I find there is something very much wanting in the Air of my Ladies, different from what I observe in those that are esteemed your fine bred Women Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my Girls to learn to Dance but since I have read your Discourse of Dancing, where you have described the Beauty and Spirit there is in regular Motion, I own myself your Convert, and resolve for the future to give my young Ladies that Accomplishment But upon imputing my Design to their Parents, I have been made very uneasy, for some Time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the Master they recommended, they would take away their Children There was Colonel *Jumper's* Lady, a Colonel of the Irish Bands, that has a great Interest in her Parish she recommends Mr *Stott* for the prettiest Master in Town, that no Man teaches a Jiggle him, that she has seen him rise six or seven Capers together with the greatest Ease imaginable, and that his Scholars twist themselves more ways than the Scholars of any Master in Town besides there is Madam *Prun*, an Alderman's Lady, recommends a Master of her own Name, but she declares he is not of their Family, yet a very extraordinary Man in his way for besides a very soft Air he has in Dancing, he gives them a particular Behaviour at a Tea-Table, and in presenting their Snuff-Box, to twirl, flip, or flirt a Fan and how to place Patches to the best advantage, either for Fat or Lean, Long or Oval Faces for my Lady says there is more in these Things than the World imagines But I must confess the major Part of those I am concern'd with leave it to me I desire therefore, according to the in-

'closed Direction, you would send your Correspondent who has writ to you on that Subject to my House. If proper Application this way can give Innocence new Charms, and make Virtue legible in the Countenance, I shall spare no Charge to make my Scholars in their very Figures and Limbs bear witness how careful I have been in the other Parts of their Education

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

T. Riehiel Watchful

No 377] Tuesday, May 13, 1712 [Addison

*Quid quisque nitet, nisi quam formam satis  
Cantum est in horis* — Hor

LOVE was the Mother of Poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous a thousand imaginary Distresses and Poetical Complaints. It makes a Footman talk like *Orondatus*, and converts a brutal Kustuek into a gentle Swain. The most ordinary Flebeian or Meekmick in Love, bleeds and pines away with a certain Ligeiance and Tenderness of Sentiments which this Passion naturally inspires.

These inward Languishings of a Mind infected with this Softness, have given birth to a Phrase which is made use of by all the melting Tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of *dying for Love*.

Romanees, which owe their very Being to this Passion, are full of these ineptical Deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damsels, are all of them in a dying Condition. There is the same kind of Mortality in our Modern Tragedies, where every one grips, faints bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets to describe the Execution which is done by this Passion, represent the Fair Sex as *Bas licks* that destroy with their Eyes: but I think Mr Cowley has with greater Justness of Thought compared a beautiful Woman to a *Porcupine*, that sends an Arrow from every Part.

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the Cure of this general Infirmity, as a Man's reflecting upon the Motives that produce it. When the Passion proceeds from the Sense of any Virtue or Perfection in the Person beloved, I would by no means discourage it: but if a Man considers that all his heavy Complaints of Wounds and Deaths rise from some little Affections of Coquetry which are improved into Charms by his own fond Imagination, the very trying before himself the Cause of his Distemper, may be sufficient to effect the Cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several Bundles of Letters which I have received from Dying People and composed out of them the following Bill of Mortality, which I shall lay before my Reader without any further Preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discover-

ing those several Places where there is most Danger, and those fatal Arts which are made use of to destroy the Heedless and Unwary.

*Lysander*, slain at a Puppet-show on the third of September.

*Thyrus*, shot from a Casement in *Pickadilly* F. S. wounded by *Zeluada's* Scarlet Stocking as she was stepping out of a Coach.

*Will Simple*, smitten at the Opera by the Glance of an Lye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

*To Vanhook*, lost his Life at a Ball.

*Tim Tattle*, killed by the Tap of a Fan on his left Shoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a Bow window.

*Sir Simon Soffy*, murder'd at the Play house in *Drury lane* by a Crown.

*Philander*, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her Tuckers.

*Ralph Gafely*, Esq, hit by a random Shot at the Ring.

*F. A.*, caught his Death upon the Water April the 31st.

*W. W.*, killed by an unknown Hand, that was playing with the Glove off upon the Side of the Front-Box in *Drury Lane*.

*Sir Christopher Criesy*, Bart, hurt by the Brush of a Whalebone Petticoat.

*Sylvestus*, shot through the Sticks of a Fan at St James's Church.

*Damon*, struck thro' the Heart by a Diamond Necklace.

*Thomas Trusty*, *Francis Goosequill*, *William Mearvell*, *Edward Callow*, Esqrs, standing in a Row, fell all four at the same time, by an Ogle of the Widow *Trapland*.

*Tom Rattle*, chancing to tread upon a Lady's Tail as he came out of the Play house, she turned full upon him, and had him dard upon the Spot.

*Died Tasterell*, slain by a Blush from the Queen's Box in the third Act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

*Samuel Felt*, Haberdasher, wounded in his Walk to *Islington* by Mrs *Susannah Crossstick*, as she was clambering over a Stile.

*R. F.*, *F. W.*, *S. I.*, *M. P.*, &c, put to Death in the first Birth Day Massacre.

*Roger Bluko*, cut off in the Twenty first Year of his Age by a White-wash.

*Misadoris*, slain by an Arrow that flew out of a Dimple in *Belinda's* Left Cheek.

*Ned Courty* presenting *Flavia* with her Glove (which she had dropped on purpose) she receiv'd it, and took away his Life with a Curtsie.

*John Gossell* having received a slight Hurt from a Pur of blue Eyes, as he was iraking his Escape was dispatch'd by a Smile.

*Striphon*, killed by *Clarinda* as she looked down into the Pit.

*Charles Careless*, shot flying by a Girl of Fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her Head upon him out of a Coveh.

*Josiah Willer*, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by *Elizabeth Jet-well*, Spinster.

*Jack Freloue*, murder'd by *Mehssa* in her Hair.

<sup>2</sup> They are all weapon, and they dart  
Like Porcupines from every Part —

Anacreontics, 111

*William Winstaler, Gent., drown'd in a Flood  
of Tears by Moll Common*

*John Pleadwell, Esq., of the Middle Temple,  
Barrister at Law, assassinated in his Chambers  
the sixth Instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to  
come to him for his Advice* I

No 378 ] Wednesday, May 14, 1712 [Pope

*Aggredere, O magnos, ades it jam tempus,  
honores—Virg*

I WILL make no Apology for entertaining the  
Reader with the following Poem, which is  
written by a great Genius, a Friend of mine, in  
the Country, who is not ashamed to employ his  
Wit in the Praise of his Maker<sup>1</sup>

### MESSIAH

*A sacred Eclogue, composed of several Passages  
of Isaiah the Prophet*

*Written in Imitation of Virgil's POLLIO*

YE Nymphs of *Solyina*<sup>1</sup> begin the Song  
To heavenly Themes sublimer Strains belong  
The Mossy Fountains, and the Sylvan Shades,  
The Dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* Maids,  
Delight no more—O Thou my Voice inspire,  
Who touch'd *Isaiah*'s (hallow'd<sup>2</sup>) Lips with Fire!  
RAP I into future Times, the Bard begun,  
A *Virgin* shall conceive, a *Virgin* bear a Son<sup>1</sup>  
1712, Cap From *Jesse's* Root behold a Branch  
11 v 1

Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Skies  
Th' *Ethereal* Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,  
And on its Top descends the Mystick Dove  
Cap 45 v Ye Heav'n's<sup>1</sup> from high the dewy  
8 Nectar pour,  
And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r<sup>1</sup>  
Cap 25 v The Siek and Weak, the healing  
4 Plant shall rid,  
From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade  
All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall  
fail,

Cap 9 v 7 Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale,  
Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,  
And white rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend  
Swift fly the Years, and rise th' expected Morn<sup>1</sup>  
Oh spring to Light, Auspicious Babe, be born!  
See Nature hastes her earliest Wreaths to bring  
With all the Incense of the breathing Spring  
Cap 35 v See lofty *Lebanon* his Herd ad-  
2 vance,  
See nodding Forests on the Mountains dance,  
See sprey Clouds from lowly *Sharon* rise,  
And *Carmel's* flow'ry Top perfumes the Skies<sup>1</sup>  
Cap 40 v Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Desert  
3 4 cheers

Prepare the Way<sup>1</sup> a God, a God appears  
A God! a God the voel Hills reply,  
The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity  
Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies<sup>1</sup>  
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Valleys rise<sup>1</sup>  
With Herds declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thus for Steele

<sup>2</sup> [hallow'd]

Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way!  
The SAVIOUR comes<sup>1</sup> by ancient Bards fore  
told,

Hear him, ye Ders, and all ye Blind C 42 v 18  
behold<sup>1</sup>

He from thick Films shall purge the Cap 35 v  
visual Ray, 5 6

And on the sightless Eye ball pour the Day  
'Tis he th' obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear,  
And bid new Musick charm th' unfolding Ear,  
The Dumh shall sing, the Lame his Crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding Roc  
[No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear,  
From ev'ry Free he wipes off ev'ry Tear  
In Adamantine Chains shall Death Cap 25 v  
be bound, 8

And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound<sup>1</sup>  
As the good Shepherd tends his feecey Cap 30 v  
Care, 11

Seeks freshest Pastures and the purest Air,  
Explores the lost, the wandering Sheep directs,  
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects  
The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,  
Feeds from his Hand, and in his Bosom arms  
Mankind shall thus his Guardian Care engage,  
The promis'd Father of the future C 9 v 6.

Age  
No more shall Nation against Nation C 1 v  
rise,

Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Lyes,  
Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,  
The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more  
But useless Lances into Scythes shall bend,  
And the broad Falehion in a Plow-share end  
Then Palaces shall rise the joyful Cap 65 v  
Son 21 22

Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun  
Their Vines a Shadow to their Race shall yield,  
And the same Hand that sow'd shall reap the  
Field

The Swain in barren Desarts with Cap 35 v  
Surprize 1 7

Sees Lillies spring, and sudden Verdure rise,  
And Starts, amidst the thirsty Wilds, to hear,  
New Fills of Water murmuring in his Ear  
On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,  
The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrush nods  
Waste sandy Valleys, once perplex'd Cap 41 v  
with Thorn, 19 and

<sup>1</sup> [Before him Death, the grisly Tyrant, flies  
He wipes the Tears for ever from our Lyes]  
This was an alteration which Steele had sug-  
gested, and in which young Pope had acquiesced  
Steele wrote "I have turned to every verse and  
chapter, and think you have preserved the sub-  
lime, heavenly spirit throughout the whole,  
especially at 'Hark a glad voice,' and 'The  
Lamb with wolves shall graze.' There is but  
one line which I think is below the original,—

*'He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes*

*'You have expressed it with a good and pious  
'but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the  
'prophet The Lord God shall wipe away tears  
'from off all faces' If you agree with me in  
this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise,  
that when it comes into a volume it may be  
'amended'*

Cap 55. v The spiry Fir and shapely Box adorn  
13 To leafless Shrubs the flowering Palms  
succeed,

And odorous Myrtle to the noisome Weed  
Cap 57. v The Lambs with Wolves shall graze  
6, 7, 8 the verdant Mead,  
And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Jeger lead  
The Steer and Lion at one Crub shall meet  
And harmless Serpents Lick the Pilgrim's Feet  
The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take  
The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake  
Pleas'd, the green Lustre of the Scutes survey,  
And with their fork'd Tongue and potless Sing  
shall ply

C. 60. v 1 Rise, crown'd with Light, imperial  
Salut' rise!

Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Tyces!

C. 60. v 4 See, a long Race thy spacious Courts  
adorn

See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn  
In crowding Ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
Demanding Life impatient for the Skies!

C. 60. v 3 See barbarous Nations at thy Gates  
attend,  
Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend  
See thy bright Altars throng'd with prostrate  
Kings,

C. 60. v 6 And heap'd with Products of *Salenus*  
Springs!

For these *Idume's* spicy Forests blow  
And seeds of Gold in *Opus's* Mountains glow  
See Heav'n in its sparkling Portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a Flood of Day!

Cap 60. v No more the rising *Sun* shall gild the  
29, 30 Morn,

Nor Evening *Cynthia* fill her silver Horn,  
But lost dissolv'd in thy superior Rays,  
One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blue  
O'erflow thy Courts The LIGHT HIMSELF shall  
shine

Reveal'd and God's eternal Day be thine!

C. 57. v 6 The Seas shall waste, the Skies in  
and C. 64 Smoke decay

10 Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains  
melt away

But fix'd His Word, His saving Pow'r remains  
thy Realm for ever lasts! thy own *Messiah*  
reigns 1

No 379 ] Thursday, May 15, 1712 [Budgell

*Scire tui in nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*  
Pers

I HAVE often wonder'd at that ill natur'd Posi-  
tion which has been sometimes maintained in  
the Schools, and is compr'd in an old *Latin*  
Verse, namely, that *A Man's Knowledge is worth*  
*nothing, if he communicates what he knows to*  
*any one besides*! There is certainly no more  
sensible Pleasure to a good-natur'd Man, than if  
he can by any means gratify or inform the Mind  
of another. I might add, that this Virtue natu-  
rally carries its own reward along with it since it

<sup>1</sup> Nil proprium ducas quod mutarier potest

is almost impossible it should be exercised without  
the Improvement of the Person who practices it.  
The reading of Books, and the daily Occurrences  
of Life, are continually furnishing us with Matter  
for Thought and Reflection. It is extremely  
natural for us to desire to see such our Thoughts  
put into the Dress of Words, without which indeed  
we can scarce have a clear and distinct Idea of them  
ourselves. When they are thus clothed in Expres-  
sions, nothing so truly shews us whether they are  
just or false, as those Effects which they produce  
in the Minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself, that in the Course  
of these my Speculations, I have treated of sev-  
eral Subjects, and had down many such Rules  
for the Conduct of a Man's Life, which my Read-  
ers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which  
at least those few who were acquainted with them  
looked upon as so many Secrets they have found  
out for the Conduct of themselves, but were re-  
solved never to have made publick.

I am the more confirm'd in this Opinion from  
my having received several Letters, wherein I am  
censur'd for having prostituted Learning to the  
Embraces of the Vulgar, and made her, as one of  
my Correspondents phrases it, a common Strumpet.  
I am charg'd by another with lying open  
the *Arca*, or Secrets of Prudence, to the Eyes  
of every Reader.

The narrow Spirit which appears in the Letters  
of these my Correspondents is the less surprizing,  
as it has shewn itself in all Ages. There is still  
extant an Epistle written by *Alexander the Great*  
to his Tutor *Aristotle*, upon that Philosopher's  
publishing some part of his Writings, in which  
the Prince complains of his having made known  
to all the World, those Secrets in Learning which  
he had before communicated to him in private.  
Iectures concluding, *That he had rather excel*  
*the rest of Mankind in Knowledge than in*  
*Power*!

*Luisa de Padilla*, a Lady of great Learning,  
and Countess of *Aranda*, was in like manner  
angry with the famous *Gratian*, upon his publish-  
ing his Treatise of the *Discreto*, wherein she  
fancied that he had laid open those Maxims to  
common Readers which ought only to have been  
reserved for the Knowledge of the Great.

These Objections are thought by many of so

<sup>1</sup> Aulus Gellius Noct Att, Bk vi, ch 5

<sup>2</sup> *Baltazar Gracian's Discreto* has been men-  
tioned before in the *Spectator*, being well known  
in England through a French translation. See  
note on p 420. *Gracian*, in Spain, became espe-  
cially popular as a foremost representative of his  
time in transferring the humour for conceits—  
*cultismo*, as it was called—from verse to prose.  
He began in 1630 with a prose tract, the *Hero*,  
laboured in short ingenious sentences, which went  
through six editions. He wrote also an Art of  
Poetry after the new style. His chief work was  
the *Criticon*, an allegory of the Spring, Autumn,  
and Winter of life. The *Discreto* was one of his  
minor works. All that he wrote was published,  
not by himself, but by a friend, and in the name  
of his brother *Lorenzo*, who was not in ecclesi-  
astice.

much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned Authors, by affirming they have affected such an Obscurity in their Style and Manner of Writing, that tho' every one may read their Works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their Meaning.

*Persius*, the Latin Satirist, affected Obscurity for another Reason, with which however Mr. Corbridge is so offended, that writing to one of his Friends, You, saith he, tell me, that you do not know whether *Persius* be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him for which very Reason I affirm that he is not so.

However, this Art of *writing intelligibly* has been very much improved, and followed by several of the Moderns, who observing the general Inclination of Mankind to dive into a Secret and the Reputation many have acquired by concerning their Meaning under obscure Terms and Phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any Meaning at all. This Art, as it is at present practised by many eminent Authors consists in throwing so many Words at a venture into different Periods, and leaving the curious Reader to find out the Meaning of them.

The Egyptians who made use of Hieroglyphicks to signify several things, expressed a Man who confined his Knowledge and Discoveries altogether within himself, by the Figure of a Dark-Lantern closed on all sides, which, tho' it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of Light or Advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the Publick whatever Discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary Lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every Passenger.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Story of *Rosicrucius's* Sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my Readers that this Man was the Founder of the *Rosicrucian* Sect, and that his Disciples still pretend to new Discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of Mankind.

*Rosicrucius* had been made fashionable by the Abbé de Villars, who was assassinated in 1675. His *Comte de Gabalis* was a popular little book in the *Spectator's* time. I suppose I need not inform my readers that there never was a *Rosicrucian* or a *Rosicrucian* sect. The *Rosicrucian* pamphlets which appeared in Germany at the beginning of the 17th century, dating from 'the Discovery of the Brotherhood of the Honourable Order of the Rosy Cross,' a pamphlet published in 1600, by a Lutheran clergyman, Valentin Andreae, were part of a hoax designed perhaps originally as means of establishing a sort of charitable masonic society of social reformers. Missing that aim, the *Rosicrucian* sect lived to be adorned by superstitious fancy, with ideas of mystery and magic, which in the *Comte de Gabalis* were methodized into a consistent romance. It was from this romance that Pope got what he called the *Rosicrucian* machinery of his *Rape of the Lock*. The Abbé de Villars, professing to give very full particulars, had told how the *Rosicrucians* assigned sylphs to the air, gnomes to the earth, nymphs to the water, salamanders to the fire.

A certain Person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the Ground where this Philosopher lay interred, met with a small Door having a Wall on each side of it. His Curiosity, and the Hopes of finding some hidden Treasure, soon prompted him to force open the Door. He was immediately surprized by a sudden Blaze of Light, and discovered a very fair Vault. At the upper end of it was a Statue of a Man in Armour sitting by a Table, and leaning on his Left Arm. He held a Truncheon in his right Hand, and had a Lamp burning before him. The Man had no sooner set one Foot within the Vault, than the Statue erecting itself from its leaning Posture, stood bolt upright and upon the Fellow's advancing another Step, lifted up the Truncheon in his Right Hand. The Man still ventured a third Step when the Statue with a furious Blow broke the Lamp into a thousand Pieces, and left his Guest in a sudden Darkness.

Upon the Report of this Adventure, the Country People soon came with Lights to the Sepulchre, and discovered that the Statue which was made of Brass was no longer than a Piece of Clock-work, that the Floor of the Vault was all loose, and underlaid with several Springs, which, upon any Man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.

*Rosicrucius*, says his Disciples, made use of this Method, to shew the Word that he had remitted the ever burning Lamps of the Ancients, tho' he was resolv'd no one should reap any Advantage from the Discovery.

No 350 ] Friday, May 16, 1712 [Steele

*Rosalem patenter habet — Ovid.*

SIR, Thursday, May 8, 1712.  
THE Character you have in the World of being the Lady's Philosopher, and the pretty Advice I have seen you give to others in your Papers, make me address my self to you in this abrupt Manner, and do desire your Opinion what in this Age a Woman may call a Lover. I have lately had a Gentleman that I thought made Pretensions to me inasmuch that most of my Friends took Notice of it and thought we were really married which I did not take much Pains to undeceive them, and especially a young Gentlewoman of my particular Acquaintance which was then in the Country. She coming to Town, and seeing our Intimacy so great, she gave her self the Liberty of taking me to task concerning it. I ingenuously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the Event. She soon got acquainted with the Gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now whether a new Face had made a greater Conquest than the old, I'll leave you to judge. But I am inform'd that he utterly deny'd all Pretensions to Courtship, but withal profess'd a sincere Friendship for me but whether Marriages are propos'd by way of Friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a Lover. There are so many who talk in a



into any Depths of Sorrow Mirth is like a Flash of Lightning, that breaks thro' a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment, Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as filled with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every Moment obnoxious to the greatest Dangers Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection was never seen to Laugh

Chearfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions it is of a serious and composed Nature, it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and Holy Men among Christians.

If we consider Cheerfulness in three Lights, with regard to our selves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend it self on each of these Accounts The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude He comes with a Relish to all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befall him

If we consider him in relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards him A cheerful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good Humour in those who come within its Influence A Man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Cheerfulness of his Companion It is like a sudden Sun-shine that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind, without her attending to it The Heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into Friendship and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly an Effect upon it

When I consider this cheerful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the great Author of Nature An inward Cheerfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence under all its Dispensations It is a kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man

There are but two things which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Cheerfulness of Heart The first of these is the Sense of Guilt A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no little to that Evenness and Tranquillity of Mind which is the Health of the

Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence Cheerfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly or Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Titles it shelters it self, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of this Cheerfulness of Temper There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of Non-Existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a Man to out-live the Expectation of it For my own Part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted that it is almost the only Truth we are sure of, and such a Truth as we meet with in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought If we look into the Characters of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of Pride, Spleen, and Cavil It is indeed no wonder, that Men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the World and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into Nothing?

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pretence to Cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it It is impossible for any one to live in Good-Humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either of Torment or of Annihilation, of being miserable, or of not being at all

After having mention'd these two great Principles, which are destructive of Cheerfulness in their own Nature, as well as in right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a Virtuous Mind Pain and Sickness, Shame and Reproach, Poverty and old Age, nay Death it self, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and the Advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the Name of Evils A good Mind may bear up under them with Fortitude, with Indolence and with Cheerfulness of Heart The tossing of a Tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a Joyful Harbour

A Man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the Dictates of Virtue and right Reason has two perpetual Sources of Cheerfulness in the Consideration of his own Nature, and of that Being on whom he has a Dependence If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind, when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improvable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness The Consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man and makes him look upon

'any *English Monarch*, nor cover it with so much Honour. The Crown and Sceptre seemed to be the *Queen's* least Ornaments: those, other Princes wore in common with her, and her great personal Virtues were the same before and since: but such was the Fame of her Administration of Affairs at home, such was the Reputation of her Wisdom and Fidelity in choosing Ministers, and such was then esteemed their Fidelity and Zeal, their Diligence and great Abilities in executing her Commands, to such a height of military Glory did her great *Genial* and her *Armies* carry the *British Name* abroad: such was the Harmony and Concord betwixt her and her *Allies*, and such was the Blessing of God upon all her Councils and Undertakings, that I am as sure as History can make me, no Prince of ours was ever yet so prosperous and successful, so beloved, esteemed, and honoured by their Subjects and their Friends, nor near so formidable to their Enemies. We were, as all the World imagined then, just entering on the ways that promised to lead to such a Peace, as would have answered all the Prayers of our religious Queen, the Care and Vigilance of a most able Ministry, the Payments of a willing and obedient People, as well as all the glorious Joys and Hazards of the Soldier: when God, for our Sins, permitted the *Spirit of Discord* to go forth, and, by troubling sore the Camp, the City, and the Country, (and oh! that it had altogether spared the Princes sacred to his Worship!) to spoil, for a time, this beautiful and pleasing Prospect, and give us, in its stead, I know not what. — Our Enemies will tell the rest with Pleasure. It will become me better to pray to God to restore us to the Power of obtaining such a Peace, as will be to his Glory, the Safety, Honour, and Welfare of the Queen and her Dominions, and the general Satisfaction of all her High and Mighty *Allies*.

May 2, 1712

7

No 385] Thursday, May 22, 1712 [Bvdgell

—Thesepectora juncta fide—Ovid

I INTEND the Paper for this Day as a loose Essay upon *Friendship* in which I shall throw my Observations together without any set Form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this Subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual Inclination in two Persons to promote the Good and Happiness of one another. Tho' the Pleasures and Advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral Writers, and are considered by all as great Ingredients of human Happiness, we very rarely meet with the Practice of this Virtue in the World.

Every Man is ready to give in a long Catalogue of those Virtues and good Qualities he expects to find in the Person of a Friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in our selves.

Love and Esteem are the first Principles of

Friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a Man whom we cannot esteem so, on the other, tho' we are truly sensible of a Man's Abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the Warmth of Friendship, without an affectionate Good will towards his Person.

Friendship immediately banishes Envy under all its Disguises. A Man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his Friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter Stranger to this Virtue.

There is something in Friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious Stories which are invented to the Honour of any particular Person, the Authors have thought it necessary to make their Hero's Friend as a Lover *Achilles* his *Patroclus*, and *Aeneas* his *Achates*. In the first of these Instances we may observe, for the Reputation of the Subject I am treating of, that *Grace* was almost ruin'd by the Hero's Love, but was preserved by his Friendship.

The Character of *Achilles* suggests to us an Observation we may often make on the Intimacies of great Men, who frequently choose their Companions rather for the Qualities of the Heart than those of the Head, and prefer Fidelity in an easy inoffensive complying Temper to those Endowments which make a much greater Figure among Mankind. I do not remember that *Achates*, who is represented as the first Favourite, either gives his Advice, or strikes a Blow, thro' the whole *Aeneid*.

A Friendship which makes the least noise, is very often most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent Friend to a zealous one.

*Athenis*, one of the best Men of ancient *Rome*, was a very remarkable Instance of what I am here speaking. In his extraordinary Person, amidst the Civil Wars of his Country when he saw the Designs of all Parties equally tended to the Subversion of Liberty, by constantly preserving the Esteem and Affection of both the Competitors, found means to serve his Friends on either side: and while he sent Money to young *Marcius*, whose Father was declared an Enemy of the Commonwealth, he was himself one of *Sylla's* chief Favourites, and always near that General.

During the War between *Cesar* and *Pompey*, he still maintained the same Conduct. After the Death of *Cesar* he sent Money to *Brutus* in his Troubles, and did a thousand good Offices to *Antony's* Wife and Friends when that Party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody War between *Antony* and *Augustus*, *Atticus* still kept his place in both their Friendships, inasmuch that the first, says *Corneilius Nepos*, whenever he was absent from *Rome* in any part of the Empire, went punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go, and the latter gave him constantly an exact Account of all his Affairs.

A Likeness of Inclinations in every Particular is so far from being requisite to form a Benevolence in two Minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find

some of the firmest Friendships to have been contracted between Persons of different Humours, the Mind being often pleased with those Perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own Accomplishments. Beside, that a Man in some measure supplies his own Defects, and fancies himself at second hand possessed of those good Qualities and Endowments, which are in the possession of him who in the Eye of the World is looked on as his *other self*.

The most difficult Province in Friendship is the letting a Man see his Faults and Errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our Advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own Advantage. The Reproaches therefore of a Friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent Desire of pleasing in the Person reproved, may otherwise change into a Despair of doing it, while he finds himself censur'd for Faults he is not conscious of. A Mind that is softened and humanized by Friendship, cannot bear frequent Reproaches: either it must quite sink under the Oppression or abate considerably of the Value and Esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper Business of Friendship is to inspire Life and Courage, and a Soul thus supported, outdoes itself: whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these Succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more excusable if we violate our Duties to a Friend, than to a Relation, since the former arise from a voluntary Choice, the latter from a Necessity to which we could not give our own Consent.

As it has been said on one side that a Man ought not to break with a faulty Friend, that he may not expose the Weakness of his Choice, it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a Treasure which was once in his Possession.

X.

No 386] Friday, May 23, 1712 [Steele

*Cum Fratribus scire, cum Remissis iocunde,  
cum Senibus grauter, cum Juuente comiter  
vivere*—Tull

THE piece of *Laïs* or the Herd of this Paper is part of a Character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fill in with the Rules of Justice and Honour. *Cicero* spoke it of *Catiline*, who, he said, lived with the Sad severely, with the Cheerful agreeably, with the Old gravely, with the Young pleasantly, he added, with the Wicked boldly, with the Wanton lasciviously. The two last Instances of his Complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious Behaviour as it sets upon a Companion in Pleasure, not a Man of Design and Intrigue. To vary with every Humour in this Manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes

from a Man's own Temper and natural Complexion, to do it out of an Ambition to excel that Way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming Prostitution imaginable. To put on an artificial Part to obtain no other End but an unjust Praise from the Undiscerning, is of all Endeavours the most despicable. A Man must be sincerely pleased to become Pleasure or not to interrupt that of others. For this Reason it is a most calamitous Circumstance, that many People who want to be alone or should be so, will come into Conversation. It is certain, that all Men who are the least given to Reflection, are seized with an Inclination that Way: when, perhaps, they had rather be incited to Company, but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good Honour. In all this the Cases of communicating to a friend a sad Thought or Difficulty, in order to relieve [a] heavy Heart, stands excepted: but what is here meant, is, that a Man should always go with Inclination to the Turn of the Company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the Party. It is certainly a very happy Temper to be able to live with all kinds of Dispositions, because it argues a Man that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and no obstinately bent on any Particularity of its own.

This is that which makes me pleased with the Character of my good Acquaintance *Aristo*. You meet him at the Tables and Conversations of the Wise, the Impudent, the Crave, the Reluctant, and the Witty; and yet his own Character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one Sect of Men, but *Aristo* has natural good Sense, good Nature and Discretion, so that every Man enjoys himself in his company, and tho' *Aristo* contributes nothing to the Entertainment, he never was at a Place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good Qualities of *Aristo*, a Man of Wit and Learning would be painful to the Generality of Mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty Men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst Companions imaginable; they deride the Absent or rally the Present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a Man till he is uneasy in his Seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the Company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true Art of being agreeable in Company, (but there can be no such thing as Art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring Entertainment to others. A Man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good Companion, but essentially is such, and in all the Parts of his Conversation has something friendly in his Behaviour, which conciliates Mens Minds more than the highest Saltes of Wit or Starts of Humour can possibly do. The Feebleness of Age in a Man of this Turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a Man no otherwise venerated

able. The forwardness of Youth when it proceeds from Affection and not Insolence, has also its Allowances. The Companion who is formed for such by Nature, gives to every Character of Life its due Regards, and is ready to account for their Imperfections, and receive their Accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive Law from, and not give it to your Company, to make you agreeable.

I remember *Tully*, speaking, I think, of *Antenor*, says, *Inter eos facitque est ut, quæ nulla arte tradit possunt. He had a civil War, which could not be acquired by a War.* This Quality must be of the Kind of which I am now speaking for all sorts of Behaviour which depend upon Observation and Knowledge of Life, is to be acquired but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the Act of Nature must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit Occasion to exert it for he who follows Nature, can never be improper or unreasonable.

How unaccountable then must their Behaviour be who, without any manner of Consideration of what the Company they have just now entered upon, give themselves the Air of a Messenger, and make as distinct Relations of the Occurrences they last met with as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a Report of those Circumstances. It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh Man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own Life, and put a stop to ours during the History. If such a Man comes from *Cyprus*, whether you will or not, you must hear how the Stoc's go, and tho' you are ever so intently employed on a graver Subject, a young Fellow of the other end of the Town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this Subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no Rules made for excelling this Way and Precept of this kind fire like Rules for writing Poetry, which, 'tis said, may have prevented all Poets, but never made good ones.

1

No 387<sup>1</sup> Saturday, May 24, 1712 [Addison]

*Quid parè traxit quiet* — Hor

IN my last Saturday's Paper I spoke of Cheerfulness as it is a Moral Habit of the Mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral Motives as are up to cherish and keep alive this happy Temper in the Soul of Man. I shall now consider Cheerfulness in its natural State, and reflect on those Motives to it, which are indifferent either as to Virtue or Vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best Pro-

moter of Health. Repinings and secret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to those delicate Fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the Machine insensibly, not to mention those violent Fumblings which they stir up in the Blood, and those irregular disturbed Motions, which they rouse in the animal Spirits. I scarce remember, in my own Observation, to have met with many old Men, or with such, who (to use our English Phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Graciousness and Cheerfulness of Heart. The truth of it is, Health and Cheerfulness mutually beget each other with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Cheerfulness, but very often see Cheerfulness where there is no great degree of Health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the Mind as to the Body. It bristles all an ous Care and Discontent, soothes and composes the Passions, and keeps the Soul in a Perpetual Calm. But having already touched on this last Consideration, I shall here take notice, that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to rouse and keep alive this happy Temper of Mind.

If we consider the World in its Subserviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Use; but if we consider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our Pleasure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular Influence in cheering the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance at the same time either fill the Woods with their Musick, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the delightfulness of their Appearance, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soul through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher<sup>1</sup> accounts for it in the following manner. All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employ'd in Sight on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise, whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green, fall upon the Eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just Balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will the Effect is certain, for which reason the Poets

<sup>1</sup> Sir Isaac Newton

<sup>1</sup> Numbered by misake, in the daily issue 388, No 388 is then numbered 390 389 is right, 390 is called 392, the next 391, which is right, another 392 follows, and thus the error is corrected.

ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Chearful*

To consider further this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest, and Increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this Chearfulness in the Mind of Man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from several Objects which seem to have very little use in them, as from the Wildness of Rocks and Desarts, and the like grotesque Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy may still carry this Consideration higher, by observing that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure, and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such imaginary Qualities, as Tastes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold, but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have his Mind cheered and delighted with agreeable Sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take notice of such Incitements to a Chearful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Island, and often conveys her self to us in an Easterly Wind. A celebrated French Novelist, in opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flow'ry Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus: *In the gloom y Month*

*of November, when the People of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields, &c*

Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate or Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to humane Nature, and which by a right Improvement of them will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly consider'd, should be far from overcasting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying that Chearfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interspersion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral Reason, in the following Words.

*Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why God hath scattered up and down several Degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blanded them together, in almost all that our Thoughts and Senses have to do with, that we finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and Want of complete Happiness in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the Enjoyment of him, with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for evermore.* L

No 388 ] Monday, May 26, 1712 [Barr<sup>r</sup> 12

*Tibi res antiqua: Laudis et Artis  
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere Fontes* —Virg

MR SPECTATOR,  
IT is my Custom, when I read your Papers, to read over the Quotations in the Authors from whence you take them. As you mention'd a Passage lately out of the second Chapter of *Salomon's Song*, it occasion'd my looking into it, and upon reading it I thought the Ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this Paraphrase of it, which, now it is done, I can as little forbear sending to you. Some Marks of your Approbation, which I have already receiv'd, have given me so sensible a Taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any Appearance of Success.

I am SIR,  
Your most [obedient<sup>y</sup>] humble Ser-ant

<sup>1</sup> Percy had heard that a poetical translation of a chapter in the Proverbs, and another poetical translation from the Old Testament, were by Mr Barr, a dissenting minister at Morton Hampstead in Devonshire.  
<sup>2</sup> [obliged]

No 389] Tuesday, May 27, 1712 [Budgett]

—Meliora fui docuere parentes—Hor

NOTHING has more surprized the Learned in *England*, than the Price which a small Book, intitled *Spaccio d' Italia tra i trionfi santi*, bore in a late Auction. This Book was sold for [thirty?] Pound. As it was written by one *Ferdinandus Brunnus* a professed Atheist, with a design to depreciate Religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extraordinary Price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess that happening to get a sight of one of them my self, I could not forbear perusing it with this Apprehension, but found there was so very little Danger in it that I shall venture to give my Readers a fair Account of the whole in upon which this wonderful Treatise is built.

The Author pretends that *Jupiter* once upon a June resolved on a Reformation of the Constellations for which purpose having summoned the Stars together, he complains to them of the great Decay of the Worship of the Gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those Celestial Bodies by the Names of the Heathen Deities, and by that means made the Heavens as it were a Book of the Part in Theology. *Momus* tells him, that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous Stories of the Deities upon which the Author takes occasion to exert Reflections upon all other Religions, concluding, that *Jupiter* after a full Hearing, discarded the Deities out of Heaven, and called the Stars by the Names of the Moral Virtues.

This short Tale, which has no Pretence in it to Reason or Argument, and but a very small Share of Wit, has however recommended it self wholly by its Impiety to those wicked Men, who would distinguish themselves by the Singularity of their Opinions.

There are two Considerations which have been often urged against Atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent Persons of all Ages have been against them, and always complied with the publick Forms of Worship established in their respective Countries, when there was no thing in them either derogatory to the Honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the Good of Mankind.

The *Plato's* and *Cicero's* among the Ancients the *Bacon's*, the *Boyle's*, and the *Lockes* among our own Countrymen, are all Instances of what I

have been saying not to mention any of the Divines however celebrated since our Adversaries challenge all those, as Men who have too much Interest in this Cause to be impartial Evidences.

But what has been often urged as a Consideration of much more Weight, is, not only the Opinion of the Better Sort, but the general Consent of Mankind to this great Truth, which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following Reasons: either that the Idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the Mind it self, or that this Truth is so very obvious that it is discovered by the first Extension of Reason in Persons in the most ordinary Capacity, or, lastly, that it has been delivered down to us thro' all Ages by a Tradition from the first Man.

The Atheists are equally confounded to which ever of these three Causes we assign it, they have been so pressed by this last Argument from the general Consent of Mankind that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a Nation of Atheists, I mean the *Pokite People the Hottentots*.

I am not shuck my Readers with a Description of the Customs and Manners of these Barbarous who are in every respect as one degree above Brutes, has no more Influence among them as it is confessed [*Galilee*] which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagined how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good Friends and Allies.

If the host of a *Secretist*, or a *Secret* they may now confront them with these great Philosophers the *Hottentots*.

Tho' even this Point has, not without Reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do Religion, if we should certainly give them up this elegant Part of Mankind.

Methodus nothing more shews the Weakness of their Cause, than that no Division of their fellow Creatures join with them, but these among whom they themselves own Reason is almost disfreed and who have little else but their Shape when can be title them to any Place in the Species.

Besides these poor Creatures there have now and then been Instances of a few crazed People in several Nations, who have denied the Existence of a Deity.

The Catalogue of these is however very short, even *Vanini*, the most celebrated Champion

<sup>1</sup> [Gibbing]

<sup>2</sup> *Vanini*, like *Giordano Bruno*, has his memory dishonoured through the carelessness with which men take for granted the assertions of his enemies. Whether burnt or not, every religious thinker of the sixteenth century who opposed himself to the narrow views of those who claimed to be the guardians of orthodoxy was remorselessly malign'd. If he was the leader of a party, there were hundreds to maintain his honour against calumny. If he was a solitary searcher after truth, there was nothing but his single life and work to set against the host of his defamers.

<sup>3</sup> The book was bought in 1711 for £58 by Mr Walter Charrel at the sale of the library of Mr Charles Burnard. It had been bought in 1706 at the sale of Mr Digot's library with five others for two shillings and a penny. Although *Giordano Bruno* was burnt as a heretic, he was a noble thinker, no professed atheist, but a man of the reformed faith, who was in advance of Calvin, a friend of Sir Philip Sydney, and as good a man as Mr Budgett.

<sup>4</sup> [Fifty]



No 392 ] Friday, May 30, 1712 [Sterle

*Per Ambages et Ministeria Deorum  
Præcipitatus est illic Spiritus—Pet*

## To the SPECTATOR

## The Transformation of Titcha into a Looking-Glass

I WAS lately at a Tea Table, where some young Ladies entertained the Company with a Relation of a Coguet in the Northshire, who had been discovered practising before her Glass. To turn the Discourse, which from hence witty grew to be malicious, the Mistress of the Family took occasion, from the Subject to wish that there were to be found among Men such faithful Monitors to dress the Mind by, as we consult to adorn the Body. She added, that if a sincere Friend were miraculously changed into a Looking-Glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its Advice very often. This whimsical Thought worked so much upon my Fancy the whole Evening, that it produced a very odd Dream.

Althought, that as I stood before my Glass, the Image of a Youth, of in open ingenious Aspect, appeared in it, who with a small shrill Voice spoke in the following manner

The Looking Glass, you see, was heretofore a Man, even I, the unfortunate *idiot*. I had two Brothers, whose Deformity in Shape was made out by the Cleanness of their Understanding. It must be owned however, that it generally happens they had each a Perverseness of Humour suitable to their Distortion of Body. The eldest, whose Belly sunk in monstrously, was a great Coward, and tho his spleenetic contracted Temper made him take fire immediately, he made Objects that least him appear greater than they were. The second, whose Breast swelled into a bold Relievo, on the contrary, took great pleasure in lessening every thing, and was perfectly the Reverse of his Brother. These Oddnesses pleased Company once or twice, but disgusted when often seen for when reason the young Gentlemen were sent from Court to study Mathematics at the University.

I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright polite Gentleman. I was the Confidant and Darling of all the Fair, and if the Old and Ugly spoke ill of me, all the World knew it was because I scorned to flatter them. No Bill no Assembly was attended till I had been consulted. *Flavia* colour'd her Hair before me, *Celia* shew'd me her Teeth, *Panthea* heaved her Bosom, *Cleora* brandish'd her Diamonds. I have seen *Cloe's* Foot, and tied artistically the Garters of *Rhodope*.

'Tis a general Maxim, that those who do not upon themselves, can have no violent Affection

for another. But on the contrary, I found that the Womens Passion for me rose in proportion to the Love they bore to themselves. This was verily d in my Honour with *Varezia*, who was so constant to me, that it was pleasantly said, had I been little enough, she would have hung me at her Girdle. The most d in, crons, *Pavil* I had, was a gay witty Fellow, who by the Strength of a long Intercourse with *Varezia*, gained to his natural Endowments, had formed himself into a perfect Embellishment with her. I had been charmed, had not observed that he frequently shew'd my Opinion about Matters of the last Consequence. This made me still more considerable in her Eyes.

The Ladies continually enquired by the Names, such was their Opinion of my Honour, that I was never easy only the Men. As I was a Lover of *Varezia* one day thought he had caught her in an Amorous Conversation for that he was in such a Dittance that he could hear nothing, he imagined I traced things from a her Arts and Gestures. Sometimes with a secret Look she stepped back in a listening Posture, and brighten'd into an innocent Smile. Quick as after she swelled into an Air of Majesty and Dignity then I kept her Eyes half shut after a long time. My Sister, then covered her Lips with her Hand, breath'd a Sigh, and seem'd ready to sink down. In such the furious Lover, but how great was his Surprise to see no one there but the innocent *Idiot*, with his Back against the Wall bawling to the Windows.

'T was enough to recount all my Adventures. Let me haste to that which entertain'd me my Sister, and *Varezia* her Happiness.

She had the misfortune to have the Smallest Poss, upon which I was express'd for a full Sight, it being apprehended that it would increase her Distemper, and that I should miserably catch it at the first Look. As soon as she was sired to leave her I ed she stole out of her Chamber, and found me all alone in my adjoining Apartment. She run with Transport to her Darling, and without Mixture of Fear, let I should dish'd her. But, oh me! what was her Image when she heard me say I was afraid and shuddered at so worthless a Spectacle. She stepped back, swollen with Rage to see if I had the Insolence to repeat it. I did, with this Addition, that her ill natural Passion had merr'd her Ugliness I hurried instant distraction. She snatched a Looking-glass and with all her Force establish'd me to the Heart. Dying I preserv'd my Sincerity, and expressed the Truth, tho in broken Words, and by reproachful Citations to the first I mimick'd the Deformity of my Murdres.

*Cupid*, who always attends the Fair, and pity'd the Fate of so useful a Servant as I was, obtained of the *Deities* that my Body should be made incorruptible, and retain the Qualities my Mind had possess'd. I immediately lost the Figure of a Man, and became smooth, polish'd, and bright, and to this day am the first Favourite of the Ladies.

<sup>1</sup> [so odd a Dream, that no one but the SPECTATOR could believe that the Brain, clogged in Sleep, could furnish out such a regular Wildness of Imagination.]



alize this natural Pleasure of the Soul, and to improve this eternal Delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a Christian Virtue. When we find our selves inspired with this pleasing Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and Complacency arising from the Beauties of the Creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these Entertainments of Sense, and who it is that thus opens his Hand and fills the World with Good. The Apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present Temper of Mind, to graft upon it such a religious Exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that Precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing Psalms. The Cheerfulness of Heart which springs up in us from the Survey of Nature's Works, is an admirable Preparation for Gratitude. The Mind has gone a great way towards Praise and Thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret Gladness. A grateful Reflection on the supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the Soul, and gives it its proper Value. Such an habitual Disposition of Mind consecrates every Field and Wood, turns an ordinary Walk into a morning or evening Sacrifice, and will improve those transient Gleams of Joy, which naturally brighten up and refresh the Soul on such Occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual State of Bliss and Happiness. I

No 394] Monday, June 2, 1712 [Steele

*Bene colligitur haec Pueris et Mulierculis et  
Serois et Servorum sumillimis Liberis esse  
grata. Gravi vero homini et ea quae sunt  
Judicio certo ponderanti probari posse nullo  
modo*—Tull.

I HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give Men Accesses to one another, and Power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent Accidents of Life, but also in Matters of greater Importance. You see in Elections for Members to sit in Parliament, how far saluting Rows of old Women, drinking with Clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest Part of Mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their Diversions, will carry a Candidate. A Capacity for prostituting a Man's Self in his Behaviour, and descending to the present Humour of the Vulgar, is perhaps as good an Ingredient as any other for making a considerable Figure in the World: and if a Man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to Wealth and Distinction by proper Methods, than studying the particular Bent or Inclination of People with whom he converses, and working from the Observation of such their Bias in all Matters wherein he has any Intereourse with them. For his Ease and Comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the Expence of any great Talent or Virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest Qualifications. Pride in some particular Disguise or other, (often a Secret to the proud Man himself) is the most ordinary Spring of Action among Men. You need no more than to dis-

cover what a Man values himself for: then of all things admire that Quality, but be sure to be failing in it your self in comparison of the Man whom you court. I have heard, or read of a Secretary of State in *Spain*, who served a Prince who was happy in an elegant use of the *Latin* Tongue, and often writ Dispatches in it with his own Hand. The King shewed his Secretary a Letter he had written to a foreign Prince, and under the Colour of asking his Advice, laid a Trap for his Applause. The honest Man read it as a faithful Counsellor, and not only excepted against hystying himself down too much by some Expressions, but mended the Phrase in others. You may guess the Dispatches that Evening did not take much longer Time. Mr Secretary, as soon as he came to his own House, sent for his eldest Son, and communicated to him that the Family must retire out of *Spain* as soon as possible: for, said he, the King knows I understand *Latin* better than he does.

This egregious Fault in a Man of the World, should be a Lesson to all who would make their Fortunes. But a Regard must be carefully had to the Person with whom you have to do: for it is not to be doubted but a great Man of common Sense must look with secret Indignation or bridled Laughter, on all the Slaves who stand round him with ready Faces to approve and smile at all he says in the gross. It is good Comedy enough to observe a Superior talking half Sentences, and playing an humble Admirer's Countenance from one thing to another, with such Perplexity that he knows not what to sneer in Approbation of. But this kind of Complaisance is peculiarly the Manner of Courts in all other Places you must constantly go farther in Complaisance with the Persons you have to do with, than a mere Conformity of Looks and Gestures. If you are in a Country Life, and would be a leading Man, a good Stomach, a loud Voice, and a rustic Cheerfulness will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was just now going to draw the Manner of Behaviour I would advise People to practise under some Maxim, and intimated, that every one almost was governed by his Pride. There was an old Fellow about forty Years ago so peevish and fretful, though a Man of Business, that no one could come at him. But he frequented a particular little Coffee house, where he triumphed over every body at Trick trick and Baggammon. The way to pass his Office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those Games in his leisure Hours: for his Vanity was to shew, that he was a Man of Pleasure as well as Business. Next to this sort of Insinuation, which is called in all Places (from its taking its Birth in the Households of Princes) making one's Court, the most prevailing way is, by what better-bred People call a Present, the Vulgar a Bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more Gallantry in a *Billet-doux* that should be understood at the *Bank*, than in gross Money. But as to sordid People, who are so surly as to accept of neither Note or Cash, having formerly dabbled in Chymistry, I can only say that one part of Matter asks one thing, and another

No 395 ] Tuesday, June 3, 1712 [Budgell

— Quid ni ne ratio est, Is ipseus at te fin' Ovid

BEWARE of the Ides of March, said the Roman Augur to Julius Caesar. Beware of the Month of May, says the British Spectator to his fair Country women. The Caution of the first was unhappily neglected, and Caesar's Confidence cost him his Life. I am apt to flatter myself that my pretty Readers had much more regard to the Advice I give them, since I have yet received very few Accounts of any notorious Trips made in the last Month.

But tho' I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, 'till I have seen forty Weeks well over, at which Period of Time, as my good Friend Sir ROGER has often told me, he has more Business as a Justice of Peace, among the dissolute young People in the Country, than in any other Season of the Year.

Neither must I forget a Letter which I received near a Fortnight since from a Lady, who, it seems, could hold out no longer, telling me she looked upon the Month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the New Style.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry Letters which have been sent to me by disappointed Lovers, that my Advice has been of very signal Service to the fair Sex, who, according to the old Proverb, were formerly d'forewarn'd.

One of these Gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred Pounds, rather than I should have publish'd that Paper for that his Mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the Beginning of May, upon reading that Discourse told him that she would give him her Answer in June.

Floris acquaints me, that when he desired Sylvia to take a Walk in the Fields, she told him the Spectator had forbidden her.

Another of my Correspondents, who writes him self Mat Meagor, complains, that whereas he constantly used to Breakfast with his Mistress upon Chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of May, he found his usual Treat very much changed for the worse and has been forced to feed ever since upon Green Lett.

make use of them with Moderation, 'till about the middle of the Month, when the Sun shall have made some Progress in the Crab. Nothing is more dangerous, than too much Confidence and Security. The Trojans, who stood upon their Guard all the while the Grecians lay before their City, when they fancied the Siege was raised, and the Danger past, were the very next Night burnt in their Beds. I must also observe, that as in some Climates there is a perpetual Spring, so in some I amle Constitutions there is a perpetual May. There are a kind of Valetudinarians in Christy, whom I would continue in a constant Diet. I cannot think these wholly out of Danger, 'till they have looked upon the other Sex at least Five Years through a Pair of Spectacles. With Honeycomb has often assured me, that 'tis much easier to steal one of this Species, when she has press'd her grand Characterick, than to carry off an easy Girl on this side Five and Twenty. And that a Rake of his Acquaintance, who had in vain endeavour'd to gain the Affections of a young Lady of Fifteen, had at last made his Fortune by running away with her Grandmother.

But as I do not design this Speculation for the Emprovement of the Sex, I shall again apply myself to those who would willingly listen to the Dictates of Reason and Virtue, and can now hear me in cold Blood. If there are any who have felted their Innocence, they must now consider themselves under that Melancholy View, in which Chlamont regards his Sister in those beautiful Lines

— Let's she flourish'd,  
Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye  
'Till at the last a cruel Spouer came,  
Crop'd this fair Rose, and ruff'd all its Sweetness,  
Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.

On the contrary, she who has observed the timely Cautions I gave her and lived up to the Rules of Modesty, will now flourish like a Rose in June, with all her Virgin Blushes and Sweetness about her. I must, however, desire these last to consider, how shameful it would be for a General, who has made a Successful Campaign, to be surprized in his Winter Quarters. It would be no less dishonourable for a Lady to lose in any other Month of the Year, what she has been at the pains to preserve in May.

There is no Charm in the Female Sex, that can supply the place of Virtue. Without Innocence, Beauty is unlovely, and Quality contemptible, Good breeding degenerates into Wantonness, and Wit into Impudence. It is observed, that all the Virtues are represented by both Painters and Statuaries under Female Shapes, but if any one of them has a more particular Title to that Sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the Divines to guard them against the opposite Vice, as they may be overpowered by Temptations. It is sufficient for me to have warn'd them against it as they may be led astray by Instinct.

I desire this Paper may be read with more than ordinary Attention, at all Tea-tables within the Cities of London and Westminster.

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'If ————<sup>1</sup> Reservecies been confid within  
the Lounie of Ramus or Crackanthorpe, that  
learned Neas minger might have requested in  
what the holy Oracles pronounce upon the  
Deluge, like other Christians and had the sur-  
prising Mr L———<sup>2</sup> been content with the  
Employment of refusing upon *Shakespeare's* stunts  
and Quibbles, (for which he must be allowed to have  
a superlative Genius) and now and then penning  
a Catch or a Ditty instead of imitating Odes, and  
Sonnets, the Gentlemen of the *bon Gout* in the  
Pit would never have been put to all that Grimace  
in drumming the Kipper of State, the Poverty  
and Languor of Thought, the unnatural Wit, and  
unartificial Stricture of his Dramas

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,  
Peter de Quir

No 397 ] Thursday, June 5, 1712 [ Addison

—————*Dolor ipse disertum*  
Iccerant————— Ovid

AS the Stoick Philosophers discard all Passions  
in general, they will not allow a Wise Man  
so much as to pity the Afflictions of another. If  
thou seest thy Friend in Trouble, says *Epictetus*,  
thou mayst put on a Look of Sorrow, and condole

<sup>1</sup> William Whiston, born 1667, educated at  
Ipswich School and Clare Hall, Cambridge,  
became a Fellow in 1693, and then Chaplain to  
Bishop Moore. In 1696 he published his *New*  
*Theory of the Earth*, which divided attention with  
Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the Earth* already men-  
tioned. In 1700 Whiston was invited to Cam-  
bridge, to act as deputy to Sir Isaac Newton,  
whom he succeeded in 1703 as Lucasian Professor.  
For holding some unorthodox opinions as to the  
doctrines of the early Christians, he was, in 1710,  
deprived of his Professorship, and banished from  
the University. He was a pious and learned man,  
who, although he was denied the Sacrament, did  
not suffer himself to be driven out of the Church of  
England till 1747. At last he established a small  
congregation in his own house in accordance with  
his own notion of primitive Christianity. He lived  
till 1752.

<sup>2</sup> No L——— of that time has written plays that  
are remembered. The John Lacy whom Charles  
II. admired so much that he had his picture  
painted in three of his characters, died in 1681,  
leaving four comedies and an illustration of *Shake-  
speare's* *Training of the Shrew*. He was a kind  
some man first dancing master, then quarter-  
master, then an admired comedian. Healey  
would hardly have used a blank in referring to a  
well known writer who died thirty years before.  
There was another John Lacy advertising in the  
*Pest boy* Aug. 3, 1711, 'The Steeleids, or the  
'Trial of Wit, a Poem in three cantos, with a  
'motto—

'Then will I say, swell'd with poetic rage,  
'That I, John Lacy, have reform'd the age.'

with him, but take care that thy Sorrow be not  
real<sup>1</sup>. The more rigid of this Sect would not  
comply so far as to shew even such an outward  
Appearance of Grief, but when one told them of  
any Calamity that had befallen even the nearest  
of their Acquaintance, would immediately reply,  
What is that to me? If you aggravated the Cir-  
cumstances of the Affliction, and shew'd how our  
Misfortune was followed by another, the Answer  
was still, All this may be true, but what is it to  
me?

For my own part, I am of Opinion, Compassion  
does not only refine and civilize Humane Nature,  
but has something in it more pleasing and agree-  
able than what can be met with in such an indol-  
ent Happiness, such an Indifference to Mankind  
as that in which the *Stoicks* pleased their Wisdom.  
As Love is the most delightful Passion, Pity is  
nothing else but Love softened by a degree of Sor-  
row. In short, it is a kind of pleasing Anguish,  
as well as generous Sympathy, that knits Man  
kind together, and blends them in the same com-  
mon Lot.

Those who have had down Rules for Rhetorick  
or Poetry, advise the Writer to work himself up,  
if possible, to the Pitch of Sorrow which he en-  
deavours to produce in others. There are none  
therefore who stir up Pity so much as those who  
indite their own Sufferings. Grief has a natural  
Eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more  
moving Sentiments than be supplied by the finest  
Figuration. Nature on this Occasion dictates a  
thousand passionate things which cannot be sup-  
plied by Art.

It is for this Reason that the short Speeches or  
Sentences which we often meet with in Histories,  
make a deeper Impression on the Mind of the  
Reader, than the most laboured Strokes in a well-  
written Tragedy. Truth and Matter of Fact sets  
the Person actually before us in the one, whom  
Fiction places at a greater Distance from us in  
the other. I do not remember to have seen any

'When you see a Neighbour in Tears, and  
'hear him lament the Absence of his Son, the  
'Hazards of his Voyage into some remote Part of  
'the World, or the Loss of his Estate keep upon  
'your Guard, for fear lest some false Ideas that  
'may rise upon these Occasions, surprise you  
'into a Mistake, as if this Man were really miser-  
'able, upon the Account of these outward Acci-  
'dents. But be sure in distinguish wisely, and  
'tell your self immediately, that the Thing which  
'really afflicts this Person is not really the Acci-  
'dent it self, for other People, under his Circum-  
'stances, are not equally afflicted with it) but  
'merely the Opinion which he hath formed to  
'himself concerning this Accident. Notwithstanding  
'all which, you may be allowed, as far as  
'Expressions and outward Behaviour go, to com-  
'ply with him, and if Occasion require, to bear  
'a part in his Sighs, and Tears too. But then you  
'must be sure to take care, that this Compliance  
'does not infect your Mind, nor betray you to an  
'unlawful and real Sorrow, upon any such Account.'  
—*Epictetus* his Morals, with Simplician's Com-  
ment. Made English from the Greek by George  
Stanhope (1694) chapter xxii

any one less engaged than she was. *Cynthia* was musing Yesterday in the Piazza in *Covent-Garden*, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill Man to go on in visiting and professing Love to *Flavia*, when his Heart was enthralled to another. It is an Infirmity that I am not constant to *Flavia*, but it would be still a greater Crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldness that usually indeed comes on after Marriage, is running ones self with ones Eyes open, besides it is really doing her an Injury. This last Consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he saw *Robin*, the Porter who waits at *Will's* Coffee house passing by. *Robin*, you must know, is the best Man in Town for carrying a Billet, the Fellow has a thin Body, swift Step, demure Looks, sufficient Sense, and knows the Town. This Man carried *Cynthia's* first Letter to *Flavia*, and by frequent Errands ever since, is well known to her. The Fellow covers his Knowledge of the Nature of his Messages with the most exquisite low Humour imaginable. The first he obliged *Flavia* to take, was, by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children, and if she did not take that Letter, which he was sure, there was no Harm in, but rather Love, his Family must go supperless to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Business. *Robin* therefore *Cynthia* now thought fit to make use of, and gave him Orders to wait before *Flavia's* Door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was *Cynthia* who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon importunity confess it. There needed not much Search into that Part of the Town to find a well-dressed Muscy fit for the Purpose. *Cynthia* designed her. As soon as he believed *Robin* was posted, he drove by *Flavia's* Lodgings in an Hackney Coach and a Woman in it. *Robin* was at the Door talking with *Flavia's* Maid, and *Cynthia* pulled up the Glass as surprised, and hid his Associate. The Report of this Circumstance soon flew up Stairs, and *Robin* could not deny that the Gentleman favoured his Master, yet if it was he, he was sure the Lady was but his Cousin whom he had seen ask for him, adding that he believed she was a poor Relation, because they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. *Flavia* immediately writ the following Epistle, which *Robin* brought to *Will's*.

SIR,

June 4, 1712

'Tis in vain to deny it, bravest Filsest of Men—  
I find my Maid, as well as the Bearer, saw you  
The injured I have

After *Cynthia* had read the Letter, she asked *Robin* how she looked, and what she said at the Delivery of it. *Robin* said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight, but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Answer.

*Cynthia* returned as follows

Madam,

June 4, Three Afternoon, 1712

'That your Maid and the Bearer has seen me

'very often is very certain but I desire to know,  
'being engaged at Picket, what your Letter means  
'by *It is vain to deny it* I shall stay here all  
'the Evening

Your auzzed Cynthia

As soon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* answered

Dear Cynthia,

'I have walked a Turn or two in my Anti-  
'Chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered  
'my self from an impertinent I it which you ought  
'to forgive me, and desire you would come to me  
'immediately to laugh off a Jealousy that you and  
'a Creature of the Town went by in an Hackney-  
'Coach an Hour ago

I am I our most humble Servant

FLAVIA

'I will not open the Letter which my *Cynthia*  
'writ, upon the Misapprehension you must have  
'been under when you writ, for want of hearing  
'the whole Circumstance.

*Robin* came back in an Instant, and *Cynthia* to answered

Half Hour, six Minutes after Three,  
June 4 Will's Coffee-house

Madam,

'It is certain I went by your Lodgings with a  
'Gentlewoman to whom I have the Honour to be  
'known, she is indeed my Relation, and a pretty  
'sort of Woman. But your starting Manner of  
'Writing, and owning you have not done me the  
'Honour so much as to open my Letter, has in it  
'something very unaccountable, and alarms one  
'that has had Thoughts of passing his Days with  
'you. But I am born to admire you with all your  
'little Imperfections

CYNTHIO

*Robin* run back, and brought for Answer

'Exact Sir, that are at *Will's* Coffee-house six  
'Minutes after Three, June 4 one that has hid  
'Thoughts and all my little Imperfections Sir,  
'come to me immediately, or I shall determine  
'what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you

FLAVIA

*Robin* gave an Account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the Letter and that he told her, for she asked, that *Cynthia* only looked at the Clock, taking snuff and writ two or three Words on the Top of the Letter when he gave him his

Now the Plot thickened so well, as that *Cynthia* saw he had not much more to do to accomplish being irreconcilably banished, he writ,

Madam,

'I have that Prejudice in Favour of all you do,  
'that it is not possible for you to determine upon  
'what will not be very pleasing to

Your Obedient Servant

CYNTHIO

This was delivered, and the Answer returned, in a little more than two Seconds.

SIR,

'Is it come to this? You never loved me and

'the Creature you were with is the properest Person for your Associate. I despise you, and hope I shall soon have you as a Villain to  
*The Credulous Flavia.*

*Robin* ran back, with

*Flavia*,  
'Your Credulity when you are to gain your Point, and Suspicion when you fear to lose it make it a very hard Part to behave as becomes  
*The sensible Slave,*  
CANHIO

*He* 'in what away, and returned with,

*Mr. Willford*,  
'*Flavia* and *Cynthia* are no more. I relieve you from the hard Part of which you complain, and banish you from my Sight for ever—  
*Anti Heart*

*Robin* had a Crown for his Afternoon's Work and this is published to admonish *Cecilia* to avenge the Injury done to *Flavia* 1

Ad 399] *Saturday, June 7, 1712* [Adviser

*Utinam o m se. 'ent' desce dere' Per.*

**HYPOCRISIE**, or the fishonable Kind of the Town, is very different from Hypocritism in the City. The malicious Hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of Hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the Shew of Religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many Criminal Gallantries and Amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a Face of Sanctity, and covers a Multitude of Vices under a seeming Religious Deportment.

But there is another kind of Hypocritism, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the Subject of this Paper. I mean that Hypocritism by which a Man does not only deceive the World, but very often imposes on himself. That Hypocritism, which conceals his own Heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his Vices, or mistake even his Vices for Virtues. It is this fatal Hypocritism and Self-deceit which is taken notice of in those Words, *He that understand his Errors' shall cease them as from secret Faults*.

If the open Professors of Impiety deserve the utmost Application and Endeavours of Moral Writers to recover them from Vice and Folly, how much more may those lay a Claim to their Care and Compassion, who are walking in the Paths of Death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a Course of Virtue? I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some Rules for the Discovery of those Vices that lurk in the secret Corners of the Soul and to show my Reader those Methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual

Means prescribed for this Purpose, are to examine our selves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of that Person who acted up to the Perfection of Human Nature, and is the standing Example, as well as the great Guide and Instructor, of those who receive his Doctrine. Though these two Heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many Great and Immortal Writers.

I would therefore propose the following Methods to the Consideration of such as would find out their secret Faults, and make a true Estimate of themselves.

In the first Place, let them consider well what are the Characters which they bear among their Neighbours. Our Friends very often flatter us, as much as our own Hearts. They either do not see our Faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their Representations; after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An Adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter Search into us, discovers every flaw and Imperfection in our Tempers, and though his Advice may set them in too strong a Light, it is generally some Ground for what it advances. A Friend exaggerates a Man's Virtues, an Enemy inflames his Crimes. A Wise Man should give a just Attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the Improvement of the one, and Diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Essay on the Benefits which a Man may receive from his Enemies; and, among the good Fruits of Enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the Reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of our selves, and open our Eyes to several Blemishes and Defects in our Lives and Conversations which we should not have observed, without the Help of such ill-natured Monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true Knowledge of our selves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the Praises and Approbations which the World bestow upon us, whether the Actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy Motives, and how far we are really possessed of the Virtues which gain us Applause among those with whom we converse. Such a Reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the Opinions of others, and to sacrifice the Report of our own Hearts to the Judgement of the World.

In the next Place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a Point of so much Importance, we should not lay too great a Stress on any supposed Virtues we possess that are of a doubtful Nature. And such we may esteem all those in which Multitudes of Men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as our selves. We should always act with great Caution and Circumspection in Points, where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperance, Zeal, Bigotry and Persecution for any Party or Opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak Men of

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xix. 12.

<sup>1</sup> See note on p. 189.

our own Principles, produce infinite Calamities among Mankind, and are highly Criminal in their own Nature: and yet how many Persons eminent for Piety suffer such monstrous and absurd Principles of Action to take Root in their Minds under the Colour of Virtues? For my own Part, I must own I never yet knew any Party so just and reasonable, that a Man could follow it in its Height and Violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those Actions which proceed from natural Constitution, favourite Passions, particular Education, or whatever promotes our worldly Interest or Advantage. In these and the like Cases, a Man's Judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong Bias hung upon his Mind. These are the Inlets of Prejudice, the unguarded Avenues of the Mind, by which a thousand Errors and secret Faults find Admission, without being observed or taken Notice of. A wise Man will suspect those Actions to which he is directed by something [besides<sup>1</sup>] Reason, and always apprehend some concealed Evil in every Resolution that is of a disputable Nature, when it is conformable to his particular Temper, his Age, or Way of Life, or when it favours his Pleasure or his Profit.

There is nothing of greater Importance to us than thus diligently to sift our Thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the Mind, if we would establish our Souls in such a solid and substantial Virtue as will turn to Account in that great Day, when it must stand the Test of infinite Wisdom and Justice.

I shall conclude this Essay with observing that the two kinds of Hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely that of deceiving the World, and that of imposing on our selves, are touched with wonderful Beauty in the hundred and thirty ninth Psalm. The Tolly of the first kind of Hypocrisy is there set forth by Reflections on God's Omniscience and Omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble Strains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or Profane. The other kind of Hypocrisy, whereby a Man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last Verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of Hearts in that emphatical Petition *Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart, prove me, and examine my Thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.* L

No 400] Monday, June 9, 1712 [Steele

Latet Anguis in Herba —Virg

IT should, methinks, preserve Modesty and its Interests in the World, that the Transgression of it always creates Offence and the very Purposes of Wantonness are defeated by a Carriage which has in it so much Boldness, as to in-

timate that Fear and Reluctance are quite extinguish'd in an Object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a Wit of the last Age,

*Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,  
Which can with a resistless Charm impart  
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart,  
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,  
Between declining Virtue and Desire,  
That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away  
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.*<sup>1</sup>

This prevailing gentle Art was made up of Complaisance, Courtship, and artful Conformity to the Modesty of a Woman's Manners. Rusticity, broad Expression, and forward Obtrusion, offend those of Education, and make the Transgressors odious to all who have Merit enough to attract Regard. It is in this Taste that the Scenery is so beautifully ordered in the Description which Antony makes, in the Dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her Barge.

*Her Galley down the Silver Cydnos row'd,  
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,  
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails  
Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch  
were plac'd,  
Where she, another Sea born Venus, lay,  
She lay, and lean'd her Check upon her Hand,  
And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,  
As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,  
Neglecting she could take her Boys like Cupid's  
Stool sailing with their pauled Wings the  
Winds  
That play'd about her Face, but if she smil'd,  
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,  
That Men's desiring Eyes were never weary'd,  
But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes  
The Silver Oars kept Time and while they  
play'd,  
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,  
And both to Thought.*<sup>2</sup>

Here the Imagination is warmed with all the Objects presented, and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any Idea more loose than that of a beautiful Woman set off to Advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful Spirit of Modesty, appears in the following Passage in one of Mr. Philip's Pastorals<sup>3</sup>

*Breathe soft ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow,  
Shield her ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow,  
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by,  
My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lie.*

Desire is corrected when there is a Tenderness or Admiration expressed which partakes the Passion. Licentious Language has something brutal in it, which disgraces Humanity, and leaves in the Condition of the Savages in the Field. But it may be ask'd to what good Use can tend a Discourse of this Kind at all? It is to charm and

<sup>1</sup> Rochester's "Allusion to the 10th Suture of "the 1st Book of Horace"

<sup>2</sup> Dryden's *All for Love*, Act III sc 1

<sup>3</sup> The Sixth.

<sup>1</sup> [more than]

Ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle Art. Masters of that I am not capable of cherishing their Thoughts in so soft a Dress, and something so distant from the secret Purpose of their Heart, that the Imagination of the Unguarded is touched with a Fondness which grows too sensibly to be resisted. Much Care and Concern for the Lady's Welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very Air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind Looks, and expressed by an Interjection in Ah, or in Oh, not some little Hazard in moving or making a Step, than in my direct Profession of Love, are the Methods of skillful Admirers. They are honest Arts when their Purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young Woman in this Town has had her Heart irrecoverably won, by Men who have not made one Advance which ties their Admirers, tho' the Female, languish with the utmost Anxiety. I have often, by way of Admonition to my female Readers, given them Warning against agreeable Company of the other Sex, except they are well acquainted with their Characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be wiser at me for saying, it but I say it is natural to them, that they have no Manner of Approbation of Men, without some Degree of Love. For this Reason he is dangerous to be entertained as a Friend or Visitant who is capable of gaining any eminent Esteem or Obsecration, though it be never so remote from Pretensions as a Lover. If a Man's Heart has not the Abhorrence of any treacherous Design, he may easily improve Approbation into Kindness, and Kindness into Passion. There may possibly be no manner of Love between them in the Eyes of all their Acquaintance, no it is all Friendship, and yet they may be as fond as Shepherd and Shepherdess in a Pastoral, but still the Nymph and the Swain may be as each other no other I warrant you, than *Pyraides* and *Orestes*.

*When Lucy decks with Flowers her swelling Breast,  
And on her Ellow leans, dissembling Rest,  
Unable to refrain my madding Aid,  
Not Sleep nor Pasture worth my Care I find  
Once Deba slept, on easy Moss reclind,  
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and ride the Wind,  
I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss  
Condemn me Shepherds if I did amiss.*

Such good Offices as these, and such friendly Thoughts and Concerns for one another, are what make up the Amity, as they call it, between Men and Women.

It is the Permission of such Intercourse, that makes a young Woman come to the Arms of her Husband, after the Disappointment of four or five Passions which she has successively had for different Men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither Love nor Friendship. For what should a poor Creature do that

has lost all her Friends? There's *Marina* the Agreeable, has, to my Knowledge, had a Friendship for Lord *Walsford*, which had like to break the Heart; then she had so great a Friendship for Colonel *Hardy*, that she could not endure any Woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been Disasters between Friends who have fallen out, and their Resentments are more keen than ever those of other Men can possibly be. But in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concerned from one Friend to another, the Friends of different Sexes (very often) find fatal Effects from their Unanimity.

For my Part, who study to pass Life in as much Innocence and Tranquility as I can, I shun the Company of agreeable Women as much as possible, and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good Philosopher, but a low Opinion of Platonic Love for which Reason I thought it necessary to give my fair Readers a Caution, and it, having, to my great Concern, observed the Waste of a Phantom lately well to a Roundness which is inconsistent with that Philosophy.

No 401] Tuesday, June 10, 1712 [Burdell

*In amor hæc omnia insunt vitia Injurie,  
Suspicionis, Intimicicie, Inducie,  
Bellum, pax, rursus* — 1er

I SHALL publish for the Entertainment of this Day, in odd sort of a Packet, which I have just received from one of my female Correspondents.

MR SPECTATOR,  
'Since you have often confess'd that you are not displeased your Paper should sometimes convey the Complaints of distressed Lovers to each other, I am in Hopes you will favour one who gives you an undoubted Instance of her Reformation, and at the same time a convincing Proof of the happy Influence your Labours have had over the most Incurable Part of the most Incurable Sex. You must know, Sir, I am one of that Species of Women, whom you have often Characteriz'd under the Name of *Filts*, and that I send you these Lines, as well to do Publick Penance for having so long continued in a known Error, as to beg Pardon of the Party offended. I the rather chuse this way, because it in some measure answers the Terms on which he intimated the Breach between us might possibly be made up, as you will see by the Letter he sent me the next Day after I had discarded him, which I thought fit to send you a Copy of, that you might the better know the whole Case. I must further acquaint you, that before I parted him, there had been the greatest Intimacy between us for an Year and half together, during all which time I cherish'd his Hopes, and

<sup>1</sup> Two stanzas from different parts of Ambrose Philips's sixth Pastoral. The first in the original follows the second, with three stanzas intervening.

<sup>2</sup> [ , for want of other Amusement, often study Anatomy together and what is worse than happens in any other Friendship, they]

'solved to preserve my Innocence. The only Way I can think of to avoid the fatal Consequences of the Discovery of this Matter, is to fly away for ever which I must do to avoid my Husband's fatal Resentment against the Man who attempts to abuse him, and the Shame of exposing the Parent to Infamy. The Persons concerned will know these Circumstances relate to em and though the Regard to Virtue is dead in them, I have some Hopes from their Fear of Shame upon reading this in your Paper which I conjure you to do, if you have any Compassion for Injured Virtue.

*Sylva*

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I am the Husband of a Woman of Merit, but am fallen in Love, as they call it, with a Lady of her Acquaintance, who is going to be married to a Gentleman who deserves her. I am in a Trust relating to this Lady's Fortune, which makes my Concurrence in this Matter necessary but I have so irresistible a Rage and Envy rise in me when I consider his future Happiness, that against all Reason, Equity, and common Justice, I am ever playing mean Tricks to suspend the Nuptials. I have no manner of Hopes for my self *Emilia*, for so I'll call her, is a Woman of the most strict Virtue, her Lover is a Gentleman who of all others I could wish my Friend, but Envy and Jealousie, though placed so unjustly, waste my very Being and with the Torment and Sense of a Demon, I am ever cursing what I cannot but approve. I wish it were the Beginning of Repentance, that I sit down and describe my present Disposition with so hellish an Aspect but at present the Destruction of these two excellent Persons would be more welcome to me than their Happiness. Mr SPECTATOR, pray let me have a Paper on these terrible groundless Sufferings, and do all you can to exorcise Crowds who are in some Degree possessed as I am

*Cannibal*

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I have no other Means but this to express my Thanks to one Man, and my Resentment against another. My Circumstances are as follows. I have been for five Years last past courted by a Gentleman of greater Fortune than I ought to expect, as the Market for Women goes. You must be sure have observed People who live in that sort of Way, as all their Friends reckon it will be a Match, and are marked out by all the World for each other. In this View we have been regarded for some Time, and I have above these three Years loved him tenderly. As he is very careful of his Fortune, I always thought he lived in a near Manner to lay up what he thought was wanting in my Fortune to make up what he might expect in another. Within few Months I have observed his Carriage very much altered, and he has affected a certain Air of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty Profusion of passionate Words. How I am not to be resisted longer, how irresistible his Wishes are, and the like. As long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on such Occasions say down-right to him, You know you may make me yours

when you please. But the other Night he with great Frankness and Impudence explained to me, that he thought of me only as a Mistress. I answered this Declaration as it deserv'd upon which he only doubled the Terms on which he proposed my yielding. When my Anger heightened upon him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little Use of the unguarded Hours we had been together so remote from Company, as indeed, continued he, so we are at present. I flew from him to a neighbouring Gentlewoman's House, and tho' her Husband was in the Room, threw my self on a Couch, and burst into a Passion of Tears. My Friend desired her Husband to leave the Room. But, said he, there is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake in the Affliction and be it what it will, she is so much your Friend, that she knows she may command what Services I can do her. The Man sat down by me, and spoke so like a Brother, that I told him my whole Affliction. He spoke of the Injury done me with so much Indignation, and animated me against the Love he said he saw I had for the Wretch who would have betrayed me, with so much Reason and Humanity to my Weakness, that I doubt not of my Perseverance. His Wife and he are my Comforters, and I am under no more Restraint in their Company than if I were alone and I doubt not but in a small time Contempt and Hatred will take Place of the Remains of Affection to a Rascal.

*I am*

*SIR,*

Your affectionate Reader,  
Dorinda

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

'I had the Misfortune to be an Uncle before I knew my Nephews from my Nieces, and now we are grown up to better Acquaintance they deny me the Respect they owe. One upbraids me with being their Familiar, another will hardly be persuaded that I am an Uncle, a third calls me Little Uncle, and a fourth tells me there is no Duty at all due to an Uncle. I have a Brother-in-law whose Son will win all my Affection, unless you shall think this worthy of your Cognizance, and will be pleased to prescribe some Rules for our future reciprocal Behaviour. It will be worthy the Particularity of your Genius to lay down Rules for his Conduct who was as it were born an old Man, in which you will much oblige,

*SIR,*

Your most obedient Servant,  
Cornelius Nepos.

T

No 403] Thursday, June 12, 1712 [Addison

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—* Hor

WHEN I consider this great City in its several Quarters and Divisions, I look upon it as an Aggregate of various Nations distinguished from each other by their respective Customs, Manners and Interests. The Courts of two



Countries do not so much differ from one another, as the Court and City in their peculiar Ways of Life and Conversation. In short, the Inhabitants of *St James's*, notwithstanding they live under the same Laws, and speak the same Language, are a distinct People from those of *Cheapside*, who are likewise removed from those of the *Temple* on the one side, and those of *Smithfield* on the other, by several Climates and Degrees in their way of Thinking and Conversing together.

For this Reason, when any publick Affair is upon the Anvil, I love to hear the Reflections that arise upon it in the several Districts and Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and to rumble up and down a whole Day together, in order to make my self acquainted with the Opinions of my Ingenious Countrymen. By this means I know the Faces of all the principal Politicians within the Bills of Mortality, and as every Coffee house has some particular Statesman belonging to it, who is the Mouth of the Street where he lives, I always take care to place my self near him, in order to know his Judgment on the present Posture of Affairs. The last Progress that I made with this Intention, was about three Months ago, when we had a current Report of the King of *France's* Death. As I foresaw this would produce a new Face of things in *Europe*, and many curious Speculations in our *British* Coffee houses, I was very desirous to learn the Thoughts of our most eminent Politicians on that Occasion.

That I might begin as near the Fountain-Head as possible, I first of all called in at *St. James's*, where I found the whole outward Room in a Puzzle of Politics. The Speculations were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were so very much improved by a Knot of Theorists, who sat in the inner Room, within the Steams of the Coffee-Pot, that I there heard the whole *Spanish* Monarchy disposed of, and all the Line of *Bourbon* provided for in less than a Quarter of an Hour.

I afterwards called so at *Giles's*, where I saw a Board of *French* Gentlemen sitting upon the Life and Death of their *Grand Monarque*. Those among them who had espoused the Whig Interest, very positively affirmed, that he departed this Life about a Week since, and therefore proceeded without any further Delay to the Release of their Friends on the Gallies, and to their own Re-establishment. But finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended Progress.

Upon my Arrival at *Jenny Man's*, I saw an alert young Fellow that cocked his Hat upon a Friend of his who entered just at the same time with my self, and accosted him after the following Manner. Well *Jaël*, the old King is dead at last. Sharp's the Word. Now or never, Boy. Up to the Walls of *Paris* directly. With several other deep Reflections of the same Nature.

I met with very little Variation in the Politics between *Claring-Cross* and *Covent Garden*. And upon my going into *Will's* I found their Disconce was gone off from the Death of the *French* King to that of *Monsieur Bouleau*, *Racine*, *Cornelle*, and several other Poets, whom they regretted on this

Occasion, as Persons who would have obliged the World with very noble Elegies on the Death of so great a Prince, and so eminent a Patron of Learning.

At a Coffee house near the *Temple*, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very smartly in a Dispute on the Succession to the *Spanish* Monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of *Anjou*, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the Title to that Kingdom by the Statute Laws of *England*, but finding them going out of my Depth, I passed forward to *Paul's* Church-Yard, where I listen'd with great Attention to a learned Man, who gave the Company an Account of the deplorable State of *France* during the Minority of the deceased King.

I then turned on my right Hand into *Juch-street*, where the chief Politician of that Quarter, upon hearing the News, (after having taken a Pipe of Tobacco, and rummaged for some time) If, says he, the King of *France* is certainly dead, we shall have Plenty of Mackerell this Season: our Fishery will not be disturbed by Privateers, as it has been for these ten Years past. He afterwards considered how the Death of this great Man would affect our Pilchards, and by several other Remarks infused a general Joy into his whole Audience.

I afterwards entered a By Coffee house that stood at the upper end of a narrow Lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Lacceman who was the great Support of a neighbouring Convicticle. The Matter in Debate was, whether the late *French* King was most like *Augustus Caesar*, or *Nero*. The Controversie was carried on with great Heat on both Sides, and as each of them look'd upon me very frequently during the Course of their Debate I was under some Apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore hid down my Penny at the Bar, and made the best of my way to *Cheapside*.

I here gazed upon the Signs for some time before I found one to my Purpose. The first Object I met in the Coffee room was a Person who expressed a great Grief for the Death of the *French* King: but upon his explaining himself I found his Sorrow did not arise from the Loss of the Monarch but for his having sold out of the Bank about three Days before he heard the News of it. Upon which a Haberdasher, who was the Oracle of the Coffee house, and had his Circle of Admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his Opinion above a Week before, that the *French* King was certainly dead to which he added, that considering the late Advices we had received from *France*, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his Hearers with great Authority, there came in a Gentleman from *Garratraz's*, who told us that there were several Letters from *France* just come in, with Advice that the King was in good Health, and was gone out Hunting the very Morning the Post came away. Upon which the Haberdasher stole off his Hat that hung upon a wooden Pegg by him, and retired to his Shop with great Confusion. This Intelligence put a Stop to my Travels, which I

had prosecuted with [much<sup>1</sup>] Satisfaction not being a little pleased to hear so many different Opinions upon so great an Event, and to observe how naturally upon such a Piece of News every one is apt to consider it with a Regard to his own particular Interest and Advantage. L

No 404] Friday, June 13, 1712 [Budgell

[— *Non omnia possumus omnes* —Virg<sup>2</sup>]

NATURE does nothing in vain the Creator of the Universe has appointed every thing to a certain Use and Purpose, and determin'd it to a settled Course and Sphere of Action, from which, if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those Ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the Dispositions of Society, the civil Oeconomy is formed in a Chain as well as the natural and in either Case the Breach but of one Link puts the Whole into some Disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the Absurdity and Ridicule we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent Affectation of excelling in Character. Men are not fit for, and for which Nature never designed them.

Every Man has one or more Qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others. Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the Infant continues under her Guardianship, she brings him on in this Way and then offers her self for a Guide in what remains of the Journey if he proceeds in that Course, he can hardly mis carry. Nature makes good her Engagements for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the Misfortune is, Men despise what they may be Masters of, and affect what they are not fit for they reckon themselves already possessed of what their Genius inclined them to, and so bend all their Ambition to excel in what is out of their Reach. Thus they destroy the Use of their natural Talents, in the same manner is covetous Men do their Quiet and Repose they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd Inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

*Cleantes* had good Sense, a great Memory, and a Constitution capable of the closest Application. In a Word, there was no Profession in which *Cleantes* might not have made a very good Figure but this won't satisfy him, he takes up in unaccountable Fondness for the Character of a fine Gentleman all his Thoughts are bent upon this instead of attending a Dissection, frequenting the Courts of Justice or studying the Fathers, *Cleantes* reads Plays, dances dresses, and spends his Time in drawing-rooms instead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or Physician, *Cleantes* is a downright Coxcomb, and will re-

main to all that knew him a contemptible Example of Talents unsupplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs. Nature in her whole Drama never drew such a Part she has sometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever bears an high Resentment for being put out of her Course, and never fails of taking her Revenge on those that do so. Opposing her Lendancy in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the same Success as declining from her Course in the Production of Vegetables by the Assistance of Art and an hot Bed, we may possibly extort an unwilling Plant, or an untimely Sprout but how weak, how tasteless and insipid? Just as insipid as the Poetry of *Valerio*. *Valerio* had an universal Character, was genteel, had Learning, thought justly, spoke correctly 'twas believed there was nothing in which *Valerio* did not excel and 'twas so far true, that there was but one *Valerio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's resolved to be a Poet, he writes Verses, and takes great Pains to convince the Town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary Person he was taken for.

If Men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect? *Fully* would not stand so much alone in Oration, *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cesar* in War. To build upon Nature, is laying the Foundation upon a Rock every thing disposes its self into Order as it were of Course, and the whole Work is half done as soon as undertaken. *Cicero's* Genius inclined him to Oration, *Virgil's* to follow the Train of the Muses, they piously obeyed the Admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the Bar, his modest and ingenious Virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent Figure and *Fully's* declamatory Inclination would have been as useless in Poetry. Nature, if left to her self, leads us on in the best Course, but will do nothing by Compulsion and Constraint and if we are not satisfied to go her Way, we are always the greatest Sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a Production, she always disposes Seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the Formation of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the Being and Growth of Plants and I know not by what Fate and Folly it is, that Men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write Verses in Spite of Nature, with that Gardener that should undertake to raise a Jonquil or Tulip without the Help of their respective Seeds.

As there is no Good or bad Quality that does not affect both Sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair Sex must have suffered by an Affectation of this Nature, at least as much as the other. The ill Effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite Characters of *Celia* and *Iras*. *Celia* has all the Charms of Person together with an abundant Sweetness of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice. *Iras* is ugly and ungenteel, but has Wit and good Sense. If *Celia* would be silent, her Beholder would adore her; if *Iras* would talk, her Hearer would admire her; but *Celia's* Tongue runs incessantly, while *Iras* gives her self silent Airs and soft Language, so

<sup>1</sup> [great]

<sup>2</sup> [*Continuo has leges æternæque fœdæ certis Imposuit natura locis* —Virg]

that 'tis difficult to persuade ones self that *Calia* has Beauty and *Isas* Wit. Each neglects her own Excellence, and is ambitious of the other's Character. *Isas* would be thought to have as much Beauty as *Calia*, and *Calia* as much Wit as *Isas*.

The great Misfortune of this Affectation is, that Men not only lose a good Quality, but also contract a bad one. They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for, and instead of making a very good Figure one Way, make a very ridiculous one another. If *Semanthe* would have been satisfied with her natural Complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the Name of the Olive Beauty, but *Semanthe* has taken up an Affectation to White and Red, and is now distinguished by the Character of the Lady that paints so well. In a word, could the World be reformed to the Obedience of that famed Dictate, *Jolly Nature*, which the Oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero* when he consulted what Course of Studies he should pursue, we should see almost every Man as eminent in his proper Sphere as *Tully* was in his, and should in a very short time find Impertinence and Affectation banished from among the Women, and Coxcombs and false Characters from among the Men. For my Part, I could never consider this preposterous Repugnance to Nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest Folly, but also one of the most heinous Crimes, since it is a direct Opposition to the Disposition of Providence, and (as *Tully* expresses it) like the Sin of the Giants, in actual Rebellion against Heaven.

Z

No 405] Saturday, June 14, 1712 [Addison

Οἱ δὲ πανημεριοὶ μολπῇ Θεοῦ ἱλάσκοντο,  
Καλὸν αἰδούντες παῖθ' ἡμῶν Ἀχαιῶν,  
Μελῶντες Ἑκάργον ὃ δὲ φοῖνι τειπέτ'  
ἀνούων.—Hom

I AM very sorry to find, by the Opera Bills for this Day, that we are likely to lose the greatest Performer in Dramatick Musick that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a Stage. I need not requirunt my Reader, that I am speaking of *Signior Nicolin*.<sup>1</sup> The Town is highly obliged to that Excellent Artist, for having shown us the *Italian* Musick in its Perfection, as well as for that generous Approbation he lately gave to an Opera of our own Country, in which the Composer endeavoured to do Justice to the Beauty of the Words, by following that Noble Example, which has been set him by the greatest Foreign Masters in that Art.

I could heartily wish there was the same Application and Endeavours to cultivate and improve our Church-Musick, as have been lately bestowed on that of the Stage. Our Composers have one very great Incitement to it. They are sure to meet with Excellent Words, and, at the same

time, a wonderful Variety of them. There is no Passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired Writings, which are proper for Divine Songs and Anthems.

There is a certain Coldness and Indifference in the Phrases of our *European* Languages, when they are compared with the Oriental Forms of Speech, and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* Idioms run into the *English* Tongue with a particular Grace and Beauty. Our Language has received innumerable Elegancies and Improvements, from that Infusion of *Hebraisms*, which are derived to it out of the Poetical Passages in Holy Writ. They give a Force and Energy to our Expressions, warm and animate our Language, and convey our Thoughts in more ardent and intense Phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own Tongue. There is something so poetick in this kind of Diction, that it often sets the Mind in a Flame, and makes our Hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a Prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite Forms of Speech which are natural to our Tongue, when it is not heightened by that Solemnity of Phrase, which may be drawn from the Sacred Writings. It has been said by some of the Ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with Men, they would certainly speak in *Plato's* Style; but I think we may say, with Justice, that when Mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a Style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the Beauties of Poetry that are to be met with in the Divine Writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* Manners of Speech mix and incorporate with the *English* Language after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal Translation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in these two last such an Absurdity and Confusion of Style, with such a Comparative Poverty of Imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a Treasury of Words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the Airs of Musick, I cannot but wonder that Persons of Distinction should give so little Attention and Encouragement to that Kind of Musick, which would have its Foundation in Reason, and which would improve our Virtue in proportion as it raised our Delight. The Passions that are excited by ordinary Compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd Occasions, that a Man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the Fear the Love, the Sorrow, the Indignation that are awakened in the Mind by Hymns and Anthems, make the Heart better, and proceed from such Causes as are altogether reasonable and praiseworthy. Pleasure and Duty go hand in hand, and the greater our Satisfaction is, the greater is our Religion.

Musick among those who were styled the chosen People was a Religious Art. The Songs of *Sion*, which we have reason to believe were in high Repute among the Courts of the Eastern Monarchs, were nothing else but Psalms and Pieces of Poetry that adorned or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest Conqueror in this

<sup>1</sup> See note on p. 23. He took leave, June 14, in the Opera of *Alcibiades*.

Holy Nation, after the manner of the old *Grecian* Lyricks did not only compose the Words of his Divine Odes, but generally set them to Musick himself. After which, his Works, tho' they were consecrated to the Tabernacle, became the National Entertainment, as well as the Devotion of his People.

The first Original of the Drama was a Religious Worship consisting only of a Chorus, which was nothing else but an Hymn to a Deity. As Liberty and Voluptuousness prevailed over Innocence and Religion, this Form of Worship degenerated into Tragedies in which however the Chorus so far remembered its first Office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the Innocent, and to implore its Vengeance on the Criminal.

*Horace* and *Huot* intimate to us how this Art should be applied, when they represent the Muses as surrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their Hymns about his Throne. I might shew from innumerable Passages in Ancient Writers, not only that Vocal and Instrumental Musick were made use of in their Religious Worship but that their most favourite Diversions were filled with Songs and Hymns to their respective Deities. Had we frequent Entertainments of this Nature among us, they would not a little purifie and exalt our Passions, give our Thoughts a proper Turn, and cherish those Divine Impulses in the Soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and unmoderate Pleasures.

Musick, when thus applied raises noble Ideas in the Mind of the Hearer, and fills it with great Conceptions. It strengthens Devotion, and advances Praise into Rapture. It lengthens out every Act of Worship and produces more lasting and permanent Impressions in the Mind, than those which accompany any transient Form of Words that are uttered in the ordinary Method of Religious Worship.

No 406] Monday, June 16, 1712 [Steele

*Hæc studis Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfuni in præleat delectant domi, non impediunt foris. Pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, præstant ir—Null*

THE following Letters bear a pleasing Image of the Joys and Satisfactions of private Life. The first is from a Gentleman to a Friend, for whom he has a very great Respect, and to whom he communicates the Satisfaction he takes in Retirement, the other is a Letter to me, occasioned by an Ode written by my *Laupland* Lover. This Correspondent is so kind as to translate another of *Schiffer's* Songs in a very agreeable Manner. I publish them together, that the Young and Old may find something in the same Paper which may be suitable to their respective Taste in Solitude for I know no Fault in the

2 See No 366 and note

Description of ardent Desires, provided they are innumerable

Dear Sir,

You have obliged me with a very kind Letter, by which I find you shift the Scene of your Life from the Town to the Country, and enjoy that mixt State which wise Men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the Philosophers and Moralists have run too much into Extremes, in praising entirely either Solitude or publick Life in the former Men generally grow useless by too much Rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much Precipitation. As Waters lying still, putrifie and are good for nothing and running violently on, do but the more Mischief in their Passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those who, like you, can make themselves useful to all States, should be like gentle Streams, that not only glide through lonely Valles and Forests amidst the Flocks and Shepherds, but visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at once of Ornament and Service to them. But there is another sort of People who seem designed for Solitude, those I mean who have more to hide than to shew. As for my own Part, I am one of those of whom *Seneca* says, *Pum Umbrahis sunt, ut patet in turbido esse quicquid in luce est*. Some Men, like Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light and I believe such as have a natural Bent to Solitude, are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains, and exalted to a great Height, may make a much nobler Figure, and a much louder Noise, but after all run more smoothly, equally and plentifully, in their own natural Course upon the Ground. The Consideration of this would make me very well contented with the Possession only of that Quiet which *Covley* calls the Companion of Obscurity but whoever has the Muses too for his Companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter my self into a good Opinion of my own Way of Living. *Plutarch* just now told me, that 'tis in human Life as in a Game at Tables, one may wish he had the highest Crut, but if his Chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and make the best of it.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged,  
and most humble Servant

Mr SPECTATOR

The Town being so well pleased with the fine Picture of artless Love, which Nature inspired the *Lauplander* to print in the Ode you lately printed we were in Hopes that the ingenious Translator would have obliged it with the other also which *Schiffer* has given us but since he has not, a much inferior Hand has ventured to send you this.

It is a Custom with the Northern Lovers to divert themselves with a Song, whilst they Journey through the fenny Moors to pay a visit to their Mistresses. This is addressed by the Lover to his Run Deer, which is the Creature that in that Country supplies the Want of Horses. The Circumstances which successively

'present themselves to him in his Wry, are, I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The Anxiety of Absence, the Gloominess of the Road, and his Resolution of frequenting only those, since those only can carry him to the Object of his Desires: the Dissatisfaction he expresses even at the greatest Swiftness with which he is carried, and his joyful Surprise at an unexpected Sight of his Mistress as she is bathing, seem beautifully described in the Original.

'If all those pretty Images of Rural Nature are lost in the Imitation yet possibly yet I may think fit to let this supply the Place of a long Letter, when Want of Leisure or Indisposition for Writing will not permit our being entertained by your own Hand. I propose such a Line, because tho' it is natural to have a loudness for what one does one's self, yet I assure you I would not have any thing of mine displease a single Line of yours

## I

*Haste, my Ram-Deer, and let us nimbly go  
Our anxious Journey through this dreary  
Wash,*

*Haste, my Ram-Deer! still still thou art too  
slow,  
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's  
Haste*

## II

*Around us far the lushy Moors are spread  
Soon will the Sun withdraw his cheerful Ray  
Darkling and tired we shall the Marshes tread,  
No Lay missing to cheat the tedious Way*

## III

*The wat'ry Length of these joyous Moors  
Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel,  
Through these I fly to her my Soul adores,  
Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pith, I farewell*

## IV

*Each Moment from the Chariot I'm confin'd,  
My Breast is tortur'd with impatient Fires,  
I fly, my Ram-Deer, fly swifter than the Wind,  
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Desires*

## V

*Our pleasing Toil will then be soon express'd  
And thou, in Wonder lost shalt view my Love,  
Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,  
Her artless Charms, her bloom, her sprightly  
Air*

## VI

*But lo! with graceful Motion there she swims,  
Gently moving each ambitious Wave  
The crowding Waves transported clasp her  
Limbs  
When, when, oh when, shall I such Freedoms  
have!*

## VII

*In vain, you curious Streams, so fast you flow,  
To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze  
From every Touch you more transport at grow,  
And all reveal'd the beauty is without flaw*

No 407] Tuesday, June 17, 1712 [Addison

—abst facundis Gratia dictis—Ovid

MOST Foreign Writers who have given any Character of the English Nation, what ever Vices they ascribe to it, allow in general, that the People are naturally Modest. It proceeds, perhaps from this our National Virtue, that our Orators are observed to make use of less Gesture or Action than those of other Countries. Our Preachers stand stock still in the Pulpit, and will not so much as move a Finger to set off the best Sermons in the World. We meet with the same speaking Statues in our Bars, and in all publick Places of Debate. Our Words flow from us in a smooth continued Stream, without those Strummings of the Voice, Motions of the Body, and Majesty of the Hand, which are so much celebrated in the Orators of *Greece* and *Rome*. We can talk of Life and Death in cold Blood, and keep our Temper in a Discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our Zeal be almost in the finest Tropes and Figures, it is not able to stir a Limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once by those who have seen *Italy*, that an untravell'd *Englishman* cannot relish all the Beauties of *Italian* Pictures, because the Postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that Country. One who has not seen an *Helian* in the Pulpit will not know what to make of that noble Gesture in *Raphael's* Picture of *St Paul* preaching at *Athens*, where the Apostle is represented as lifting up both his Arms, and pouring out the Thunder of his Rhetorick amidst an Audience of *Pagans* and *Philosophers*.

It is certain that proper Gestures and vehement Exertions of the Voice cannot be too much studied by a publick Orator. They are a kind of Comment to what he utters and enforce every thing he says, with weak Hearers, better than the strongest Argument he can make use of. They keep the Audience warm, and fix their Attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they shew the Speaker is in earnest and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent Gesture and Vociferation naturally shake the Hearts of the Ignorant, and fill them with a kind of Religious Horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see Women weep and tremble at the Sight of a moving Preacher, though he is placed quite out of their Hearing as in *England* we very frequently see People lulled to sleep with solid and elaborate Discourses of Piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the Bellowsings and Distortions of Intemperance.

If Nonsense, when accompanied with such an Emotion of Voice and Body, has such an Influence on Men's Minds, what might we not expect from many of those Admirable Discourses which are printed in our Tongue, were they delivered with a becoming Ferour, and with the most agreeable Graces of Voice and Gesture?

We are told that the great *Latin* Orator very much impaired his Health by this late manner

*contentio*, this Vehemence of Action, with which he used to deliver himself. The *Greek* Orator was likewise so very famous for this Particular in Rhetorick, that one of his Antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, regarding over the Oration which had procured his Banishment, and seeing his Friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been affected, had they heard him actually throwing out such a Storm of Eloquence?

How cold and dead a Figure in Comparison of these two great Men, does an Orator often make at the *British* Bar, holding up his Head with the most insipid Serenity, and stroking the sides of a long Wig that reaches down to his Middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the Gestures of an *English* Speaker: you see some of them running their Hands into their Pockets as far as they can thrust them, and others looking with great Attention on a piece of Paper that has nothing written in it: you may see many a smart Rhetorician turning his Hat in his Hands, moulding it into several different Cocks, examining sometimes the Lining of it, and sometimes the Button, during the whole course of his Harangue. A deaf Man would think he was Chirping a Buzzer, when perhaps he is talking of the Fate of the *British* Nation. I remember, when I was a young Man, and used to frequent *Westminster-Hall*, there was a Counsellor who never pleaded without a Piece of Pick thread in his Hand, which he used to twist about a Thumb, or a Finger, all the while he was speaking. The Wiggs of those Days used to call it the Thread of his Discourse, for he was not able to utter a Word without it. One of his Clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one Day in the midst of his Pleading, but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his Cause by his Jest.

I have all along acknowledged myself to be a Dumb Man, and therefore may be thought a very improper Person to give Rules for Oratory: but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either in private all kinds of Gesture, (which seems to be very suitable to the Genius of our Nation) or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive. O

No 408 ] Wednesday, June 28, 1712 [Pope

*Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere,  
nec subiacere suis vitiis.* — Till de l'imbis

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE always been a very great Lover of your Speculations, as well in regard to the Subject, as in your Manner of treating it. Human Nature I always think, is the most useful Object of human Reason, and to make the Consideration of it pleasant and entertaining I always thought the best Employment of human Wit. Other Parts of Philosophy may perhaps be more wise, but this not only answers that End, but

makes us better too. Hence it was that the Oracle pronounced *Socrates* the wisest of all Men living, because he judiciously made Choice of human Nature for the Object of his Thoughts. An Enquiry into which is much exceeds all other Learning, as it is of more Consequence to adjust the true Nature and Measures of Right and Wrong, than to settle the Distance of the Planets, and compute the Times of their Circumvolutions.

One good Effect that will immediately arise from a near Observation of human Nature, is, that we shall cease to wonder at those Actions which Men are used to reckon wholly unaccountable: for as nothing is produced without a Cause, so by observing the Nature and Course of the Passions, we shall be able to trace every Action from its first Conception to its Death. We shall no more admire at the Proceedings of *Catiline* or *Tiberius*, when we know the one was actuated by a cruel Jealousie, the other by a furious Ambition: for the Actions of Men follow their Passions, as naturally as Light does Heat, or as any other Effect flows from its Cause. Reason must be employed in adjusting the Passions, but they must ever remain the Principles of Action.

The strange and absurd Variety that is so apparent in Men's Actions, shows plainly they can never proceed immediately from Reason, so pure a Fountain emits no such troubled Waters. They must necessarily arise from the Passions, which are to the Mind as the Winds to a Ship, they only can move it, and they too often destroy it: if fair and gentle, they guide it into the Harbour; if contrary and furious, they overset it in the Waves. In the same manner is the Mind assisted or endangered by the Passions. Reason must then take the Place of Pilot, and can never fail of securing her Charge if she be not wanting to herself. The Strength of the Passions will never be accepted as an Excuse for complying with them: they were designed for Subjection, and if a Man suffers them to get the upper Hand, he then betrays the Liberty of his own Soul.

As Nature has framed the several Species of Beings as it were in a Chain, so Man seems to be placed as the middle Link between Angels and Brutes. Hence he partakes both of Flesh and Spirit by an admirable Tie, which in him occasions perpetual War of Passions: and as a Man inclines to the angelick or brute Part of his Constitution, he is then denominated good or brutish: virtuous or wicked if Love, Mercy, and Good-nature prevail, they speak him of the Angel; if Hatred, Cruelty, and Envy predominate, they declare him kindred to the Brute. Hence it was that some of the Ancients imagined, that as Men in this Life incline more to the Angel or Brute, so after their Death they should transmute into the one or the other: and it would be no unpleasant Notion, to consider the several Species of Brutes, into which we may imagine that Tyrants, Misers, the Proud, Malicious, and ill-natured might be changed.

As a Consequence of this Original, all Passions are in all Men, but all appear not in all; Constitution, Education, Custom of the Country, Reason, and the like Causes, may improve or abate the Strength of them, but still the Seeds

'Reason, which are ever ready to sprout forth upon the least Encouragement. I have heard a Story of a good religious Man, who, having been bred with the Milk of a Goat, was very modest in Publick by a careful Reflection he made on his Actions, but he frequently had an Hour in Secret, wherein he had his Frisks and Capers, and if we had an Opportunity of examining the Retirement of the strictest Philosophers no doubt but we should find perpetual Returns of those Passions they so artfully conceal from the Publick. I remember *Matchavel* observes, that every State should entertain a perpetual jealousy of its Neighbours, that so it should never be unprovided when an Emergency happens. In like manner should the Reason be perpetually on its Guard against the Passions, and never suffer them to carry on any Design that may be destructive of its Security yet at the same Time it must be careful, that it don't so far break their Strength as to render them contemptible, and consequently it self ungarded.

'The Understanding being of its self too slow and lazy to exert it self into Action, it's necessary it should be put in Motion by the gentle Gales of the Passions, which may preserve it from stagnating and Corruption for they are as necessary to the Health of the Mind, as the Circulation of the animal Spirits is to the Health of the Body they keep it in Life, and Strength, and Vigour, nor is it possible for the Mind to perform its Offices without their Assistance. These Motions are given us with our Being, they are little Spirits that are born and dye with us to some they are mild, casie, and gentle, to others wayward and unruly, yet never too strong for the Reins of Reason and the Guidance of Judgment.

'We may generally observe a pretty nice Proportion between the Strength of Reason and Passion the greatest Genius's have commonly the strongest Affections, as on the other hand, the weaker Understandings have generally the weaker Passions and 'tis fit the Fury of the Coursers should not be too great for the Strength of the Charioteer. Young Men whose Passions are not a little unruly, give small Hopes of their ever being considerable, the Fire of Youth will of course abate, and is a Fault, if it be a Fault that mends every Day but surely unless a Man has Fire in Youth, he can hardly have Warmth in Old Age. We must therefore be very cautious, lest while we think to regulate the Passions, we should quite extinguish them, which is putting out the Light of the Soul for to be without Passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a Man equally blind. The extraordinary Severity used in most of our Schools has this fatal Effect, it breaks the Spring of the Mind, and most certainly destroys more good Genius's than it can possibly improve. And surely 'tis a mighty Mistake that the Passions should be so intirely subdued for little Irregularities are sometimes not only to be borne with, but to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended with the greatest Perfections. All great Genius's have

'Faults mixed with their Virtues, and resemble the flaming Bush which has Thorns amongst Lights.

'Since therefore the Passions are the Principles of human Actions, we must endeavour to manage them so as to retain their Vigour, yet keep them under strict Command we must govern them rather like free Subjects than Slaves, lest while we intend to make them obedient, they become obdurate, and unfit for those great Purposes to which they were designed. For my Part I must confess, I could never have any Regard to that Sect of Philosophers, who so much insisted upon an absolute Indifference and Vacancy from all Passion, for it seems to me a Thing very inconsistent for a Man to divest himself of Humanity, in order to acquire Tranquility of Mind, and to eradicate the very Principles of Action, because 'tis possible they may produce ill Effects.

I am, SIR,

Your Affectionate Admirer,

T B

Z

No 409] Thursday, June 19, 1712 [Addison

—*Musae contingere cuncta lepori*—Lucr

GRATIAN very often recommends the *Fine Taste*, as the utmost Perfection of an accomplished Man. As this Word arises very often in Conversation, I shall endeavour to give some Account of it, and to lay down Rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine Taste of Writing, which is so much talked of among the Polit World.

Most Languages make use of this Metaphor, to express that Faculty of the Mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed Faults and nicest Perfections in Writing. We may be sure this Metaphor would not have been so general in all Tongues, had there not been a very great Conformity between that Mental Taste, which is the Subject of this Paper, and that Sensitive Taste which gives us a Relish of every different Flavour that affects the Palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many Degrees of Refinement in the intellectual Faculty, as in the Sense, which is marked out by this common Denomination.

I knew a Person who possessed the one in so great a Perfection, that after having tasted ten different Kinds of Tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the Colour of it, the particular Sort which was offered him and not only so, but any two Sorts of them that were mixt together in an equal Proportion may he has carried the Experiment so far, as upon tasting the Composition of three different Sorts, to name the Parcels from whence the three several Ingredients were taken. A Man of a fine Taste in Writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general Beauties and Imperfections of an Author, but

\* See note on p 553. This 'fine taste' was the *cultismo*, the taste for false conceits, which Addison condemns.

<sup>1</sup> *The Prince*, ch. xiv at close

discover the several Ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify him from all other Authors, with the several I oreign Infusions of Thought and Language, and the particular Author from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine Taste in Writing, and shewn the Propriety of the Metaphor which is used on this Occasion, I think I may define it to be *that Faculty of the Soul, which discovers the Beauties of an Author with Pleasure, and the Imperfections with Dislike*. If a Man would know whether he is possessed of this Faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated Works of Antiquity, which have stood the Test of so many different Ages and Countries, or those Works among the Moderns which have the Sanction of the Politer Part of our Contemporaries. If upon the Perusal of such Writings he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary Manner, or if, upon reading the admired Passages in such Authors, he finds a Coldness and Indifference in his Thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless Readers) that the Author wants those Perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the Faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second Place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing Perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so the Specific Qualities of the Author whom he peruses whether he is particularly pleased with *Livy* for his Manner of telling a Story, with *Sallust* for his entering into those internal Principles of Action which arise from the Characters and Manners of the Persons he describes, or with *Tacitus* for his displaying those outward Motives of Safety and Interest, which give Birth to the whole Series of Transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same Thought which presents itself in a great Writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a Person of an ordinary Genius. For there is as much Difference, in apprehending a Thought clothed in *Cicero's* Language, and that of a common Author, as in seeing an Object by the Light of a Taper, or by the Light of the Sun.

It is very difficult to lay down Rules for the Acquisition of such a Taste as that I am here speaking of. The Faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens that those who have other Qualities in Perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent Mathematicians of the Age has assured me, that the greatest Pleasure he took in reading *Virgil*, was in examining *Aeneas's* Voyage by the Map, as I question not but many a Modern Compiler of History, would be delighted with little more in that Divine Author, than in the bare Matters of Fact.

But notwithstanding this Faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several Methods for Cultivating and Improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the Person that possesses it. The most natural Method for this Purpose is to be

conversant among the Writings of the most Polite Authors. A Man who has any Relish for fine Writing, either discovers new Beauties, or receives stronger Impressions from the Masterly Strokes of a great Author every time he peruses him. Besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of Speaking, and Thinking.

Conversation with Men of a Polite Genius is another Method for improving our Natural Taste. It is impossible for a Man of the greatest Parts to consider anything in its whole Extent, and in all its Variety of Lights. Every Man, besides those General Observations which are to be made upon an Author, forms several Reflections that are peculiar to his own Manner of Thinking, so that Conversation will naturally furnish us with Hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other Men's Parts and Reflections as well as our own. This is the best Reason I can give for the Observation which several have made that Men of great Genius in the same way of Writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain Periods of Time appear together, and in a Body as they did at *Rome*, in the Reign of *Augustus*, and in *Greece* about the Age of *Socrates*. I cannot think that *Cornelius, Aeneas, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine, Brueyere, Bossu*, or the *Daniers*, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been Friends and Contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a Man who would form to himself a finished Taste of good Writing, to be well versed in the Works of the best Critics both Ancient and Modern. I must confess that I could wish there were Authors of this kind, who beside the Mechanical Rules which a Man of very little Taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very Spirit and Soul of fine Writing, and shew us the several Sources of that Pleasure which rises in the Mind upon the Perusal of a noble Work. I thus although in Poetry he absolutely necessary that the Unities of Time, Place and Action, with other Points of the same Nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood there is still something more essential to the Art, something that elevates and astonishes the Fancy, and gives a Greatness of Mind to the Reader, which few of the Critics besides *Longinus* have considered.

Our general Taste in *England* is for Epigram, Turns of Wit, and forced Conceits, which have no manner of Influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the Mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest Writers, both among the Ancients and Moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my Speculations to brush this Gothic Taste, which has taken Possession among us I entertained the Town, for a Week together, with an Essay upon Wit, in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false kinds which have been admired in the different Ages of the World, and at the same time to shew wherein the Nature of true Wit consists. I afterwards gave an Instance of the great Force which lies in a natural Simplicity of Thought to affect the Mind of the Reader, from such vulgar Pieces as have little else besides this single Qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the Works of the greatest Poet



which our Nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularly most of those rational and truly Beautiful, which give a Value to that Divine Work. I shall next *Saturday* enter upon an Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, which, though it shall consider that Subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the Reader what it is that gives a Beauty to many Passages of the finest Writers both in Prose and Verse. As an Undertaking of this Nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with Candour. O

No 410] Friday, June 20, 1712 [Tickell

*Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur Mundus,  
Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis  
elegans*

*Quæ, cum amatore suo cum cenant, Lignurunt,  
Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam  
Quam inhonestæ solæ sint domi, atque avidæ cibi,  
Quo pacto ex Fure Hesterno panem atrum vorant  
Nosse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis* — 1er

WILL HONEYCOMB, who disguises his present Decay by visiting the Wenches of the Town only by Way of Humour, told us, that the last rainy Night he with Sir ROGER DE COVERLY was driven into the Temple Cloister, whither had escaped also a Lady most exactly dressed from Head to Foot WILL made no Scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his Name, and turning immediately to the Knight, she said, she supposed that was his good Friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. Upon which nothing less could follow than Sir ROGER's Approach to Salutation, with, Madam the same at your Service. She was dressed in a black Tabby Mantua and Petticoat, without Ribbons her Linnen striped Muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable Second-Mourning, decent Dresses being often affected by the Creatures of the Town, at once consulting Cheapness and the Pretensions to Modesty. She went on with a familiar ease. Air Your Friend, Mr HONEYCOMB, is a little surprized to see a Woman here alone and unattended but I dismissed my Coach at the Gate, and tripped it down to my Council's Chambers, for Lawyers Fees take up too much of a small disputed Joynture to admit any other Expence but meer Necessaries. Mr HONEYCOMB begged they might have the Honour of setting her down, for Sir ROGER's Servant was gone to call a Coach. In the Interim the Footman returned, with no Coach to be had and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr HONEYCOMB and his Friend to wait at the Tavern at the Gate for a Coach, or to be subjected to all the Impertinence she must meet with in that publick Place. Mr HONEYCOMB being a Man of Honour determined the Choice of the first, and Sir ROGER, as the better Man, took the Lady by the Hand, leading through all the Shower, covering her with his Hat, and gallanting a familiar Acquaintance through Rows of young Fellows, who winked at

*Suley* in the State she marched off, WILL HONEYCOMB bringing up the Rear.

Much Importunity prevailed upon the Fair one to admit of a Collation, where, after declaring she had no Stomach, and even a Couple of Chickens, devoured a Trusse of Sallet, and drunk a full Bottle to her Share, she sung the Old Man's Wish to Sir ROGER. The Knight left the Room for some Time after Supper, and writ the following Billet, which he conveyed to *Suley*, and *Suley* to her Friend WILL HONEYCOMB. WILL has given it to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, who read it last Night to the Club.

Madam,

'I am not so meer a Country Gentleman, but I can guess at the Law Business you had at the Temple. If you would go down to the Country and leave off all your Vanities but your Singing, let me know at my Lodgings in Bow-street Covent-Garden, and you shall be encouraged by

Your humble Servant,

ROGER DE COVERLY

My good Friend could not well stand the Railery which was rising upon him, but to put a Stop to it I deliver'd WILL HONEYCOMB the following Letter, and desired him to read it to the Board.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'Having seen a Translation of one of the Chapters in the Canticles into English Verse inserted among your late Papers, I have ventured to send you the 7th Chapter of the Proverbs in a poetical Dress. If you think it worthy appearing among your Speculations, it will be a sufficient Reward for the Trouble of

Your constant Reader,

A B

*My Sou, th' Instruction that my Words impart,  
Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart,  
And all the wholesome Precepts that I give,  
Observe with strictest Reverence, and live*

*Let all thy Homage be to Wisdom paid,  
Seek her Protection and implore her Aid,  
That she may keep thy Soul from Harm secure,  
And turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's Door,  
Who with cur'd Chariot lures the Unwary in,  
And sooths - th' Flattery their Souls to Sin*

*Once from my Window as I cast mine Eye  
On those that pass'd in giddy Numbers by,  
A Youth among the foolish Yonths I spy'd,  
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his Guide*

*Just as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,  
And Evening soft led on the Shades of Night,  
He stole in covert Twilight to his Fate,  
And pass'd the Corner near the Harlot's Gate  
When, lo, a Woman comes -  
Loos her Attire, and such her glaring Dress,  
As aptly did the Harlot's Mind express  
Sensible she is, and practis'd in the Arts,  
By which the Wanton conquers headless Hearts  
Stubborn and loud she is, she hates her Home  
Varying her Place and Form, she loves to roam  
Now she's a routhin, now in the Street do's stray  
Now at each Corner stands, and waits her Prey  
The Youth she seiz'd, and laying now aside  
All Modesty, the Female's justest Pride,  
She said, with an Embrace, Here at my House*

Peace-offerings at this Day I said my Voice  
I therefore came abroad to meet my Deer,  
And, Lo, I Happy He in I find thee here.

My Clamber I've adorned and over my Bed  
In coverings of the richest Tapestry spread,  
With Linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,  
With Carricks by the Curie is All streight brought,  
It was to Glad Perfume with a yield  
In all her Citrus Groves, a d' spicy Fields,  
Her oilner stirs of richest Oneirs meets,  
Full in, I see in a Wilderness of Sweets  
Whate'er to the Sense can grate itself  
I have collected there — I want but Thee  
My Husband's gone a Journey far away,  
With Gold he look abroad, and long will stay,  
He cannot for his return's distant Day  
Upon her Tongue did such smooth Mischief dwell,

As from her Lips such welcome Flatt'ry fell,  
Th' ungarbled Youth, in Silken Fetters tied,  
Keen'd his Reason, and with Ease compl'd,  
Thus does the Ox to his own Slaught' go,  
And it is senseless of him feeling alive  
Thus flies the simple hind into the Snare,  
That skilful Fowlers for his Life prepare  
But let my Soul attend, Altho' it say they  
No more so useful Vigour may to Sin betray  
Let them false Charrmers fly, and guard their  
Heirs

Against the wily Wanton's pleasing Arts,  
With Care direct their Steps, nor turn astray,  
To tread the Path of her deceitful Way  
Lest they too late of Her fall never complain,  
And fall, where they might have been safe slain

1

No 411] Saturday June 21, 1712 [Adanson

*Ana Pier dum peragro loca nullius ante  
Trita solo — at u legros accerser fouteis,  
Atque haurire — Lacer*

OUR Sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our Senses. It fills the Mind with the largest Variety of Ideas, converses with its Objects at the greatest Distance, and continues the longest to Action without being tired or satiated with its proper Enjoyments. The Sense of Feeling can indeed give us a Notion of Extension, Shape, and all other Ideas it can enter at the Eye, except Colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its Operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular Objects. Our Sight seems designed to supply all these Defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and refined kind of Touch, that spreads itself over an infinite Multitude of Bodies, comprehends the largest Figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote Parts of the Universe.

It is this Sense which furnishes the Imagination with its Ideas, so that by the Pleasures of the Imagination or Fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible Objects, either when we have them actually in our View, or when we call up their Ideas in our

Minds by Paintings, Statues, Descriptions, or any like Occasion. We cannot indeed have a single Image in the Fancy that did not make its first Entrance through the Sight, but we have the Power of retaining, altering, and compounding those Images, which we have once received into all the varieties of Picture and Vision that are most agreeable to the Imagination; for by this Faculty a Man in a Dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with Scenes and Landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole Compass of Nature.

There are few Words in the English Language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed Sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the Notion of these two Words as I intend to make use of them in the Thread of my following Speculations, that the Reader may conceive rightly what is the Subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the Pleasures of the Imagination I mean only such Pleasures as arise originally from Sight, and that I divide these Pleasures into two Kinds. My Design being first of all to Discourse of the Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which entirely proceed from such Objects as are before our Eyes, and in the next place to speak of those Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination which flow from the Ideas of visible Objects, when the Objects are not actually before the Eye, but are called up into our Memories or formed into agreeable Visions of Things that are either Absent or Imaginary.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, taken in the full Extent, are not so gross as those of Sense, nor so refined as those of the Understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new Knowledge or Improvement in the Mind of Man; yet it must be confessed, that those of the Imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful Prospect delights the Soul, as much as a Demonstration; and a Description in *Homer* has charmed more Readers than a Chapter in *Aristotle*. Besides, the Pleasures of the Imagination have this Advantage, above those of the Understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easily to be acquired. It is but opening the Eye, and the Scene enters. The Colours paint themselves on the Fancy, with very little Attention of Thought or Application of Mind in the Beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the Symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the Beauty of an Object without enquiring into the particular Causes and Occasions of it.

A Man of a Polite Imagination is let into a great many Pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a Picture, and find an agreeable Companion in a Statue. He meets with a secret Refreshment in a Description, and often feels a greater Satisfaction in the Prospect of Fields and Meadows, than another does in the Possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of Property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated Parts of Nature ad-

\* [present to the]

minister to his Pleasures. So that he looks upon the World, as it were in another Light, and discovers in it a Multitude of Charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of Mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a Relish of any Pleasures that are not Criminal. Every Diversion they take is at the Expence of some one Virtue or another, and their very first Step out of Business is into Vice or Folly. A Man should endeavour, therefore, to enlarge the Sphere of his innocent Pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with Safety, and find in them such a Satisfaction is a wise Man could not blush to take. Of this Nature are those of the Imagination, which do not require such a Rent of Thought as is necessary to our more serious Employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the Mind to sink into that Negligence and Remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual Delights, but, like a gentle Exercise to the Faculties, awaken them from Sloth and Idleness, without putting them upon any Labour or Difficulty.

We might here add that the Pleasures of the Fancy are more conducive to Health, than those of the Understanding, which are worked out by dint of Thinking, and it ended with too violent a Labour of the Brain. Delightful Scenes, whether in Nature, Painting, or Poetry, have a kindly Influence on the Body, as well as the Mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the Imagination, but are able to disperse Grief and Melancholy, and to set the Animal Spirits in pleasing and agreeable Motions. For this Reason Sir Francis Bacon, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his Reader a Poem or a Prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from Knotty and subtile Discussions, and advises him to pursue Studies that fill the Mind with splendid and illustrious Objects, as Histories, Fables, and Contemplations of Nature.

I have in this Paper by way of Introduction, settled the Notion of those Pleasures of the Imagination which are the Subject of my present Undertaking, and endeavoured, by several Considerations, to recommend to my Reader the Pursuit of those Pleasures. I shall, in my next Paper, examine the several Sources from whence these Pleasures are derived. O

No 412 ] Monday, June 23, 1712 [Addison

—Dramæ sic brevis sic. Of us —M

I SHALL first consider those Pleasures of the Imagination, which arise from the actual View and Survey of outward Objects. And I use, I think, all proceed from the Sight of what is Great, Uncertain, or Beautiful. There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive, that the Horror or Loathsomeness of an Object may overbear the Pleasure which results from its Greatness, Novelty, or Beauty; but still there will be such a Mixture of Delight in the very Disgust it gives us, as any of these three Qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

By Greatness, I do not only mean the Bulk of any single Object, but the Largeness of a whole View, considered as one entire Piece. Such are the Prospects of an open Champaign Country, a vast uncultivated Desert, of huge Heaps of Mountains, high Rocks and Precipices, or a wide Expanse of Waters, where we are not struck with the Novelty or Beauty of the Sight, but with that rude kind of Magnificence which appears in many of these stupendous Works of Nature. Our Imagination loves to be filled with an Object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its Capacity. We are flung into a pleasing Astonishment at such unbounded Views, and feel a delightful Stillness and Amazement in the Soul at the Apprehension[s] of them. The Mind of Man naturally hates every thing that looks like a Restriction upon it, and is apt to find itself under a sort of Confinement, when the Sight is pent up in a narrow Compass, and shorn off on every side by the Neighbourhood of Walls or Mountains. On the contrary, a spacious Horizon is an Image of Liberty, where the Eye has Room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the Immensity of its Views, and to lose itself in the Variety of Objects that offer themselves to its Observation. Such wide and undetermined Prospects are as pleasing to the Fancy as the Speculations of Eternity or Infinity are to the Understanding. But if there be a Beauty or Uncommonness joined with this Grandeur as in a troubled Ocean, a Heaven adorned with Stars and Meteors, or a spacious Landscape cut out into Rivers, Woods, Rocks, and

English version translation added of the quotation from Horace's Ode I xiii. The MS. shows how much care Addison revised and corrected the first draught of his papers, especially here, as in the series of eleven upon Imagination here commenced, he meant to put out all his strength. In Blair's Rhetoric four Lectures, 20-23, are given to a 'critical Examination of the Style of Mr Addison in Nos 411, 412, 413, and 414 of the 'Spectator' Akenside's poem on 'the Pleasures of the Imagination,' published in 1744, when he was 23 years old, was suggested by these papers. Many disquisitions upon Taste were written towards the close of the last century. They formed a new province in literature of which Addison here appears as the founder and first lawgiver.

<sup>1</sup> From a MS. Note-book of Addison's, met with in 1838, Mr J. Dykes Campbell printed at Glasgow, in 1854, 250 copies of some portions of the first draught of these papers on Imagination with his Essay on Jealousy (No 176) and that on Fame (No 255). The MS. was an old calf-bound 8vo volume obtained from a dealer. There were about 31 pages written on one side of each leaf in a beautiful print like hand, which contained the Essays in their first state. Passages were added by Addison in his ordinary handwriting upon the blank pages opposite to this carefully written text, and there are pieces in a third hand-writing which neither the keeper of the MSS. Department of the British Museum nor the Librarian of the Bodleian could identify. The insertions in this third hand form part of the paper as finally published. Thus in the paper on Jealousy (No 171) it is to be the

Meadows, the Pleasure still grows upon us, as it rises from more than a single Principle

Every thing that is new or uncommon raises a Pleasure in the Imagination, because it fills the Soul with an agreeable Surprise, gratifies its Curiosity, and gives it an Idea of which it was not before possess'd. We are indeed so often conversant with one Set of Objects and tired out with so many repeated Shows of the same Things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human Life, and to divert our Minds, for a while, with the Strangeness of its Appearance. It serves us for a kind of Refreshment, and takes off from that Satety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary Entertainments. It is thus that bestows Charms on a Monster, and makes even the Imperfections of Nature pleasurable. It is thus that recommends Variety, where the Mind is every Instant called off to something new, and the Attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste itself on any particular Object. It is thus, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the Mind a double Entertainment. Groves, Fields, and Meadows, are in any Season of the Year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the Opening of the Spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first Gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the Eye. For this Reason there is nothing that more charms a Prospect than Rivers, Jetteaus or Falls of Water, where the Scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the Sight every Moment with some thing that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon Hills and Vallies, where every thing continues fixed and settled in the same Place and Posture, but find our Thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the Sight of such Objects as are ever in Motion, and sliding away from beneath the Eye of the Beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its Way more directly to the Soul than Beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret Satisfaction and Complacency through the Imagination, and gives a Pleasure to any thing that is Great or Uncommon. The very first Discovery of it strikes the Mind with an inward Joy and spreads a Cheerfulness and Delight through all its Faculties. There is not perhaps any real Beauty or Deformity more in one Piece of Matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us might have shewn it self agreeable: but we find by Experience, that there are several Modifications of Matter which the Mind, without any previous Consideration, pronounces at first sight Beautiful or Deformed. Thus we see that every different Species of sensible Creatures has its different Notions of Beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the Beauties of its own Kind. Thus is no where more remarkable than in Birds of the same Shape and Proportion, where we often see the Male determined in his Courtship by the single Grain or Sincture of a Feather, and never discovering any Charms but in the Colour of its Species.

*Scit thalamo secretum fidem, sat clasque relictur  
Coniunx leges, non illum in pectore caudor  
Solicitat urcus, neque prævum accendit  
amorem*

*Splendida Lavina, et l'onestà u vertice crista,  
Purpureasq; nites fam arui, ast agmina late  
Lanvnea explorat cantus, maculasque requirit  
Cornatas, pribusque sateclita corpore guttis  
Nè facies l, patis sylvam circum undique mon-  
stris*

*Conspuas aspiciis vulgus, patiusque biforcines,  
L'et gei is amugui m, et Vei eris monumenta  
res de de*

*Itine mirula in nigras oblectat nigra marito,  
Hinc sexuor lasari a pitit Philomela cat oram,  
Agnesit u paris socius hinc Noctua tetram  
Cai th in alai n, et glaicos u uatur ocellos  
Amp sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis  
I lecta pregentes, castos co ssa parentes,  
Dum cur des inter saltus lueosq; sonoros  
I er, i o e cullat, pluviasque de cora Juventus  
Explicat ed solem, patiusque coloribus ardet*

There is a second kind of Beauty that we find in the several Products of Art and Nature, which does not work in the Imagination with that Warmth and Violence as the Beauty that appears in our proper Species, but is apt however to rise in us as a secret Delight, and a kind of Fondness for the Pleases or Objects in which we discover it. This consists either in the Variety or Variety of Colours, in the Symmetry and Proportion of Parts, in the Arrangement and Disposition of Bodies, or in a just Mixture and Concurrence of all together. Among these several Kinds of Beauty the Eye takes most Delight in Colours. We now where meet with a more glorious or pleasing Show in Nature than what appears in the Heavens at the rising and setting of the Sun, which is wholly made up of those different Strains of Light that shew themselves in Clouds of a different Situation. For this Reason we find the Poets, who are always addressing themselves to the Imagination, borrowing more of their Epithets from Colours than from any other Topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is Great, Strange, or Beautiful and is still more pleased the more it finds of these Perfections in the same Object, so is it capable of receiving a new Satisfaction by the Assistance of another Sense. Thus any continued Sound, as the Music of Birds, or a Fall of Water, awakens every moment the Mind of the Beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several Beauties of the Place that he before him. Thus if there arise a Fragrancy of Smells or Perfumes, they heighten the Pleasures of the Imagination, and make even the Colours and Verdure of the Landship appear more agreeable for the Idens of both Senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together than

<sup>1</sup> Addison's MS described in the note to No 411 shows, by corrections in his handwriting of four or five lines in this piece of Iatin verse, that he was himself its author. Thus in the last line he had begun with 'Sentit solis,' altered that to 'Ostendit solis,' struck out that also, and written, as above, 'Explicat id solem.'

<sup>2</sup> [to please]

when they enter the Mind separately. As the different Colours of a Picture, when they are well dispos'd, set off one another, and receive an additional Beauty from the Advantage of their Situation (1)

No 413] Tuesday, June 24, 1712 [Addison

—Causa latet, vis est et otissima— Ovid

THOUGH in Yesterday's Paper we considered how every thing that is *Great, New, or Beautiful*, is apt to affect the Imagination with Pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary Cause of this Pleasure, because we know neither the Nature of an Idea, nor the Substance of a Human Soul which might help us to discover the Conformity or Disagreeableness of the one to the other and therefore for want of such a Light, all that we can do in Speculations of this kind is to reflect on those Operations of the Soul that are most agreeable, and to range under their proper Head, what is pleasing or displeasing in the Mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient Causes from whence the Pleasure or Displeasure arises.

*Ideal Causes* lie more bare and open to our Observation, as there are often a great Variety, that belong to the same Effect and these, tho' they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater Occasion of admiring the Goodness and Wisdom of the first Contriver.

One of the *Ideal Causes* of our Delight, in any thing that is *great*, may be this. The Supreme Author of our Being has so formed the Soul of Man, that nothing but himself can be its *Fit, adequate, and proper Happiness*. Because, therefore, a great Part of our Happiness must arise from the Contemplation of his Being, that he might give our Souls a just Relish of such a Contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the Apprehension of what is Great or Unlimited. Our Admiration which is a very pleasing Motion of the Mind, immediately rises at the Consideration of any Object that takes up a great deal of Room in the Fancy, and by Consequence, will improve into the highest Pitch of Astonishment and Devotion when we contemplate his Nature, that is neither circumscribed by Time nor Place, nor to be comprehended by the largest Capacity of a Created Being.

He has annexed a secret Pleasure to the Idea of any thing that is *new or uncommon*, that he might encourage us in the Pursuit after Knowledge, and engage us to search into the Wonders of his Creation, for every new Idea brings such a Pleasure along with it, as rewards any Pains we have taken in its Acquisition, and consequently serves as a Motive to put us upon fresh Discoveries.

He has made every thing that is *beautiful in our own Species* pleasant, that all Creatures might be tempted to multiply their Kind and fill the World with Inhabitants for 'tis very remarkable

that we can never Nature is exist in the Production of a Monster (the Result of any unnatural Mixture) the Breed is incapable of propagating its Likeness, and of founding a new Order of Creatures so that unless all Animals were althred by the Beauty of their own Species Generation would be at an End, and the Earth unpeopled.

In the last Place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other Objects pleasant, or rather has made so many Objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole Creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost every thing about us the Power of raising an agreeable Idea in the Imagination. So that it is impossible for us to behold his Works with Coldness or Indifference, and to survey so many Beauties without a secret Satisfaction and Complacency. Things would make but a poor Appearance to the Eye, if we saw them only in their proper Figures and Motions. And what Reason can we assign for their exciting in us many of those Ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the Objects themselves, (for such are Light and Colours) were it not to add Supernumerary Ornaments to the Universe, and make it more agreeable to the Imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing Shows and Apparitions, we discover Imaginary Glories in the Heavens and in the Earth, and see some of this Visionary Beauty pour'd out upon the whole Creation but what a rough unsightly Sketch of Nature should we be entertained with, did all her Colouring disappear, and the several Distinctions of Light and Shade vanish? In short, our Souls are so present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing Delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted Hero of a Romance, who sees beautiful Castles, Woods and Meadows and at the same time hears the warbling of Birds, and the purring of Streams but upon the finishing of some secret Spell the fantastick Scene breaks up, and the disconsolate Knight finds himself on a barren Heath, or in a solitary Desert. It is not improbable that something like this may be the State of the Soul after its first Separation, in respect of the Images it will receive from Matter tho' indeed the Ideas of Colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the Imagination, that it is possible the Soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other Occasional Cause, as they are at present by the different Impressions of the visible Matter on the Organ of Sight.

I have here supposed that my Reader is acquainted with that great Modern Discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the Enquirers into Natural Philosophy. Namely, that Light and Colours, as apprehended by the Imagination are only Ideas in the Mind, and not Qualities that have any Existence in Matter. As this is a Truth which has been proved uncontestedly by many Modern Philosophers and is indeed one of the finest Speculations in that Science, if the *English* Reader would see the Notion explained at large, he may find it in the Eighth Chapter of the second Book of Mr *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding.

[To Addison's short paper there was added in

number 413 of the *Spectator* the following letter, which was not included in the reprint into volumes

MR SPECTATOR,

June 24, 1712

I would not divert the Course of your Discourses when you seem bent upon obliging the World with a train of Thinking which, rightly attended to, may render the Life of every Man who reads it, more easy and happy for the future. The Pleasures of the Imagination are what bewilder Life, when Reason and Judgment do not interpose. It is therefore a worthy Action in you to look carefully into the Powers of Fancy, that other Men, from the Knowledge of them, may improve their Joys and ally their Grievs, by a just use of that Faculty. I say, Sir, I would not interrupt you in the progress of this Discourse, but if you will do me the Favour of inserting this Letter in your next Paper, you will do some Service to the Public, though not in so noble a way of Obliging, as that of improving their Minds. Allow me, Sir, to acquaint you with a Design (of which I am partly Author), though it tends to no greater Good than that of getting Money. I should not hope for the Favour of a Philosopher in this Matter, if it were not attempted under all the Restrictions which you Sages put upon private Acquisitions.

The first Purpose which every good Man is to propose to himself, is the Service of his Prince and Country, after that is done, he cannot add to himself, but he must also be beneficial to them. This Scheme of a Gun is not only consistent with that End, but has its very Being in Subordination to it, for no Man can be a Gainer here but at the same time he himself, or some other, must succeed in their Dealings with the Government. It is called the *Multiplication Table*, and is so far calculated for the immediate Service of Her Majesty, that the same Person who is fortunate in the Lottery of the State, may receive yet further Advantage in this Table. And I am sure nothing can be more pleasing to Her gracious Temper than to find out additional Methods of increasing their good Fortune who adventure anything in Her Service, or having Occasions for others to become capable of serving their Country who are at present in too low Circumstances to exert themselves. The manner of executing the Design is, by giving out Receipts for half Guineas received, which shall entitle the fortunate Bearer to certain Sums in the Table, as is set forth at large in the Proposals Printed the 23rd instant. There is another Circumstance in this Design which gives me hopes of your Favour to it, and that is what Tully advises, to wit, that the Benefit is made as diffusive as possible. Every one that has half a Guinea is put into a possibility, from that small Sum, to raise himself in easy Fortune when these little parcels of Wealth are, as it were, thus thrown back again into the Re-donation of Providence we are to expect that some who live under Hardship or Obscurity, may be produced to the World in the Figure they deserve by this means. I doubt not but this last Argument will have Force with you, and I cannot add another to it, but what your

Severity will, I fear, very little regard, which is, that

I am, Sir,  
Your greatest Admirer,  
Richard Steele

No 414 ] Wednesday, June 25, 1712 [ Addison

Alterius est  
Alteri poscit opem res et cunq'ural amice — Hor

IF we consider the Works of Nature and Art, as they are qualified to entertain the Imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in Comparison of the former. For though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and Immensity, which afford so great an Entertainment to the Mind of the Beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never shew her self so august and magnificent in the Design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless Strokes of Nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of Art. The Beauties of the most stately Garden or Palace lie in a narrow Compass, the Imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her but, in the wide Fields of Nature, the Sight wanders up and down without Confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of Images, without any certain Stunt or Number. For this Reason we always find the Poet in Love with a Country-Place, where Nature appears in the greatest Perfection, and furnishes out all those Scenes that are most apt to delight the Imagination.

Scriptorum el ornus omnis amat nemus et fugat Urbes — Hor

Hic Secum quies, et nescit fallere vita,  
Dives opum variatum, hic latus otia fundus,  
Spelunca, r'ique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque bonum, mollesque sub arbore somni Virg

But tho' there are several of these wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows, yet we find the Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of Art. For in this case our Pleasure rises from a double Principle: from the Agreeableness of the Objects to the Eye, and from their Similitude to other Objects. We are pleas'd as well with comparing their Beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our Minds, either as Copies or Originals. Hence it is that we take Delight in a Prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with Fields and Meadows, Woods and Rivers, in those accidental Landscips of Trees, Clouds and Crues, that are sometimes found in the Veins of Marble, in the enrious Fret work of Rocks and Grottos, and, in a Word, in any thing that hath such a Variety or Regularity as may seem the Effect of Design, in what we call the Works of Chance.

If the Products of Nature rise in Value, re-

cording as they more or less resemble those of Art, we may be sure that artificial Works receive a greater Advantage from their Resemblance of such as are natural, because here the Similitude is not only pleasant, but the Pattern more perfect. The prettiest Landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the Walls of a dark Room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable River, and on the other to a Park. The Experiment is very common in Opuscles. Here you might discover the Waves and Illustrations of the Water in strong and proper Colours, with the Picture of a Ship entering at one end, and sailing by Degrees through the whole Piece. On another there appeared the Green Shadows of Trees, waving to and fro with the Wind, and Herds of Deer among them in Minature, leaping about upon the Wall. I must confess, the Novelty of such a Sight may be one occasion of its Pleasantness to the Imagination, but certainly the chief Reason is its near Resemblance to Nature, as it does not only, like other Pictures, give the Colour and Figure, but the Motion of the Things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in Nature something more Grand and August, than what we meet with in the Curiosities of Art. When therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of Pleasure than what we receive from the meer and more accurate Productions of Art. On this Account our *English* Gardens are not so entertaining to the Fancy as those in *France* and *Italy*, where we see a large Extent of Ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of Garden and Forest, which represent every where in artificial Rudeness, much more charming than that Neatness and Elegancy which we meet with in those of our own Country. It might, indeed, be of ill Consequence to the Publick, as well as unprofitable to private Persons, to alienate so much Ground from Pasturage, and the Plow, in many Parts of a Country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater Advantage. But why may not a whole Estate be thrown into a kind of Garden by frequent Plantations, that may turn as much to the Profit, as the Pleasure of the Owner? A Marsh overgrown with Willows, or a Mountain shaded with Oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and undrained. Fields of Corn make a pleasant Prospect, and if the Walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural Embroidery of the Meadows were helpt and improved by some small Additions of Art, and the several Rows of Hedges set off by Trees and Flowers, that the Soil was capable of receiving, a Man might make a pretty Land-skip of his own Possessions.

Writers who have given us an Account of *China*, tell us the Inhabitants of that Country laugh at the Plantations of our *Europeans*, which are laid out by the Rule and Line, because, they say, any one may place Trees in equal Rows and uniform Figures. They chuse rather to shew a Genius in Works of this Nature, and therefore always conceal the Art by which they direct themselves. They have a Word, it

seems, in their Language, by which they express the particular Beauty of a Plantation that thus strikes the Imagination at first Sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an Effect. Our *British* Gardeners, on the contrary instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissars upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriance and Diffusion of Boughs and Branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure, and cannot but sauey that an Orchard in Flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little Labyrinths of the [more] finished Parterre. But as our great Modellers of Gardens have their Magazines of Plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful Plantations of Fruit Trees, and contrive a Plan that may most turn to their own Profit, in taking off their Evergreens, and the like Moveable Plants, with which their Shops are plentifully stocked.

No 415] Thursday, June 26, 1712 [Addison

Addo tot egregias artes, operumque laborem  
Virg

HAVING already shewn how the Fancy is affected by the Works of Nature, and afterwards considered in general both the Works of Nature and of Art, how they mutually assist and compleat each other in forming such Scenes and Prospects as are most apt to delight the Mind of the Beholder, I shall in this Paper throw together some Reflections on that Particular Art, which has a more immediate Tendency than any other, to produce those Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which have hitherto been the Subject of this Discourse. The Art I mean is that of Architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the Light in which the foregoing Speculations have placed it, without entering into those Rules and Maxims which the great Masters of Architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberless Treatises upon that Subject.

Greatness, in the Works of Architecture, may be considered as relating to the Bulk and Body of the Structure, or to the Manner in which it is built. As for the first, we find the Ancients, especially among the Eastern Nations of the World, infinitely superior to the Moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of *Babel*, of which an old Author says, there were the Foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious Mountain what could be more noble than the Walls of *Babylon*, its hanging Gardens, and its Temple to *Jupiter Belus*, that rose a Mile high by Eight several Stories, each Story a Furlong in Height, and on the Top of which was the *Babylonian* Observatory, I might here, likewise, take

of the Body, than in those of other Kinds There are, indeed, Figures of Bodies, where the Eye may take in two Thirds of the Surface, but as in such Bodies the Sight must split upon several Angles, it does not take in one uniform Idea, but several Ideas of the same kind Look upon the Outside of a Dome, your Eye half surrounds it look up into the Inside, and at one Glance you have all the Prospect of it the entire Concavity falls into your Eye at once, the Sight being at the Center that collects and gathers into it the Lines of the whole Circumference In a Square Pillar, the Sight often takes in but a fourth Part of the Surface and in a Square Concave, must move up and down to the different Sides, before it is Master of all the inward Surface For this Reason, the Fancy is infinitely more struck with the View of the open Air, and Skies, that passes through an Arch, than what comes through a Square, or any other Figure The Figure of the Rainbow does not contribute less to its Magnificence, than the Colours to its Beauty, as it is very poetically described by the Son of Sirach *Look upon the Rainbow, and praise him that made it, very beautiful it is in its Brightness it encompasses the Heavens with a glorious Circle, and the Hounds of the [most High<sup>1</sup>] have bowed it*

Having thus spoken of that Greatness which affects the Mind in Architecture, I might next shew the Pleasure that arises in the Imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this Art but as every Beholder has naturally a greater Taste of these two Perfections in every Building which offers it self to his View, than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my Reader with any Reflections upon it It is sufficient for my present Purpose, to observe, that there is nothing in this whole Art which pleases the Imagination, but as it is Great, Uncommon, or Beautiful

find represented Since it is in the Power of the Imagination, when it is once Stocked with particular Ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own Pleasure

Among the different Kinds of Representation, *Statuary* is the most natural, and shews us something *like* the Object that is represented To make use of a common Instance, let one who is born Blind take an Image in his Hands, and trace out with his Fingers, the different Furrows and Impressions of the Chisel, and he will easily conceive how the Shape of a Man, or Beast, may be represented by it but should he draw his Hand over a *Picture*, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several Prominencies and Depressions of a human Body could be shewn on a plain Piece of Canvas, that has in it no Unevenness or Irregularity *Description* runs yet further from the Things it represents than *Painting* for a Picture bears a real Resemblance to its Original, which Letters and Syllables are wholly void of Colours speak of Languages, but Words are understood only by such a People or Nation For this Reason, tho' Men's Necessities quickly put them on finding out Speech, Writing is probably of a later Invention than *Painting* particularly we are told, that in *America* when the *Spaniards* first arrived there Expresses were sent to the Emperor of *Mexico* in Paint, and the News of his Country delineated by the Strokes of a Pencil, which was a more natural Way than that of Writing, tho' at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little Connexions of Speech, or to give the Picture of a Conjunction or an Adverb It would be yet more strange, to represent visible Objects by Sounds that have no Ideas annexed to them, and to make something like *Description* in *Musick* Yet it is certain, there may be confused, imperfect Notions of this Nature raised in the Imagination by an Artificial Composition of Notes and we find that great Masters in the Art are able, sometimes, to set their Hearers in the Heat and Hurry of a Battel, to overcast their Minds with melancholy Scenes and Apprehensions of Deaths and Funerals or to lull them into pleasing Dreams of Groves and Elviums

In all these Instances, this Secondary Pleasure of the Imagination proceeds from that Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas arising from the Original Objects, with the Ideas we receive from the Statue, Picture, Description, or Sound that represents them It is impossible for us to give the necessary Reason, why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, as I have before observed on the same Occasion<sup>1</sup>, but we find a great Variety of Entertainments derived from this single Principle For it is this that not only gives us a Relish of Statuary, Painting and Description, but makes us delight in all the Actions and Arts of Mimickry It is this that makes the several kinds of Wit pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shewn, in the Affinity of Ideas And we may add, it is this also that raises the little Satisfaction we sometimes find in the different Sorts of false Wit, whether it consists in the Affinity of Letters, as in Anagram, Acrostick or of Syllables, as in Doggerel Rhimes, Lechos,

No 416] Friday, June 27, 1712 [Addison

*Quatenus hoc suavit est oculis, quod uenit videmus*—Lucr

I AT first divid'd the Pleasures of the Imagination, into such as arise from Objects that are actually before our Eyes, or that once entered in to our Eyes, and are afterwards called up into the Mind either barely by its own Operations, or on occasion of something without us, as Statues, or Descriptions We have already considered the first Division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which for Distinction sake, I have called the Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination When I say the Ideas we receive from Statues, Descriptions, or such like Occasions, are the same that were once actually in our View, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very Place, Action, or Person which are carved or described It is sufficient, that we have seen Places, Persons, or Actions, in general, which bear a Resemblance, or at least some remote Analogy with what we

<sup>1</sup> [Almshy]



or of Words, as in Poems, Quibbles or of a whole Sentence or Poem, to Words, and Altraz. The first Cause, probably of unmixing Pleasure to this Operation of the Mind was to quicken and encourage us in our Searches after Truth, since the distinguishing one thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our Ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the Conformity or Disagreement that appears among the several Works of Nature.

But I shall here confine myself to those Pleasures of the Imagination, which proceed from Ideas raised by *Imagery*, because most of the Observations that agree with Descriptions, are equally Applicable to Painting and Statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a Force in them, that a Description often gives us more lively Ideas than the Sight of Things, themselves. The Reader finds a Scene drawn in stronger Colours, and printed more to the Life in his Imagination, by the help of Words, than by an actual Survey of the Scene which they describe. In this case the Poet sees us to get a better Idea of Nature he takes, indeed, the Landscape after her, and give it more vigorous Tinctures, heightens its Beauty, and so enlivens the whole Piece, that the Images which flow from the Objects themselves appear weak and faint, in Comparison of those that come from the Expressions. The Reason, probably may be, because in the Survey of any Object we have only so much of it painted on the Imagination, as comes in at the Eye; but in its Description the Poet gives us a free View of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several Parts, that either we did not attend to, or that fly out of our Sight when we first beheld it. As we look on any Object, our Idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple Ideas; but when the Poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex Idea of it, or only raise in us such Ideas as are more apt to affect the Imagination.

It may be here worth our while to Examine how it comes to pass that several Readers, who are all acquainted with the same Language, and know the Meaning of the Words they read, should nevertheless have a different Relish of the same Descriptions. We find one transported with a Passage, which another runs over with Coldness and Indifference, or finding the Representation extremely natural, where another can perceive no thing of Likeness and Conformity. This different Taste must proceed, either from the *Perfectness of Imaginatio*n in one more than in another, or from the *different Ideas* that several Readers affix to the same Words. For, to have a true Relish, and form a right Judgment of a Description, a Man should be born with a good Imagination, and must have well weighed the Force and Energy, that lie in the several Words of a Language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper Ideas, and what additional Strength and Beauty they are capable of receiving from Conjunction with others. The Fancy must be warm to retain the Print of those Images it hath received from outward Objects and the Judgment discerning, to know what

Expressions are most proper to cloath and adorn them to the best Advantage. A Man who is deficient in either of these Respects, that he may receive the general Notion of a Description, can never see distinctly all its particular Beauties. As a Person, with a weak Sight, may have the confused Prospect of a Place that lies before him, without entering into its several Parts, or discerning the Variety of its Colours in their full Glory and Perfection.

At 417 | Saturday June 28, 1712 | 1680

*Quem tu Vespere videres  
Surrentem placidi lumine litoris,  
At vultum Liber Isthmum  
Charmis flectens, conejus impia, &c.  
Sed que tunc eras? quid tunc peris?  
Et spiritus non tam con-  
tingit Achearum ne nos? — Hor*

WE may observe, that any single Circumstance of what we have formerly seen often raises up a whole Scene of Imagery, and awakens numberless Ideas that before slept in the Imagination. Such a particular Smell or Colour is able to fill the Mind with a sudden with the Picture of the Fields or Gardens where we first met with it, and to bring up into View all the Variety of Images that once attended it. Our Imagination takes the Hint, and leads us unexpectedly into Cities or Theatres, Plains or Meadows. We may further observe, when the Fancy thus reflects on the Scenes that have past in it formerly, those which were at first pleasant to behold appear more so upon Reflection; and that the Memory heightens the Delightfulness of the Original. A Cartesian would account for both these Instances in the following Manner.

The Sett of Ideas, which we received from such a Prospect or Garden, having entered the Mind at the same time have a Sett of Forces belonging to them in the Brain, bordering very near upon one another when therefore, any one of these Ideas arises in the Imagination and consequently dispatches a flow of Animal Spirits to its proper Force, these Spirits, in the Violence of their Motion, run not only into the Force to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it. By this means they awaken other Ideas of the same Sett which immediately determine a new Dispatch of Spirit that in the same manner open other Neighbouring Forces till at last the whole Sett of them is blown up, and the whole Prospect or Garden flourishes in the Imagination. But because the Pleasure we received from these Places is surmounted, and overcame the little Disagreeableness we found in them, for this Reason there was at first a wider Passage worn in the Pleasure, Trees, and, on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable Ideas, that they were quickly stopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any Animal Spirits, and

<sup>a</sup> [that]

<sup>a</sup> [a Thousand]

consequently of exciting any unpleasant Ideas in the Memory.

It would be in vain to enquire, whether the Power of Imagining Things strongly proceeds from any greater Perfection in the Soul, or from any nicer Texture in the Brain of one Man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble Writer should be born with this Faculty in its full Strength and Vigour, so as to be able to receive lively Ideas from outward Objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon Occasion, in such Figures and Representations as are most likely to hit the Fancy of the Reader. A Poet should take as much Pains in forming his Imagination, as a Philosopher in cultivating his Understanding. He must gain a due Relish of the Works of Nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various Scenery of a Country Life.

When he is stored with Country Images, if he would go beyond Pastoral, and the lower kinds of Poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the Pomp and Magnificence of Courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and stately in the Productions of Art, whether it appear in Painting or Statuary, in the great Works of Architecture which are in their present Glory, or in the Ruins of those [which] flourished in former Ages.

Such Advantages as these help to open a Man's Thoughts, and to enlarge his Imagination, and will therefore have their Influence on all kinds of Writing, if the Author knows how to make right use of them. And among those of the learned Languages who excel in this Talent, the most perfect in their several Kinds, are perhaps *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*. The first strikes the Imagination wonderfully with what is Great, the second with what is Beautiful, and the last with what is Strange. Reading the *Iliad* is like travelling through a Country uninhabited, where the Fancy is entertained with a thousand Savage Prospects of vast Deserts, wide uncultivated Marshes, huge Forests, mis-shapen Rocks and Precipices. On the contrary, the *Aeneid* is like a well ordered Garden, where it is impossible to find out any Part unadorned, or to cast our Eyes upon a single Spot, that does not produce some beautiful Plant or Flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphoses*, we are walking on enchanted Ground, and see nothing but Scenes of Magick lying round us.

*Homer* is in his Province, when he is describing a Battle or a Multitude, a Heroe or a God. *Virgil* is never better pleased, than when he is in his *Elysium*, or copying out an entertaining Picture. *Homer's* Epithets generally mark out what is Great, *Virgil's* what is Agreeable. Nothing can be more Magnificent than the Figure *Jupiter* makes in the first *Iliad*, nor more Charming than that of *Venus* in the first *Aeneid*.

Ἡ καὶ κτανέησιν ἐπ' ὀφρύνει νεῦσε Κρονίων,  
Ἀμβροστιαὶ δ' ἄρα χαί-ται ἐτεβρώσαντο  
ἀνακτος  
Κρατος ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξε  
"Οὐλύμπον

2 [that]

*Exiit et averlus roseis eervice refulsit  
Ambrosiaque comae divinum vertice odorem  
Spirare Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos  
Et vera meos fatuit Dea*

*Homer's* Persons are most of them God like and Terrible. *Virgil* has scarce admitted any into his Poem, who are not Beautiful, and has taken particular Care to make his Heroe so.

*Immenque juvenis  
Purpureum, et talos oculis afflavit honores*

In a Word, *Homer* fills his Readers with Sublime Ideas, and, I believe, has raised the Imagination of all the good Poets that have come after him. I shall only instance *Horace*, who immediately takes Fire at the first Hint of any Passage in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, and always rises above himself, when he has *Homer* in his View. *Virgil* has drawn together, into his *Aeneid*, all the pleasing Scenes his Subject is capable of admitting, and in his *Georgics* has given us a Collection of the most delightful Landscapes that can be made out of Fields and Woods, Herds of Cattle, and Swarms of Bees.

*Ovid*, in his *Metamorphoses*, has shewn us how the Imagination may be affected by what is Strange. He describes a Miracle in every Story, and always gives us the Sight of some new Creature at the end of it. His Art consists chiefly in well-timing his Description, before the first Shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finished, so that he every where entertains us with something we never saw before, and shews Monster after Monster, to the end of the *Metamorphoses*.

If I were to name a Poet that is a perfect Master in all these Arts of working on the Imagination, I think *Milton* may pass for one. And if his *Paradise Lost* falls short of the *Aeneid* or *Iliad* in this respect, it proceeds rather from the Fault of the Language in which it is written, than from any Defect of Genius in the Author. So Divine a Poem in *English*, is like a stately Palace built of Brick, where one may see Architecture in as great a Perfection as in one of Marble tho' the Materials are of a coarser Nature. But to consider it only as it regards our present Subject. What can be conceived greater than the Battle of Angels, the Majesty of Messiah the Stature and Behaviour of Satan and his Peers? What more beautiful than *Pandemonium*, *Paradise*, *Heaven*, *Angels*, *Adam* and *Eve*? What more strange, than the Creation of the World, the several *Metamorphoses* of the fallen Angels, and the surprising Adventures their Leader meets with in his Search after Paradise? No other Subject could have furnished a Poet with Scenes so proper to strike the Imagination, as no other Poet could have painted those Scenes in more strong and lively Colours. O

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No 418] Monday, June 30, 1712 [Addison

—ferat et rubus asper amomum—Virg

THE Pleasures of these Secondary Views of the Imagination, are of a wider and more universal Nature than those it has when joined with Sight for not only what is Great, Strange or Beautiful, but any Thing that is Disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt Description. Here, therefore, we must enquire after a new Principle of Pleasure, which is nothing else but the Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas that arise from Words, with the Ideas that arise from the Objects themselves and why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, we have before considered. For this Reason therefore, the Description of a Dungeon is pleasing to the Imagination, if the Image be represented to our Minds by suitable Expressions: tho' perhaps, this may be more properly called the Pleasure of the Understanding than of the Imagination, because we are not so much delighted with the Image that is contained in the Description, as with the Aptness of the Description to excite the Image.

But if the Description of what is Little, Common, or Deformed, be acceptable to the Imagination, the Description of what is Great, Surprising or Beautiful, is much more so, because here we are not only delighted with comparing the Representation with the Original, but are highly pleased with the Original itself. Most Readers, I believe, are more charmed with *Milton's* Description of Paradise, than of Hell: they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their Kind, but in the one the Humane and Sulphur are not so refreshing to the Imagination, as the Beds of Flower and the Wilderness of Sweets in the other.

There is yet another Circumstance which recommends a Description more than all the rest, and that is if it represents to us such Objects as are apt to raise a secret Mournment in the Mind of the Reader, and to work, with Violence, upon his Passions. For, in this Case, we are at once warmed and enlightened, so that the Pleasure becomes more Universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in Painting, it is pleasant to look on the Picture of any Face, where the Resemblance is hit, but the Pleasure increases, if it be the Picture of a Face that is Beautiful, and is still greater, if the Beauty be softened with an Air of Melancholy or Sorrow. The two leading Passions, which the more serious Parts of Poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are Terror and Pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass, that such Passions are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper Descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take Delight in such Passages as are apt to produce Hope, Joy, Admiration, Love, or the like Emotions in us, because they never rise in the Mind without an inward Pleasure which attends them. But how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terri-

fied or dejected by a Description, when we find so much Uneasiness in the Fear or Grief [which] we receive from any other Occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the Nature of this Pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the Description of what is terrible as from the Reflection we make on our selves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous Objects we are not a little pleased to think we are in no Danger of them. We consider them at the same time, as Dreadful and Harmless, so that the more frightful Appearance they make, the greater is the Pleasure we receive from the Sense of our own Safety. In short, we look upon the Terror of a Description, with the same Curiosity and Satisfaction that we survey a dead Monster.

—Inferne cada er

*Provalatum, nequeunt expleri comitendo  
Terrabiles oculos nullum, illosaque satis  
Pectora semiseri, atque extinctos faucibus ignes*  
Virg

It is for the same Reason that we are delighted with the reflecting upon Dangers that are past, or in looking on a Precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of Horror, if we saw it hanging over our Heads.

In the like manner, when we read of Torments, Wounds, Deaths, and the like dismal Accidents, our Pleasure does not flow so properly from the Grief which such melancholy Descriptions give us, as from the secret Compassion which we make between our selves and the Person [who] suffers. Such Representations teach us to set a just Value upon our own Condition, and make us prize our good Fortune which exempts us from the like Calamities. This is, however, such a kind of Pleasure as we are not capable of reeling in, when we see a Person actually lying under the Tortures that we meet with in a Description, because in this case, the Object presses too close upon our Senses, and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us Time or Leisure to reflect on our selves. Our Thoughts are so intent upon the Miseries of the Sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own Happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the Misfortunes we read in History or Poetry, either as past, or as fictitious, so that the Reflection upon our selves rises in us insensibly, and over beats the Sorrow we conceive for the Sufferings of the Afflicted.

But because the Mind of Man requires something more perfect in Matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any Sight in Nature which sufficiently answers its highest Ideas of Pleasurateness or, in other Words, because the Imagination can fancy to it self Things more Great, Strange, or Beautiful, than the Eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some Defect in what it has seen, on this account it is the part of a Poet to humour the Imagination in its own Notions, by mending and perfecting Nature where he describes a Reality, and by adding greater Beauties than are put together in Nature, where he describes a Fiction.

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow Advances which she makes from one Season to another, or to observe her Conduct, in the successive Production of Plants and Flowers. He may draw into his Description all the Beauties of the Spring and Autumn, and make the whole Year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His Rose-trees, Wood-bines, and Jessamines may flower together, and his Beds be cover'd at the same time with Lillies, Violets, and Amarantus. His Soil is not restrained to any particular Sett of Plants, but is proper either for Oaks or Virtues, and adapts itself to the Products of every Climate. Oranges may grow wild in it, Myrrh may be met with in every Hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a Grove of Spices, he can quickly command Sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable Scene, he can make several new Species of Flowers, with richer Scents and higher Colours than any that grow in the Gardens of Nature. His Consorts of Birds may be as full and harmonious, and his Woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more Expence in a long Vista, than in a short one, and can as easily throw his Cascades from a Precipice of half a Mile high, as from one of twenty Yards. He has his Choice of the Winds, and can turn the Course of his Rivers in all the Variety of *Meaders*, that are most delightful to the Reader's Imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of Nature in his own Hands, and may give her what Charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into Absurdities, by endeavouring to excel.

*Sylvus deducti caveas t, me Judice, Faunus  
Ne nult ut ait tronus ac pene forenses  
Aut numm tenues per cunctur versibus—*

[Hor.]

I do not say with Mr. Bayn in the *Rehearsal*, that Spirits must not be confined to speak Sense, but it is certain their Sense ought to be a little discoloured, that it may seem particular, and proper to the Person and the Condition of the Speaker.

These Descriptions raise a pleasing kind of Horror in the Mind of the Reader, and amuse his Imagination with the Strangeness and Novelty of the Persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our Memory the Stories we have heard in our Childhood, and favour those secret Terrors and Apprehensions to which the Mind of Man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different Habits and Behaviours of Foreign Countries, how much more must we be delighted and surprised when we are led, as it were, into a new Creation, and see the Persons and Manners of another Species? Men of cold Fancies, and Philosophical Dispositions, object to this kind of Poetry, that it has not Probability enough to affect the Imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure, in general, there are many Intellectual Beings in the World besides our selves, and several Species of Spirits, who are subject to different Laws and Occurrences from those of Mankind. When we see, therefore, any of these represented naturally, we cannot look upon the Representation as altogether impossible; nay, many are prepossessed with such false Opinions, as dispose them to believe these particular Delusions. At least, we have all heard so many pleasing Relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the Falshood, and willingly give our selves up to so agreeable an Imposition.

The Ancients have not much of this Poetry among them, for indeed, almost the whole Substance of it owes its Original to the Darkness and Superstition of later Ages, when pious Frauds were made use of to amuse Mankind, and frighten them into a Sense of their Duty. Our Forefathers look'd upon Nature with more Reverence and Horror before the World was enlightened by Learning and Philosophy, and lov'd to astonish themselves with the Apprehensions of Witchcraft, Prodiges, Charms and Enchantments. There was not a Village in *England* that had not a Ghost in it, the Church yards were all haunted, every large Common had a Circle of Furies belonging to it, and there was scarce a Shepherd to be met with who had not seen a Spirit.

Among all the Poets of this Kind our *English* are much the best, by what I have yet seen, whether it be that we abound with more Stories of this Nature, or that the Genius of our Country is fitter for this sort of Poetry. For the *English* are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed by that Gloominess and Melancholy of Temper which is so frequent in our Nation, to many wild Notions and Visions, to which others are not so liable.

Among the *English*, *Shakespear* has incomparably excelled all others. That noble Extra-

No 419] Tuesday, July 1, 1712 [Addison

mentis gratissimus Error — Hor

THERE is a kind of Writing, wherein the Poet quite loses Sight of Nature, and entertains his Reader's Imagination with the Characters and Actions of such Persons as have many of them no Existence, but what he bestows on them. Such are Fairies, Witches, Magicians, Demons, and departed Spirits. This Mr. *Dryden* calls the *Fairy Way of Writing*, which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the Poet's Fancy, because he has no Pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own Invention.

There is a very odd Turn of Thought required for this sort of Writing, and it is impossible for a Poet to succeed in it, who has not a particular Cast of Fancy, and an Imagination naturally fruitful and superstitious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in Legends and Fables, antiquated Romances, and the Traditions of Nurses and old Women, that he may fill in with our natural Prejudices, and humour those Notions which we have imbibed in our Infancy. For otherwise he will be apt to make his Fairies talk like People of his own Species, and not like other Setts of Beings, who converse with different Objects, and think in a different Manner from that of Mankind,

vagance of Fancy which he had in so great Perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious Part of his Reader's Imagination and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the Strength of his own Genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the Speeches of his Ghosts, Furies, Witches and the like Imaginary Persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such Beings in the World, it looks highly probable that they should talk and act as he has represented them.

There is another sort of imaginary Beings, that we sometimes meet with among the Poets, when the Author represents any Passion, Appetite, Virtue or Vice, under a visible Shape, and makes it a Person or an Actor in his Poem. Of this Nature are the Descriptions of Hunger and Envy in *Osai*, of Fame in *Virgil*, and of Sin and Death in *Milton*. We find a whole Creation of the like Shadowy Persons in *Spenser*, who had an admirable Talent in Representations of this kind. I have discoursed of these Emblematical Persons in former Papers, and shall therefore only mention them in this Place. Thus we see how many Ways Poetry addresses it self to the Imagination, as it has not only the whole Circle of Nature for its Province, but makes new Worlds of its own, shews us Persons who are not to be found in Being, and represents even the Faculties of the Soul, with her several Virtues and Vices, in a sensible Shape and Character.

I shall, in my two following Papers, consider in general, how other kinds of Writing are qualified to please the Imagination, with which I intend to conclude this Essay. O

No 420 ] Wednesday, July 2, 1712 [Addison

—*Quocunque voluit mentem Auditoris agunto*  
Hor

AS the Writers in Poetry and Fiction borrow their several Materials from outward Objects, and join them together at their own Pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow Nature more closely, and to take entire Scenes out of her. Such are Historians, natural Philosophers, Travellers, Geographers, and in a Word, all who describe visible Objects of a real Existence.

It is the most agreeable Talent of an Historian, to be able to draw up his Armies and fight his Battels in proper Expressions, to set before our Eyes the Divisions, Cabals, and Jealousies of great Men, and to lead us Step by Step into the several Actions and Events of his History. We love to see the Subject unfolding it self by just Degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing Suspense and have time given us to raise our Expectations, and to side with one of the Parties concerned in the Relation. I confess this shews more the Art than the Veracity of the Historian, but I am only to speak of him as

he is qualified to please the Imagination. And in this respect *Livy* has, perhaps excelled all who went before him, or have written since his Time. He describes every thing in so lively a Manner, that his whole History is an admirable Picture and touches on such proper Circumstances in every Story, that his Reader becomes a kind of Spectator, and feels in himself all the Variety of Passions which are correspondent to the several Parts of the Relation.

But among this Set of Writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the Imagination, than the Authors of the new Philosophy, whether we consider their Theories of the Earth or Heavens, the Discoveries they have made by Glasses, or any other of their Contemplations on Nature. We are not a little pleased to find every green Leaf swarm with Millions of Animals, that at their largest Growth are not visible to the naked Eye. There is something very engaging to the Fancy, as well as to our Reason, in the Treatises of Metals, Minerals, Plants, and Meteors. But when we survey the whole Earth at once, and the several Planets that lie within its Neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing Astonishment, to see so many Worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their Axes in such an amazing Pomp and Solemnity. If after this, we contemplate those wild Fields of *Ether*, that reach in Height as far as from *Saturn* to the first Stars, and run abroad almost to an Infinitude, our Imagination finds its Capacity filled with so immense a Prospect, and puts it self upon the Stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise higher, and consider the first Stars as so many vast Oceans of Flame, that are each of them attended with a different Set of Planets, and still discover new Firmaments and new Lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable Depths of *Ether*, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our Telescopes, we are lost in such a Labyrinth of Suns and Worlds, and confounded with the Immensity and Magnificence of Nature.

Nothing is more pleasant to the Fancy, than to enlarge it self by Degrees, in its Contemplation of the various Proportions [which<sup>1</sup>] its several Objects bear to each other, when it compares the Body of Man to the Bulk of the whole Earth, the Earth to the Circle it describes round the Sun, that Circle to the Sphere of the first Stars, the sphere of the first Stars to the Circuit of the whole Creation, the whole Creation it self to the infinite Space that is every where diffused about it or when the Imagination works downward, and considers the Bulk of a human Body in respect of an Animal a hundred times less than a Mite, the particular Limbs of such an Animal, the different Springs [which<sup>2</sup>] actuate the Limbs, the Spirits which set these Springs a going, and the proportionable Minuteness of these several Parts, before they have arrived at their full Growth and Perfection. But if, after all this, we take the least Particle of these Animal Spirits, and consider its Capacity of being Wrought into a World, that shall contain within those narrow Dimensions a Heaven and Earth, Stars and

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

Planets, and every different Species of living Creatures, in the same Analogy and Proportion they bear to each other in our own Universe such a Speculation, by reason of its Nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their Thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the Evidence of a Demonstration. Nay, we might yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest Particle of this little World a new and inexhausted Fund of Matter, capable of being spun out into another Universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this Subject, because I think it may shew us the proper Limits, as well as the Defectiveness of our Imagination, how it is confined to a very small Quantity of Space, and immediately stopt in its Operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a Man try to conceive the different Bulk of an Animal which is twenty, from another which is a hundred times less than a Mite, or to compare, in his Thoughts, a length of a thousand Diameters of the Earth, with that of a Million, and he will quickly find that he has no different Measures in his Mind, adjusted to such extraordinary Degrees of Grandeur or Minuteness. The Understanding, indeed, opens an infinite Space on every side of us, but the Imagination, after a few faint Efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds her self swallowed up in the Immensity of the Void that surrounds it. Our Reason can pursue a Particle of Matter through an infinite Variety of Divisions, but the Fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in it self a kind of Chasm, that wants to be filled with Matter of a more sensible Bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the Faculty to the Dimensions of either Extreme. The Object is too big for our Capacity, when we would comprehend the Circumference of a World, and dwindle into nothing, when we endeavour after the Idea of an Atome.

It is possible this defect of Imagination may not be in the Soul it self, but as it acts in Conjunction with the Body. Perhaps there may not be room in the Brain for such a variety of Impressions, or the Animal Spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner, as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute Ideas. However it be, we may well suppose that Beings of a higher Nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the Soul of Man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this Faculty, as well as in all the rest: inasmuch that, perhaps, the Imagination will be able to keep Pace with the Understanding, and to form in it self distinct Ideas of all the different Modes and Quantities of Space. O

No 421 ] Thursday, July 3, 1712 [Addison

*Ignotis erare locis, ignota videre  
Flumina gaudebat, studio muniente laborem*  
Ovid

THE Pleasures of the Imagination are not wholly confined to such particular Authors

as are conversant in material Objects, but are often to be met with among the Politic Masters of Morality, Criticism, and other Speculations abstracted from Matter, who, tho' they do not directly treat of the visible Parts of Nature, often draw from them their Similitudes, Metaphors, and Allegories. By these Allusions a Truth in the Understanding is as it were reflected by the Imagination, we are able to see something like Colour and Shape in a Notion, and to discover a Scheme of Thoughts traced out upon Matter. And here the Mind receives a great deal of Satisfaction, and has two of its Faculties gratified at the same time, while the Fancy is busy in copying after the Understanding, and transcribing Ideas out of the Intellectual World into the Material.

The Great Art of a Writer shews it self in the Choice of pleasing Allusions, which are generally to be taken from the *great or beautiful Works of Art or Nature*, for though whatever is New or Uncommon is apt to delight the Imagination, the chief Design of an Allusion being to illustrate and explain the Passages of an Author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the Passages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many Tracks of Light in a Discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble Metaphor, when it is placed to an Advantage, casts a kind of Glory round it, and darts a Lustre through a whole Sentence. These different Kinds of Allusion are but so many different Manners of Similitude, and, that they may please the Imagination, the Likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a Picture where the Resemblance is just, or the Posture and Air graceful. But we often find eminent Writers very faulty in this respect: great Scholars are apt to fetch their Comparisons and Allusions from the Sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a Man may see the Compass of their Learning in a Treatise on the most indifferent Subject. I have read a Discourse upon Love, which none but a profound Chymist could understand, and have heard many a Sermon that should only have been preached before a Congregation of *Cartesians*. On the contrary, your Men of Business usually have recourse to such Instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the Reader into a Game of Chess or Tennis, or for leading him from Shop to Shop, in the Cant of particular Trades and Employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite Variety of very agreeable Allusions in both these kinds, but for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the Worlds of Nature, which are obvious to all Capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in Arts and Sciences.

It is this Talent of affecting the Imagination, that gives an Embellishment to good Sense, and makes one Man's Compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all Writings in general, but is the very Life and highest Perfection of Poetry. Where it shines in an Eminent Degree, it has preserved several Poems for many Ages, that have nothing else to recommend

them, and where all the other Beauties are present, the Work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like Creation, It bestows a kind of Existence, and draws up to the Reader's View several Objects which are not to be found in Being. It makes Additions to Nature, and gives a greater Variety to God's Works. In a Word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious Scenes in the Universe, or to fill the Mind with more glorious Shows and Apparitions, than can be found in any Part of it.

We have now discovered the several Originals of those Pleasures that gratify the Fancy, and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to cast under their proper Heads those contrary Objects, which are apt to fill it with Distaste and Terror, for the Imagination is as liable to Pain as Pleasure. When the Brain is hurt by any Accident, or the Mind disordered by Dreams or Sickness, the Fancy is over-run with wild dismal Ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous Monsters of its own forming,

*Emendatur velut demens videt Agmina Pentheus,  
Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Phœbus  
Ant Agamemnonius scens agitatus Oracles,  
Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris  
Cum videt, ultricesque sedent in limine Diræ* Vir

There is not a Sight in Nature so mortifying as that of a Distracted Person, when his Imagination is troubled, and his whole Soul disordered and confused. *Babylon* in Ruins is not so melancholy a Spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a Subject, I shall only consider, by way of Conclusion, what an infinite Advantage this Faculty gives an Almighty Being over the Soul of Man, and how great a measure of Happiness or Misery we are capable of receiving from the Imagination only.

We have already seen the Influence that one Man has over the Fancy of another, and with what Ease he conveys into it a Variety of Imagery: how great a Power then may we suppose lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the Imagination who can infuse what Ideas he pleases, and fill those Ideas with Terror and Delight to what Degree he thinks fit? He can excite Images in the Mind, without the help of Words, and make Scenes rise up before us and seem present to the Eye without the Assistance of Bodies or Exterior Objects. He can transport the Imagination with such beautiful and glorious Visions, as cannot possibly enter into our present Conceptions, or haunt it with such ghastly Spectres and Apparitions, as would make us hope for Annihilation, and think Existence no better than a Curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the Soul through this single Faculty, as might suffice to make up the whole Heaven or Hell of any finite Being.

This Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination having been published in separate Papers, I shall conclude it with a Table of the principal Contents in each Paper.

## The CONTENTS

## PAPER I

*The Perfection of our Sight above our other Senses. The Pleasures of the Imagination arise originally from Sight. The Pleasures of the Imagination divided under two Heads. The Pleasures of the Imagination in some Respects equal to those of the Understanding. The Extent of the Pleasures of the Imagination. The Advantages a Man receives from a Relish of these Pleasures. In what Respect they are preferable to those of the Understanding.*

## PAPER II

*Three Sources of all the Pleasures of the Imagination, in our Survey of outward Objects. How what is Great pleases the Imagination. How what is New pleases the Imagination. How what is Beautiful in our own Species, pleases the Imagination. How what is Beautiful in general pleases the Imagination. What other Accidental Causes may contribute to the heightening of these Pleasures.*

## PAPER III

*Why the Necessary Cause of our being pleased with what is Great, New, or Beautiful, unknown. Why the Final Cause more known and more useful. The Final Cause of our being pleased with what is Great. The Final Cause of our being pleased with what is New. The Final Cause of our being pleased with what is Beautiful in our own Species. The Final Cause of our being pleased with what is Beautiful in general.*

## PAPER IV

*The Works of Nature more pleasant to the Imagination than those of Art. The Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of Art. The Works of Art more pleasant, the more they resemble those of Nature. Our English Plantations and Gardens considered in the foregoing Light.*

## PAPER V

*Of Architecture as it affects the Imagination. Greatness in Architecture relates either to the Bulk or to the Manner. Greatness of Bulk in the Ancient Oriental Buildings. The ancient Accounts of these Buildings confirmed, 1. From the Advantages, for raising such Works, in the first Ages of the World and in the Eastern Climates. 2. From several of them which are still extant. Instances how Greatness of Manner affects the Imagination. A French Author's Observation on this Subject. Why Concave and Convex Figures give a Greatness of Manner to Works of Architecture. Every thing that pleases the Imagination in Architecture is either Great, Beautiful, or New.*

## PAPER VI

*The Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination. The several Sources of these Pleasures (Statuary, Painting, Description and Music) compared together. The Final Cause of our receiving Pleasure from these several Sources. Of Descrip-*

tions in particular *The Power of Words over the Imagination Why one Reader more pleased with Descriptions than another*

## PAPER VII

*How a whole Set of Ideas Hang together, &c. A Natural Cause assigned for it How to perfect the Imagination of a Writer Who among the Ancient Poets had this Faculty in its greatest Perfection Homer excelled in Imagining what is Great, Virgil in Imagining what is Beautiful, Ovid in imagining what is New Our own Country-man Milton very perfect in all three respects*

## PAPER VIII

*Why any thing that is unpleasant to behold, pleases the Imagination when well described Why the Imagination receives a more Exquisite Pleasure from the Description of what is Great, New, or Beautiful The Pleasure still heightened, if what is described raises Passion in the Mind Disagreeable Passions pleasing when raised by apt Descriptions Why Terror and Grief are pleasing to the Mind when excited by Descriptions A particular Advantage the Writers in Poetry and Fiction have to please the Imagination What Liberties are allowed them*

## PAPER IX

*Of that kind of Poetry which Mr Dryden calls the Fairy Way of Writing How a Poet should be Qualified for it The Pleasures of the Imagination that arise from it In this respect why the Moderns excel the Ancients Why the English excel the Moderns Who the Best among the English. Of Emblematical Persons*

## PAPER X

*What Authors please the Imagination who have nothing to do with Fiction How History pleases the Imagination How the Authors of the new Philosophy please the Imagination The Bounds and Defects of the Imagination Whether these Defects are Essential to the Imagination*

## PAPER XI

*How those please the Imagination who treat of Subjects abstracted from Matter, by Allusions taken from it What Allusions most pleasing to the Imagination Great Writers how Faulty in this respect Of the Art of Imagining in General The Imagination capable of Pain as well as Pleasure In what Degree the Imagination is capable either of Pain or Pleasure* O

No 422 ] Friday, July 4, 1712. [ Steele

*Ilac scripsi non otii abundantia sed amoris erga te — I will Fpis*

I DO not know any thing which gives greater Disturbance to Conversation, than the false Notion some People have of Raillery It ought

certainly to be the first Point to be aimed at in Society, to gain the good Will of those with whom you converse The Way to that, is to shew you are well inclined towards them What then can be more absurd, than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the Term is, in your Expressions to your Familiars? A Man who has no good Quality but Courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable Figure in the World, because that which he has superior to other People cannot be exerted, without raising himself an Enemy Your Gentleman of a Satyrical Vein is in the like Condition To say a Thing which perplexes the Heart of him you speak to, or brings Blushes into his Face, is a degree of Murder and it is, I think, an unpardonable Offence to shew a Man you do not care, whether he is pleased or displeased But won't you then take a Jest? Yes but pray let it be a Jest It is no Jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter Aversion to speaking to more than one Man at a time, under a Necessity to explain my self in much Company, and reducing me to Shame and Derision, except I perform what my Infirmary of Silence disables me to do

*Callisthenes* has great Wit accompanied with that Quility (without which a Man can have no Wit at all) a Sound Judgment Thus Gentleman rallies the best of any Man I know, for he forms his Ridicule upon a Circumstance which you are in your Heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are Guilty of an Excess in something which is in it self laudable He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your Anger for declaring you are a little too much that Thing The Generous will bear being reproached as Lavish, and the Valiant, Rash, without being provoked to Resentment against their Monitor What has been said to be a Mark of a good Writer, will fall in with the Character of a good Companion The good Writer makes his Reader better pleased with himself, and the agreeable Man makes his Friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their Company *Callisthenes* does this with immutable Pleasantry He whispered a Friend the other Day, so as to be overheard by a young Officer, who gave Symptoms of Creaking upon the Company, that Gentleman has very much of the Air of a General Officer The Youth immediately put on a Composed Behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the Conceptions he believed the Company had of him It is to be allowed that *Callisthenes* will make a Man run into impertinent Relations, to his own Advantage, and express the Satisfaction he has in his own dear self till he is very ridiculous, but in this case the Man is made a Fool by his own Consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no I take it therefore that to make Raillery agreeable, a Man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is

*Aetius* is of a quite contrary Genius, and is more generally admired than *Callisthenes*, but not with Justice *Aetius* has no regard to the Modesty or Weakness of the Person he rallies, but if his Quality or Humility gives him any Superiority to the Man he would fall upon, he has



no Mercy in making the Onset. He can be pleased to see his best Friend out of Countenance, while the Laugh is loud in his own Applause. His Raillery always puts the Company into little Divisions and separate Interests, while that of *Callisthenes* cements it, and makes every Man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the Conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that Kindness must run thro' all you say, and you must ever preserve the Character of a Friend to support your Pretensions to be free with a Man. *Acetous* ought to be banished human Society, because he raises his Mirth upon giving Pain to the Person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the Malevolence, which is too general towards those who excel, could make his Company tolerated, but they with whom he converses, are sure to see some Man sacrificed where ever he is admitted, and all the Credit he has for Wit is owing to the Gratification it gives to other Men's Ill-nature.

*Mmutus* has a Wit that conelates a Man's Love at the same time that it is exerted against his Faults. He has an Art of keeping the Person he rallies in Countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same Imperfection. Thus he does with so much Address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his Friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among Men, to take the Liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the Contention is, who shall be most disagreeable, Allusions to past Follies, Hints which revive what a Man has a Mind to forget for ever, and deserves that all the rest of the World should, are commonly brought forth even in Company of Men of Distinction. They do not thrust with the Skill of Fencers, but cut up with the Barbarity of Butchers. It is, methinks, below the Character of Men of Humanity and Good-manners, to be capable of Mirth while there is any one of the Company in Pain and Disorder. They who have the true Taste of Conversation enjoy themselves in a Communication of each other's Excellencies, and not in a Triumph over their Imperfections. *Fortius* would have been reckoned a Wit, if there had never been a Fool in the World. He wants not Fools to be a Beauty, but has that natural Pleasure in observing Perfection in others, that his own Faults are overlooked out of Gratitude by all his Acquaintance.

After these several Characters of Men who succeed or fail in Raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little further what one tries to be the most agreeable Kind of it, and that to me appears when the Satyr is directed against Vice, with an Air of Contempt of the Fault, but no Ill-will to the Criminal. Mr *Congre's Doris* is a Master piece in this Kind. It is the Character of a Woman utterly abandoned but her Impudence by the finest Piece of Raillery is made only Gen-erosity.

*Peculiar this sort is her Way,  
Whether by Nature taught,  
I shall not undertake to say,  
Or by experience brought.*

*For who d'er Night obtain'd her Grace,  
She can next Day disown,  
And stare upon the strange Man's Face,  
As one she ne'er had known,*

*So well she can the Truth disguise,  
Such awful Wonder frame,  
The Lover or distrusts his Eyes,  
Or thinks 'twas all a Dream*

*Some censure this as lewd or low,  
Who are to Bounty blind,  
For to forget what we bestow,  
Bespeaks a noble Mind*

1

No 423 ] Saturday, July 5, 1712. [Steel

—Nuper Idoneus—Hor

I LOOK upon my self as a Kind of Guardian to the Fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their Interest. The present Paper shall be employed in the Service of a very fine young Woman and the Admonitions I give her, may not be useless to the rest of the Sex. *Glauria* shall be the Name of the Heroine in To-day's Entertainment and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young and beautiful, you will believe she does not want Admirers. She has since she came to Town about twenty five of those Lovers, who make their Addresses by way of Jointure and Settlement. These come and go, with great Indifference on both Sides, and as beauteous as she is, a Line in a Deed has had Exception enough against it to outweigh the Lustre of her Eyes, the Readiness of her Understanding, and the Merit of her general Character. But among the Crowd of such cool Adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their Attendance. There is something so extraordinary and useful in their Manner of Application, that I think it but common Justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following Letter.

MADAM,

I have for some time taken Notice of two Gentlemen who attend you in all publick Places, both of whom have also easie Access to you at your own House. But the Muter is adjusted between them, and *Damon*, who so passionately addresses you, has no Design upon you but *Strephon*, who seems to be indifferent to you, is the Man, who is, as they have settled it, to have you. The Plot was laid over a Bottle of Wine, and *Strephon*, when he first thought of you, proposed to *Damon* to be his Rival. The manner of his breaking of it to him I was so pleased at a Tavern, that I could not avoid hearing *Damon*, said he, with a deep Sigh, I have long languished for that Miracle of Beauty *Glauria*, and if you will be very steadfastly my Rival, I shall certainly obtain her. Do not, concluded he, he offended at this Overture for I go upon the Knowledge of the Temper of the Woman, rather than any Vanity that I should profit by an Opposition of your Pretensions to those of your humble Servant. *Glauria* has

'very good Sense, & quick Relish of the Satisfaction of Life, and will not give her self, as the Crowd of Women do, to the Arms of a Man to whom she is indifferent. As she is a sensible Woman Expressions of Rapture and Adoration will not move her neither but she that has her must be the Object of her Desire, not her Pity. The Way to this End I take to be, that a Man's general Conduct should be agreeable without addressing in particular to the Woman he loves. Now, Sir, if you will be so kind as to sigh and die for *Gloriana*, I will carry it with great Respect towards her, but seem void of any Thoughts as a Lover. By this Means I shall be in the most amiable Light of which I am capable. I shall be received with Freedom, you with Reserve. *Damon*, who has himself no Designs of Marriage at all, easily fell into the Scheme, and you may observe, that wherever you are *Damon* appears also. You see he carries on an unaffected Exactness in his Dress and Manner, and strives always to be the very Contrary of *Strephon*. They have already succeeded so far, that your Eyes are ever in Search of *Strephon* and turn themselves of Course from *Damon*. They meet and compare Notes upon your Carriage, and the Letter which was brought to you the other Day, was a Contrivance to remark your Re-entment. When you saw the Billet subscribed *Damon*, and turned away with a scornful Air, and cried Impertinence! you gave Hopes to him that chums you, without mortifying him that languishes for you.

'What I am concerned for, Madam, is, that in the disposal of your Heart, you should know what you are doing, and examine it before it is lost. *Strephon* contradicts you in Discourse with the Civility of one who has a Value for you, but gives up nothing like one that loves you. This seeming Unconcern gives this Behaviour the advantage of Sincerity, and insensibly obtains your good Opinion, by appearing disinterested in the purchase of it. If you watch these Correspondents hereafter, you will find that *Strephon* makes his Visit of Civility immediately after *Damon* has tired you with one of Love. Tho' you are very discreet, you will find it no easy matter to escape the Toils so well laid, as when one is known to be disagreeable in Prison, the other to be pleasing without it. All the Turns of your Temper are carefully watched, and their quick and faithful Intelligence gives your Lovers irresistible Advantage. You will please, Madam, to be upon your guard, and take all the necessary Precautions against one who is amiable to you before you know he is enamoured.

I am,

Madam,

Your most Obedient Servant

*Strephon* makes great Progress in this Lady's good Grace, for most Women being retorted by some little Spirit of Pride and Contradiction, he has the good effects of both those Motives by this covert Way of Courtship. He received a Message Yesterday from *Damon* in the following Words, superscribed *With Speed*.

'All goes well she is very angry at me, and

'I dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time to Visit.

Yours

The Comparison of *Strephon's* Gayety to *Damon's* Languishment, strikes her Imagination with a Prospect of very agreeable Hours with such a Man as the former, and Abhorrence of the insipid Prospect with one like the latter. To know when a Lady is displeased with another, is to know the best time of advancing your self. This method of two Persons playing into each others Hand is so dangerous, that I cannot tell how a Woman could be able to withstand such a Siege. The Condition of *Gloriana*, I am afraid, is irretrievable, for *Strephon* has had so many Opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now she is advised, to an Explanation of his Passion, and beginning again, if she can conquer the kind Sentiments she has already conceived for him. When one shews himself a Creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for Succour, they have the whole Woman between them, and can occasionally rebound her Love and Hatred from one to the other, in such a manner as to keep her at a distance from all the rest of the World, and cast Lots for the Conquest.

NB I am a wary old Serpent, who concern the Empire of Love, but I consider that while I alarm my Women, I instruct my Men. T

No 424 ] Monday, July 7, 1712 [Steele

Est Ulubris, annuus si te non deficiat — Hor

MR SPECTATOR, London, June 24.  
'A MAN who has it in his Power to chuse his own Company, would certainly be much to blame should he not, to the best of his Judgment, take such care of a Temper most suitable to his own and where that Choice is wanting, or where a Man is mistaken in his Choice, and yet under a Necessity of continuing in the same Company, it will certainly be to his Interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

'In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times at which however I think no Body has any Title to take Exception, but they who never failed to put this in Practice. — Not to use any longer Preface, this being the Season of the Year in which great Numbers of all sorts of People retire from this Place of Business and Pleasure to Country Solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a Stock of Good-humour as they can, for tho' a Country-Life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in Truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy Leisure and Retirement.

'As for those who can't live without the constant help of Business or Company let them consider, that in the Country there is no Exchange, there are no Play houses no variety of Coffee-houses, nor many of those other Amuse-

'ments which serve here as so many Reliefs from the repeated Occurrences in their own Families, but that there the greatest Part of their Time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear Town

I remember, Mr SPECTATOR, we were very well entertained last Year, with the Advices you gave us from Sir ROGER'S Country Seat which I the rather mention, because 'tis almost impossible not to live pleasantly, where the Master of a Family is such a one as you there describe your Friend, who cannot therefore (I mean as to his domestick Character) be too often recommended to the Imitation of others. How amiable is that Affability and Benevolence with which he treats his Neighbours and every one, even the merriest of his own Family! And yet how seldom imitated? instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured Expostulations, Noise, and Chidings — And this I hinted, because the Humour and Disposition of the Herd, is what chiefly influences all the other Parts of a Family

An Agreement and kind Correspondence between Friends and Acquaintance, is the greatest Pleasure of Life. This is an undoubted Truth, and yet any Man who judges from the Practice of the World, will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary. For how can we suppose People should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every the least Occasion? Yet so it is, there are People who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who (as *Isidore* speaks) *Mira sunt alacritate ad litigandum, Huc a certain Cheerfulness in wrangling*. And thus it happens, that there are very few Families in which there are not Feuds and Animosities, tho' 'tis every one's Interest, there more particularly, to avoid 'em, because there (as I would willingly hope) no one gives another Uneasiness, without feeling some share of it — But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed which was, barely to tell you, how hardly we who pass most of our Time in Town dispense with a long Vacation in the Country, how uneasy we grow to our selves, and to one another when our Conversation is confined, in so much that by *Michaelmas* 'tis odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our Faces, as we do with the rest of the World behind their Backs. After I have told you this I run to desire that you would now and then give us a Lesson of Good humour, a Family Piece, which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some Influence upon us —

After these plain Observations give me leave to give you a Hint of what a Set of Company of my Acquaintance, who are now gone into the Country, and have the Use of an absent Nobleman's Seat, have settled among themselves, to avoid the Inconveniences above mentioned. They are a Collection of ten or twelve, of the same good Inclination towards each other, but of very different Talents and Inclinations. I from

hence they hope, that the Variety of their Tempers will only create Variety of Pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same People, either for want of Diversity of Objects, or the like Causes, a certain Satiety, which may grow into ill Humour or Discontent, there is a large Wing of the House which they design to employ in the Nature of an Infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a Sowerness or Indisposition to Company, is immediately to be conveyed to his Chamber in the Infirmary from whence he is not to be relieved, till by his Manner of Submission, and the Sentiments expressed in his Petition for that Purpose, he appears to the Majority of the Company to be again fit for Society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured Words or ungracious Gestures are sufficient Cause for Banishment speaking impatiently to Servants, making a Man repeat what he says, or any thing that betrays Inattention or Dishumour, are also criminal without Reprieve. But it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured Fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the Infirmary with the highest Marks of Esteem. By these and other wholesome Methods it is expected that if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken Care that the ill Humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the Company. There are many other Rules which the Society have established for the Preservation of their Love and Tranquility, the Effects of which, with the Incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from Time to Time for the publick Good, by,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,  
R O

I

No 425 ] Tuesday, July 8, 1712 [Budgett

*Frigora mutescunt Zephyris, Ver proterit Aestas  
Interitura, simul**Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et max  
bruma recurrit uersus* — Hor

Mr SPECTATOR,

THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible Delight, than the Enjoyment of a cool still Evening after the Unpleasantness of a sultry Day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the Hour was come for the Sun to set, that I might enjoy the Refreshment of the Evening in my Garden which then afforded me the pleasantest Hours I pass in the whole Year and twenty. I immediately rose from my Couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve Stone Steps into a large Square divided into four Grass plots, in each of which is a Statue of white Marble. This is separated from a large Parterre by a low Wall, and from thence, thro' a Pair of Iron Gates you are led into a long broad Walk of the finest turf, set on each Side with tall Yew, and on either Hand bordered by a Canal, which on the Right

'divides the Walk from a Wilderness parted into Variety of Allies and Arbours, and on the Left from a kind of Amphitheatre, which is the Receptacle of a great Number of Oranges and Myrtles. The Moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the Place of the Sun, obliging me with as much Light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing Objects, and at the same time divested of all Power of Heat. The Reflection of it in the Water, the Fanning of the Wind rustling on the Leaves, the Singing of the Thrush and Nightingale, and the Coolness of the Walks, all conspired to strike me lay aside all displeasing Thoughts, and brought me into such a Tranquility of Mind, as is I believe the next Happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet Retirement I naturally fell into the Repetition of some Lines out of a Poem of *Milton's*, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the Ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present Windings of Thought.

*Sweet Bird! that shun'st the Noise of Folly,  
Most musical! most melancholy!  
Thou Chantress, oft the Woods among,  
I woo to hear thy Evening Song  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,  
To behold the wandering Moon,  
Riding near her highest Noon,  
Like one that hath been led astray,  
Thro' the Heaven's wide pathless Way  
And oft, as if her Head she bow'd,  
Stooping thro' a fleecy Cloud*

*Then let some strange mysterious Dream  
Wave with his Wings in airy Stream,  
Of lively Portraiture disclud,  
Softly on my Lychids laid,  
And as I wake, sweet Musick breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by Spirits to Mortals Good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood*

'I reflected then upon the sweet Vicissitudes of Night and Day, on the charming Disposition of the Seasons, and their Return again in a perpetual Circle. And oh! said I, that I could from these my declining Years return again to my first Spring of Youth and Vigour! but that, alas! is impossible. All that remains within my Power, is to soften the Inconveniences I feel, with an easy contented Mind, and the Enjoyment of such Delights as this Solitude affords me. In this Thought I sat me down on a Bank of Flowers and dropt into a Slumber, which whether it were the Effect of Fumes and Vapours, or my present Thoughts, I know not, but methought the Genius of the Garden stood before me, and introduced into the Walk where I lay this Drama and different Scenes of the Revolution of the Year, which whilst I then saw, even in my Dream, I resolv'd to write down, and send to the SPECTATOR.

'The first Person whom I saw advancing towards me was a Youth of a most beautiful Air and Shape, tho' he seemed not yet arriv'd at that exact Proportion and Symmetry of Parts which a little more time would have given him, but

however, there was such a Bloom in his Countenance, such Satisfaction and Joy, that I thought it the most desirable Form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing Mantle of green Silk, interwoven with Flowers. He had a Chippet of Roses on his Head, and a *Narcissus* in his Hand. Primroses and Violets sprang up under his Feet, and all Nature was cheer'd at his Approach. *Flora* was on one Hand and *Verumnus* on the other in a Robe of changeable Silk. After this I was surpris'd to see the Moon-beams reflected with a sudden Glare from Armour, and to see a Man completely arm'd advancing with his Sword drawn. I was soon inform'd by the Genius it was *Mars*, who had long usurp'd a Place among the Attendants of the Spring. He made Way for a softer Appearance, it was *Venus*, without any Ornament but her own Beauties, not so much as her own Cestus, with which she had encompass'd a Globe, which she held in her right Hand, and in her left she had a Sceptre of Gold. After her followed the Graces with their Arms entwined within one another, their Girdles were loosed, and they moved to the Sound of soft Musick, striking the Ground alternately with their Feet. Then came up the three Months which belong to this Season. As *March* advanced towards me, there was methought in his Look a lowering Roughness, which ill befitted a Month which was ranked in so soft a Season, but as he came forwards his Features became insensibly more mild and gentle. He smooth'd his Brow, and looked with so sweet a Countenance that I could not but lament his Departure, though he made way for *April*. He appear'd in the greatest Quietly imaginable, and had a thousand Pleasures to attend him. His Look was frequently clouded, but immediately return'd to its first Composure, and remained fix'd in a Smile. Then came *May* attended by *Cupid* with his Bow strung, and in a Posture to let fly an Arrow. As he pass'd by methought I heard a confused Noise of soft Complaints, gentle Ecstasies, and tender Sighs of Lovers, Vows of Constancy, and as many Complaimings of Perfidiousness, all which the Winds wafted away as soon as they had reach'd my Hearing. After these I saw a Man advance in the full Prime and Vigour of his Age, his Complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his Hair black, and fell down in beautiful Ringlets not beneath his Shoulders, a Mantle of Hair colour'd Silk hung loosely upon him. He advanced with a hasty Step after the Spring, and sought out the Shade and cool Fountains which plaid in the Garden. He was particularly well pleased when a Troop of *Zephyrs* fann'd him with their Wings. He had two Companions who walked on each Side that made him appear the most agreeable, the one was *Aurora* with Fingers of Roses, and her Feet dewy, attired in grey. The other was *Vesper* in a Robe of Azure beset with Drops of Gold, whose Breath he caught whilst it pass'd over a Bundle of Honey Suckles and Tuberoses which he held in his Hand. *Pan* and *Ceres* followed them with four Reapers, who danced a Morrice to the Sound of Outen Pipes and Cymbals. Then came the Attendant Months

'June retained still some small Likeness of the Spring, but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous Tread, especially August, who seem'd almost to faint whilst for half the Steps he took the Dog-Star levelled his Rays full at his Head. They passed on and made Way for a Person that seemed to bend a little under the Weight of Years, his Beard and Hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal Number of black and grey, he wore a Robe which he had girt round him of a yellowish Cast, not unlike the Colour of fallen Leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made Amends for expelling the foregoing Scene by the large Quantity of Fruits which he bore in his Hands. Plenty walked by his Side with an healthy fresh Countenance, pouring out from an Horn all the various Product of the Year. Pomona followed with a Glass of Cyder in her Hand, and Bacchus in a Chariot drawn by Tygers, accompanied by a whole Troop of Satyrs, Fauns, and Sylphs. September, who came next, seem'd in his Looks to promise a new Spring, and wore the Livery of those Months. The succeeding Month was all soiled with the Juice of Grapes, as if he had just come from the Vine-Press. November, though he was in this Division, yet, by the many Stops he made seem'd rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his Heels. He advanced in the Shape of an old Man in the Extremity of Age. The Hair he had was so very white it seem'd a real Snow. his Eyes were red and piercing, and his Beard hung with a great Quantity of Icicles. He was wrapt up in Furrs, but yet so pinched with Excess of Cold that his Limbs were all contracted and his Body bent to the Ground, so that he could not have supported himself had it not been for Comus the God of Revels, and Necessity the Mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The Shape and Mante of Comus was one of the things that most surprized me as he advanced towards me his Countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen. On the fore Part of his Mantle was pictured Joy, Delight and Satisfaction, with a thousand Emblems of Merriment, and Jests with Faces looking two Ways at once. but as he passed from me I was amazed at a Shape so little correspondent to his Face. His Head was bald, and all the rest of his Limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder Part of his Mantle was represented Murder with dishevelled Hair and a Dagger all bloody, Anger in a Robe of Scarlet, and Suspicion squinting with both Eyes. but above all the most conspicuous was the Battel of the Lapithae and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a Shape, and turned my Eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him with a Scythe in one Hand, and an Hour glass in t'other unserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta the Goddess of Fire with a Lamp which was perpetually supplied with Oyl and whose Flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged Brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her assume the Features and Likeness of Choice. December, January, and February passed on after the rest all in Furrs. there was little Distin-

tion to be made amongst them, and they were only more or less displeasing as they discovered more or less Haste towards the grateful Return of Spring. Z

No 426] Wednesday, July 9, 1712 [Steele

Quid non mortalia Pectora cogis  
Auri sacra fames. Virg

A VERY agreeable Friend of mine, the other Day, carrying me in his Coach into the Country to Dinner, fell into Discourse concerning the Care of Parents due to their Children and the Piety of Children towards their Parents. He was reflecting upon the Succession of particular Virtues and Qualities there might be preserved from one Generation to another, if these Regards were reciprocally held in Veneration. But as he never fails to mix an Air of Mirth and good Humour with his good Sense and Reasoning, he entered into the following Relation.

I will not be confident in what Century, or under what Reign it happened, that this Want of mutual Confidence and right Understanding between Father and Son was fatal to the Family of the Valentines in Germany. Basilus Valentinus was a Person who had arrived at the utmost Perfection in the Hermetic Art, and initiated his Son Alexandrinus in the same Mysteries. But as you know they are not to be attained but by the Painful, the Pious, the Christe, and Pure of Heart, Basilus did not open to him, because of his Youth, and the Deviations too natural to it, the greatest Secrets of which he was Master, as well knowing that the Operation would fail in the Hands of a Man so liable to Errors in Life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain Indisposition of Mind as well as Body, his Disolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a Couch, over against which his Son was seated, and prepared by sending out Servants one after another, and Admonition to examine that no one over-heard them, he revealed the most important of his Secrets with the Solemnity and Language of an Adept. My Son, said he, many have been the Watchings, long the Lucubrations, constant the Labours of thy Father, not only to gain a great and plentiful Estate to his Posterity, but also to take Care that he should have no Posterity. Be not amazed, my Child. I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have Posterity. Be hold, my dearest Alexandrinus the Effect of what was propagated in nine Months. We are not to contradict Nature but to follow and to help her just as long as an Infant is in the Womb of its Parent, so long are these Medicines of Revivification in preparing. Observe this small Phial and this little Gallipot, in this an Unguent, in the other a Liquor. In these, my child, are collected such Powers, as shall revive the Springs of Life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new Strength, new Spirits, and, in a Word, wholly

restore all the Organs and Senses of the human Body to as great a Duration, as it had before enjoyed from its Birth to the Day of the Application of these my Medicines. But, my beloved Son, Care must be taken to apply them within ten Hours after the Breath is out of the Body, while yet the Clay is warm with its late Life, and yet capable of Resuscitation. I find my Frame grown crasie with perpetual Toil and Meditation, and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this Unguent, and when you see me begin to move, pour into my Lips this inestimable Liquor, else the Force of the Ointment will be ineffectual. By this Means you will give me Life as I have you, and we will from that Hour mutually lay aside the Authority of having bestowed Life on each other, but live as Brethren, and prepare new Medicines against such another Period of Time as will demand another Application of the same Restoratives. In a few Days after these wonderful Ingredients were delivered to *Alexandrinus*, *Basilius* departed this Life. But such was the pious Sorrow of the Son at the Loss of so excellent a Father, and the first Transports of Grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of Business, that he never thought of the Medicines till the Time to which his Father had limited their Efficacy was expired. To tell the Truth, *Alexandrinus* was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and considered his Father had lived out his natural Time, his Life was long and uniform, suitable to the Regularity of it, but that he himself, poor Sinner, wanted a new Life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto, and in the Examination of his Heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural Being of his, but repent very faithfully and spend very piously the Life to which he should be restored by Application of these Rarities, when Time should come, to his own Person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the Self-love of Men who would do immoderately for their own Offspring, with Children very much below their Characters and Qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their Names to be born by those who give daily Proofs of the Vanity of the Labour and Ambition of their Progenitors.

It happened thus in the Family of *Basilius*, for *Alexandrinus* began to enjoy his ample Fortune in all the Extremities of Household Expence, Furniture, and insolent Equipage, and thus he pursued till the Day of his own Departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As *Basilius* was punished with a Son very unlike him, *Alexandrinus* was visited with one of his own Disposition. It is natural that ill Men should be suspicious, and *Alexandrinus*, besides that jealousy, had Proofs of the vitious Disposition of his Son *Renatus*, for that was his Name.

*Alexandrinus*, as I observed, having very good Reasons for thinking it unsafe to trust the real Secret of his Phial and Gally, put to my Man living, projected to make sure Work, and hope for his Success depending from the Avarice, not the Bounty of his Benefactor.

With this Thought he called *Renatus* to his Bed-side, and bespoke him in the most pathetick

Gesture and Accent. As much, my Son, as you have been addicted to Vanity and Pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could escape the Fame, or the good Effects of the profound Knowledge of our Progenitor, the Renowned *Basilius*. His Symbol is very well known in the Philosophick World, and I shall never forget the venerable Air of his Countenance, when he let me into the profound Mysteries of the *Smargadine Table* of *Hermes*. It is true, said he, and far removed from all Colour of Deceit, That which is Inferior is like that which is Superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the Miracles of a certain Work. The Father is the Sun, the Mother the Moon, the Wind is the Womb, the Earth is the Nurse of it, and Mother of all Perfection. All this must be received with Modesty and Wisdom. The Chymical People carry in all their Jargon a whimsical sort of Piety, which is ordinary with great Lovers of Money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their Regularity and Strictness of Manners for the Ends of this World, has some Affinity to the Innocence of Heart which must recommend them to the next. *Renatus* wondered to hear his Father talk so like an Adept, and with such a Mixture of Piety, while *Alexandrinus* observing his Attention fixed, proceeded. His Phial, Child, and this little Earthen Pot will add to thy Estate so much, as to make thee the richest Man in the German Empire. I am going to my Long Home, but shall not return to common Dust. Then he resumed a Countenance of Alacrity, and told him, That if within an Hour after his Death he anointed his whole Body, and poured down his Throat that Liquor which he had from old *Basilius*, the Corps would be converted into pure Gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned Tendernesses that passed between these two extraordinary Persons, but if the Father recommended the Care of his Remains with Vehemence and Affection, the Son was not behind hand in professing that he would not cut the least Bit off him, but upon the utmost Extremity, or to provide for his younger Brothers and Sisters.

Well, *Alexandrinus* died, and the Heir of his Body (as our Term is) could not forbear in the Wantonnesses of his Heart, to measure the Length and Breadth of his beloved Father, and cut up the ensuing Value of him before he proceeded to Operation. When he knew the immense Reward of his Pains, he began the Work. But lo! when he had anointed the Corps all over, and began to apply the Liquor, the Body stirred, and *Renatus*, in a Fright, broke the Phial.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> This tale is from the Description of the memorable Sea and Land Travels through Persia to the East Indies, by Johann Albrecht von Mandelslo, translated from the German of Olearius, by J B B Bl v p 189. Basil Valentine, whom it makes the hero of a story after the manner of the romances of Virgil the Enchanter, was an able chemist (in those days an alchemist) of the sixteenth century, who is believed to have been a Benedictine monk of Erfurth, and is not known to have had any children. He was the author of

No 427 ] Thursday, July 10, 1712 [ Steele

*Quantum a rerum turpitudine abes, tantum Te a verborum libertate sejungas*—Tull.

IT is a certain Sign of an ill Heart to be inclined to Defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no Gratification that way, but it ever arises from a Neglect of what is laudable in a Man's self, and an Impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should Virtue provoke? Why should Beauty displease in such a Degree, that a Man given to Scandal never lets the Mention of either pass by him without offering something to the Diminution of it? A Lady the other Day at a Visit being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own Character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of Heat and Intemperance very calmly, *Good Madam spare me, who am none of your Match, I speak ill of no Body, and it is a new Thing to me to be spoken ill of.* Little Minds think Fame consists in the Number of Votes they have on their Side among the Multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable Follower of good and worthy Actions. Fame is as natural a follower of Merit, as a Shadow is of a Body. It is true, when Crowds press upon you, this Shadow cannot be seen, but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The Lazy, the Idle, and the Forward, are the Persons who are most pleas'd with the little Tales which press about the Town to the Disadvantage of the rest of the World. Were it not for the Pleasure of speaking ill, there are Numbers of People who are too lazy to go out of their own Houses, and too ill natur'd to open their Lips in Conversation. It was not a little diverting the other Day to observe a Lady reading a Post-Letter, and at these Words, *After all her Aurs, he has heard some Story or other, and the Match is broke off,* give Orders in the midst of her Reading, *Put to the Horse.* That young Woman of Merit has missed an advantageous Settlement, was News not to be delayed, lest some Body else should have given her malicious Acquittance that Satisfaction before her. The Unwillingness to receive good Tidings is a Quality as inseparable from a Scandal-Bearer, as the Readiness to divulge bad. But, alas, how wretchedly low and contemptible is that State of Mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the Subject of Lamentation. This Temper has ever been in the highest Degree odious to gallant Spirits. The Persian Soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admonished by his Officer, *Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.*

Cicero in one of his Pleadings,<sup>2</sup> defending his

the Currus Triumphalis Antimoni, mentioned in a former note. His name was familiar through several books in French, especially *L'Asoti des Philosophes, avec les 12 Clefs de Philosophie* (Paris, 1660), and a *Testament de Basile Valentine* (London, 1671).

<sup>2</sup> *Oratio pro Cu Planco*. A little beyond the middle

Client from general Scandal, a very handsomely, and with much Reason, *There are many who have particular Engagements to the Prosecutor. There are many who are known to have all will to him for whom I appear, there are many who are naturally addicted to Defamation, and envious of any Good to any Man, who may have contributed to spread Reports of this kind. For nothing is so swift as Scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more Welcome, nothing diffuses it self so universally. I shall not desire, that if any Report to our Disadvantage has any Ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it. But if there be any thing advanced without a Person who can say whence he said it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of so little Consideration that he did not then think it worth his Notice, all such Testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any Credit against the Innocence and Honour of your Fellow-Citizen.* When an ill Report is spread, it very often wishes among such as the Orator has here recited. And how despicable a Censure must that be, who is in Pain for what passes among so frivolous a People? There is a Town in Warwickshire of good Note, and formerly pretty famous for much Animosity and Dissension, the chief Families of which have now turned all their Whispers, Brekbitings, Envy, and private Malices into Mirth and Entertainment, by means of a peevish old Gentlewoman, known by the Title of the *Lady Bluemantle*. This Heroine has for many Years together out-done the whole Sisterhood of Gossips, in Invention, quick Utterance, and unprovoked Malice. This good Body is of a lasting Constitution, though extremely decayed in her Eyes, and decrepid in her Feet. The two Circumstances of being always at Home from her Lameness, and very attentive from her Blindness, make her Lodgings the Receptacle of all that passes in Town, Good or Bad: but for the latter, she seems to have the better Memory. There is another Thing to be noted of her, which is, That as it is usual with old People, she has a livelier Memory of Things which passed when she was very young, than of late Years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love any Body, but she hates every Body. The Statue in *Rome* does not serve to vent Malice half so well, as this old Lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the Author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the Matter it self, therefore, though she exposes all the whole Town, she offends no one Body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a Frenk will instantly change her Habitation. To indulge this Humour, she is led about the Grounds belonging to the same House she is in, and the Persons to whom she is to remove, being in the Plot, are ready to receive her at her own Chamber again. At stated Times, the Gentlewoman at whose House she supposes she is at the Time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common Custom. When they have a Mind to drive the Jest, she is immediately urged to that Degree, that she will board in a Family with which she has never yet been, and away she will go thus

Land have been increased by a constant Attendance within a Walk of thirty Foot. If it could also be noted in the Equipage of those who are descended from the Successful Trade of their Ancestors into Figure and Equipage, such Accounts would quicken Industry in the Pursuit of such Acquisitions and discountenance Luxury in the Enjoyment of them.

To diversify these kinds of Informations, the Industry of the female World is not to be unserved. She to whose Household Virtues it is owing that Men do Honour to her Husband should be recorded with Veneration she who had wasted his Labours, with Infamy. When we are come into Domestick Life in this manner, to awaken Caution and Attendance to the main Point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a Touch of Frigidity, and describe (the) most dreadful of all human Conditions, the Case of Bankruptcy. Low Plenty, Credit, Cheerfulness, full Hopes, and easy Possessions, are in an instant turned into Penny, Paint Aspects Diffidence, Sorrow and Misery. how the Man, who with an open Hand the Day before could administer to the Extremities of others, is shunned to day by the friend of his Bosom. It would be useful to shew how just this is on the Neglect, how lamentable on the Industrious. A Paper written by a Merchant, might give this Island a true Sense of the Worth and Importance of his Character. It might be visible from what he could say, that no Soldier entering a Breach ventures more for Honour, than the Trader does for Wealth to his Country. In both Cases the Adventurers have their own Advantage, but I know no Cases wherein every Body else is a Sharer in the Success.

It is objected by Readers of History, that the Butts in those Narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This Misfortune is to be ascribed to the Ignorance of Historians in the Methods of drawing up, churning the Forms of a History, and the uneasy retirement, from, as well as approaching to the Charge. But in the Discourses from the Correspondents, whom I now invite, the Danger will be of another kind and it is necessary to caution them only against using Terms of Art and describing Things that are familiar to them in Words unknown to their Readers. I promise myself a great Harvest of new Circumstances, Persons, and Things from this Proposal, and a World, which many think they are well acquainted with discovered as wholly new. This Sort of Intelligence will give a lively Image of the Union and mutual Dependence of humane Society, take off impertinent Prejudices, enlarge the Minds of those, whose Views are confined to their own Circumstances, and, in short, if the knowing in several Arts, Professions, and Trades will exert themselves, it cannot but produce a new Field of Diversion, an Instruction more agreeable than has yet appeared.

[that]

No 429] Saturday, July 12, 1712 [Steel

Populumque falsis dedocet uti  
Vocibus

Mr SPECTATOR,

SINCE I gave an Account of an agreeable Set of Company which were gone down into the Country, I have received Advice from thence, that the Institution of an Infirmary for those who should be out of Humour, has had very good Effects. My Letters mention particular Circumstances of two or three Persons who had the good Sense to retire of their own Accord and notified that they were withdrawn, with the Reasons of it, to the Company, in their respective Memorials.

The Memorial of Mrs Mary Drury, Spinster,

Humbly Sheweth,  
That conscious of her own want of Merit, accompanied with a Vanity of being admired, she had gone into a stile of her own accord.

She is sensible, that a vain Person is the most insufferable Creature living in a well bred Assembly.

That she desired, before she appeared in publick again, she might have Assurance, that tho she might be thought handsome, there might not more Address or Compliment be paid to her, than to the rest of the Company.

That she conceived it a kind of Superiority, that one Person should take upon him to command another.

Lastly, That she went into the Infirmary, to avoid a particular Person who took upon him to profess an Admiration of her.

She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due place, might be declar'd an Offence, and punished in the same Manner with Detraction, in that the latter did but report Persons defective, and the former made them so.

All which is submitted, &c

There appeared a Delicacy and Sincerity in this Memorial very uncommon, but my Friend informs me, that the Allegations of it were groundless, inasmuch that this Declaration of an Aversion to being praised, was understood to be no other than a secret Trap to purchase it, for which Reason it lies still on the Table unanswered.

The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,

Sheweth,

That the Lady Lydia is a Woman of Quality, married to a private Gentleman.

That she finds her self neither well nor ill.

That her Husband is a Clown.

That Lady Lydia cannot see Company.

That she desires the Infirmary may be her Apartment during her stay in the Country.

That they would please to make merry with their Equals.

That Mr Loller might stay with them if he thought fit.



'earnest Who can behold an old Soldier, fit  
'bravely understood the Enemy, and the  
'What amongst his Friends? It were endless to  
'mention all the Variety of Wretchedness, and  
'the numberless Poor, that not only singly, but in  
'Companies implore your Charity. Spectacles  
'of this Nature every where occur, and it is un-  
'accountable, if it amongst the many lamentable  
'Cries that infect this lowly, your Comptroller-  
'General should not take notice of the many shock-  
'ing, as those of the Needy and Afflicted. I  
'can't but think he would it merely out of good  
'Breeding, and rather to stifle his Reven-  
'ment, than uphold his Countrymen with Inhu-  
'manity; however, let not Charity be sacrificed  
'to Popularity, and if his Ears were deaf to their  
'Complaint, let not your Eyes overlook their  
'Persons. There are, I know, many Impostors  
'among them. Lameless and Blindness are cer-  
'tainly very often acted, but can those that have  
'their Sight and Limbs, employ their better than  
'in knowing whether they are counterfeited or  
'not? I know not which of the two misapplies his  
'Senses most; he who pretends himself blind to  
'move Compassion, or he who beholds a miscre-  
'ant Object without pitying it. But in order to  
'remove such Impediments, I wish Mr SPECTA-  
'TOR, you would give us a Discourse upon Beg-  
'gars, that we may not pass by true Objects of  
'Charity, or give to Impostors. I looked out of  
'my Window the other Morning earlier than or-  
'dinary, and saw a blind Beggar, who is before  
'the Passage he stands in is frequented with a  
'Needle and Thread, thrifily mending his Stock-  
'ings. My Astonishment was still greater, when  
'I beheld a large Fellow, whose Legs were too  
'big to walk within an Hour after, bring him a  
'Pot of Ale. I will not mention the Shakes,  
'Distortions, and Convulsions which many of them  
'pretend to gain an Alms; but sure I am, they  
'ought to be taken Care of in this Condition,  
'either by the Parole or the Magistrate. They,  
'it seems, relieve their Pains according to their  
'Talents. There is the Voice of an old Woman  
'never begins to beg till nine in the Evening, and  
'then she is destitute of Lodging, turned out for  
'want of Rent, and has the same ill Fortune every  
'Night in the Year. You should employ an  
'Officer to hear the Distress of each Beggar that  
'is constant at a particular Place, who is ever in  
'the same Tone, and succeeds because his Audi-  
'ence is continually changing, tho' he does not  
'alter his Lamentation. If we have nothing else  
'for our Money, let us have more Invention be-  
'cheated with. All which is submitted to your  
'Spectatorial Vigilance. And I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant

SIR,

'I was last Sunday highly transported at our  
'Parish-Church, the Gentleman in the Pulpit  
'pleaded movingly in Behalf of the poor Children,  
'and they for themselves much more forcibly by  
'singing an Hymn. And I had the Happiness to  
'be a Contributor to this little Religious Institution  
'of Innocents, and am sure I never disposed of  
'Money more to my Satisfaction and Advantage

'I have had in my Life, and the Good-  
'will I bear to Mankind, make me heartily wish  
'the pious Works may be encouraged, that the  
'present Promoters may reap the Delight and  
'Posterity the Benefit of them. But whilst we  
'are building, this beautiful edifice, let not the old  
'Kings remain in View to sully the Prospect.  
'Whilst we are cultivating and improving this  
'young hopeful Offspring, let not the ancient and  
'helpless Creatures be shamefully neglected.  
'The Crows of Poor, or pretended Poor, in every  
'Place are a great Reproach to us, and eclipse  
'the Glory of all other Charity. It is the utmost  
'Reproach to Society, that there should be a poor  
Man unrelieved or a poor Rogue unpunished.  
'I hope you will think no Part of Human Life  
out of your Consideration, but will, at your  
'I assure, give us the History of Plenty and Want  
'and the natural Gradations towards them, cal-  
culated for the Cries of London and Westminster

I am, SIR,  
Your most humble Servant,  
I D

MR SPECTATOR

'I beg you would be pleased to take Notice of  
'a very great Indecency, which is extremely com-  
'mon, though, I think, never yet under your  
'Censure. It is, Sir, the strange Freedom some  
'ill bred married People take in Company. The  
'unreasonable Fondness of some Husbands, and  
'the ill timed Tenderness of some Wives. They  
'talk and act, as if Modesty was only fit for Maids  
'and Patchelors, and that too before both. I was  
'once, Mr SPECTATOR, where the Fault I speak  
'of was very flagrant, that (being, you must  
'know, a very bashful Fellow, and several young  
'Ladies in the Room) I protest I was quite out of  
'Countenance. Lucia, it seems, was breeding  
'and she did nothing but entertain the Company  
'with a Discourse upon the Difficulty of Reckon-  
'ing to a Day, and said she knew those who were  
'certain to an Hour then fell a laughing at a  
'silly unexperienced Creature, who was a Month  
'above her time. Upon her Husband's coming  
'in, she put several Questions to him, which he  
'not caring to resolve, Well, cries Lucia, I shall  
'have 'em all at Night. But lest I should  
'seem guilty of the very Fault I write against, I  
'shall only intreat Mr SPECTATOR to correct such  
'Misdemeanors.

For I grieve of the Gentle Bed by Sir,  
And with mysterious Reverence, I deem

I am, SIR,  
Your humble Servant,  
I Mearwell

No 431 Tuesday, July 15, 1712 [Steele]

Quid Dulcius homini um generis Actus actum  
est quam sui cuique liber?—I will

I HAVE lately been crying in my Thoughts  
the several Unhappinesses of Life, and com-

Paradise Lost, Bk VIII ll 598-9

paring the Infelicities of old Age to those of Infancy The Calamities of Children are due to the Negligence and Misconduct of Parents, those of Age to the past Life which led to it I have here the History of a Boy and Girl to their Wedding-Day, and I think I cannot give the Reader a livelier Image of the insipid way which Time uncultivated passes, than by entertaining him with their authentic Epistles, expressing all that was remarkable in their Lives 'till the Period of their Life above mentioned The Sentence at the Head of this Paper, which is only a warm Interrogation, *What is there in Nature so dear as a Man's own Children to him?* is all the Reflection I shall at present make on those who are negligent or cruel in the Education of them

*Mr SPECTATOR,*

I am now entering into my One and Twentieth Year, and do not know that I had one Day's thorough Satisfaction since I came to Years of my Reflection, till the Time they say others lose their Liberty, the Day of my Marriage I am Son to a Gentleman of a very great Estate, who resolv'd to keep me out of the Vices of the Age, and in order to it never let me see any Thing that he thought could give me the least Pleasure At ten Years old I was put to a Grammar-School, where my Master received Orders every Post to use me very severely, and have no regard to my having a great Estate At fifteen I was removed to the University, where I liv'd, out of my Father's great Discretion, in scandalous Poverty and Want, till I was big enough to be married, and I was sent for to see the Lady who sends you the Underwritten When we were put together, we both considered that we could not be worse than we were in taking one another, out of a Desire of Liberty entered into Wedlock My Father says I am now a Man, and may speak to him like another Gentleman

*I am, SIR,*

*Your most humble Servant,*  
Richard Rentfree

*Mr SPEC*

I grew tall and wild at my Mother's, who is a gay Widow, and did not care for shewing me 'till about two Years and a half ago at which time my Guardian Uncle sent me to a Boarding-School, with Orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been misused enough already I had not been there above a Month, when being in the Kitchen, I saw some Oatmeal on the Dresser, I put two or three Corns in my Mouth, liked it, stole a Handful, went into my Chamber, chewed it, and for two Months after never failed taking Toll of every Penny worth of Oatmeal that came into the House But one Day prying with a Tobacco pipe between my Teeth it happened to break in my Mouth, and the spitting out the Pieces left such a delicious Roughness on my Tongue, that I could not be satisfied 'till I had crunched up the remaining Part of the Pipe I forsook the Oatmeal, and stuck to the Pipes three Months, in which Time I had dispensed with thirty seven foul Pipes, all to the Boles They belonged to an old Gentleman, Father to my Governess — He look'd up the clean ones

I left off eating of Pipes, and fell to licking of Chalk I was soon tired of this, I then nibbled all the red Wax of our last Ball-Tickets, and three Weeks after the black Wax from the Burying-Tickets of the old Gentleman Two Months after this I liv'd upon Thunder-bolts, a certain long, round bluish Stone, which I found among the Gravel in our Garden I was wonderfully delighted with this, but Thunder-bolts growing scarce, I fasten'd Tooth and Nail upon our Garden-Wall, which I stuck to almost a Twelve-month, and had in that time peeled and devoured half a Foot towards our Neighbour's Yard I now thought my self the happiest Creature in the World, and I believe in my Conscience, I had eaten quite through, had I had it in my Chamber, but now I became lazy, and unwilling to stir, and was obliged to seek Food never Home I then took a strange Hankering to Coals, I fell to scratching 'em, and had already consumed, I am certain, as much as would have dressed my Wedding Dinner, when my Uncle came for me Home He was in the ParLOUR with my Governess when I was called down I went in, fell on my Knees, for he made me call him Father and when I expected the Blessing I asked, the good Gentleman, in a Surprise, turns himself to my Governess, and asks, Whether this (pointing to me) was his Daughter? Thus sadden'd he is the very Picture of Death My Child was a plump-faced, hyle, fresh-coloured Girl but this looks as if she was half starved, a mere Skeleton My Governess, who is really a good Woman, assured my Father I had wanted for nothing, and what told him I was continually eating some Irish or other, and that I was almost eaten up with the Green sickness, her Orders being never to cross me But this magnified but little with my Father, who presently, in a kind of Pett, prying for my Board, took me home with him I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at Church (I shall never forget it) I saw a young neighbouring Gentleman that pleased me hugely, I liked him of all Men I ever saw in my life, and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him The very next Day he came, with his Father, a visiting to our House We were left alone together, with Directions on both Sides to be in Love with one another, and in three Weeks time we were married I regained my former Health and Complexion, and am now as happy as the Day is long Now, Mr SPEC, I desire you would find out some Name for these craving Damsels, whether dignified or distinguished under some or all of the following Denominations, (to wit) *Trash eaters, Oatmeal-chewers, Pipe chompers, Chalk lickers, Wax-nibblers, Coal Scranchers, Wall-peelers, or Gravel-diggers* And, good Sir, do your utmost endeavour to prevent (by exposing) this unaccountable Folly, so prevailing among the young ones of our Sex, who may not meet with such sudden good Luck as,

*SIR,*

*Your constant Reader,*  
*and very humble Servant,*  
Sabina Green,  
Now Sabina Rentfree

T

No 432 ] Wednesday, July 16, 1712 [ Steele

*Inter-strept anser olores —Virg*

Mr SPECTATOR, Oxford, July 14

ACCORDING to a late Invitation in one of your Papers to every Man who pleases to write, I have sent you the following short Dissertation against the Vice of being prejudiced

Your most humble Servant

'Man is a sociable Creature, and a Lover of Glory, whence it is that when several Persons are united in the same Society, they are studious to lessen the Reputation of others, in order to raise their own. The Wise are content to guide the Springs in Silence, and rejoice in Secret at their regular Progress. To prate and triumph is the Part allotted to the Trifling and Superficial. The Geese were providentially ordained to save the *Capital*. Hence it is, that the Invention of Marks and Devices to distinguish Parties, is owing to the *Beaux* and *Belles* of this Island. Hats moulded into different Cocks and Pinches, have long bid mutual Defiance. Patches have been set against Patches in Brittel-ary Stocks have risen or fallen in Proportion to Herd-Dresses and Peace or War been expected, as the *White* or the *Red* Hood hath prevailed. These are the Standard Berrers in our contending Armies, the Dwarfs and Squires who carry the Impresses of the Grunts or Knights, not born to fight themselves, but to prepare the Way for the ensuing Combat.

'It is Matter of Wonder to reflect how far Men of weak Understanding and strong Fancy are hurried by their Prejudices, even to the believing that the whole Body of the adverse Party are a Band of Villains and Demons. Foreigners complin, that the *English* are the proudest Nation under Heaven. Perhaps they too have their Share but be that as it will, general Charges against Bodies of Men is the Fault I am writing against. It must be own'd, to our Shame, that our common People, and most who have not travell'd, have an irrational Contempt for the Language, Dress, Customs, and eventhe Shape and Minds of other Nations. Some Men otherwise, of Sense, have wonder'd that a great Genius should spring out of *Ireland*, and think you mad in affirming, that fine Odes have been written in *Lapland*.

'This Spirit of Rivdship, which heretofore reigned in the Two Universities, is extinct and almost over betwixt College and College. In Parishes and Schools the Hurst of Glory still obtains. At the Seasons of Football and Cock-fighting, these little Republics resume their irrational Hatred to each other. My Tenant in the Country is verily perswaded, that the Parish of the Enemy hath not one honest Man in it.

'I always hated Snyrs against Women, and Snyrs against Man. I am apt to suspect a Stranger who hurls at the Religion of *the Faculty*. My Spoken rises at a dull Roar, who is severe upon Mayor and Aldermen, and was never better pleas'd than with a Piece of Jus

'tice executed upon the Body of a Templer, who was very arch upon Parsons.

'The Necessities of Mankind require various Employments and whoever exalts in his Province is worthy of Pruse. All Men are not educated after the same Manner, nor have all the same Talents. Those who are deficient deserve our Compassion, and have a Title to our Assistance. All cannot be bred in the same Place but in all Places there arise, at different Times, such Persons as do Honour to their Society, which may raise Envy in little Souls, but are admired and cherished by generous Spirits.

'It is certainly a great Happiness to be educated in Societies of great and eminent Men. Their Instructions and Examples are of extraordinary Advantage. It is highly proper to instill such a Reverence of the governing Persons, and Concern for the Honour of the Place, as may spur the growing Members to worthy Pursuits and honest Emulation. But to swell young Minds with vain Thoughts of the Dignity of their own Brotherhood, by debasing and villifying all others, doth them a real Injury. By this means I have found that their Efforts have become languid and their Prattle irksome, as thinking it sufficient Praise that they are Children of so illustrious and ample a Family. I should think it a surer as well as more generous Method, to set before the Eyes of Youth such Persons as have made a noble Progress in Fraternities less talk'd of which seems tacitly to reproach their Sloth, who loll so heavily in the Seats of mighty Improvement. Active Spirits hereby would enlarge their Notions, whereas by a servile Imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired Men in their own Body, they can only run a secondary and derivative kind of Fame. These Copiers of Men, like those of Authors or Painters, run into Affections of some Oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the Original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-soul'd Transcriber.

'By such early Corrections of Vanity, while Boys are growing into Men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially but imbibe those Principles of general Kindness and Humanity, which alone can make them easy to themselves, and beloved by others.

'Reflections of this nature have expunged all Prejudices out of my Heart, inasmuch that, tho' I am a firm Protestant, I hope to see the Pope and Cardinals without violent Emotions and tho' I am naturally grave, I expect to meet good Company at *Paris*.

I am, SIR,

Your obedient Servant

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I find you are a general Undertaker, and have by your Correspondents or self an Insight into most things which makes me apply myself to you at present in the sorest Calamity that ever befel Man. My Wife has taken something ill of me, and has not spoke one Word, good or bad, to me, or my Body in the Family, since Friday was Seven night. What must a Man do

'in that Case? Your Advice would be a great Obligation to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,  
Ralph Humbleton

Mr SPECTATOR,

'When you want a Rifle to fill up a Paper, in insuring that you will be in Obligation on

Your humble Servant,  
Olivio

July 15th,  
1712

Dear Olivio,

"It is but this Moment I have had the Happiness of knowing to whom I am obliged for the Present I received the second of April I am heartily sorry it did not come to Hand the Day before, for I can't but think it very hard upon People to lose their Just, that offer it one but once a Year I congratulate my self however upon the Earnest given me of something further intended in my Favour, for I am told, that the Man who is thought worthy by a Lady to make a Fool of, stands far enough in her Opinion to become one Day her Husband "Till such time as I have the Honour of being sworn, I take I owe to subscribe my self,

Dear Olivio,

Your Fool Elect,  
Nicodemuncio

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No 433 ] Thursday, July 17, 1712 [Addison

*Perlege Maonio cantatas carmine Raras,  
Lis frontem nugis solvere discis meis — Mart.*

THE Moral World, as consisting of Males and Females, is of a mixed Nature, and filled with several Customs, Fashions and Ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but One Sex. Had our Species no Females in it, Men would be quite different Creatures from what they are at present: their Endeavours to please the opposite Sex, polish and refine them out of those Manners which are most Natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the Plans which they approve in their own Opinions, but according to those Plans which they think are most agreeable to the Female World. In a Word Men would not only be unpolished, but a rude unfinished Creature, were he conversant with none but those of his

Grace in their Motions, a Softness in their Voices, and a Delicacy in their Complexions.

As this mutual Regard between the two Sexes tends to the Improvement of each of them, we may observe that Men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal Natures, who live as if there were no such things as Women in the World as on the contrary, Women, who have an Indifference or Aversion for their Counter parts in human Nature, are generally Sower and Unruly, Shuttish and Censorious.

I am led into this Train of Thoughts by a little Manuscript which is lately fallen into my Hands, and which I shall communicate to the Reader, as I have done some other curious Pieces of the same Nature, without troubling him with any Enquiries about the Author of it. It contains a summary Account of two different States which bordered upon one another. The one was a Commonwealth of Amazons, or Women without Men the other was a Republick of Males that had not a Woman in their whole Community. As these two States bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their Frontiers at a certain Season of the Year, where those among the Men who had not made their Choice in any former Meeting, associated themselves with particular Women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their Wives in every one of these yearly Rencontres. The Children that sprung from this Alliance, if Males, were sent to their respective Fathers, if Females, continued with their Mothers. By means of this Anniversary Carnival, which lasted about a Week, the Commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective Subjects.

These two States were engaged together in a perpetual League, Offensive and Defensive, so that if any Foreign Potentate offered to attack either of them, both the Sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to Reason. It was remarkable that for many Ages this Agreement continued inviolable between the two States, notwithstanding as was said before, they were Husbands and Wives but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a Week in a Year.

In the Account which my Author gives of the Male Republick, there were several Customs very remarkable. The Men never shaved their Heads or pared their Nails above once in a Twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual Meeting upon their Frontiers. I find the Name of a Minister of State in one Part of their History, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean Linnen, and for a certain great General who was turned out of his Post for Effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible Witnesses that he shaved his Face every Morning. If any Member of the Commonwealth had a soft Voice, a smooth skin, or a supple Behaviour he was banished into the Commonwealth of Females, where he was treated as a Slave dressed in Petticoats, and set a Spinning. They had no Titles of Honour among them but such as denoted some Bodily strength or Perfection, as such an one *the Lion*,

appeared Gay or Pretty. The Women observing that the Men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with such Rippings and Güzaws, set their Heads at Work to find out new Inventions, and to outshine one another in all Councils of War or the like solemn Meetings. On the other hand, the Men observing how the Womens Hearts were set upon Finery, began to Embellish themselves and look as agreeably as they could in the Eyes of their Associates. In short, after a few Years, conversing together, the Women had learnt to Smile, and the Men to Ogle, the Women grew Soft, and the Men Lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon the finishing of the War, which concluded with an entire Conquest of their common Enemy, the Colonels in one Army Married the Colonels in the other, the Captains in the same Manner took the Captains to their Wives. The whole Body of common Soldiers were matched, after the Example of their Leaders. By this means the two Republicks incorporated with one another, and became the most Flourishing and Polite Government in the Part of the World which they Inhabited. C

No 435] Saturday, July 19, 1712 [Addison

*Nec duo sunt at forma duplex, nec senuna dici  
Nec fuer ut possunt, neutrumque et utrumque  
videntur*—Ovid

MOST of the Papers I give the Publick are written on Subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious Essays and Discourses, but there is another sort of Speculations, which I consider as Occasional Papers, that take their Rise from the Folly, Extravagance, and Cuprice of the present Age. For I look upon my self as one set to watch the Manners, and Behaviour of my Countrymen and Contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd Fashion, ridiculous Custom, or affected Form of Speech that makes its Appearance in the World, during the Course of these my Speculations. The Petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its Motions. The Party patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had Intelligence of the Coloured Hood the very first time it appeared in a Publick Assembly. I might here mention several other the like Contingent Subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct Papers. By this Means I have so effectually quashed those Irregularities which give Occasion to them, that I am afraid Posterity will scarce have a sufficient Idea of them, to relish those Discourses which were in no little Vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the Fashions and Customs I attacked were some Fantastick Conceits of my own, and that their Great Grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this Reason, when I think on the Figure my several Volumes of Speculations will make about a Hundred Years hence I consider them as so

many Pieces of old Plate, where the Weight will be regarded, but the Fashion lost.

Among the several Female Extravagancies I have already taken Notice of, there is one which still keeps its Ground. I mean that of the Ladies who dress themselves in a Hat and Feather, a Riding coat and a Purring, or at least tie up their Hair in a Bag or Ribband, in imitation of the smart Part of the opposite Sex. As in my Yesterday's Paper I gave an Account of the Mixture of two Sexes in one Commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this Mixture of two Sexes in one Person. I have already shewn my Dislike of this Immodest Custom more than once, but in Contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the Highways about this great City are still very much infested with these Female Cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY's about this time twelve month, an Equestrian Lady of this Order appeared upon the Plains which lay at a distance from his House. I was at that time walking in the Fields with my old Friend, and as his Tenants run out on every side to see so strange a Sight, Sir ROGER asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the Country Fellow reply'd, 'Tis a Gentlewoman, saving your Worship's Presence, in a Coat and Hat. This produced a great deal of Mirth at the Knight's House, where we had a Story at the same time of another of his Tenants, who meeting this Gentleman like Lady on the High way, was asked by her whether that was Coverly-Hall, the Honest Man seeing only the Male Part of the Querist, reply'd, Yes, Sir, but upon the second Question, whether Sir ROGER DE COVERLY was a married Man, having dropped his Eye upon the Petticoat, he changed his Note into No, Madam.

Had one of these Hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's Days, with what an Indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent Satyrist. He would have represented her in a Riding Habit, as a greater Monster than the Centaur. He would have called for Sacrifices or Purifying Waters, to expiate the Appearance of such a Prodigy. He would have invoked the Shades of *Portia* or *Lucretia*, to see into what the Roman Ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the Sex with greater Tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle Methods to bring them off from my little Extravagance into which they are sometimes unwarily fallen. I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the Partition between the two Sexes, and to take Notice of the smallest Encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more Complaints on this Subject. I am sure my She-Disciples who peruse these my daily Lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an Amphibious Dress. This I should not have mentioned had not I lately met one of these my Female Readers in *Hyde Park*, who looked upon me with a masculine Assurance, and cocked her Hat full in my Face.

For my part, I have one general Key to the Behaviour of the Fair Sex. When I see them singular in any Part of their Dress, I conclude it

is not without some Evil Intention, and therefore question not but the Design of this strange Fiction is to smite more effectually their Mite Beholders. Now to set them right in this Particular, I would I saw have them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a Figure entirely Female, than with such an one as we may see every Day in our Churches. Or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own Hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a Man or Henselbeck, in his Breaches and Jack Boots, and at the same time dressed up in a Couronne and a Night's rule.

I must observe that it is Fiction was first of all brought in us from France a Country which has infected all the Nations of Europe with it. I speak not this in derogation of a whole People, having more than once found fault with those general Reflections which strike at King, Gods or Commonwealths in the Grose. A piece of Cruelty, which an ingenious Writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wished the Roman People killed all but one Neck that he might behold them at a Blow. I shall therefore only remark that its Loveliness and Assurance are in a peculiar manner the Qualifications of the French Nation, the same Habits and Customs will not give the same Offence to that People which they produce among those of our own Country. Modesty is our distinguishing Character, it is Virtue is theirs. And when this our Natural Virtue appears in that Female Beauty, for which our British Ladies are celebrated above all others in the Universe, it makes up the most amiable Object that the Eye of Man can possibly behold. C

No 436] Monday, July 21, 1712 [Steele

— I verso folio rules  
Quemlibet occidit Populaster — Jun

BEING a Person of insatiable Curiosity, I could not forbear going on Wednesday last to a Place of no small Renown for the Gallantry of the lower Order of Britons, namely to the Bear Garden at Hockley in the Hole. I where I saw a whitish brown Paper put into my Hands in the Street, informed me there was in it a Trial of Skill to be exhibited between two Masters of the Noble Science of Defence, at two of the Clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the Solemnity of the Challenge, which ran thus

*I James Miller, Sergeant, lately come from the Frontiers of Portugal Master of the noble Science of Defence hearing in most Places where I have been of the great Fame of Timothy Buck of London, Master of the said Science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several Weapons following, viz*

Back Sword	Sinle Falchion,
Sword and Dagger,	Cuse of 1 alchons,
Sword and Buckler,	Quarter Staff

\* See note on p 32

If the generous Ardour in James Miller to dispute the Reputation of Timothy Buck, had something resembling the old Heroes of Romance, *Timothy I will return* Answer in the same Paper with the like Spirit, adding a little Indignation at being challenged and seeming to condescend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himself, but in that as the Fame went out, he had fought Parties of Coventry. The Acceptance of the Combat ran in these Words

*I Timothy Buck of Chare Market, Master of the Noble Science of Defence hearing he did fight for Parties of Coventry, will not fail (God Willing) to meet this fair Lady at the Time and Place appointed, being a clear Stage and no Fairer*

Vivat Regina

I shall no more look back on the Spectacles of the Greek and Romans of this kind, but must believe that Custom took its rise from the Ages of Feudal Tyranny from those who loved and Women as well that they hated all Men and Women else from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their Mind from those who demanded the Combat of the Contemperate both for admiring their Mistress or discomfiting her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible Part of the ancient Fight is preserved, when the valorous Side of it is forgotten. We have retained the Feudality, but lost the Gallantry of the old Combatants. I could wish, methinks, these Gentlemen had consulted me in the Promulgation of the Colliet. I was obliged by a fair young Maid whom I understood to be called Elizabeth Preston, Daughter of the Keeper of the Garden, with a Glass of Water, whom I imagined might be for Pome's sake, the general Representative of the Lady sought for, and from her Beauty the proper *Amarillis* on these Occasions. It would have run better in the Challenge, *I James Miller, Sergeant, who have travelled Parts abroad, and came last from the Frontiers of Portugal for the Love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert, That the said Elizabeth is the Fairest of Women* Then the Answer *I Timothy Buck, who have stay'd in Great Britain during all the War in Foreign Parts, for the Sake of Susanna Page, do defy that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page* Let Susanna Page look on and I desire of James Miller no Favour

It would give the Battel quite another Turn.

\* John Sparkes of Coventry has this piece of history upon his tombstone. 'To the memory of Mr John Sparkes, a native of this city, he was a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who, after having fought 350 battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause at length quitted the stage, sheathed his sword, and, with Christian resignation, submitted to the grand victor in the 50th year of his age *Anno salutis humane, 1733*

Sergeant James Miller afterwards became a captain, and fought in Scotland under the Duke of Cumberland in 1745

'to make Lovers where-ever they appear, but they must make Rivals at the same time Were you to see *Gatty* walk the *Park* at high Mall, you would expect those who followed her and those who met her could immediately draw their Swords for her I hope, Sir, you will provide for the future, that Women may stick to their Faces for doing any future Mischief and not allow any but direct Traders in Beauty to expose more than the fore Part of the Neck, unless you please to allow this After Game to those who are very defective in the Charms of the Countenance I can say, to my Sorrow, the present Practice is very unfair, when to look back is Death, and it may be said of our Beauties, as a great Poet did of Bullets,

*They kill and wound like Parthians as they fly*

I submit this to your Animadversion, and am, for the little while I have left,

Your humble Servant,

the languishing PHILANTHUS

P S Suppose you mended my Letter, and made a Smile about the Porcupine, but I submit that also

No 438 ] Wednesday, July 23, 1712 [Steele

Animum regis qui nisi parat  
Imperat—Hor

IT is a very common Expression, That such a one is very good-natur'd, but very passionate. The Expression indeed is very good-natur'd, to allow passionate People so much Quarter But I think a passionate Man deserves the least Indulgence Imaginable It is said, it is soon over that is, all the Mischief he does is quickly dispatch'd, which, I think, is no great Recommendation to Favour I have known one of these good-natur'd passionate Men say in a mix'd Company even to his own Wife or Child, such Things is the most inveterate Enemy of his Family would not have spoke, even in Imagination It is certain that quick Sensibility is inseparable from a ready Understanding but why should not that good Understanding call to itself all its Force on such Occasions, to master that sudden Inclination to Anger One of the greatest Souls now in the World<sup>a</sup> is the most subject by Nature to Anger, and yet so famous from a Conquest of himself this Way, that he is the known Example when you talk of Temper and Command of a Man's Self To contain the Spirit of Anger, is the worst Discipline we can put our selves to When a Man has made any Progress this way, a frivolous Fellow in a Prison, is to him as contemptible as a froward Child It ought to be the Study of every Man, for his own Quiet and Peace When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him Life is as unwise to himself as it is in all about him *Synecrophus* leads, of all Men living, the most ridiculous Life he is ever of-

<sup>a</sup> Lord Somers

sending, and begging Pardon If his Mistress enters the Room without what he sent for, *That Blood-head*, begins he—*Gentlemen, I ask your Pardon, but Servants now a days—*The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the Middle of the Room, his Wife stands by in Pain for him, which he sees in her Face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking *W'h, what the Devil! Why don't you take Care to give Orders in these things?* His Friends sit down to a tasteless Plenty of every thing, every Minute expecting new Insults from his impetuous Passions In a Word, to eat with, or visit *Synecrophus*, is no other than going to see him exercise his Family, exercise their Patience, and his own Anger

It is monstrous that the Shame and Confusion in which this good natur'd angry Man must needs behold his Friends while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much Reflection as to create an Amendment This is the most scandalous Abuse of Reason imaginable all the harmless Part of him is no more than that of a Bull Dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended One of these good natur'd angry Men shall, in an Instant, assemble together so many Allusions to secret Circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the Peace of all the Families and Friends he is acquainted with, in a Quarter of an Hour, and yet the next Moment be the best-natur'd Man in the whole World If you would see Passion in its Purity, without Mixture of Reason, behold it represented in a mad Hero, drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat Lee* makes his *Alexander* say thus

*Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind Room,  
Or I will blow you up like Dust! Awaynt,  
Madness but meanly represents my Toil  
Eternal Discord!  
Fury! Revenge! Disdain and Indignation!  
Tear my smooth Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest  
My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd,  
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart  
Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the Wind,  
Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars*

Every passionate Fellow in Town talks half the Day with as little Consistency, and threatens Things as much out of his Power

The next disagreeable Person to the outrageous Gentleman, is one of a much lower Order of Anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish Fellow A peevish Fellow is one who has some Reason in himself for being out of Humour, or has a natural Incapacity for Delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with Pishes and Pshaw's, or other well-bred Interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his Presence There should be Physick mixed in the Food of all which these Fellows eat in good Company This Degree of Anger passes, forsooth, for a Delicacy of Judgment, that will admit of being easily pleas'd but none above the Character of wearing a peevish Man's Livery, ought to bear with his ill Manner All Things among Men of Sense and Condition should pass

the Censure, and have the Protection, of the Eyes of Reason

No Man ought to be tolerated in an habitual Humour, Whim, or Particularity of Behaviour, by any who do not wut upon him for Bread Next to the peevish Fellow is the Snarler This Gentleman deals mightily in what we call the Irony, and as those sort of People exert themselves most against these below them, you see their Humour best, in their Talk to their Servants That is so like you, you are a fine Fellow, Thou art the quickest Head-piece, and the like One would think the Heetoring, the Storming, the Sullen, and all the different Species and Subordinations of the Angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned Men, and how pitiful is the Continuance of being only suffered! But I am interrupted by the pleasant Scene of Anger and the Disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet Writing, and I overheard as I sat in the Brek-room at a French Book-seller's There came into the Shop a very learned Man with an erect Solemn Air, and tho' a Person of great Parts otherwise, slow in understanding anything which makes against himself The Composure of the faulty Man, and the whimsical Perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly New After turning over many Volumes, said the Seller to the Buyer, Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first Volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you, Sir, said the Chapman, I have often looked for it but cannot find it, It is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many Years ago then, Sir, here is the other Volume, I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both My Friend, reply'd he, canst thou be so Senseless as not to know that one Volume is as imperfect in my Library as in your Shop? Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first Volume and to be short I will be Paid Sir, answered the Chapman, you are a young Man, your Book is lost, and learn by this little Loss to bear much greater Adversities, which you must expect to meet with Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it and shall pay me Friend, you grow Warm, I tell you the Book is lost, and I foresee in the Course even of a prosperous Life, that you will meet Afflictions to make you Mad, if you cannot bear this Trifle Sir, there is in this Case no need of bearing, for you have the Book I say, Sir, I have not the Book But your Passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not Learn Resignation of your self to the Distresses of this Life Nay do not fret and fume, it is my Duty to tell you that you are of an impatient Spirit, and an impatient Spirit is never without Woe Was ever anything like this? Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this The Loss is but a Trifle, but your Temper is Wanton, and incapable of the least Pun therefore let me advise you, be patient, the Book is lost, but do not you for that Reason lose your self

No 439] Thursday, July 24, 1712 [Addison

*Hi narrata ferunt alio mensuraque flecti  
Crescit, et auditus aliquod novus adjust auctor*  
Ovid

VID describes the Palace of Fame as situated in the very Center of the Universe, and perforated with so many Windows and Arches as gave her the Sight of every thing that was done in the Heavens, in the Earth, and in the Sea The Structure of it was contriv'd in so admirable a manner, that it Echo'd every Word which was spoken in the whole Compass of Nature, so that the Palace, says the Poet, was always filled with a confused Hubbub of low dying Sounds, the Voices being almost spent and worn out before they arriv'd at this General Rendezvous of Speeches and Whispers

I consider Courts with the same Regard to the Governments which they suprintend, as Ovid's Palace of Fame with regard to the Universe The Eyes of a watchful Minister run through the whole People There is scarce a Murmur or Complaint that does not reach his Ears They have News-gatherers and Intelligencers distributed into their several Walks and Quarters, who bring in their respective Quotrs, and make them acquainted with the Discourse and Conversation of the whole Kingdom or Common wealth where they are employ'd The wisest of Kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected Spies who are planted by Kings and Rulers over their Fellow Citizens, as well as to those Voluntary Informers that are buzzing about the Ears of a great Man, and making their Court by such secret Methods of Intelligence, has given us a very prudent Caution *Curse not the King, no not in thy Thought, and Curse not the Rich in thy Bed-chamber For a Bird of the Air shall carry the Voice, and that which hath Wings shall tell the matter*<sup>2</sup>

As it is absolutely necessary for Rulers to make use of other Peoples Eyes and Ears, they should take particular Care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the Person whose Life and Conversation are enquired into A Man who is capable of so infamous a Calling as that of a Spy, is not very much to be relied upon He can have no great Lies of Honour, or Checks of Conscience, to restrain him in those covert Evidences, where the Person accused has no Opportunity of vindicating himself He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful, than that which is true There will be no Occasion for him, if he does not hear and see things worth Discovery, so that he naturally inflames every Word and Circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious Wretches let their private Passions into these their clandestine Informations, and often wreck their partiality Spite or Malice against the Person whom they are set to watch It is a pleasant

<sup>1</sup> Metamorphoses, Bk xii.

<sup>2</sup> Eccl 1. 20



Scene enough, which an *Italian* Author describes between a Spy, and a Cardinal who employed him. The Cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing that is told him. The Spy begins with a low Voice, Such an one, the Advocate, whispered to one of his Friends, within my Hearing, that your Eminence was a very great Poultron and after having given his Patron Time to take it down, adds that another called him a Mercenary Rascal in a publick Conversation. The Cardinal replies Very well, and bids him go on. The Spy proceeds, and loads him with Reports of the same Nature, till the Cardinal rises in great Wrath, calls him an impudent Scoundrel, and kicks him out of the Room.

It is observed of great and heretick Minds, that they have not only shewn a particular Disregard to those unmerited Reproaches which have been cast upon 'em, but have been altogether free from that Impertinent Curiosity of enquiring after them, or the poor Revenge of resenting them. The Histories of *Alexander* and *Cæsar* are full of this kind of Instances. Vulgar Souls are of a quite contrary Character. *Dionysius*, the Tyrant of *Sicily*, had a Dungeon which was a very curious Piece of Architecture, and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some Remains in that Island. It was called *Dionysius's* Ear, and built with several little Windings and Labyrinths in the form of a real Ear. The Structure of it made it a kind of whispering Place, but such a one as gathered the Voice of him who spoke into a Funnel, which was placed at the very Top of it. The Tyrant used to lodge all his State-Criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any Evil Designs upon him, in this Dungeon. He had at the same time an Apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the Funnel, and by that Means over hear every thing that was whispered in [the] Dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander* would rather have died by the Treason, than have used such disingenuous Means for the detecting of it.

A Man, who in ordinary Life is very Inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his Time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every Arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the Power of every insignificant Enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this Reason I could never bear one of those officious Friends, that would be telling every malicious Report every idle Censure that [passed<sup>2</sup>] upon me. The Tongue of Man is so petulant, and his Thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a Stress upon any present Speeches and Opinions. Praise and Obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same Mouth upon the same Person, and upon the same Occas on. A generous Enemy will sometimes bestow Commendations, as the dearest Friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The Man who is indifferent in either of these Respects, gives his Opinion at random, and prizes or disapproves as he finds himself in Humour

<sup>1</sup> [this]<sup>2</sup> [passes]

I shall conclude this Essay with Part of a Character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of *Clarendon*, in the first Book of his History, and which gives us the lively Picture of a great Man teizing himself with an absurd Curiosity.

'He had not that Application and Submission, and Reverence for the Queen as might have been expected from his Wisdom and Breeding and often crossed her Pretences and Desires with more Rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her Majesty said of him in private, and what Resentments she had towards him. And when by some Confidants, who had their Ends upon him from those Offices, he was informed of some bitter Expressions fallen from her Majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the Sense of it, that sometimes by passionate Complaints and Representations to the King, sometimes by more dutiful Addresses and Expostulations with the Queen, in bewailing his Misfortune he frequently exposed himself, and left his Condition worse than it was before, and the Eclaircissement commonly ended in the Discovery of the Persons from whom he had received his most secret Intelligence.' C.

No 440] Friday, July 25, 1712 [Addison

Vivere si recte nescis, discere peritis.—HOR

I HAVE already given my Reader an Account of a Sett of merry Fellows, who are passing their Summer together in the Country, being provided of a great House, where there is not only a convenient Apartment for every particular Person but a large Infirmary for the Reception of such of them as are any way indisposed, or out of Humour. Having lately received a Letter from the Secretary of this Society, by Order of the whole Fraternity, which acquaints me with their Behaviour during the last Week, I shall here make a Present of it to the Publick.

MR SPECTATOR,

'We are glad to find that you approve the Establishment which we have here made for the retrieving of good Manners and agreeable Conversation and shall use our best Endeavours so to improve our selves in this our Summer Retirement, that we may next Winter serve as Patterns to the Town. But to the end that this our Institution may be no less Advantageous to the Publick than to our selves, we shall communicate to you one Week of our Proceedings, desiring you at the same time, if you see any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your Admonitions. For you must know, Sir, that it has been proposed among us to chuse you for our Visitor, to which I must further add, that one of the College having declared last Week, he did not like the *Spectator* of the Day, and not being able to assign any just Reasons for such his

<sup>1</sup> Written of Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland.

bears to so infinitely Wise and Good a Being, is a firm Reliance on him for the Blessings and Conveniences of Life, and an habitual Trust in him for Deliverance out of all such Dangers and Difficulties as may befall us.

The Man, who always lives in this Disposition of Mind, has not the same dark and melancholy Views of Human Nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this Relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own Weakness and Imperfection, he comforts himself with the Contemplation of those Divine Attributes, which are employed for his Safety and his Welfare. He finds his Want of Foresight made up by the Omniscience of him who is his Support. He is not sensible of his own want of Strength, when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In short, the Person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is Powerful in his Power, Wise by his Wisdom, Happy by his Happiness. He reaps the Benefit of every Divine Attribute, and loses his own Insufficiency in the Fullness of Infinite Perfection.

To make our Lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our Trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us. The Divine Goodness having made such a Reliance a Duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several Motives, which might be made use of to recommend this Duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, He will not fail those who put their Trust in him.

But without considering the Supernatural Blessing which accompanies this Duty, we may observe that it has a natural Tendency to its own Reward, or in other Words, that this firm Trust and Confidence in the great Disposer of all Things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any Affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A Person who believes he has his Succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his Friend, often excites himself beyond his Abilities, and does Wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a Confidence of Success. I could produce Instances from History, of Generals, who out of a Belief that they were under the Protection of some invisible Assistant, did not only encourage their Soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a Belief. I might in the same manner shew how such a Trust in the Assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces Patience, Hope, Cheerfulness, and all other Dispositions of Mind that alleviate those Calamities which we are not able to remove.

The Practice of this Virtue administers great Comfort to the Mind of Man in Times of Poverty and Affliction, but most of all in the Hour of Death. When the Soul is hovering in the last Moments of its [Separation,] when it is just entering on another State of Existence, to converse with Scenes, and Objects, and Companions that

are altogether new, what can support her under such Tremblings of Thought, such Fear, such Anxiety, such Apprehensions, but the casting of all her Cares upon him who first gave her Being, who has conducted her through one Stage of it, and will be always with her to Guide and Comfort her in her [Progress] through Eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady Reliance on God Almighty in his twenty third Psalm, which is a kind of *Pastoral Hymn*, and filled with those Allusions which are used in that kind of Writing. As the Poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my Reader with the following Translation of it.<sup>2</sup>

## I

*The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care.  
His Presence shall my Wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful Eye,  
My Noon day Walks he shall attend,  
And all my Mid-night Hours defend.*

## II

*When in the sultry Gleebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,  
To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads  
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads,  
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant Landship flow.*

## III

*I ho! in the Paths of Death I tread,  
With gloomy Horrors overspread,  
My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still,  
Thy friendly Crook shall guide me And,  
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.*

## IV

*Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,  
Through desolate lonely Wilds I stray,  
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile  
The barren Wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,  
And Streams shall murmur all around.* C.

No 442 ] Monday, July 28, 1722 [Steele

*Scribimus Indocti Doctrinæ—* Hor

I DO not know whether I enough explained my self to the World, when I invited all Men to be assistant to me in this my Work of Speculation. For I have not yet acquainted my Readers, that besides the Letters and valuable Hints I have from Time to Time received from my Correspondents, I have by me several curious and extraordinary Papers sent with a Design (as no one will doubt when they are published) that they might be printed entire, and without any Alteration, by way of *Spectator*. I must acknowledge also, that I myself being the first Projector of the Paper, thought I had a Right to make them my own, by dressing them in my own Style, by

<sup>1</sup> [Dissolution]

<sup>2</sup> [Passage]

<sup>2</sup> By Addison

leaving it what we did not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt the *n* to the Character and Genus of my Paper, with which it was almost impossible there could exactly correspond, it being certain that hardly two Men of the same Age, and therefore so many Men so many *Spectators* I read. I must own my Weakness for Liberty is such, that if I consider I that only, I might be as far wrong in it, as almost to wish that no one should write a *Spectator* besides myself, nor can I deny, but upon the first Perusal of these Papers, I felt some secret Inclination as if I will to write the *Spectator* who wrote them. This was the first reason I had upon the first reading them. But upon a later Review for the sake of Liberty, and of an Undertaking it was that at last I perceived I had done a first for by convincing them as well as I could to my own Use. I thought I had attended to all of them from ever of writing me as *Spectator* I found my self moved by a Past on very difficult for that of my self seriously touched with the softest and most gentle of all Passions, when I reflected what a cruel Drop of Intemperance the Neglect of those Papers must needs have been to the Writers who might only have had to see them appear in Print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themselves in the Hopes of having a Share with me in the Approbation of the Publick. A Pleasure so great, that none but those who have experienced it can have a Sense of it. In this Manner of viewing these Papers, I really found I had not done them Justice, there being something so extremely unusual and peculiarly good in some of them that I will appeal to the World whether it was possible to inter a Word in them without doing them a manifest Hurt and Violence, and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native Dress and Colours. And therefore I think I should not only wrong them, but deprive the World of a considerable Satisfaction, should I any longer delay the publishing them publickly.

After I have published a few of these *Spectators*, I doubt not but I shall find the Success of them to equal, if not surpass, that of the best of my own. An Author should take all Methods to humble himself in the Opinion he has of his own Performances. When these Papers appear to the World, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others, and I shall not repine, though I myself shall have left me but very few Days to appear in Publick. But preferring the general Weal and Advantage to any Consideration of my self, I am resolved for the future to publish any *Spectator* that deserves it, entire and without any Alteration, reserving the World (if there can be Need of it) that it is none of mine, and if the Authors think fit to subscribe their Names, I will add them.

I think the best way of promoting this generous and useful Design, will be by giving out Subjects or Themes of all kinds whatsoever, on which (with a Preamble of the extraordinary Benefit and Advantage that may accrue thereby to the Publick) I will invite all manner of Persons, whether Scholars, Citizens, Courtiers, Gentlemen of the Town or Country, and all Beauz, Rakes, Smartz,

Prudes, Coquets, Non-entities, and all Sorts of Wits, whether Male or Female, and however distinguished in kind, whether they be True Wits, Whole or Half Wits, or whether Arch, Dry, Natural, Acquired, Genuine, or Depraved Wits, and Persons of all sorts of Tempers and Complexions, whether the severe, the Delightful, the Imperinent, the Agreeable, the Thoughtful, the Gay, or the Languid, the Serious or the Clowny, Jovial or Melancholy, Unworldly or Lascivious, the Cold, the Warm, or the San, one in all of what Manners of Disposition is necessary, whether the Ambitious or Humble minded, the Proud or Pitiful, the Generous or Base minded, Good or Ill natured, Publick spirited or Selfish, and under what Name or Circumstances, whether the Contented or Miserable, Happy or Unfortunate, High or Low, Rich or Poor (whether exalted through Want of Money, or Deprived of more) Healthy or Sickly, Married or Single, young, whether tall or Short, Fat or Lean, and of what Trade, Occupation, Profession, Station, Country, Faction, Party, Persuasion, Quality, Age or Condition, never, I have ever made Thinking in Part of their Business or Diversions, and have nothing worthy to impart on these Subjects to the World, according to their several and respective Talents or Geniuses, and as the Subject given out suits their Tempers, Humours, or Circumstances, or may be made profitable to the Publick by their particular Knowledge or Experience in the Matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a Time to the End they may receive the inexpressible and irresistible Pleasure of seeing their Essays allowed of and relished by the rest of Mankind.

I will not prepossess the Reader with too great Expectation of the extraordinary Advantages which must redound to the Publick by these Essays, when the different Thoughts and Observations of all Sorts of Persons, according to their Qualities, Age, Sex, Education, Professions, Humours, Manners and Conditions, shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine Light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear in the World.

*The Thesis proposed for the present Exercise of the Authors to write Spectators is Modesty, in which Subject all Persons are desired to send in their Thoughts within Ten Days after the Date hereof.*

No 443] Tuesday, July 29, 1712 [Steele

*Sublitem ex oculis Quærimus invidi*—Hor

Camilla to the SPECTATOR

MR SPECTATOR, Venice, July 10, N S  
I TAKE it extremely ill that you do not reckon conspicuous Persons of your Nation are within your Cognizance, tho' out of the Dominions of Great Britain. I little thought in the green Years of my Life, that I should ever call it an Happiness to be out of dear England, but as I grew to Woman, I found myself less acceptable in Proportion to the Encrease

'of my Merit. Their Ears in *Italy* are so differently formed from the Make of yours in *England*, that I never come upon the Stage, but a general Satisfaction appears in every Countenance of the whole People. When I dwell upon a Note I behold all the Men accompanying me with Heads enlivening and falling of their Persons on one Side, is dying away with me. The Women too do Justice to my Merit, and no ill-natur'd worthless Creature cries, *The vain Thing*, when I am rapt up in the Performance of my Part, and sensibly touch'd with the Effect my Voice has upon all who hear me. I live here distinguished as one whom Nature has been liberal to in a graceful Person, an exalted Mein, and Heavenly Voice. These Particularities in this strange Country, are Arguments for Respect and Generosity to her who is possessed of them. The *Italians* see a thousand Beauties I am sensible I have no Pretence to, and abundantly make up to me the Injustice I received in my own Country, of disallowing me what I really had. The Humour of Hissing, which you have among you, I do not know any thing of and their Applauses are uttered in Sighs, and bearing a Part at the Cadences of my Voice with the Persons who are performing. I am often put in Mind of those complaisant Lines of my own Countryman, when he is calling all his Faculties together to hear *Arabella*,

*Let all be hush'd, each softest Motion cease,  
Be every loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,  
And every ruder Gasp of Breath  
Be calm, as in the Arms of Death.  
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy Part,  
Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,  
Be still, gently, ah! gently leave,  
Thou busie, idle Thing, to leave  
Stir not a Pulse and let my Blood,  
That turbule it, in ruly Flood,  
Be softly staid,  
Let me be all but my Attention dead*

'The whole City of *Venice* is as still when I am singing, as this Polite Hearer was to Mrs *Hunt*. But when they break that Silence did you know the Pleasure I am in, when every Man utters his Applause, by calling me aloud the *Dear Creature*, the *Angel*, the *Venus*, *What Attitude she moves with!*—*Hush*, she sings again! We have no boisterous Wits who dare disturb an Audience, and break the publick Peace merely to shew they dare. Mr SPECTATOR, I write this to you thus in Haste, to tell you I am so very much at ease here, that I know nothing but Joy and I will not return, but leave you in *England* to hiss all Merit of your own Growth off the Stage. I know, Sir, you were always my Admirer, and therefore I am yours,

CAMILLA<sup>2</sup>

'P S I am ten times better dressed than ever I was in *England*

Mr SPECTATOR,

'The Project in yours of the 11th Instant, of furthering the Correspondence and Knowledge of that considerable Part of Mankind, the Trading World, cannot but be highly commendable. Good Lectures to young Traders may have very good Effects on their Conduct but beware you propagate no false Notions of Trade let none of your Correspondents impose on the World, by putting forth base Methods in a good Light, and glazing them over with improper Terms. I would have no Merits of Profit set for Copies to others, but such as are laudable in themselves. Let not Noise be called Industry, nor Impudence Courage. Let not good Fortune be imposed on the World for good Management, nor Poverty be called Folly, impute not always Bankruptcy to Extravagance, nor an Estate to Foresight, Niggardliness is not good Husbandry, nor Generosity Profusion.

*Honestus* is a well meaning and judicious Trader, hath substantial Goods, and trades with his own Stock. husbands his Money to the best Advantage, without taking all Advantages of the Necessities of his Workmen, or grinding the Free of the Poor. *Fortunatus* is stoeked with Ignorance, and consequently with Self Opinion the Quality of his Goods cannot but be suitable to that of his Judgment. *Honestus* pleases discerning People, and keeps their Custom by good Usage makes modest Profit by modest Means, to the decent Support of his Family. Whilst *Fortunatus* blustering always, pushes on, promising much, and performing little, with Obsequiousness offensive to People of Sense, strikes at all, catches much the greater Part, raises a considerable Fortune by Imposition on others, to the Disencouragement and Ruin of those who trade in the same Way.

I give here but loose Hints, and beg you to be very circumspect in the Province you have now undertaken. If you perform it successfully, it will be a very great Good, for nothing is more wanting, than that Mechanick Industry were set forth with the Freedom and Greatness of Mind which ought always to accompany a Man of a liberal Education.

Your humble Servant,

From my Shop under the  
Royal Exchange, July 14

Mr SPECTATOR,

July 24, 1712

'Notwithstanding the repeated Censures that your Spectatorial Wisdom has pressed upon People more remarkable for Impudence than Wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass with the giddy Part of Mankind for sufficient Shewers of the latter, who have nothing but the former Qualification to recommend them. Another timely Animadversion is absolutely necessary be pleased therefore once for all to let these Gentlemen know, that there is neither Mirth nor Good Humour in hooting a young Fellow out of Countenance, nor that it will ever constitute a Wit, to conclude a tart Piece of Buffoonry with a *what makes you blush!* Pray please to inform them again, That to speak what they know is shocking, proceeds from ill Na-

<sup>1</sup> William Congreve upon *Arabella Hunt*

<sup>2</sup> Mrs Tofts, see note on p 38

the Cure of bursten Children, by declaring that his Father and Grandfather were [born] bursten? But *Charles Ingoltsion*, next Door to the *Harp in Barbican*, has made a pretty Penny by that Asseveration. The Generality go upon their first Conception and think no further, all the rest is granted. They take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you Credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the Purpose or not I keep a *Latin Sentence* in my Front and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my Readers say, casting his Eye on my twentieth Paper, *More Latin still? What a prodigious Scholar is this Man!* But as I have here taken much Liberty with this learned Doctour, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great Man to wit, That from Eight to Twelve, and from Two till Six, he attends for the good of the Publick to bleed for *Three Pence* T

No 445 ] Thursday, July 31, 1712 [Addison

*Tanti non es ais Sapis, Lucifer*—Mart.

THIS is the Day on which many eminent Authors will probably Publish their Last Words. I am afraid that few of our Weekly Historians, who are Men that above all others delight in War, will be able to subsist under the Weight of a Stamp, and an approaching Pence. A Sheet of Blank Paper that must have this new Impri-matur elapt upon it, before it is qualified to Communicate any thing to the Publick, will make its way in the World but very heavily. In short, the Necessity of carrying a Stamp,<sup>2</sup> and the Improbability of

<sup>1</sup> [both]

<sup>2</sup> The Stamp Act was to take effect from the first of August. Censorship of the press began in the Church soon after the invention of printing. The ecclesiastical superintendence introduced in 1479 and 1496 was more completely established by a bull of Leo X in 1515, which required Bishops and Inquisitors to examine all books before printing, and suppress heretical opinions. The Church of Rome still adheres to the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* begun by the Council of Trent in 1546 and there is an Index Expurgatorius for works partly prohibited, or to be read after expurgation. In accordance with this principle, the licensing of English books had been in the power of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his delegates before the decree of the Star Chamber in 1637, which ordered that all books of Divinity, Physic, Philosophy, and Poetry should be licensed either by the Archbishop of Canterbury or by the Bishop of London personally or through their appointed substitutes. The object of this decree was to limit the reprint of old books of divinity, &c. Thus Fox's Book of Martyrs was denied a license. In 1640 Sir Edward Dering complained to Parliament that 'the most learned labours of our ancient and best divines

notifying a Bloody Battel, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin Folios, which

'must now be corrected and defaced with a *deleatur* by the supercilious pen of my Lord's young chaplain, fit perhaps, for the technical arts, but unfit to hold the chur of Divinity' (Rushworth's Hist Coll iv 55). Historical works seem to have been submitted to the Secretary of State for his sanction. To May's poem of the *Victorious Reign of King Edward the Third* is prefixed 'I have perused this Book, and conceive it very worthy to be published to Coke, Knight, Principal Secretary of State, Whitehall, 17 of November, 1634.' But Aley's metrical *History of Henry VII* (1638) is licensed by the Bishop of London's domestic chaplain, who writes 'Perlegi historicum hoc poema, dignumque iudico quod Typis mandetur. Tho Wykes R P Lpise I ond Chapell Domest'. The first newspaper had been the *Weekly News*, first published May 23, 1622, at a time when, says Sir Lsline May (in his *Constitutional History of England, 1760—1860*), 'political discussion was silenced by the licenser, the Star Chamber, the duncheon, the pillory, mutilation, and branding'. The contest between King and Commons afterwards developed the free controversial use of tracts and newspapers, but the Parliament was not more tolerant than the king, and against the narrow spirit of his time Milton rose to his utmost height, fashioning after the masterpiece of an old Greek orator who sought to stir the blood of the Athenians, his *Areopagitica*, or Defence of the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. In the reign of Charles II the Licensing Act (13 and 14 Charles II cap 33) placed the control of printing in the Government, confined exercise of the printer's art to London, York, and the Universities, and limited the number of the master printers to twenty. Government established a monopoly of news in the London Gazette. 'Authors and printers of obnoxious works,' says Sir E May, citing cases in notes, 'were hung, quartered, and mutilated exposed in the pillory and flogged, or fined and imprisoned, according to the temper of their judges their productions were burned by the common hangman. Freedom of opinion was under interdict even news could not be published without license. James II and his infamous judges carried the Licensing Act into effect with barbarous severity. But the Revolution brought indulgence even to the Jacobite Press and when the Commons, in 1695, refused to renew the Licensing Act, a censorship of the press was forever renounced by the law of England.' There remained, however, a rigorous interpretation of the libel laws. Westminster Hall accepting the traditions of the Star Chamber. Still there was enough removal of restriction to ensure the multiplication of newspapers and the blending of intelligence with free political discussion. In Queen Anne's reign the virulence of party spirit produced bitter personal attacks and willingness on either side to bring in antagonist under the libel laws. At the date of this *Spectator* paper Henry St John, who had been made Secretary

done me the Honour to be dull upon me in Reflections of this Nature, but notwithstanding my Name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible Tribe of Men, I have hitherto avoided all Animadversions upon 'em. The Truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking Notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible Insects which are discover'd by the Microscope, and cannot be made the Subject of Observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shewn themselves the Enemies of this Paper, I should be very ungrateful to the Publick, did not I at the same time testify my Gratitude to those who are its Friends, in which Number I may reckon many of the most distinguished Persons of all Conditions, Parties and Professions in the Isle of Great-Britain. I am not so vain as to think this Approbation is so much due to the Performance as to the Design. There is, and ever will be, Justice enough in the World, to afford Patronage and Protection for those who endeavour to advance Truth and Virtue, without regard to the Passions and Prejudices of any particular Cause or Faction. If I have any other Merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the Batteries of Ridicule. They have been generally planted against Persons who have appeared Serious rather than Absurd, or at best, have aimed rather at what is Unfashionable than what is Vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing Ridiculous that is not in some measure Criminal. I have set up the Immortal Man as the Object of Derision. In short, if I have not formed a new Weapon against Vice and Irreligion, I have at least shewn how that Weapon may be put to a right Use, which has so often fought the Battels of Impiety and Profaneness. C

No 446 ] Friday, August 1, 1712 [Addison

*Quid deceat, quid non quid Virtus, quid seriat Error*—Hor

SINCE two or three Writers of Comedy who are now living have taken their Farewell of the Stage, those who succeed them finding themselves incapable of rising up to their Wit, Humour and good Sense, have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded Strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt Taste of the more Vicious Part of their Audience. When Persons of a low Genius attempt this kind of Writing, they know no difference between being Merry and being Iwd. It is with an Eye to some of these degenerate Compositions that I have written the following Discourse.

Were our English Stage but half so virtuous as that of the *Greeks* or *Romans*, we should quickly see the Influence of it in the Behaviour of all the Politer Part of Mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule Religion, or its Professors: the Man of Pleasure would not be the compleat Gentleman. Vainety would be out of Countenance, and every Quality which is Ornamental to Human

Nature, would meet with that Esteem which is due to it.

If the English Stage were under the same Regulations the *Athenian* was formerly, it would have the same Effect that had, in recommending the Religion, the Government, and Publick Worship of its Country. Were our Plays subject to proper Inspections and Limitations, we might not only pass away several of our vacant Hours in the highest Entertainments, but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our Age, that the Lewdness of our Theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the Licentiousness of the Theatre, and make it contribute its Assistance to the Advancement of Morality, and to the Reformation of the Age. As Matters stand at present, Multitudes are shut out from this noble Diversion, by reason of those Abuses and Corruptions that accompany it. A Father is often afraid that his Daughter should be run'd by those Entertainments, which were invented for the Accomplishment and Refining of Human Nature. The *Athenian* and *Roman* Plays were written with such a Regard to Morality, that *Socrates* use to frequent the one, and *Cicero* the other.

It happened once indeed, that *Cato* dropped into the *Roman* Theatre, when the *Floralia* were to be represented, and as in that Performance, which was a kind of Religious Ceremony, there were several indecent Parts to be acted, the People refused to see them whilst *Cato* was present. *Martial* on this Hint made the following Epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave Friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such Entertainment.

*Nosces jocosa dulce cum sacrum Floræ,  
Tectosque lusus, et licentiam vulgi,  
Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti?  
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*

*Why dost thou come, great Censor of the Age,  
To see the loose Divisions of the Stage?  
What awful Countenance and brow severe,  
What is the Name of Goodness dost thou here?  
See the mixt Crowd! how Giddy, Lewd and Vain!*

*Didst thou come in but to go out again?*

An Accident of this Nature might happen once in an Age among the *Greeks* or *Romans*, but they were too wise and good to let the constant Nightly Entertainment be of such a Nature, that People of the most Sense and Virtue could not be at it. Whatever Vices are represented upon the Stage, they ought to be so marked and brauded by the Poet, as not to appear either Audable or amiable in the Person who is truned with them. But if we look into the English Comedies above mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary Maxum, and that this Rule, tho' it held good upon the Heathen Stage, was not to be regarded in Christian Theatres. There is another Rule likewise, which was observed by Authors of Antiquity, and which these modern

than with those things which at first created a Disgust in it. He gives particular Instances of Chret, Coffee, and other Liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first Taste but when it has once got a Relish of them, generally returns it for Life. The Mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated her self to any particular Exercise or Employment, not only loses her first Aversion towards it, but conceives a certain Fondness and Affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest Geniuses this Age has produced,<sup>1</sup> who had been trained up in all the polite Studies of Antiquity assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several Rolls and Records, that notwithstanding such an Employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible Pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The Reader will observe, that I have not here considered Custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful and though others have often made the same Reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those Uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining Part of this Paper.

If we consider attentively this Property of Human Nature, it may instruct us in very fine Moralities. In the first place, I would have no Man discouraged with that kind of Life or Series of Action, in which the Choice of others, or his own Necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first but Use and Application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place I would recommend to every one that admirable Precept which *Pythagoras*<sup>2</sup> is said to have given to his Disciples, and which that Philosopher must have drawn from the Observation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vite genus eligito, nam consuetudo facit jucundissimum*, Pitch upon that Course of Life which is the most Excellent, and Custom will render it the most Delightful. Men, whose Circumstances will permit them to chuse their own Way of Life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their Judgment tells them is the most laudable. The Voice of Reason is more to be regarded than the Bent of any present Inclination, since by the Rule above mentioned, Inclination will at length come over to Reason, though we can never force Reason to comply with Inclination.

In the third place, this Observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious Man, to overlook those Hardships and Difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the Prosecution of a Virtuous Life. *The Gods, said Hesiod,<sup>3</sup> have placed Labour before Virtue, the Way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and*

*easier the further you advance in it.* The Man who proceeds in it, with Steadiness and Resolution, will in a little time find that *her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and that all her Paths are Peace*.

To enforce this Consideration, we may further observe that the Practice of Religion will not only be attended with that Pleasure, which naturally accompanies those Actions to which we are habituated, but with those Supernumerary Joys of Heart, that rise from the Consciousness of such a Pleasure, from the Satisfaction of acting up to the Dictates of Reason, and from the Prospect of an happy Immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this Observation which we have made on the Mind of Man, to take particular Care when we are once settled in a regular Course of Life, how we too frequently indulge our selves in any of the most innocent Diversions and Amusements, since the Mind may insensibly fall off from the Relish of virtuous Actions, and, by degrees, exchange that Pleasure which it takes in the Performance of its Duty, for Delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable Nature.

The last Use which I shall make of this remarkable Property in Human Nature, of being delighted with those Actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain Habits of Virtue in this Life, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the next. The State of Bliss we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting those Minds, which are not thus qualified for it. We must, in this World, gain a Relish of Truth and Virtue, if we would be able to taste that Knowledge and Perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The Seeds of those spiritual Joys and Raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the Soul to all Eternity, must be planted in her, during this her present State of Probation. In short, Heaven is not to be looked upon only as the Reward, but as the natural Effect of a religious Life.

On the other hand, those evil Spirits, who, by long Custom, have contracted in the Body Habits of Lust and Sensuality, Malice and Revenge, an Aversion to every thing that is good, just or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for Pain and Misery. Their Torments have already taken root in them, they cannot be happy when divorced of the Body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a Miracle in the Rectification of their Faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant Pleasure in those Actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this Life but when they are removed from all those Objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own Tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful Habits of Mind, which are called, [in<sup>4</sup>] Scripture Phrase, the Worm which never dies. This Notion of Heaven and Hell is so very conformable to the Light of Nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted Heathens. It has been finely improved by many Eminent Divines of the last Age, as in particular

<sup>1</sup> Dr Atterbury

<sup>2</sup> Diogenes Laertius, Bk viii

<sup>3</sup> The paths of Virtue must be reached by toil, Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil, Thorny the gate, but when the top you gain, Fair is the future and the prospect plain

*Works and Days*, Bk i (Cooke's Translation)

<sup>4</sup> [in the]

by Arch-Bishop Tillotson and Dr Sherlock, but there is none who has raised such noble Speculations upon it as Dr Scott, in the First Book of his Christian Life, which is one of the finest and most rational Schemes of Divinity, that is written in our Language in any other. This Excellent Author has shown how every particular Custom and Habit of Virtue will in its own Nature, produce the Heaven, or a State of Happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it. As on the contrary, how every Custom or Habit of Vice will be the natural Hell of him in whom it subsists. C

No 448] Monday, August 4, 1712 [ Steele

*Faci es hoc aliquandoque audebis*—Juv

THE first Steps towards Ill are very carefully to be avoided, for Men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively Abhorrence of the least Unworthiness. There is a certain slavish Falshood that People indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater Detestation than it commonly meets with. What I mean is a Neglect of Promises made on small and indifferent Occasions, such as Parties of Pleasure, Entertainments and sometimes Meetings out of Curiosity in Men of like Faculties to be in each other's Company. There are many Cases to which one may resign this light Indolence. Jack Sippet never keeps the Hour he is appointed to come to a Friend's to Dinner, but he is an insignificant Fellow who does it out of Vanity. He could never, he knows, make any Figure in Company, but by giving a little Disturbance at his Entry, and therefore takes Care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his Place after having discomposed every body, and desires there may be no Ceremony, then does he begin to call himself the saddest Fellow, in order pointing so many Places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the tops of Vanity to name Houses of better Cheer, and to recount you that he chose yours out of ten Dinners which he was obliged to be at that Day. The last Time I had the Fortune to eat with him he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the Manners of such a Wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his Circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see, who fall into the same detestable Habit. It is a merciless thing, that any one can be at Ease, and suppose a Set of People who have a Kindness for him, at that Moment waiting out

of Respect to him, and refusing to taste their Food or Conversation with the utmost Impatience. One of these Promisers some times shall make his Excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the Company have only in lament, that they have neglected Matters of Moment to neglect him whom they find a Trifler. They immediately repent of the Value they had for him, and such Repentment repeated, makes Company never depend upon his Promises any more, so that he often comes at the Middle of a Meal, where he is secretly slighted by the Persons with whom he eats, and cursed by the Servants whose Dinner is delayed by his prolonging their Master's Entertainment. It is wonderful, that Men guilty thus Way, could never have observed, that the waiting Time, the gathering together, and waiting a little before Dinner, is the most awkwardly passed way of any Part in the four and twenty Hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their Guilt in lengthening such a Suspension of agreeable Life. The constant offending this Way has in a Degree an Effect upon the Honesty of his Mind who is guilty of it, as common Swearing is a kind of habitual Perjury. It makes the Soul inattentive to what an Oath is even while it utters it at the Lips. Phœbus beholding a wordy Orator while he was making a magnificent Speech to the People full of vain Promises, Methinks, said he, *I am no visiting my Legs upon a Cyprus Tree, it has all the Pomp and beauty imaginable in its branches, Leaves, and Height, but alas it bears no Fruit.*

Though the Expectation which is raised by impertinent Promises is thus barren, their Confidence even after Failures is so great, that they submit by still promising on. I have herefore discoursed of the insignificant Fier, the Porster, and the Castle Builder, and treated them as no ill-designing Men, (tho they are to be placed among the irretrievably false ones) but Persons who fall into that Way purely to recommend themselves by their Virtues, but indeed I cannot let heedless Promisers, though in the most minute Circumstances, pass with so slight a Censure. If a Man should take a Resolution to pay only Sums above an hundred Pounds, and yet contract with different People Debts of five and ten how long can we suppose he will keep his Credit? This Man will so long support his good Name in Business, as he will in Conversation, who without Difficulty makes Assignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this Vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great Criminal myself. Sir ANDREW KEEFORTH, and all other my Friends who are scrupulous to Promises of the minutest Consideration imaginable from an Habit of Virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take Shame upon myself for this Crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the Sort, that when as agreeable a Company of Gentlemen and Ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth, Mr SPECTATOR, to be of the Party with Women of Sense, like a Booby as I was, mistook the time of Meeting, and came the Night following. I wish every Fool who is negligent in this Kind, may have as great a Loss as I had in this, for the same Com-

\* John Scott, a young tradesman of Chippendale Wilt, prevailed on his friends to send him to Oxford, and became D.D. in 1683. He was minister of St. Thomas's, Southwark. Rector of St. Giles in the Fields, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Canon of Windsor, and refused a Bishopric. He was a strong opponent of the Catholics, and his 'Christian Life,' in folio, and 5 vols 8vo, became very popular. He died in 1694.



pany will never meet more, but are dispersed into various Parts of the World, and I am left under the Compunction that I deserve, in so many different Places to be called a Trifler.

This Fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable People are fearful of appearing precious and reserved by Denials; but they will find the Apprehension of that Imputation will betray them into a childish Impotence of Mind, and make them promise all who are so kind to ask it of them. This leads such soft Creatures into the Misfortune of seeming to return Overtures of Good-will with Ingratitude. The first Steps in the Breach of a Man's Integrity are much more important than Men are aware of. The Man who scruples breaking his Word in little Things would not suffer in his own Conscience so great Pain for Failures of Consequence, as he who thinks every little Offence against Truth and Justice a Disparagement. We should not make any thing we our selves disapprove habitual to us, if we would be sure of our Integrity.

I remember a Falshood of the trivial Sort, tho' not in relation to Assignations, that exposed a Man to a very uneasy Adventure. *Will Trap* and *Jack Stint* were Chamber fellows in the *Inner-Temple* about 25 Years ago. They one Night sat in the Pit together at a Comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young Woman in the Boxes. Their Kindness for her entered both Hearts deeper than they imagined. *Stint* had a good Faculty at writing Letters of Love, and made his Address privately that way, while *Trap* proceeded in the ordinary Course, by Money and her Waiting-Maid. The Lady gave them both Encouragement, receiving *Trap* into the utmost Favour, and answering at the same time *Stint's* Letters, and giving him appointments at third Places. *Trap* began to suspect the Epistolary Correspondence of his Friend, and discovered also that *Stint* opened all his Letters which came to their common Lodgings, in order to form his own Assignations. After much Anxiety and Restlessness, *Trap* came to a Resolution, which he thought would break off their Commerce with one another without any hazardous Explanation. He therefore writ a Letter in a feigned Hand to Mr *Trap* at his Chambers in the *Temple*. *Stint*, according to Custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surpris'd to find the Inside directed to himself, when, with great Perturbation of Spirit, he read as follows:

Mr *Stint*,

'You have gained a slight Satisfaction at the Expence of doing a very heinous Crime. At the Price of a faithfull Friend you have obtained an inconstant Mistress. I rejoice in this Expedient I have thought of to break my Mind to you, and tell you, You are a base Fellow, by a Means which does not expose you to the Affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still Shame enough to avenge yourself against the Hardness of any one that should publicly tell you of it. I therefore, who have received so many secret Hurts from you, shall take Satisfaction with Safety to myself. I call you Base, and you must bear

it, or acknowledge it, I triumph over you that you cannot come at me nor do I think it dishonourable to come in Armour to assault him, who was in Ambuscade when he wounded me.

'What need more be said to convince you of being guilty of the basest Practice imaginable, than that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this Manner, while you your self cannot in your own Conscience but allow the Justice of the Upbraidings of

Your Injur'd Friend,

Ralph Trap

T

No 449] Tuesday, August 5, 1712 [Steele

—Tibi scriptus, Matrona, libellus—Mart

WHEN I reflect upon my Labours for the Publick, I cannot but observe, that Part of the Species, of which I profess myself a Friend and Guardian, is sometimes treated with Severity, that is, there are in my Writings many Descriptions given of all Persons, and not yet any direct Encomium made of those who are good. When I was convinced of this Error, I could not but immediately call to Mind several of the Fair Sex of my Acquaintance, whose Characters deserve to be transmitted to Posterity in Writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a Reason why I should not give them their Place in my Diurnal as long as it will last. For the Service therefore of my Female Readers, I shall single out some Characters of Maids, Wives and Widows, which deserve the Imitation of the Sex. She who shall lead this small illustrious Number of Heroines shall be the amiable *Fidela*.

Before I enter upon the particular Parts of her Character it is necessary to Preface, that she is the only Child of a decrepid Father, whose Life is bound up in hers. This Gentleman has used *Fidela* from her Cradle with all the Tenderness imaginable, and has view'd her growing Perfections with the Partiality of a Parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the Children of all other Men, but never thought she was come to the utmost Improvement of which she herself was capable. This Goodness has had very happy Effects upon his own Happiness, for she reads, she dances, she sings, uses her Spinnet and Lute to the utmost Perfection. And the Lady's Use of all these Excellencies, is to divert the old Man in his easy Chair, when he is out of the Pangs of a Chronical Distemper. *Fidela* is now in the twenty third Year of her Age, but the Application of many Lovers, her vigorous time of Life, her quick Sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the Enjoyment of a plentiful Fortune, are not able to draw her from the Side of her good old Father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of Affection so pure and angelick as that of a Father to a Daughter. He beholds her both with, and without Regard to her Sex. In Love to our Wives there is Desire, to our Sons there is Ambition, but in that to our Daughters, there is something which there are no Words to express. Her Life is designed wholly Domestick, and she

is so ready a Friend and Companion, that every thing that passes about a Man, is accompanied with the Idea of her Presence. Her Sex also is naturally so much exposed to Hazard, both as to Fortune and Innocence, that there is, perhaps, a new Cause of Fondness arising from that Consideration also. None but Fathers can have a true Sense of these sort of Pleasures and Dangers, but my Familiarity with the Father of *Fidelia* makes me let drop the Words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his Tenderness towards her.

*Fidelia* on her Part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her Beauty, Wit, Air and Mien, employs her whole Time in Care and Attendance upon her Father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beautiful Women her Age has produced on her knees helping on an old Man's Slipper! Her filial Regard to him is what she makes her Diversion, her business, and her Glory. When she was asked by a Friend of her deceased Mother to admit of the Courtship of her Son, she answered that she had a great Respect and Gratitude to her for the Overture in Behalf of one so near to her, but that during her Father's Life, she would admit into her Heart no Value for any thing that should interfere with her Endeavour to make his Remains of Life as happy and easy as could be expected in his Circumstances. The Lady admonished her of the Promise of Life with a Smile which *Fidelia* answered with a Faintness that always attends unassigned Virtue. *It is true, Madam, I never to his satisfaction satisfied him to be expected in the Course of a year of Mourning, when he tenderly loved me, but I find so much Satisfaction in the Reflection, how much I can give a good Man's Pain, - I see We fare differently upon us Assiduity about him, that I can hardly exclude the Love Girl-friends of Passion for the solid Reflections of Duty. I prove a retreat as my Wife and I should be allowed, and what I feel more fear I know not whether I, a Wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my Father. The happy Father has her Declaration that she will not marry during his Life, and the Pleasure of seeing that Resolution not a menace to her. Were one to paint filial Affection in its utmost Beauty, he could not have a more lively Idea of it than in beholding *Fidelia* serving her Father at his Hours of Rising, Meals, and Rest.*

When the general Crowd of Female Youth are consulting their Glasses, preparing for Palls, Assemblies, or Plays for a young Lady who could be regarded among the foremost in those Places, either for her Person, Wit, Fortune, or Conversation, and yet condemn all these Entertainments, to sweeten the heavy Hours of a decrepit Parent, is a Resignation truly heroic. *Fidelia* performs the Duty of a Nurse with all the Beauty of a Bride, nor does she neglect her Person, because of her Attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive Company, to whom she may make an Appearance.

*Fidelia*, who gives him up her Youth, does not think it any great Sacrifice to add to it the Spoiling of her Dress. Her Care and Exactness in her

Habit, convince her Father of the Alacrity of her Mind, and she has of all Women the best Foundation for affecting the Praise of a seeming Negligence. What adds to the Entertainment of the good old Man is, that *Fidelia*, where Men and Fortune cannot be overlooked by Epistolar Lovers, reads over the Accounts of her Conquests, plays on her Spinnet the gayest Airs, (and while she is doing so, you would think her fond only for Gallantry) to intimate to him the Pleasures she despises for his Sake.

Those who think themselves the Patterns of good Breeding and Gallantry, would be astonished to hear that in those Intervals when the old Gentleman is at ease, and can bear Company, there are in his House in the most regular Order, Assenblies of People of the highest Merit where there is Conversation without Mention of the Rules of the Absent, Civility between Men and Women with a Passion and the highest Subjects of Morality treated of as natural and accident in Discourse. All which is owing to the Genius of *Fidelia*, who at once makes her Father a Way to another World easier, and her self capable of being in Honour to his Name in this.

MR SPECTATOR

'I was the other Day at the Dean-Garden, in hopes to have seen your short Face but not being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of Letter, that there is a Mystery among the Gladiators which has escaped your Spectatorial Penetration. For being in a Box at an Ale-house, near that renowned Seat of Honour above-mentioned, I over-heard two Masters of the Science agreeing to quarrel on the next Opportunity. This was to happen in the Company of a Set of the Fraternity of Bad Company, who were to meet that Evening. When this was settled, one asked the other, Will you give Cuts or receive? the other answered, Receive. It was replied, Are you a passionate Man? No provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree. I thought it my Duty to acquaint you with this, that the People may not pay their Money for Fighting and be cheated

Yo'r Humble Servant,  
Scabbar'd Rusty

T

No 450.] Wednesday, August 6, 1712 [Steele

Quarrenda pecunia primū  
Viras postea viros

MR SPECTATOR,

ALL Men through different Paths, make at the same common thing, *Money*, and it is to her we owe the Politician, the Merchant and the Lawyer may be free with you, I believe to that also we are beholden for our Spectator. I am apt to think, that could we look into our own Hearts, we should see Money ingrained in them in more lively and moving Characters than Self Preservation for who can reflect upon the Merchant hoisting Sail in a doubtful Pursuit of her, and all Manland sacrificing

'their Quiet to her, but must perceive that the Characters of Self-Preservation (which were doubtless originally the brightest) are sullied, if not wholly defaced, and that those of Money (which at first was only a double as a Means to Security) are of late so brightened, that the Characters of Self-Preservation, like a less Light set by a greater, are become almost imperceptible? Thus has Money got the upper Hand of what all Mankind formerly thought most dear, viz. Security and I wish I could say she had here put a Stop to her Victories but, this is common Honesty sell a Sacrifice to her. This is the Way Schoolstick Men talk of the greatest Good in the World but I, a Tradesman, shall give you another Account of this Matter in the plain Narrative of my own Life. I think it proper, in the first Place, to acquaint my Readers, that since my setting out in the World, which was in the Year 1660, I never wanted Money having begun with an indifferent good Stock in the Tobacco-Trade, to which I was bred and by the continual Successes, it has pleased Providence to bless my Endeavours with, am at last arrived at what they call a *Plumb*. To uphold my Discourse in the Manner of your Wits or Philosophers, by speaking fine things, or drawing Inferences, as they pretend, from the Nature of the Subject, I account it vain having never found any thing in the Writings of such Men, that did not favour more of the Invention of the Brain, or what is styled Speculation, than of sound Judgment or profitable Observation. I will readily grant indeed, that there is what the Wits call Natural in their Fall which is the utmost those curious Authors can assume to themselves, and is indeed all they endeavour at, for they are but imitable leeches. And, what, I pray, is Natural? That which is pleasing and easy. And what are Pleasing and Easy? Forsooth, a new Thought or Conceit dressed up in smooth quaint Language to make you smile and wag your Head, as being what you never imagined before, and yet wonder why you had not, meer frothy Amusements! fit only for Boys or silly Women to be craght with.

'It is not my present Intention to instruct my Readers in the Methods of acquiring Riches that may be the Work of another Essay, but to exhibit the real and solid Advantages I have found by them in my long and manifold Experience nor yet all the Advantages of so worthy and valuable a Blessing, (for who does not know or imagine the Comforts of being warm or living at Ease? And that Power and Preheminence are their inseparable Attendants?) But only to instance the great Supports they afford us under the severest Calamities and Misfortunes, to shew that the Love of them is a special Antidote against Immorality and Vice, and that the same does likewise naturally dispose Men to Actions of Piety and Devotion. All which I can make out by my own Experience, who think my self no ways particular from the rest of Mankind, nor better nor worse by Nature than generally other Men are.

£100,000

'In the Year 1665, when the Sickness was, I lost by it my Wife and two Children, which were all my Stock. Probably I might have had more, considering I was married between 4 and 5 Years but finding her to be a tedious Woman, I was careful, as living then little above a Brace of thousand Pounds, to carry on my Trade and amant in a Family with I loved them as usually Men do their Wives and Children, and therefore could not resist the first Impulses of Nature on so wounding a Loss, but I quickly roused my self, and found Means to alleviate, and at last conquer my Affliction, by reflecting how that she and her Children having been no great Expence to me, the best Part of her Fortune was still left, that my Charge being reduced to my self, a Journeyman, and a Maid I might live far cheaper than before, and that being now a childless Widower, I might perhaps marry a no less deserving Woman, and with a much better Fortune than she brought, which was but 800! And to convince my Readers that such Considerations as these were proper and apt to produce such an Effect, I remember it was the constant Observation at that deplorable Time, when so many Hundreds were swept away duly, that the Rich ever bore the Loss of their Families and Relations far better than the Poor, the latter having little or nothing before hand, and having from Hand to Mouth, placed the whole Comfort and Satisfaction of their Lives in their Wives and Children, and were therefore inconsolable.

'The following Year happened the Fire at which Time, by good Providence, it was my Fortune to have converted the greatest Part of my Effects into ready Money, on the Prospect of an extraordinary Advantage which I was preparing to lay Hold on. This Calamity was very terrible, no astonishing, the Fury of the Flames being such, that whole Streets, at several distant Places, were destroyed at one and the same Time, so that (as it is well known) almost all our Citizens were burnt out of what they had. But what did I then do? I did not stand gazing on the Ruins of our noble Metropolis. I did not shake my Head, wring my Hands, sigh, and shed Tears. I consider'd with my self what could this avail. I fell a plodding what Advantages might be made of the ready Cash I had, and immediately bethought my self what wonderful Penny-worths might be bought of the Goods, that were saved out of the Fire. In short, with about 2000l. and a little Credit, I bought as much Tobacco as rais'd my Estate to the Value of 10000l. I then looked on the Ashes of our City, and the Misery of its late Inhabitants, as an Effect of the just Wrath and Indignation of Heaven towards a sinful and perverse People.

'After this I married again, and that Wife dying, I took another, but both proved to be idle Baggages the first gave me a great deal of Plague and Vexation by her Extravagancies, and I became one of the Bywords of the City. I knew it would be to no manner of Purpose to go about to curb the Fancies and Inclinations of Women, which fly out the more for being restrained but what I could I did. I wretched her narrowly, and by good Luck found her in the

from Anonymous Authors, who have made it their Merit to convey to us so great a Charity in secret. I here are few Works of Genius that come out at first with the Author's Name. The Writer generally makes a Tryal of them in the World before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of Writing, would set Pen to Paper, if they knew, before-hand, that they must not publish their Productions but on such Conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the Papers I present the Publick are like Fairy Favourites which shall last no longer than while the Author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these Sons of Calumny and Defamation is, that all Sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty Scribbler is countenanced by great Names, whose Interests he propagates by such vile and infamous Methods. I have never yet heard of a Ministry, who have inflicted an exemplary Punishment on an Author that has supported their Cause with Falschood and Scandal, and treated, in a most cruel manner, the names of those who have been looked upon as their Rivals and Antagonists. Would a Government set an everlasting Mark of their Displeasure upon one of those infamous Writers, who makes his Court to them by tearing to Pieces the Reputation of a Computor, we should quickly see an End put to this Race of Vermin, that are a Scandal to Government, and a Reproach to Human Nature. Such a Proceeding would make a Minister of State shine in History, and would fill all Mankind with a just Abhorrence of Persons who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those Arms which he scorned to make use of against his Enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine, what I have here said is spoken with a Respect to any Party or Faction. Every one who has in him the Sentiments either of a Christian or a Gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous Practice, which is so much in use among us at present, that it is become a kind of National Crime, and distinguishes us from all the Governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the finest Strokes of Satyr which are aimed at particular Persons, and which are supported even with the Appearance of Truth, to be the Marks of an evil Mind, and highly Criminal in themselves. Infamy, like other Punishments, is under the Direction and Distribution of the Magistrate, and not of any private Person. Accordingly we learn from a Fragment of *Cicero*, that tho' there were very few Capital Punishments in the twelve Tables, a Label or Lampoon which took away the good Name of another, was to be punished by Death. But this is far from being our Case. Our Satyr is nothing but Ribaldry, and *Billingsgate* Scurrility passes for Wit; and he who can call Names in the greatest Variety of Phrases, is looked upon to have the shrewdest Pen. By this Means the Honour of Families is ruined, the highest Posts and greatest Titles are rendered cheap and vile in the Sight of the People, the noblest Virtues, and most exalted Parts, exposed to the Contempt of the Vicious and the Ignorant. Shall a Foreigner who knows no thing of our private Factions, or one who is to act

his Part in the World when our present Heats and Animosities are forgot, should, I say, such an one form to himself a Notion of the greatest Men of all Sides in the *British* Nation, who are now living, from the Characters which are given them in some or other of those honorable Writings which are daily Published among us, what a Nation of Monsters must we appear!

As this cruel Practice tends to the utter Subversion of all Truth and Humanity among us, it deserves the utmost Detestation and Discouragement of all who have either the Love of their Country, or the Honour of their Religion at Heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the Consideration of those who deal in these pernicious Arts of Writing, and of those who take Pleasure in the Reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in former Papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the Murderer and Assassin. Every honest Man sets as high a Value upon a good Name, as upon Life itself, and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with the same Secrecy and Impunity.

As for Persons who take Pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable Labels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the Guilt of the first Composers. By a Law of the Emperors *Valentinian* and *Valens*, it was made Death for any Person not only to write a Label, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But because I would not be thought singular in my Opinion of this Matter, I shall conclude my Paper with the Words of *Monsieur Bayle*, who was a Man of great Freedom of Thought, as well as of exquisite Learning and Judgment.

I cannot imagine, that a Man who disperses a Label is less desirous of doing Mischief than the Author himself. But what shall we say of the Pleasure which a Man takes in the reading of a Defamatory Label? Is it not an heinous Sin in the Sight of God? We must distinguish in this Point. This Pleasure is either an agreeable Sensation we are afflicted with, when we meet with a witty Thought which is well expressed, or it is a Joy which we conceive from the Dishonour of the Person who is defamed. I will say nothing to the first of these Cases, for perhaps some would think that my Morality is not severe enough, if I should affirm that a Man is not Master of those agreeable Sensations, any more than of those occasioned by Sugar or Honey, when they touch his Tongue; but as to the second, every one will own that Pleasure to be a heinous Sin. The Pleasure in the first Case is of no Continuance: it prevents our Reason and Reflection, and may be immediately followed by a secret Grief, to see our Neighbour's Honour blasted. If it does not cease immediately, it is a Sign that we are not displeased with the Ill nature of the Satyrst, but are glad to see him defame his Enemy by all kinds of Stories; and then we deserve the Punishment to which the Writer of the Label is subject. I shall here add the Words of a Modern Author *St Gregory upon excommunicating those Writers who had dishonoured Castorius, does not except those who read their Works, because, says he,*

'if Calumnies have always been the delight of the Hearers, and a gratification of those Persons who have no other Advantage over honest Men, is not he who takes Pleasure in reading them as guilty, as he who composed them? It is an uncontested Maxim that they who approve an Action would certainly do it if they could: that is, if some Reason of Self-love did not hinder them. There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a Crime, and approving it when committed. The Roman Law confirmed this Maxim, having subjected the Approvers and Authors of this Evil to the same Penalty. We may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased with reading Defamatory Libels, so far as to approve the Authors and Dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them: for if they do not write such Libels themselves, it is because they have not the Talent of Writing, or because they will run no hazard. The Author produces other Authorities to confirm his Judgment in this particular. C

No 452] Friday August 8, 1712 [Addison

*Est natura Homini in Novitatis avida*  
Plin. apud Lall

THURF is no Humour in my Countrymen, which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their general Thirst after News. There are about half a Doren Ingenious Men, who live very plentifully upon this Curiosity of their Fellow-Subjects. They all of them receive the same Advices from abroad and very often in the same Words, but their Way of Cooling it is so different, that there is no Citizen who has an Eye to the public Good that can leave the Coffee house with Peace of Mind before he has given every one of them a Reading. These several Dishes of News are so very agreeable to the Palate of my Countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating Politicians, who oblige the Publick with their Reflections and Observations upon every piece of Intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The Text is given us by one set of Writers, and the Comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same Tale told us in so many different papers, and if occasion requires in so many Articles of the same Paper notwithstanding a Secrecy of Foreign Posts we hear the same Story repeated, by different Advices from *Paris*, *Brussels*, the *Hague*, and from every great Town in *Europe*, notwithstanding the Multitude of Annotations, Explanations, Reflections, and various Readings which it passes through, our Time lies heavy on our Hands till the Arrival of a fresh Mail. We long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next Step, or what will be the Consequences of that which has been already taken. A Westerly

Wind keeps the whole Town in Suspence, and puts a Stop to Conversation.

This general Curiosity has been roused and inflamed by our late Wars, and, if rightly directed, might be of good Use to a Person who has such a Thirst awakened in him. Why should not a Man, who takes Delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to History, Travels, and other Writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual Fuel for his Curiosity, and meet with much more Pleasure and Improvement, than in these Papers of the Week? An honest Tradesman, who languishes a whole Summer in Expectation of a Battle, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a Day. He may read the News of a whole Campaign, in less time than he now bestows upon the Products of any single Post. Fights, Conquests and Revolutions lie thick together. The Reader's Curiosity is roused and satisfied every Moment, and his Passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a State of uncertainty from Day to Day, or lying at the Mercy of Sea and Wind. In short, the Mind is not here kept in a perpetual Grave after Knowledge, nor punished with that Eternal Thirst, which is the Portion of all our modern News mongers and Coffee house Politicians.

All Matters of Fact which a Man did not know before, are News to him, and I do not see how any Haberdasher in *Cheapside* is more concerned in the present Quarrel of the Cantons, than he was in that of the League. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more Importance to an *Englishman* to know the History of his Ancestors, than that of his Contemporaries who live upon the Banks of the *Danube* or the *Borysthenes*. As for those who are of another Mind, I shall recommend to them the following Letter, from a Projector, who is willing to turn a Penny by this remarkable Curiosity of his Countrymen.

MR SPECTATOR

'You must have observed, that Men who frequent Coffee houses, and delight in News, are pleased with every thing that is Matter of Fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A Victory, or a Defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a Cardinal's Month pleases them one Post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the *French Court* is removed to *Marli*, and are afterwards as much delighted with its Return to *Versailles*. They read the Advertisements with the same Curiosity as the Articles of publick News, and are as pleased to hear of a Pye bald Horse that is strayed out of a Field near *Islington*, as of a whole Troop that has been engaged in any Foreign Adventure. In short, they have a Relish for every thing that is News, let the matter of it be what it will, or to speak more properly, they are Men of a Voracious Appetite, but no Taste. Now, Sir, since the great Fountain of News, I mean the War, is very near being dried up, and since these Gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable Thirst after it, I have taken

\* Dissertation upon Defamatory Libels § 17

\* [or]

'their Case and my own into Consideration, and have thought of a Project which may turn to the Advantage of us both. I have Thoughts of publishing a daily Paper, which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable Occurrences in every little Town, Village and Hamlet, that lye within ten Miles of London, or in other Words, within the Verge of the Penny-Post. I have pitched upon this Scene of Intelligence for two Reasons, first, because the Carriage of Letters will be very cheap, and secondly, because I may receive them every Day. By this means my Readers will have their News fresh and fresh, and many worthy Citizens who cannot Sleep with any Satisfaction at present, for want of being informed how the World goes, may go to Bed contentedly, it being my Design to put out my Paper every Night at nine a Clock precisely. I have already established Correspondences in these several Places and received very good Intelligence.

'By my last Advices from *Knights-bridge* I hear that a Horse was clipped into the Pound on the third Instant, and that he was not released when the Letters came away.

'We are informed from *Panbridge*, that a dozen Weddings were lately celebrated in the Mother Church of that Place, but are referred to their next Letters for the Names of the Parties concerned.

'Letters from *Brompton* advise that the Widow *Bluen* had received several Visits from *John Milkew*, which affords great matter of Speculation in those Parts.

'By a Fisherman which lately touched at *Hammer-smith*, there is Advice from *Putney*, that a certain Person well known in that Place, is like to lose his Election for Church-warden but this being Boat news, we cannot give entire Credit to it.

'Letters from *Paddington* bring little more, than that *William Soueah*, the Sow gelder, passed through that Place the 5th Instant.

'They advise from *Fulham*, that things remained there in the same State they were. They had Intelligence, just as the Letters came away, of a Tub of excellent Ale just set abroad at *Parsons Green*, but this wanted Confirmation.

'I have here, Sir, given you a Specimen of the News with which I intend to entertain the Town, and which, when drawn up regularly in the Form of a News Paper, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of those Publick-spirited Readers, who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other Peoples Business than their own. I hope a Paper of this kind, which lets us know what is done near home, may be more useful to us, than those which are filled with Advices from *Zug* and *Bei der*, and make some amends for that Dearth of Intelligence, which we may justly apprehend from times of Peace. If I find that you receive this Project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one or two more, and in the mean time am, most worthy Sir, with all due Respect,

Your most Obedient,  
and most Humble Servant

C

\* PANCRA

No 453] Saturday, August 9, 1712 [Addison

*Non usitata nec tenui ferar  
Penna* Hor

THERE is not a more pleasing Exercise of the Mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward Satisfaction, that the Duty is sufficiently rewarded by the Performance. It is not like the Practice of many other Virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much Pleasure, that were there no positive Command which enjoind it, nor any Recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous Mind would indulge in it, for the natural Gratification that accompanies it.

If Gratitude is due from Man to Man, how much more from Man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those Bounties which proceed more immediately from his Hand, but even those Benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every Blessing we enjoy, by what Means soever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

If Gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing Sensation in the Mind of a Grateful Man, it exalts the Soul into Rapture, when it is employed on this great Object of Gratitude on this Beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the Works of the Pagan Poets were either direct Hymns to their Deities, or tended indirectly to the Celebration of their respective Attributes and Perfections. Those who are acquainted with the Works of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets which are still extant, will upon Reflection find this Observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian Poets have not turned their Thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our Idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more Great and Noble than what could possibly enter into the Heart of an Heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the Imagination, and give an Opportunity for the sublimest Thoughts and Conceptions.

*Phidarch* tells of a Heathen who was singing an Hymn to *Diana*, in which he celebrated her for her Delight in Human Sacrifices, and other Instances of Cruelty and Revenge upon which a Poet who was present at this piece of Devotion, and seems to have had a truer Idea of the Divine Nature, told the Votary, by way of Reproof, that in recompence for his Hymn, he heartily wished he might have a Daughter of the same Temper with the Goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the Praises of one of those false Deities, according to the Pagan Creed, without a mixture of Impertinence and Absurdity.

The *Jews*, who before the Times of Christianity were the only People that had the Knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian World an Example how they ought to employ this Divine

Talent of which I am speaking. As that Nation produced Men of great Genius, without considering them inspired Writers, they have transmitted to us many Hymns and Divine Odes, which exceed those that are delivered down to us by the Ancient Greeks and Romans in the Poetry, as much as in the Subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might easily be shewn, if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the Publick some Pieces of Divine Poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable Reception, I shall from time to time publish any Work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in Print, and may be acceptable to my Readers.

## I

When all thy Mercies, O my God,  
My rising Soul confess,  
Transported with the Love, I'm lost  
In Wonder, Love, and Praise

## II

O how shall Words with equal Warmth  
The Gratitude declare  
That glow within my unsatiable Heart?  
But 'twill not read it there

## III

This Providence my Life sustains,  
And all my Wants redress,  
I feel in the silent Night my Day,  
And I am glad in the Breast

## IV

To all my weak Complaints at once I cry,  
Thy Mercy let me see,  
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt  
To find themselves in Prayer

## V

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul  
Thy tender Care bestows,  
Before my infant Heart conceived  
From whom those Comforts flow'd

## VI

When in the slippery Paths of Youth  
With heedless Steps I ran,  
Thou Art unseen to me, and I was safe  
And led me up to Man

## VII

Through hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,  
It gently clear'd my Way,  
And through the Phasms and Snarls of Vice,  
More to be fear'd than they

## VIII

When worn with Sickness oft I sat thou  
With healing visit'd my Face,  
And when in Sins and Sorrows sunk  
Renew'd my Soul with Grace

## IX

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliss  
Has made my Cup run o'er,

<sup>1</sup> By himself

And in a kind and faithful Friend  
Has doubled all my Store

## X

Then thou hast sent me precious Gifts  
My Dust I thank employ  
Nor is the least a cheerful Heart,  
That tastes those Gifts with Joy

## XI

I reach every Part of my Life  
Thy Goodness I'll pursue,  
And after Death in distant Worlds  
The Glorious Pleasures

## XII

When Nature fails, at Day and Night  
Pursue thy Works no more,  
My Ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,  
Thy Mercy shall adore

## XIII

Through all Eternity to Thee  
A joyful Song I'll raise,  
For oh! Eternity's too short  
To utter all thy Praise

C.

No 454] Monday, August 21, 1722 [Stole

Sine me, Vacui tempus ne quod desinam  
Laboris — Per Heru

It is an inexpressible Pleasure to know a little of the World, and be of no Character or Significance in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new Objects with an endless Curiosity, is a Delight known only to those who are turned for Speculation. Nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the Objects of Speculation, without deriving any worldly Advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their Amusement, or the Improvement of the Mind. I lay me Night last Week at Richmond, and being restless, not out of Dissatisfaction, but a certain busie Inclination one sometimes has, I rose at Four in the Morning, and took Boat for Fording, with a Resolution to row by Boat and Oar for the next Four and twenty Hours, till the many different Objects I must needs meet with should tire my Imagination, and give me an Inclination to a Repose more profound than I was at that Time capable of. I beg People's Pardon for an odd Humour I am guilty of, and was often that Day, which is saluting any Person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a Particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest Pleasure I know I receive at my Eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable Person for coming abroad into my View, as another is for a Visit of Conversation at their own Houses.

The Hours of the Day and Night are taken up in the Cities of London and Westminster by People as different from each other as those who are born in different Centuries. Men at Six o'Clock give way to those of Nine. They of Nine to

the Generation of Twelve, and they of Twelve disappear, and make Room for the fashionable World, who have made Two a Clock the Noon of the Day.

When we first put off from Shore, we soon fell in with a Fleet of Gardeners bound for the several Market-Ports of *London*, and it was the most pleasing Scene imaginable to see the Cheerfulness with which those industrious People ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their Goods. The Banks on each Side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable Plantations, as any Spot on the Earth; but the *Thames* it self, lorded with the Product of each Shore, added very much to the Landkip. It was very easy to observe by their Sailing, and the Countenances of the middy Virgins, who were Supercargoes, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Covent Garden*, who frequently converse with Morning Rakes, very unlike the seemly Sobriety of those bound for *Sticks Mart* et

Nothing remarkable happened in our Voyage but I landed with Ten Sail of Apricock Boats at *Strand Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine-Lins*, and taken in Melons consigned by *Mr. Cusse* of that Place, to *Sarah Sewell* and Company, at their Stall in *Covent-Garden*. We arrived at *Strand-Bridge* at Six of the Clock, and were unlording when the Hackney Coachmen of the foregoing Night took their leave of each other at the *Dark-House*, to go to Bed before the Day was too far spent, Chimney Sweepers pass'd by us as we made up to the Market, and some Rullery happen'd between one of the Fruit Wenches and those black Men, about the Devil and *Eve*, with Allusion to their several Professions. I could not believe any Place more entertaining than *Covent Garden*, where I strolled from one Fruit Shop to another, with Crowds of agreeable young Women around me who were purchasing Fruit for their respective Families. It was almost eight of the Clock before I could leave that Variety of Objects. I took Coach and followed a Young Lady, who tripp'd into another just before me, attended by her Maid. I saw immediately she was of the Family of the *Vaulloves*. There are a set of these who of all Things affect the Play of *Blindman's Buff*, and leading Men into Love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of Woman is usually a janty Shitter, she hangs on her Cloaths, plays her Head, varies her Posture, and changes Place incessantly, and all with an Appearance of striving at the same time to hide her self, and yet give you to understand she is in Humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the Coachmen make Signs with their Fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that Day. They can carry on that Language to give Intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my Coachman took the Wink to pursue, and the Lady's Driver gave the Hint that he was going through *Long-Acre* towards *St. James's*. While he whipped up *James-Street*, we drove for *King-Street*, to save the Pass at *St. Martin's-Lane*. The Coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for Way, and

be entangled at the End of *Newport-Street* and *Long-Acre*. The Fright, you must believe, brought down the Lady's Coach Door, and oblig'd her, with her Mask off, to enquire into the Bustle, where she sees the Man she would avoid. The Tackle of the Coach Window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the Accident of Carriages in her Way. One of these Ladies keeps her Seat in a Hackney-Coach as well as the best Rider does on a managed Horse. The laced Shoos of her left Foot, with a careless Gesture, just appearing on the opposite Cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper Attitude to receive the next Jolt.

As she was an excellent Coach Woman, many were the Glances at each other which we had for an Hour and an Half in all Parts of the Town by the Skill of our Drivers till at last my Lady, was conveniently lost with Notice from her Coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This Chase was now at an End, and the Fellow who drove her came to us, and discover'd that he was ordered to come again in an Hour, for that she was a Silk Worm. I was surprized with this Phrase, but found it was a Cant among the Hackney Fraternity for their best Customers, Women who ramble twice or thrice a Week from Shop to Shop, to turn over all the Goods in Town without buying any thing. The Silk worms are, it seems, indulged by the Tradesmen for tho' they never buy, they are ever talking of new Silks, Laces and Ribbands, and serve the Owners in getting them Customers as their common Dunces do in making them pay.

The Day of People of Fashion began now to Break, and Carts and Hackneys were mingled with Equipages of Show and Vanity when I resolv'd to walk it out of Cheapness but my unhappy Curiosity is such, that I find it always my Interest to take Core, for some odd Adventure among Beggars, Ballad-Singers, or the like, detains and throws me into Expence. It happen'd so immediately for at the Corner of *Warwick Street*, as I was listening to a new Ballad, a ragged Rascal, a Beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the Eyes of the good Company upon me, by telling me he was extrem poor, and should die in the Street for want of Drink, except I immediately would have the Charity to give him Six pence to go into the next Ale house and save his Life. He urg'd, with a melancholy Face, that all his Family had died of Thirst. All the Mob have Humour, and two or three began to take the Jest by which *Mr. Sturdy* carried his Point, and let me sneak off to a Coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing Reflection to see the World so prettily chequered since I left *Richmond*, and the Scene still filling with Children of a new Hour. This Satisfaction increased as I moved towards the City and gay Signs, well disposed Streets, magnificent publick Structures, and wealthy Shops, adorned with contented Faces, made the Joy still rising till we came into the Centre of the City, and Centre of the World of Trade, the *Exchange of London*. As other men in the Crowds about me were pleas'd with their Hopes



and Bargains, I found my Account in observing them in Attention to their several Interests. I, indeed, looked upon my self as the richest Man that wall'd the *Leicester* that Day for my Benevolence made me share the Gains of every Bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfactions in my Survey, to go up stairs and price the Shirts of agreeable Lenity in absence so many pretty Hands buried in the Fold of Ribbands, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable Leers in the sale of Patches Pins and Wires, on each side the Counters was an Amusement in which I should I never have indulged my self had not the dear Creature called to me to ask what I wanted when I could not answer, only *That's all*. I went to one of the Windows which opened to the Area below, where all the several Voices lost their Direction and I rose up in a confused Humming which crept in me a Reflection that could not come into the Mind of any but of one little foolish person for I said to my self, with a kind of Pain in Thought, *How many are all the Hurry of this World's business to be done?* In these no much useful Thoughts, I had left to me, lost my Place at the Chop House, where every Man accords him, to the natural listlessness or Silence of our Nation sits in a public Room a Mass of Proth or Chop of Vest in dumb Silence, as if they had no presence to speak to each other on the foot of being Men, except they were of each other's Acquaintance.

I went afterwards to *Farin's* and saw People who had mixed with me at the five penny Ordinary just before, give balls for the Value of large Estates and could not but behold with great Pleasure, Properties lodged in and transferred in a Moment from such as would never be Masters of half as much as is seen in them and I given from them every Day they live. But before Five in the Afternoon I left the City, came to my common scene of *Corr's* Garret and passed the Evening at *Stills* in attending the Discourses of several Sets of People, who relieved each other within my Hearing on the Subjects of Carth, Dice, Love, Learning and Politics. The last Subject kept me till I heard the Streets in the Possession of the Bell man, who had now the World to himself, and cry'd, *Perfume of Cloak*. This rous'd me from my Seat and I went to my Lodging led by a Light, whom I put into the Discourse of his private Economy, and made him give me an Account of the Charge, Hazard, Profit and Loss of a Family that depended upon a Link, with a Design to end my trivial Day with the Generosity of six pence, in stead of a third Part of that Sum. When I came to my Chambers I writ down these Minutes but was at a Loss what Instruction I should propose to my Reader from the Enumeration of so many insignificant Matters and Occurrences and I thought it of great Use, if they could learn with me to keep their Minds open to Gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one Circumstance will make every Face you see give you the Satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a Friend will make every Object a pleasing one will make all the Good which ar-

rives to any Man, an Increase of Happiness to your self

No 456] Tuesday, August 12, 1712 [ Steele

*I am Affs Master  
My n ologue  
Gratia Carpentis thyra per uocem  
Plus i uoc*

THE following Letter I receive in them Reflection is which will seem of Importance both to the Learned World and to Domestic Life. There is in the first an Allusion so well carried on, that it cannot but be very pleasing to have who have a Taste of great Writing and the other Billets may have their Use in common Life.

Mr SPECTATOR

As I walked to other Day in a fine Garden, and observed the great Variety of Improvements in Plants and Flowers beyond what the otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a Reflection upon the Advantages of Education or Moral Culture how many good Qualities in the Mind are lost, for want of the due Care in nursing and skillfully improving them, how many Virtues are choked, by the Multitude of Vices which are suffered to grow among them, how excellent Parts are often starved and useless, by being planted in a wrong Soil and how very seldom do these moral Seeds produce the noble Fruit which might be expected from them, by a Neglect of proper Manner necessary Pruning in an useful Marriage and of our tender Inclinations and first Spring of Life. These obvious Speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable Principle in the Mind of every Man when he comes into the World. In Infants the Seeds lie buried and undiscovered till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational Leaves, which are *Herbs* and in due Season the *Flowers* begin to appear in Variety of beautiful Colours, and all the gay Pictures of youthful Fancy and Imagination at last the Fruit knits and is formed, which is green, perhaps first, and some unpleasant to the Taste, and not fit to be gathered till ripened by due Care and Application it discovers itself in all the noble Productions of Philosophy, Mathematics close Reasoning, and humane Argumentation. And these I raise when they arrive at a just Maturity and are of a good Kind, afford the most vigorous Nourishment to the Minds of Men. I reflected further on the intellectual Leaves beforementioned, and found almost as great a Variety among them as in the vegetable World. I could easily observe the smooth shining *Italian* Leaves the rimbly *Green* and *Aspen* always in Motion the *Greek* and *Latin* Evergreens the *Spanish* Myrtle, the *English* Oak, the *Scottish* Hawth, the *Irish* Shrub, the *French* Gerani and *Dutch* Holly, the *Polish* and *Austrian* Nettle besides a vast Number of Poticks imported from *Asia*, *Africa*, and

*America* I saw several barren Plants, which bore only Leaves, without any Hopes of Flower or Fruit. The Leaves of some were fragrant and well shaped, of others ill-scented and irregular. I wonder'd at a Set of old whimsical Botanists, who spent their whole Lives in the Contemplation of some withered *Egyptian, Coptick, Armenian, or Chinese* Leaves, while others made it their Business to collect in voluminous Herbals all the several Leaves of some one Tree. The Flowers afforded a most diverting Entertainment, in a wonderful Variety of Figures, Colours and Scents, however, most of them withered soon, or at best are but *Animals*. Some profess'd Lovers make them their constant Study and Employment, and despise all Fruit, and now and then a few fanciful People spend all their Time in the Cultivation of a single Tulip, or a Carnation. But the most agreeable Amusement seems to be the well chusing, mixing, and binding together these Flowers, in pleasing Nose-gays to present to Ladies. The Scent of *Italian* Flowers is observed like their other Perfume, to be too strong, and to hurt the Brain: that of the *French* with glaring, grudy Colours, yet faint and luguid, *German and Northern* Flowers have little or no Smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The Antients had a Secret to give a lasting Beauty, Colour, and Sweetness to some of their choicest Flowers, which flourish to this Day, and which few of the Moderns can effect. These are becoming enough and agreeable in their Season, and do often handsomely adorn an Entertainment, but an Over fondness of them seems to be a Disense. It rarely happens to find a Plant vigorous enough, to have like an Orange-Tree) at once beautiful shining Leaves, fragrant Flowers, and delicious nourishing Fruit.

SIR, Yours, &c

Dear SPEC,

August 6, 1712

You have given us in your *Spectator* of Saturday last, a very excellent Discourse upon the Force of Custom, and its wonderful Efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. I cannot deny but that I received above Two penny worth of Instruction from your Paper, and in the general was very well pleas'd with it, but I am, without a Compliment, sincerely troubled that I cannot exactly be of your Opinion, That it makes every thing pleasing to us. In short, I have the Honour to be yoked to a young Lady, who is, in plain English, for her Standing, a very eminent Scold. She began to break her Mind very freely both to me and to her Servants about two Months after our Nuptials: and tho' I have been accustomed to this Humour of hers this three Years, yet, I do not know what's the Matter with me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at the very first. I have advis'd with her Relations about her, and they all tell me that her Mother and her Grandmother before her were both taken much after the same manner so that since it runs in the Blood, I have but small Hopes of her Recovery. I should be glad to have a little of your Advice in this Matter. I would not willingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a Pleasure to me if you

'will but put me in a Way that I may bear it with Indifference, I shall rest satisfied

Dear SPEC,

Your very humble Servant

P S 'I must do the poor Girl the Justice to let you know, that this Match was none of her own chusing, (or indeed of mine either) in Consideration of which I avoid giving her the least Provocation, and indeed we live better together than usually Folks do who hated one another when they were first joined. To evade the Sin against Parents, or at least to extenuate it, my Dear mils at my Father and Mother, and I curse hers for making the Match

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I like the Theme you lately gave out extremely, and should be as glad to handle it as any Man living. But I find myself no better qualified to write about Money, than about my Wife: for, to tell you a Secret which I desire may go no further, I am Master of neither of those Subjects

Yours,

Pill Garlick

Aug 8, 1712

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I desire you would print this in *Ital* el, so as it may be generally taken Notice of. It is designed only to admonish all Persons, who speak either at the Bar, Pulpit, or any publick Assembly whatsoever, how they discover their Ignorance in the Use of Similes. There are in the Pulpit it self, as well as other Places, such gross Abuses in this Kind, that I give this Warning to all I know, I shall bring them for the Future before your Spectatorial Authority. On Sunday last, one, who shall be nameless, reproving several of his Congregation for standing at Prayers, was pleas'd to say, *One would think,* like the Elephant, *you had no Knees*. Now I myself saw an Elephant in *Bartholomew's Fair* kneel down to take on his Back the ingenious Mr William Penkethman

Your most humble Servant

No 456] Wednesday, August 13, 1712 [Steele

*De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur Huic ne perne quidem tacto conceditur*—Tull

OTWAY, in his Tragedy of *Venue preserv'd*, has described the Misery of a Man, whose Effects are in the Hands of the Law, with great Spirit. The Bitterness of being the Scorn and Laughter of base Minds, the Anguish of being insulted by Men hardened beyond the Sense of Shame or Pity, and the Injury of a Man's Fortune being wasted, under Pretence of Justice, are excellently aggravated in the following Speech of *Pierre to Jaffier*.

*I pass'd this very Moment by thy Doors,  
And found them guarded by a Troop of Val-  
lants*

'turned to make up the Coldness and Indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous Men will have an Eye of Kindness for me for my own Sake, and the rest of the World will regard me for yours. There is an happy Constellation in Riches, as well as a destructive one in Poverty, the Rich can make rich without parting with any of their Store, and the Conversation of the Poor makes Men poor though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not? but Men's Estimation follows us according to the Company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great Way towards my Recovery, if you are not, my good Fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower Approaches.

I am SIR,

Your Affectionate Friend,  
and Humble Servant

This was answered with a Condescension that did not, by long impertinent Professions of kindness, insult his Distress, but was as follows.

Dear Tom,

"I am very glad to hear that you have Heart enough to begin the World a second Time. I am sure you do not think your numerous Family at all diminished (in the Gifts of Nature for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only counterbalance your Affairs with my Appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable Sum at common Interest for three Years. You know I could make more of it, but I have so great a Love for you that I can wave Opportunities of Gain to help you. For I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred or fifty thousand Pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

T

Your obliged humble Servant

No 457 ] Thursday, August 14, 1712 [Addison

—Multa et præclara mirantis—Hor

I SHALL this Day lay before my Reader a Letter, written by the same Hand with that of last Friday, which contained Proposals for a Printed News paper, that should take in the whole Circle of the Penny Post.

SIR,

The kind Reception you gave my last Friday's Letter, in which I broached my Project of a News-Paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more for, you must know, Sir, that I look upon you to be the *Luminis* of the learned World, and cannot think any Scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, tho' all the Money we raise by it is on our own Funds, and for our private Use.

I have often thought that a *News Letter of Whispers*, written every Post, and sent about the Kingdom, after the same Manner as that of Mr Dyer, Mr Dawkes, or any other Epistolary

Historian, might be highly gratifying to the Publick, as well as beneficial to the Author. By Whispers I mean those Pieces of News which are communicated as Secrets, and which bring a double Pleasure to the Hearer first, as they are private History, and in the next place as they have always in them a Dash of Scandal. These are the two chief Qualifications in an Article of News, [which] I recommend it, in a more than ordinary Manner, to the Lark of the Curious. Sickiness of Persons in high Posts, Twilight Visits paid and received by Ministers of State, Chastest Courtships and Marriages, Secret Amours, Losses at Play, Applications for Places with their respective Successes or Repulses, are the Materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two Persons, that are each of them the Representative of a Species, who are to furnish me with those Whispers which I intend to convey to my Correspondents. The first of these is *Peter Hush*, descended from the ancient Family of the *Hushes*. The other is the old Lady *Blast*, who has a very numerous Tribe of Daughters in the two great Cities of London and Westminster. *Peter Hush* has a whispering Hole in most of the great Coffee houses about Town. If you are alone with him in a wide Room, he carries you up into a Corner of it, and speaks in your Ear. I have seen *Peter* seat himself in a Company of seven or eight Persons, whom he never saw before in his Life, and after having looked about to see there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low Voice, and under the Seal of Secrecy, the Death of a great Man in the Country, who was perhaps a Fox hunting the very Moment this Account was given of him. If upon your entering into a Coffee-house you see a Circle of Heads bending over the Table, and lying close by one another, it is ten to one but my Friend *Peter* is among them. I have known *Peter* publishing the Whisper of the Day by eight o'Clock in the Morning at *Garraways*, by twelve at *Will's*, and before two at the *St. James's*. When *Peter* has thus effectually launched a Secret, I have been very well pleased to hear People whispering it to one another at second Hand, and spreading it about as their own for you must know, Sir, the great Incentive to Whispering is the Ambition which every one has of being thought in the Secret, and being looked upon as a Man who has Access to greater People than one would imagine. After having given you this Account of *Peter Hush*, I proceed to that virtuous Lady, the old Lady *Blast*, who is to communicate to me the private Transactions of the Crimp Table, with all the *Arcana* of the Fair Sex. The Lady *Blast*, you must understand, has such a particular Malignity in her Whisper, that it blights like an Easterly Wind, and withers every Reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular Knack at making private Weddings, and has Winter married above five Women of Quality to their Footmen. Her Whisper can make an innocent young Woman big with Child, or fill an healthful young Fellow with Distempers that are not to be named. She can turn a Visit into an Intrigue, and a distant Salute into an Assignment.

² [that]

² [giving]

She can beggar the Wealthy, and degrade the Noble. In short, she can whisper Men Base or Foolish, Jealous or Ill-natured, or, if Occasion requires, can tell you the Ships of their Great Grandmothers, and intrude the Memory of honest Councilmen that have been in their Graves above three hundred Years. If these and the like Help I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome News-Letter. If you approve my Project, I shall begin to whisper by the very next Post, and question not but every one of my Customers will be very well pleased with me, when he considers that every Piece of News I send him is a Word in his Ear, and lets him into a Secret.

Having given you a Sketch of this Project, I shall, in the next Place, say next to you another for a Monthly Pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your Spectatorial Wisdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are several Authors in France, Germany, and Holland, as well as in our own Country, who publish every Month, what they call *An Account of the Works of the Learned*, in which they give us an Abstract of all such Books as are printed in any Part of Europe. Now, Sir, it is my Design to publish every Month, *A Account of the Works of the Unlearned*. Several late Productions of my own Country men, who many of them make a very eminent Figure in the Illustrious World, I encourage me in this Undertaking. I may in this Work possibly make a Review of several Pieces which have appeared in the Foreign *Accounts* above mentioned, tho' they ought not to have been taken Notice of in Works which bear such a Title. I may, likewise, take into Consideration such Pieces as appear, from time to time under the Names of those Gentle men who Compliment one another, in Publick Assemblies, by the Title of the *Learned Gentle men*. Our Party Authors will also afford me a great Variety of Subjects, not to mention Editors, Commentators and others, who are often Men of no Learning, or, what is as bad, of no Knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this Hint, but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall set about it with all the Pains and Application that so useful a Work deserves.

*I am ever,*

C. Most Worthy Sir, &c

No 458] Friday, August 15, 1712 [ Addison

[Αἰδώς οὐκ ἀγαθὴ — Hes]  
—Pudor malus — Hor

I COULD not Smile at the Account that was Yesterday given me of a modest young Gentleman, who being invited to an Entertainment, thought he was not need to drink, had not the Confidence to refuse his Glass in his Turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the Talk of the Table into his own Hands, abused every one of the Company, and flung a Bottle at the Gentleman's Head who treated him. This has given me Occasion to reflect upon the ill Effects of a vicious Modesty, and to remember the Saying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that the Person has

had but an ill Education, who has not been taught to deny any thing. This false kind of Modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both Sexes into as many Vices as the most abandoned Impudence, and is the more inevitable to Reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than it self, and is punished with a kind of Remorse, not only like other vicious Habits when the Crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more valuable than true Modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it. True Modesty is ashamed to do any thing, that is repugnant to the Rules of right Reason. False Modesty is ashamed to do any thing, that is opposite to the Humour of the Company. True Modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false Modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined Instinct, the former is that Instinct, limited at and circumscribed by the Rules of Prudence and Religion.

We may conclude that Modesty to be false and vicious, which engages a Man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary Nature. How many Men, in the common Concerns of Life, lend Sums of Money which they are not able to spare, are bound for Persons whom they have but little Friendship for, give Recommendatory Characters of Men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow Places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a Manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the Confidence to resist Solicitation, Importunity or Example?

Does this false Modesty expose us only to such Actions as are indiscreet but very often to such as are highly criminal? When *(Xenophon)* was called timorous, because he would not venture his Money in a Game at Dice. I confess, said he, that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing. On the contrary, a Man of vicious Modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the Company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every Action or Discourse, however unjustifiable in it self, so it be in Vogue among the present Party. This, tho' one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous Dispositions in Human Nature, that Men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational Manner, but that one who is in their Company should be ashamed of governing himself by the Principles of Reason and Virtue.

In the second place we are to consider false Modesty, as it restrains a Man from doing what is good and laudable. My Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him many Instances and Examples under this Head. I shall only dwell upon one Reflection, which I cannot make without a Secret Concern. We have in England a particular Rashness in every thing that regards Religion. A well bred Man is obliged to conceal any Serious Sentiment of this Nature, and very often to appear a greater Libertine than he is, that he may keep

<sup>1</sup> [Xenophon]

himself in Countenance among the Men of Mode Our Excess of Modesty marks us shamed in all the Exercises of Piety and Devotion This Humour prevails upon us daily, inasmuch, that many well bred Tables, the Master of the House is so very Modest a Man, that he has not the Confidence to sit Grace at his own Table A Custom which is not only practised by all the Nations about us, but was never omitted by the Heathens themselves *English* Gentlemen who travel into Roman Catholic Countries, are not a little surprized to meet with People of the best Quality kneeling in their Churches, and engaged in their private Devotions, tho' it be not at the Hours of Publick Worship An Officer of the Army, or a Man of Wit and Pleasure in those Countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill bred Man, should he be seen to go to Bed, or sit down at Table, without offering up his Devotions on such Occasions The same Show of Religion appears in all the foreign Reformed Churches, and enters so much into their Ordinary Conversation, that an *Englishman* is apt to term them Hypocritical and Praise

This little Appearance of a Religious Deportment in our Nation, may proceed in some measure from that Modesty which is natural to us, but the great occasion of it is certainly this Those Swarms of Sectaries that overrun the Nation in the time of the great Rebellion, carried their Hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole Language into a Jargon of Enthusiasm inasmuch that upon the Restoration Men thought they could not recede too far from the Behaviour and Practice of those Persons, who had made Religion a Cloak to so many Villanies This led them into the other Extream, every Appearance of Devotion was looked upon as Puritanical, and falling into the Hands of the Ridiculers who flourished in that Reign, and attacked every thing that was Serious it has ever since been out of Countenance among us By this means we are gradually fallen into that Vicious Modesty which has in some measure worn out from among us the Appearance of Christianity in Ordinary Life and Conversation, and which distinguishes us from all [our Neighbours]<sup>1</sup>

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open Impiety They are both equally destructive to the Person who is possessed with them, but in regard to others, Hypocrisy is not so pernicious as bare-faced Irreligion The due Mean to be observed is to be sincerely Virtuous, and at the same time to let the World see we are so I do not know a more dreadful Menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted Modesty, to be ashamed before Men in a Particular of such unspeakable Importunce C-

<sup>1</sup> [the Nations that lie about us]

<sup>2</sup> No letter affixed in the first issue

[No 459] Saturday, August 16, 1712 [Addison

—quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est —Hor

RELIGION may be considered under two General Heads The first comprehends what we are to believe the other what we are to practise By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the Knowledge of by the Light of Nature by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those Duties to which we are directed by Reason or Natural Religion The first of these I shall distinguish by the Name of Faith, the Second by that of Morality

If we look into the more Serious Part of Mankind, we find many who lay so great a Stress upon Faith, that they neglect Morality, and many who build so much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due Regard to Faith The perfect Man should be defective in neither of these Particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the Benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the Subject of this Day's Paper

Notwithstanding this general Division of Christian Duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar Excellencies, the first has the Pre-eminence in several Respects

*First*, Because the greatest Part of Morality (as I have stated the Notion of it,) is of a fixt Eternal Nature, and will endure when Faith shall fail, and be lost in Conviction

*Secondly*, Because a Person may be qualified to do greater Good to Mankind, and become more beneficial to the World, by Morality, without Faith, than by Faith without Morality

*Thirdly*, Because Morality gives a greater Perfection to human Nature, by quieting the Mind, moderating the Passions, and advancing the Happiness of every Man in his private Capacity

*Fourthly*, Because the Rule of Morality is much more certain than that of Faith, all the Civilized Nations of the World agreeing in the great Points of Morality, as much as they differ in those of Faith

*Fifthly*, Because Infidelity is not of so malignant a Nature as Immorality, or to put the same Reason in another Light, because it is generally owned, there may be Salvation for a virtuous Infidel, (particularly in the Case of Inevitable Ignorance) but none for a vicious Believer

*Sixthly*, Because Faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its Excellency, from the Influence it has upon Morality, as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the Excellency of Faith, or the Benefit of Revealed Religion, and this I think is,

*First*, In explaining and carrying to greater Heights, several Points of Morality

*Secondly*, In furnishing new and stronger Motives to enforce the Practice of Morality

*Thirdly*, In giving us more amiable Ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing Notions of one another, and a truer State of our selves, both

in regard to the Grandeur and Vileness of our Natures

*Fourthly*, By shewing us the Blackness and Deformity of Vice, which in the Christian System is so very great, that he who is possessed of all Perfection and the Sovereign Judge of it is represented by several of our Divines as hating Sin in the same Degree that he loves the Sacred Person who was made the Propitiation of it.

*Fifthly*, In being the ordinary and prescribed Method of making Morality essential to Salvation.

I have only touched on these several Heads, which every one who is conversant in Discontents of this Nature will easily enlarge upon in his own Thoughts, and draw Conclusion from them which may be useful to him in the Conduct of his Life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it, namely that a Man cannot be perfect in his Scheme of Morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian Faith.

Besides this I shall lay down two or three other Maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

*First*, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an Article of Faith, which does not contribute to the Confirmation or Improvement of Morality.

*Secondly*, That no Article of Faith can be true and unchangeable, which weakens or subverts the practical part of Religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

*Thirdly*, That the greatest Friend of Morality, or Natural Religion, cannot possibly apprehend any Danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the Doctrines of our National Church.

There is likewise another Maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing Considerations, which is this, that we should, in all dubious Points consider any ill Consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be true, before we give up our Assent to them.

For example, In that disputable Point of Prosecuting Men for Conscience Sake, besides the embittering their Minds with Hatred, Indignation, and all the Vehemence of Resentment and enjoining them to profess what they do not believe we cut them off from the Pleasures and Advantages of Society, afflict their Bodies distress their Fortunes, hurt their Reputations, ruin their Families, make their Lives painful, or put an End to them. Sure when I see such dreadful Consequences rising from a Principle, I would be fully convinced of the Truth of it, as of a Mathematical Demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my Religion.

In this Case the Injury done our Neighbour is plain and evident, the Principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable Nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a Zeal for what a Man thinks the true System of Faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think if our Religion produce Charity as well as Zeal, it will not be for shewing it self by such cruel Instances. But, to conclude with the Words of an excellent

Author,<sup>2</sup> *We have just enough Religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another* C

No 460 ] Monday, August 18, 1712 [Parnell<sup>2</sup>

*De summa Specie Recti* — Hor

OUR defects and Follies are too often unknown to us, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for Demonstrations of our Worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable Concessions, gay Inventions, and extravagant Actions must afford us Pleasures, and display us to others in the Colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in. And indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this State of Vanity and all grounded Satisfaction, that even the wisest World has chosen an exalted Word to describe its enchantments, and called it *the Paradise of Fools*.

Perhaps the latter part of this Reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another Turn than what I have given: but it is at present none of my Business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a Vision.

Methought I was transported to a Hill,

<sup>1</sup> Probably Tillotson. The thought is expanded in part of his sermon on the Example of Jesus in doing good. It appears in another form in his sermon for the 5th of November, 1678, where he applies to our religious hatreds the saying that the richest and noblest wines make the sharpest vinegar again in another form in his sermon at the Yorkshire Feast.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Parnell, the writer of this allegory, was the son of a commonwealthsman, who at the Restoration ceased to live on his hereditary lands at Conleston in Cheshire, and bought an estate in Ireland. Born in 1679 at Dublin, where he became a B.A. of Trinity College, in 1700 he was ordained after taking his degree, and in 1705 became Archdeacon of Clogher. At the same time he took a wife, who died in 1711. Parnell had been an associate of the chief Whig writers, had taste as a poet, and found pleasure in writing for the papers of the time. When the Whigs went out of power in Queen Anne's reign Parnell connected himself with the Tories. On the warm recommendation of Swift he obtained a prebend in 1713, and in May, 1716 a vicarage in the diocese of Dublin, worth £300 a year. He died in July, 1717, aged 38. Inheriting his father's estates in Cheshire and Ireland, Parnell was not in need of Wanting vigour and passion, he was neither formidable nor bitter as a political opponent, and in 1712 his old friends, Steele and Addison, were glad of a paper from him though, with Swift, he had gone over to the other side in politics.

green, flowery, and of an easie Ascent Upon the broad Top of it resided squint eyed *Error*, and popular *Opinion*, with many Herds, two that dealt in Sorcery, and were famous for bewitching People with the Love of themselves To these repaired a Multitude from every Side by two different Paths which lead towards each of them Some who had the most assuming Air, went directly of themselves to *Error*, without expecting a Conductor, others of a softer Nature went first to popular *Opinion*, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own Praises, she delivered them over to his Government.

When we had ascended to an open Part of the Summit where *Opinion* rode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us Her Voice was pleasing she breathed Odours as she spoke She seemed to have a Louge for every one, every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a Paradise, which she promised as the Reward of his Merit This were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed And it was observable, that all the Way we went, the Company was either pursuing themselves for their Qualifications, or one another for those Qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own Characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the Degrees of them.

At last we approached a Tower, at the Entrance of which *Error* was seated The Trees were thick-woven, and the Place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little He was disguised in a whitish Robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer Resemblance to *Truth*. And as she has a Light whereby she manifests the Beauties of Nature to the Eyes of her Adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical Wind, that he might do something in Imitation of it, and please with Delusions Thus he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the Glories which he kept under Enchantment to appear before us Immediately we cast our Eyes on that part of the Sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue Prospect, which cleared as Mountains in a Summer Morning when the Mists go off, and the Palace of *Vanity* appeared to Sight.

The Foundation hardly seemed a Foundation, but a Set of curling Clouds, which it stood upon by magical Contrivance The Way by which we ascended was painted like a Rainbow, and as we went the Breeze that played about us bewitched the Senses The Walls were gilded all for Show, the lowest Set of Pillars were of the slight fine *Corinthian* Order, and the Top of the Building being rounded, bore so far the Resemblance of a Bubble.

At the Gate the Travellers neither met with a Porter, nor waited till one should appear every one thought his Merits a sufficient Passport, and pressed forward In the Hall we met with several Phantoms, that rovd amongst us, and rang'd the Company according to their Sentiments There was decreasing *Honour*, that had nothing to shew in but an old Coat of his Ancestors Achievements There was *Ostentation*, that made

himself his own constant Subject, and *Gallantry* strutting upon his Tiptoes At the upper End of the Hall stood a Throne, whose Canopy glitter'd with all the Riches that Gravity could contrive to lavish on it and between the gilded Arms sat *Vanity*, deck'd in the Peacock's Feather, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her Votaries The Boy who stood beside her for a *Cupid*, and whom she the World to bow before her, was called *Self-Conceit* His Eyes had every now and then a Cast inwards to the Navel of all Objects about him, and the Arms which he made use of for Conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a Design The Arrow which he shot at the Soldier, was fledge'd from his own Plum of Feathers the Dart he directed against the Man of Wit, was winged from the Quill he writ with, and that it which he sent against those who presumed upon their Riches, was headed with Gold out of their Treasures He made Nets for Strangers from their own Contrivances He took Fire from the Eyes of Ladies, with which he melted their Hearts, and Lightning from the Tongues of the Lloquent, to enslave them with their own Glories At the Foot of the Throne sat three false Graces *Flattery* with a Shell of Paint *Affliction* with a Mirror to practise it, and *Fashion* ever changing the Posture of her Cloaths These applyed themselves to secure the Conquests which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and hid each of them their particular Politics *Flattery* gave new Colours and Complections to all Things *Affliction* new Aims and Apparences, which, as she said, were not vulgar, and *Fashion* both concealed some home Defects, and added some foreign external Beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a Voice in the Crowd, bemoaning the Condition of Mankind, which is thus arranged by the Breath of *Opinion*, deluded by *Error*, fired by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the Courses of *Vanity*, till *Scorn* or *Poverty* come upon us These Expressions were no sooner landed about, but I immediately saw a general Disorder, till at last there was a Parting in one Place, and a grave old Man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the Words he had uttered He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own Defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him *Vanity* cast a scornful Smile at him *Self-Conceit* was angry, *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain dealing*, put on a Vizard, and turned away *Affliction* tossed her Iron, made Mouths, and called him *Envy* or *Slander*, and *Fashion* would have it, that at least he must be *Ill-Manners* Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing People of Merit and Figure And I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the Meaning of most part of that Warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter Words should be fulfilled, when a mighty Noise was heard without, and the Door was blacked by a numerous Train of Harpies crowding in upon us *Folly* and *Broken Credit* were seen in the House before they entered *Trouble*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, *Scorn* and

'*Psalm* appears to me in admirable Ode and I begin to turn it into our Language. As I was describing the Journey of *Israel* from *Egypt*, and added the Divine Presence amongst them, I perceived a Beauty in the *Psalm* which was entirely new to me, and which I was going to lose and that is that the Poet utterly conceals the Presence of God in the Beginning of it, and rather lets a Possessive Pronoun go without a Substantive, than he will so much as mention any thing of Divinity there. *Judah* is his Sanctuary, and *Israel* his Dominion or Kingdom. The Reason now seen is evident, and this Conduct necessary. For if God had appeared before, there could be no wonder why the Mountains should leap and the Sea retire: therefore that this Convulsion of Nature may be brought in with due Surprise, his Name is not mentioned till afterward, and then with a very agreeable Turn of Thought God is introduced at once in all his Majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate in a Translation without Paraphrase, and to preserve what I could of the Spirit of the sacred Author.

If the following Essay be not too incorrigible, bestow upon it a few Brightnings from your Genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more.

Your daily Admirer, and humble Servant, &c.

<sup>1</sup> This Letter and the version of the 114th Psalm are by Dr Isaac Watts, who was at this time 38 years old, broken down by an attack of illness, and taking rest and change with his friend Sir Thomas Abney, at Theobalds. Isaac Watts, the son of a Nonconformist schoolmaster at Southampton, had injured his health by excessive study. After acting for a time as tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp, he preached his first sermon in 1698, and three years later became pastor of the Nonconformist congregation in Mark Lane. By this office he abided, and with Sir Thomas Abney also he abided his visit to Theobalds, in 1712, being, on all sides, so agreeable that he stayed there for the remaining 36 years of his life. There he wrote his Divine and Moral Songs for children, his Hymns, and his metrical version of the Psalms. But his *Horæ Lyricæ*, published in 1709, had already attracted much attention when he contributed this Psalm to the *Spectator*. In the Preface to that collection of 'Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind, in Three Books, sacred, I to Devotion and Piety II To Virtue, Honour, and Friendship III To the Memory of the Dead,' he had argued that Poetry, whose original is divine, had been desecrated to the vilest purpose, enticed unthinking youth to sin, and fallen into discredit among some weaker Christians. 'They submit indeed to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the Psalms best.' Watts bade them look into their Bibles and observe the boldness of its poetic imagery, rejected the dictum of Boileau, that

*De la foy d'un Clretien les mystères terribles  
D'ornemens égarés ne sont point susceptibles,*

and pointed to the way he had chosen for himself as a Biblical rhymist. Poetry, he reminds his

## PSALM CXLIV

## I

*When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's Hand,  
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,  
The Tribes with cheerful Homage own  
Their King, and Judah was his Throne*

## II

*Across the Deep their Journey lay,  
The Deep desires to make them Way,  
The Streams of Jordan saw, and fled  
With backward Current to their Head*

## III

*The Mountain's shock like fragrant Scent,  
Like Limbs the little Hills's Tent,  
Not Simon on her base could stand,  
Conscious of her exalted Power and Hand*

## IV

*What Power could make the Deep divide?  
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?  
And whence the might that Simon feels?*

## V

*I let every Mountain, every I lead  
Retire, and leave the approaching God,  
The King of Israel. See him here,  
Fremble thou Earth, adore and fear*

## VI

*He thunders, and all Nature mourns  
The Rock to standing Pools he turns  
He splits springs with Jehovah's at his Word,  
And His and Seas confess their Lord*

MR SPECTATOR,

'There are those who take the Advantage of your putting in Half penny Value upon your self above the rest of our daily Writers to defame you in publick Conversation, and strive to make you unpopular upon the Account of this said Half penny. But if I were you, I would insist upon that small Acknowledgment for the superior Merit of yours, as being a Work of Invention. Give me Leave therefore to do you Justice, and say in your Behalf what you cannot say your self, which is, that your Writings have made Learning a more necessary Part of good Breeding than it was before you appeared. That Modesty is become fashionable, and Impudence stands in need of some Wit, since you have put them both in their proper Lights. Propriety, Lewdness, and Debauchery are not now Qualifications, and a Man may be a very fine Gentleman, tho' he is neither a Keeper nor an Infidel.

'I would have you tell the Town the Story of the *Syllis*, if they deny giving you Two Pence. Let them know, that those sacred Papers were

readers, as, as his title indicates, not the business of his life. And if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.' Watts died in 1748, aged 74.



'valued at the same Rate after two Thirds of them were destroyed, as when there was the whole Set. There are so many of us who will give you your own Price, that you may acquaint your Non Conformist Reader, that they shall not have it except they come in within such a Day, under Three pence. I don't know, but you might bring in the *Dote Obolum Belisario* with a good Grace. The Wiltshire come in Clusters to two or three Coffee houses which have left you off, and I hope you will make us, who fine to your Wit, merry with their Characters who stand out against it.

*I am your most humble Servant*

P S I have lately got the ingenious Authors of Bleeking for Shoes, Powder for colouring the Hair Pomatum for the Hands, Cosmétique for the Face, to be your constant Customers so that your Advertisements will as much adorn the outward Man, as your Paper does the inward.

No 462 Wednesday, August 20, 1712 [Steel

*Nil ego prætulere[m] Turus dosantus amico — Hor*

PEOPLE are not aware of the very great Force which Pleasantry in Company has upon all those with whom a Man of that Talent converses. His Faults are generally overlooked by all his Acquaintance, and a certain Carelessness that constantly attends all his Actions, carries him on with greater Success, than Diligence and Assiduity does others who have no Share of this Endowment. *Dacanthus* breaks his Word upon all Occasions both trivial and important and when he is sufficiently ruled at for that abominable Quality, they who talk of him end with, *After all he is a very pleasant Fellow*. *Dacanthus* is an ill natured Husband, and yet the very Women end their Freedom of Discourse upon this Subject *But after all he is a very pleasant Company*. *Dacanthus* is neither in print of Honour, Civility, good Breeding, or good Nature unexceptionable and yet all is answered, *For he is a very pleasant Fellow*. When this Quality is conspicuous in a Man who has to accompany it, mainly and virtuous Sentiments, there cannot certainly be any thing which can give so pleasing Gratification as the Guilty of such a Person. But when it is alone, and serves only to gild a Crowd of ill Qualities there is no Man so much to be avoided as your pleasant fellow. A very pleasant Fellow shall turn your good Name in a Jest, make your Character contemptible, debase your Wife or Daughter, and yet be received by the rest of the World with Welcome where ever he appears. It is very ordinary with those of this Character to be attentive only to their own Satis-

faction, and have very little Bowels for the Concerns or Sorrows of other Men. They are capable of purchasing their own Pleasures at the Expence of giving Pain to others. But they who do not consider this sort of Men thus carefully, are irresistibly exposed to his Insinuations. The Author of the following Letter carries the Matter so high, as to intimate that the Liberties of England have been at the Mercy of a Prince merely as he was of this pleasant Character.

*MR SPECTATOR,*

There is no one Passion which all Mankind so naturally give into as Pride, nor any other Passion which appears in such different Disguises. It is to be found in all Ranks and all Complexions. Is it not a Question, whether it does more Harm or Good in the World? And if there be not such a Thing as what we may call a virtuous and laudable Pride?

It is this Passion alone, when misapplied, that has us so open to all flatterers and he who can not reasonably condescend to soothe our Humour or Temper, finds always in open Avenue to our Soul, especially if the flatterer happen to be our Superior.

One might give many Instances of this in the English Monarch, under the title of, *The Gayeties of King Charles II*. This Prince was by Nature extremely familiar, of very easy Access, and much delighted to see and be seen, and this happy Temper, which in the highest Degree gratified his Peoples Vanity, did him more Service with his loving Subjects than all his other Virtues, tho' it must be confessed he had many. He delighted, tho' a mighty King, to give and take a Jest, as they say and a Prince of this fortunate Disposition, who were inclined to make an ill Use of his Power, may have any thing of his People, be it never so much to their Prejudice. But this good King made generally a very innocent Use, as to the Publick, of this engaging Temper, for, as well known, he pursued Pleasure more than Ambition. He seemed to glory in being the first Man at Cock-matches, Horse races, Balls and Plays. He appeared highly delighted on those Occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden the Heart of every Spectator. He more than once dined with his good Citizens of London on their Lord-Mayors Days, and did so the Year that Sir Robert I was Mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal Man, and, if you will allow the Expression, very fond of his Sovereign but what with the Joy he felt at Heart for the Honour done him by his Prince, and thro' the Warmth he was in with continual toasting Healths to the Royal Family, his Lordship grew a little fond of his Majesty, and entered into a Familiarity not altogether so graceful in so publick a Place. The King understood very well how to extricate himself on all kinds of Difficulties, and with an Hint to the Company to avoid Ceremony, stole off and made towards his Coach, which stood ready for him in *Guild Hall Yard*. But the Mayor liked his Company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the Hand, cried out

<sup>1</sup> Written in jest, but 'The Famous Spanish Bleeking for Gentlemen's Shoes,' and 'The famous Bavarian Red Liquor which gives such a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks,' had long been advertised in the *Spectator*.

with a vehement Oath and Accent, Sir, *You shall stay and take t'other Bottle* The airy Monarch looked kindly at him over his Shoulder, and with a Smile and graceful Air, (for I saw him at the Time, and do now) repeated this Line of the old Song

*He that's drunk is as great as a King*

and immediately [turned<sup>1</sup>] back and complied with his Landlord

I give you this Story, Mr SPECTATOR, because, as I said, I saw the Passage and I assure you it's very true, and yet no common one, and when I tell you the Sequel, you will say I have yet a better Reason for't. This very Major afterwards erected a Statue of his merry Monarch in *Stoke's Market*<sup>2</sup> and did the Crown many and great Services, and it was owing to this Humour of the King, that his Family had so great a Fortune shut up in the Exchequer of their pleisant Sovereign. The many good-natured Condescensions of this Prince are vulgarly known and it is excellently said of him by a great Hand which writ his Character, *That he was not a King a Quarter of an Hour together in his whole Reign*<sup>3</sup>. He would receive Visits even from Fools and half Mad men, and at Times I have met with People who have Boxed, fought at Brick-sword, and taken Poison before King Charles II. In a Word, he was so pleasant a Man, that no one could be sorrowful under his Government. I have made him capable of smiling, with the greatest Ease imaginable, all Suggestions of Jealousie, and the People could not entertain Notions of any thing terrible in him, whom they saw every way agreeable. This Scrap of the familiar Part of that Prince's History I thought fit to send you, in compliance to the Request you lately made to your Correspondents

*I am, SIR,*

*Your most humble Servant*

<sup>1</sup> [return'd]

<sup>2</sup> Stoke's market, upon the site of which the Mansion House was built in 1738, received its name from a pair of stocks erected near it as early as the year 1287. Sir Robert Viner here erected, in 1675, his white marble statue of Charles II, that he bought a bargain at Leghorn. It was a statue of John Sobieski trampling on a Turk, which had been left on the sculptor's hands, but his worship the Mayor caused a few alterations to be made for the conversion of Sobieski into Charles, and the Turk (still with a turban on his head) into Oliver Cromwell. After the building of the Mansion House this statue lay as lumber in an inn yard till, in 1779, the Corporation gave it to a descendant of the Mayor, who had the reason above given for reverencing Charles II.

<sup>3</sup> Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham

No 463] Thursday, August 21, 1712 [Addison

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diuino  
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies  
Venator dejessa toro cum membra reponit  
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit  
Judeus hiles, aurigis somnia curvus,  
I anaque nocturnis mela cavetur equus  
Iste quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti  
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet — Claud*

I WAS lately entertaining my self with comparing *Homer's* Ballance, in which *Jupiter* is represented as weighing the Fates of *Hector* and *Achilles*, with a Passage of *Virgil*, wherein that Deity is introduced as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the Eastern Parts of the World, as in those noble Passages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great King of *Babylon* the Day before his Death, had been weighed in the Ballance, and been found wanting. In other Places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the Mountains in Scales, making the Weight for the Winds, knowing the Billings of the Clouds, and in others, as weighing the Actions of Men, and trying their Calmities together in a Ballance. *Milton*, as I have observed in a former Paper, had an Eye to several of these foregoing Instances, in that beautiful Description<sup>1</sup> wherein he represents the Arch Angel and the Evil Spirit as addressing themselves for the Combat, but parted by the Ballance which appeared in the Heavens and weighed the Consequences of such a Battle.

*Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen  
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion Sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round Earth with balland' Air  
In counterpoise, nor fouders all events,  
Battels and Realms, in these he puts two  
weights*

*The sequel each of parting and of fight,  
The latter quick up flew, and kield the Beam  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend*

*Satan, I know thy Strength, and thou know'st  
mine,  
Neither our own, but giv'n, wot folly then  
To boast what Arms can do, since thine no more  
Than Heav'n's permits, nor mine, though doubled  
now*

*To trauple thee as mine For proof look up,  
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign,  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light,  
how weak,  
If thou resist The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted Scale aloft, nor more, but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the Shades of  
Night*

These several amusing Thoughts having taken Possession of my Mind some time before I went

<sup>1</sup> Paradise Lost, end of Book IV

to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary Ideas raised in my Imagination a very odd kind of Vision. I was notwithstanding, replac'd in my Study, and seated in my hollow Chair, where I had indulg'd the foregoing Speculations, with my Lamp burning by me, as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several Subjects of Morality, and consider'ing the Nature of many Virtues and Vices, as Materials for those Discourses which I daily entertain the Publick. I saw, methought a Pair of Golden Scales hanging by a Chain of the same Metal over the Table that stood before me. When on a sudden there were great Heaps of Weights thrown down on each side of them. I found upon examining these Weights they shew'd the Value of every thing, that is in Esteem among Men. I made an Essay of them, by putting the Weight of Wisdom on one Scale, and that of Riches in another, upon which the latter, to shew its comparative Lightness, immediately flew up and left the Beam.

But, before I proceed, I must inform my Reader, that these Weights did not exert their Natural Gravity, 'till they were laid in the Golden Balance, inasmuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my Hand. Thus I found by several Instances, for upon my laying a Weight in one of the Scales, which was inscribed by the Word *Fervor*, tho' I threw in that of Time, Prosperity, Affliction, Wealth, Inverts, Interest, Success, with many other Weights, which in my Hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to sur the opposite Balance, nor could they have prevail'd though assisted with the Weight of the Sun, the Stars and the Earth.

Upon emptying the Scales, I had several Titles and Honours, with Pomps, Triumphs, and many Weights of the like Nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering Weight lie by me. I threw it accidentally into the other Scale, when, to my great Surprise, it proved so exact an Counterpoise, that it kept the Balance in an Equilibrium. This little glittering Weight was inscribed upon the Edges of it with the Word *Variety*. I found there were several other Weights which were equally Heavy, and exact Counterpoises to one, and here a few of them I tried, as *Adrice* and *Poverty*, *Riches* and *Content* with some others.

There were likewise several Weights that were of the same Figure, and seem'd to Correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown in o the Scales. as *Religion* and *Hypocrisy*, *Pudrity* and *Learning*, *Wit* and *Vivacity*, *Superstition* and *Devotion*, *Gravity* and *Wisdom*, with many others.

I observ'd one particular Weight lettered on both sides, and upon applying my self to the Reading of it, I found on one side written, *In the Dialect of Men*, and underneath it, *CALAMITIES*. On the other side was written, *In the Language of the Gods*, and underneath, *BLESSINGS*. I found the Intrinsek value of this Weight to be much greater than I imagin'd, for it overpowered Health, Wealth, Good Fortune, and many other Weights, which were much more ponderous in my Hand than the other.

There is a Saying among the *Scotch*, that an

Once of Mother is worth a Pound of Clergy. I was sensible of the Truth of this Saying, when I saw the Difference between the Weight of Natural Parts, and that of Learning. The Observation which I made upon these two Weights open'd to me a new Field of Discoveries, for notwithstanding the Weight of Natural Parts was much heavier than that of Learning, I observ'd that it weigh'd an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put Learning into the same Scale with it. I made the same Observation upon *Wit* and *Morality*, for notwithstanding the latter out weigh'd the former separately, it receiv'd a thousand times more addition of Weight from its Conjunction with the former, than what it had by it self. This odd Phenomenon shew'd it self, in other Particulars, as in *Wit* and *Judgment*, *Philosophy* and *Religion*, *Justice* and *Humrity*, *Faith* and *Charity*, *Depth of Sense* and *Perpicuity of Style*, with innumerable other Particulars too long to be mentioned in this Paper.

As a Dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with Impertinence, Mirth with Gravity, &c. &c. I made several other Experiments of a more ludicrous Nature, by one of which I found that an *English Octavo* was very often heavier than a *French Folio*. And by another, that an *old Greek or Latin Author* weigh'd do in a whole Library of *Moderns*. Seeing one of my Spectators lay by me, I laid it into one of the Scales, and hung a two penny Piece into the other. The Reader will not enquire into the Event, if he remembers the first Essay which I have recorded in this Paper. I afterwards threw both the Scales into the Balance, but as it is not for my Interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excus'd from telling the Result of this Experiment. Having an Opportunity of this Nature in my Hands, I could not forbear throwing into one Scale the Principles of a *Logic*, and into the other those of a *Wlug*. but as I have all along declar'd this to be a Neutral Paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this Head also, though upon examining one of the Weights, I saw the Word *FEEL* Engraven on it in Capital Letters.

I made many other Experiments, and though I have not Room for them all in this Dry's Speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my waking I was sorry to find my Golden Scales vanished, but resolv'd for the future to learn this Lesson from them, not to despise or value any Things for their Appearance, but to regulate my Esteem and Passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic Value.

No 461] Friday, August 22, 1711. [Addison

*Aurum quisquius mediocritatem  
Dulcit, tutus caret obsoletis  
Sortibus lecti, caret invidenda  
Sol rursus aula — Hor*

I AM wonderfully pleas'd when I meet with any Passage in an old *Greek* or *Latin* Author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never

me with a Quotation Of this kind is a beautiful Saying in *Theognis* *Vice is covered by Wealth, and Virtue by Poverty*, or to give it in the Verbal Translation, *Among Men there are some who have their Vices concealed by Wealth, and others who have their Virtues concealed by Poverty*. Every Man's Observation will supply him with Instances of Rich Men, who have several Faults and Defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their Riches. And, I think, we cannot find a more Natural Description of a Poor Man, whose Merits are lost in his Poverty, than that in the Words of the Wise Man *There was a little City, and a few Men within it, and there came a great King against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor Wise Man, and he by his Wisdom, delivered the City, yet no Man remembered that same poor Man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than Strength: nevertheless, the poor Man's Wisdom is despised, and his Words are not heard*<sup>1</sup>.

The middle Condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of Wisdom. Poverty turns our Thoughts too much upon the supplying of our Wants, and Riches upon enjoying our Superfluities. And, as *Covley* has said in another Case, *It is hard for a Man to keep a steady Eye upon Truth, who is always in a Battel of a Triumph*.

If we regard Poverty and Wealth, as they are apt to produce Virtues or Vices in the Mind of Man, one may observe, that there is a Set of each of these growing out of Poverty, quite different from that which rises out of Wealth. Humility and Patience, Industry and Temperance, are very often the good Qualities of a poor Man. Humanity and Good-nature, Magnanimity and a Sense of Honour, are as often the Qualifications of the Rich. On the contrary, Poverty is apt to betray a Man into Lavi, Riches into Arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with Fraud, vicious Compliances, Repining, Murmur and Discontent. Riches expose a Man to Pride and Luxury, a foolish Elation of Heart, and too great a Fondness for the present World. In short, the middle Condition is most eligible to the Man who would improve himself in Virtue. As I have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of Knowledge. It was upon this Consideration that *Agar* founded his Prayer, which for the Wisdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. *Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me Vanity and Lies, give me neither Poverty, nor Riches, feed me with Food convenient for me. Lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain*<sup>2</sup>.

I shall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a very pretty Allegory, which is wrought into a Play<sup>3</sup> by *Aristophanes* the *Greek* Comedian. It seems originally designed as a Satyr upon the Rich, though, in some Parts of it, 'tis like the

foregoing Discourse, a kind of Comparison between Wealth and Poverty.

*Chremylus*, who was an old and a good Man, and withal exceeding Poor, being desirous to leave some Riches to his Son, consults the Oracle of *Apollo* upon the Subject. The Oracle bid him follow the first Man he should see upon his going out of the Temple. The Person he chanced to see was to Appearance an old sordid blind Man, but upon his following him from Place to Place, he at last found by his own Confession, that he was *Plutus* the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the House of a Miser. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a Boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to Age he would distribute Wealth to none but virtuous and just Men, upon which *Jupiter*, considering the pernicious Consequences of such a Revolution, took his Sight away from him, and left him to strol about the World in the Blind Condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his House, where he met an old Woman in a tattered Raiment, who had been his Guest for many Years, and whose Name was *Poverty*. The old Woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own House, but out of all *Greece* if she made any more Work upon the Matter. *Poverty* on this Occasion pleads her Cause very notably, and represents in her old Landlord, that should she be driven out of the Country, all their Rules, Arts and Sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was Rich, they would never be supplied with those Pains, Ornaments and Conveniences of Life which made Riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several Advantages which she bestowed upon her Visitors, in regard to their Shape, their Health, and their Activity, by preserving them from Gouts, Dropsies, Unwellness, and Intemperance. But whatever she had to say for her self, she was at last forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his Sight, and in order to it conveyed him to the Temple of *Esculapius*, who was famous for Cures and Miracles of this Nature. By this means the Duty recovered his Eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by Piety towards the Gods, and Justice towards Men<sup>4</sup> and at the same time by taking away his Gifts from the Impious, and Undeserving. This produces several merry Incidents, till in the last Act *Mercury* descends with great Compliments from the Gods, that since the Good Men were grown Rich they had received no Sacrifices, which is confirmed by a Priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a Remonstrance, that since this late Innovation he was reduced to a starving Condition, and could not live upon his Office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the Play was Religious in his Poverty, concludes it with a Proposal which was relished by all the Good Men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry *Plutus* in a Solemn Procession to the Temple, and install him in the Place of

<sup>1</sup> Eccl ix 14-16<sup>2</sup> Proverbs xxx 7-9<sup>3</sup> The *Plutus*<sup>4</sup> [were]<sup>5</sup> [Man]

*Jupiter* This Allegory instructed the *Athenians* in two Points, first, as it indicated the Conduct of Providence in its ordinary Distributions of Wealth and in the next Place, as it shewed the great Tendency of Riches to corrupt the Morals of those who possessed them C

No 465 ] Saturday, August 23, 1712 [Addison

*Quæ ratione quævis in adncere leniter ærum  
Ne te semper inqvis agitet ætæque confuso,  
Ne favor et rerum medicor tur utulum Spes*  
Hor

HAVING endeavour'd in my last *Saturday's* Paper to show the great Excellency of Truth, I here consider what are the proper Means of strengthening and confirming it in the Mind of Man. Those who delight in reading Books of Controversie, which are written on both sides of the Question in Points of Faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled Habit of it. They are one Day entirely convinced of its important Truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The Doubt [which] was laid reines again, and shows it self in new Difficulties, and that generally for this Reason, because the Mind which is perpetually tost in Controversies and Disputes, is apt to forget the Reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former Perplexity, when it appears in a new Shape, or is started by a different Hand. As nothing is more laudable than an Enquiry after Truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole Lives, without determining our selves one way, or other in those Points which are of the last Importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our Assent but in Cases by which we are to regulate our Lives, it is the greatest Absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that Side which appears the most safe and [the] most probable. The first Rule therefore which I shall lay down is this, that when by Reading or Discourse we find our selves thoroughly convinced of the Truth of any Article, and of the Reasonableness of our Belief in it, we should never after suffer our selves to call it into question. We may perhaps forget the Arguments which occasioned our Conviction, but we ought to remember the Strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the Conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common Art or Science, nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the Weakness and Limitation of our Intellectual Faculties. It was thus, that *Latimer*, one of the glorious Army of Martyrs who introduced the Reformation in *England*, behaved himself in that great Conference which was managed between the most learned among the Protestants and Popists in the Reign of Queen *Mary*. This venerable old Man knowing how his Abilities

were impaired by Age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those Reasons which had directed him in the Choice of his Religion, left his Companions who were in the full Possession of their Parts and Learning, to buffet and confound their Antagonists by the Force of Reason. As for himself he only repeated to his Adversaries the Articles in which he firmly believed, and in the Profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the Mathematician proceeds upon the Propositions which he has once demonstrated and though the Demonstration may have slipped out of his Memory, he builds upon the Truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This Rule is absolutely necessary for weaker Minds and in some measure for Men of the greatest Abilities but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their Memories, and always keep by them in a readiness, those Arguments which appear to them of the greatest Strength, and which cannot be got over by all the Doubts and Cavils of Infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens Faith more than Morality. Faith and Morality naturally produce each other. A Man is quickly convinced of the Truth of Religion, who finds it is not against his Interest that it should be true. The Pleasure he receives at Present, and the Happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give Credit to it, according to the ordinary Observation that *we are easy to believe what we wish*. It is very certain, that a Man of sound Reason cannot forbear closing with Religion upon an impartial Examination of it, but at the same time it is as certain that Faith is kept alive in us, and gathers Strength from Practice more than from Speculation.

There is still another Method which is more Persuasive than any of the former, and that is an habitual Adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant Acts of inward Worship, as in outward Forms. The devout Man does not only believe but feel there is a Deity. He has actual Sensations of Him his Experience concurs with his Reason he sees him more and more in all his Intercourses with him, and even in this Life almost loves his Faith in Conviction.

The last Method which I shall mention for the giving Life to a Man's Faith, is frequent Retirement from the World, accompanied with religious Meditation. When a Man thinks of any thing in the Darkness of the Night, whatever deep Impressions it may make in his Mind they are apt to vanish as soon as the Day breaks about him. The Light and Noise of the Day, which are perpetually solacing his Senses and calling off his Attention, wear out of his Mind the Thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much Strength, during the Silence and Darkness of the Night. A Man finds the same Difference as to himself in a Crowd and in a Solitude the Mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that Variety of Objects which press upon her in a great City. She cannot apply herself to the Consideration of these Things which are of the utmost Concern to her. The Cares or Pleasures of the World strike

<sup>2</sup> [that]

in with every Thought, and a Multitude of vicious Examples [give <sup>1</sup>] a kind of Justification [to <sup>2</sup>] our Folly. In our Retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In Courts and Cities we are entertained with the Works of Men in the Country with those of God. One is the Province of Art, the other of Nature. Faith and Devotion naturally grow in the Mind of every reasonable Man, who sees the Impressions of Divine Power and Wisdom in every Object on which he casts his Eye. The Supreme Being has made the best Arguments for his own Existence, in the Formation of the Heavens and the Earth, and these are Arguments which a Man of Sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the Noise and Hurry of Human Affairs. Aristotle says, that should a Man live under Ground, and there converse with Works of Art and Mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open Day, and see the several Glories of the Heaven and Earth, he would immediately pronounce them the Works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful Strokes of Poetry to this Purpose, in that exalted Strain, *The Heavens declare the Glory of God. And the Firmament showeth his handy work. One Day telleth another. And one Night certifieth another. There is neither Speech nor Language. But their Voices are heard among them. Their Sound is gone out into all Lands. And their Words into the Ends of the World*<sup>3</sup>. As such a bold and sublime manner of Thinking furnishes very noble Matter for an Ode, the Reader may see it wrought into the following one <sup>4</sup>.

## I

*The Spacious Firmament on high,  
With all the blue Ethereal Sky,  
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame  
Their great Original proclaim  
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,  
Does his Creator's Power display,  
And publishes to every Land  
The Work of an Almighty Hand*

## II

*Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,  
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,  
And nightly to the listening Earth  
Repeats the Story of her Birth  
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,  
And all the Planets in their turn,  
Confirm the Tidings as they rowl,  
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole*

## III

*What though, in solemn Silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?  
What tho' no real Voice nor Sound  
And their radiant Orbs be found?  
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious Voice,  
For ever singing, as they sing,  
'The Hand that made us is Divine'* C

<sup>1</sup> [give us]<sup>2</sup> [in]<sup>3</sup> Psalm xix 1-3<sup>4</sup> By Addison

No 466] Monday, August 25, 1712 [Sterle

—Vera incessu patitur Dea—Ving

WHEN *Æneas*, the Hero of *Virgil*, is lost in the Wood, and a perfect Stranger in the Place on which he is landed, he is accosted by a Lady in an Habit for the Chase. She enquires of him, Whether he has seen pass by that Way any young Woman dressed as she was? Whether she were following the Sport in the Wood, or any other Way employed, according to the Custom of Huntresses? The Hero answers with the Respect due to the beautiful Appearance she made, tells her, He saw no such Person as she enquired for but intimates, that he knows her to be of the Deities, and desires she would conduct a Stranger Her Form from her first Appearance manifested she was more than mortal but tho' she was certainly a Goddess, the Poet does not make her known to be the Goddess of *Beauty* till she moved. All the Charms of an agreeable Person are then in their highest Exertion, every Limb and Feature appears with its respective Grace. It is from this Observation, that I cannot help being so passionate an Admirer as I am of good Dancing<sup>1</sup>. As all Art is an Imitation of Nature, this is an Imitation of Nature in its highest Excellence, and at a Time when she is most agreeable. The Business of Dancing is to display beauty, and for that Reason all Distortions and Mimickries, as such, are what raise Aversion instead of Pleasure. But Things that are in themselves excellent, are ever attended with Imposture and false Imitation. Thus, as in Poetry there are laborious Fools who write Anagrams and Acrosticks, there are Pretenders in Dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such Creatures should be rewarded like him who had acquired a Knack of throwing a Grain of Corn through the Eye of a Needle, with a Bushel to keep his Hand in Use. The [Dancers'] on our Stages are very faulty in this Kind and what they mean by writhing themselves into such Postures, as it would be a Pain for any of the Spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those Spectators, is unintelligible. Mr *Pruce* has a Genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt them to better things. In all the Dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the Characters he represents. He does not hope to please by making his Performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did, but by Motions proper to the Characters he represents. He gives to Clowns and Lubbers clumisie Graces, that is, he makes them Practise what they would think Graces. And I have seen Dances of his, which might give Hints that would be useful to a Comick Writer. These Performances live pleas'd the Taste of such as have not Reflection enough to know their Excellence, because they are in Nature and the distorted Motions of others have offended those who could not form Reasons to themselves for

<sup>1</sup> See Nos 66, 67, 334, 370, 376<sup>2</sup> [Dancing]

Delight It may possibly be proved, that Vice is in itself destructive of Pleasure, and Virtue in it self conducive to it. If the Delights of a free Fortune were under proper Regulations, this Truth would not want much Argument to support it, but it would be obvious to every Man, that there is a strict Affinity between all Things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the highest Sentiment of the Soul, to the most indifferent Gesture of the Body. 1

No 467 ] Tuesday, Aug 26, 1712 [John Hughes

*Quodcumque mea poterunt tibi Andere Camaræ  
Seu Tibi per poterunt, seu, quo l' sp'is abnuat  
ultra,  
Sive minus, certeque canent minus, omne  
cor minus  
Hoc tibi, ne tar lo careat mihi nomine Charita  
Tibull ad Messalam*

THE Love of Praise is a Passion deeply fixed in the Mind of every extraordinary Person, and those who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that Parable of the Divinity which distinguishes Mankind from the Inferior Creation. The Supreme Being it self is most pleased with Praise and Thanksgiving the other Part of our Duty is but an Acknowledgm<sup>t</sup> of our Faults, whilst this is the immediate Adoration of his Perfections. 'Twas an excellent Observation, that we then only despise Commendation when we cease to deserve it, and we have still extant two Orations of *Tully* and *Plin*, spoken to the greatest and best Princes of all the *Roman* Emperors, who, no doubt, heard with the greatest Satisfaction, what even the most disinterested Persons, and at so large a Distance of Time, cannot read without Admiration. *Caesar* thought his Life consisted in the Breath of Praise when he professed he had lived long enough for himself when he had for his Glory others have sacrificed themselves for a Name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving way themselves to purchase a Sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing. But by Merit and superior Excellencies not only to gain, but, whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal Reputation,

is the last Degree of Happiness which we can hope for here. Bad Characters are dispersed abroad with Profusion, I hope for example Sake, and (as Punishments are designed by the Civil Power) more for the deterring the Innocent, than the chastising the Guilty. The Good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer Originals of this Kind to copy after, or that thro' the Malignity of our Nature, we rather delight in the Ridicule than the Virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for Variety, sometimes to give the World a Representation of the bright Side of humane Nature, as well as the dark and gloomy. The Desire of Imitation may, perhaps, be a greater Incentive to the Practice of what is good, than the Aversion we may conceive at what is blamable: the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shews you what you should avoid. And I cannot present do this with more Satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do some Justice to the Character of *Mecenas*.<sup>2</sup>

It would far exceed my present Design, to give a particular Description of *Mecenas* thro' all the Parts of his excellent Life. I shall now only draw him in his Retirement, and pass over in Silence the various Arts, the courtly Manners, and the undesigning Horesty by which he attained the Honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a Dignity and Veneration to the Case he does enjoy. 'Tis here that he looks back with Pleasure on the Waves and Billows thro' which he has steered to so far an Haven. He is now intent upon the Practice of every Virtue, which a great Knowledge and Use of Mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in his private domestic Employments he is no less glorious than in his publick. For 'tis in Reality a more difficult Task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive Life, than in one that is spent in Hurry and Business. Persons engaged in the latter, like Bodies violently agitated, from the Swiftness of their Motion have a Brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at Rest: but if it then still remain, it must be the Seeds of intrinsic Worth that thus shine out without any foreign Aid or Assistance.

His Liberality in another might almost bear the Name of Profusion he seems to think it laudable even in the Excess, like that River which most enriches when it overflows. But *Mecenas* has too perfect a Taste of the Pleasure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his Power, and for that Reason he will have a just Oeconomy, and a splendid Frugality at home, the Fountain from whence those Streams should flow which he disperses abroad. He looks with Disdain on those who propose their Death as the Time when they are to begin their Munificence: he will both see and enjoy (which he then does in the highest Degree) what he bestows himself. He will be the living Executor of his own Bounty, whilst they who have the Happiness to be within his Care and Patronage at once, pray for the Continuation of his Life, and their own good Fortune. No one is out of the reach of his Obligations. He knows

<sup>1</sup> Julius Caesar and Trajan. Cicero most flattered Caesar in the speech *pro Marcello*, but the memorable speech of his before Caesar was that for Ligarius, who had borne arms against the new master of Rome in the African campaign. Caesar had said 'Why might we not as well once more hear a speech from Cicero?' There is no doubt that Ligarius is a bad man and an enemy. Yet the effect of the speech was that Caesar was stirred with emotion, changed colour, and in reference to the battle of Pharsalia, 'he was,' says Plutarch, 'so affected that his body trembled and some of the papers he held dropped from his hands, and thus he was overpowered, and acquitted Ligarius.' Of Pliny the younger there remains a fulsome Panegyric upon Trajan.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Cowper.

how, by proper and becoming Methods, to raise himself to a Level with those of the highest Rank, and his good Nature is a sufficient Warrant against the Want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him, as *Pindar* bids his Muse say of *Theron* <sup>1</sup>

*Swear, that Theron sure has sworn,  
No one near him should be Poor  
Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful  
Art,  
Fortune's Free Gifts as freely to impart,  
With an unenvious Hand, and an unbounded  
Heart*

Never did *Atticus* succeed better in gaining the universal Love and Esteem of all Men, nor steer with more Success betwixt the Extrems of two contending Parties. 'Tis his peculiar Happiness, that while he espouses neither with an intemperate Zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unusual Felicity, he is beloved and caressed by both. And I never yet saw any Person of whatsoever Age or Sex, but was immediately struck with the Merit of *Manlius*. There are many who are acceptable to some particular Persons, whilst the rest of Mankind look upon them with Coldness and Indifference, but he is the first whose entire good Fortune it is ever to please and to be pleased where ever he comes to be admired, and where ever he is absent to be lamented. His Merit fuses like the Pictures of *Raphael*, which are either seen with Admiration by all, or at least no one dare own he has no Taste for a Composition which has received so universal an Applause. Envy and Malice find it against their Interest to indulge Slander and Obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an Enemy to detract from as for a Friend to add to his Praise. An Attempt upon his Reputation is a sure lessening of one's own, and there is but one Way to injure him, which is to refine him his just Commendations, and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the Sight with any Care of Dress: his outward Garb is but the Emblem of his Mind; it is genteel, plain, and unaffected: he knows that Gold and Embroidery can add nothing to the Opinion which all have of his Merit, and that he gives a Lustre to the plainest Dress, whilst 'tis impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal Figure in the Room. He first engages your Eye, as if there were some Point of Light which shone stronger upon him than on any other Person.

He puts me in mind of a Story of the famous *Bussy d'Amboise*,<sup>2</sup> who at an Assembly at Court, where every one appeared with the utmost Magnificence, relying upon his own superior Behav-

iour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that Day a plain Suit of Cloaths, and dressed all his Servants in the most costly gay Habits he could procure. The Event was, that the Eyes of the whole Court were fixed upon him, all the rest looked like his Attendants, whilst he alone had the Air of a Person of Quality and Distinction.

Like *Aristippus*, whatever Shape or Condition he appears in, it still suits free, and eases upon him, but in some Part of his Character, 'tis true, he differs from him: for as he is altogether equal to the Largeness of his present Circumstances, the Rectitude of his Judgment has so far corrected the Inclinations of his Ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the Desires or Pursuits of any thing beyond his present Enjoyments.

A thousand obliging Things flow from him upon every Occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least Pains to look for them. One would think it were the Dæmon of good Thoughts that discovered to him those Treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their Way. Nothing can equal the Pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the Satisfaction one receives in the Civility and Attention he pays to the Discourse of others. His Looks are a silent Commendation of what is good and praise worthy, and a secret Reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without Danger of Intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The Gravity of his Conversation is always enlivened with his Wit and Humour, and the Guety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the Expence of your Reason, nor serious with the Loss of your good Humour, but, by a happy mixture in his Temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole Behaviour is equally distant from Constraint and Negligence, and he commands your Respect, whilst he gains your Heart.

There is in his whole Carriage such an engaging Softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever retorted by those rougher Passions, which, where ever they find Place, seldom fail of shewing themselves in the outward Demeanour of the Persons they belong to. But his Constitution is a just Temperature between Indolence on one hand and Violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, where ever his Affairs will give him Leave to follow his own Inclinations, but yet never failing to exert himself with Vigour and Resolution in the Service of his Prince, his Country, or his Friend.

Z

<sup>1</sup> Second Olympic Ode

<sup>2</sup> Bussy d'Amboise had become famous in England through a tragedy by George Chapman, often presented in the time of James I, and revived after the Restoration. In 1691 Chapman's play was produced with some changes by Thomas D'Urfey. The man himself killed a relation in the massacre of St Bartholomew, to get a title, and was trapped and killed by the Comte de Montsoreau, whose wife he went to seduce.

No 468 ] Wednesday, August 27, 1712 [Steele.

*Erat Homo ingenuus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis lueret et fellis, nec candoris minus* — *Plin Epist*

MY Paper is in a kind a Letter of News, but it regards rather what passes in the World



of Conversation than that of Business. I am very sorry that I have at present a Circumstance before me, which is of very great Importance to all who have a Relish for Gayety, Wit, Mirth, or Humour. I mean the Death of poor Dick Eastcourt.<sup>1</sup> I have been obliged to him for so many Hours of Jollity, that it is but a small Recompense, tho' all I can give him, to pass a Moment or two in Sadness for the Loss of so agreeable a Man. Poor Eastcourt! the first Time I saw him we were plotting, to show the Town his great Capacity for acting, in its full Light, by introducing him as dictating to a Set of young Players, in what manner to speak this Sentiment, and utter to her Passion. He had so exquisite a Discerning of what was defective in my Object before him, that in an Instant he could show you the ridiculous Side of what would pass for beautiful and just even to Men of no ill Judgment. He fore he had pointed out the Fault. He was no less skilful in the Knowledge of Beauty and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well but can repeat more well turned Compliments, as well as smart Repartees, of Mr Eastcourt's, than of any other Man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable Faculty of telling a Story in which he would throw in a natural and unexpected Incident to make his Court to some Part, and rally the other Part of the Company. Then he would vary the Usage he gave them according as he saw them bear kind or sharp Language. He had the Kunst to raise up a person, Leaper, and mortify an impudently gay one, with the most agreeable Skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my Memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet holding up the Skull which the Grave-digger threw to him, with an Account that it was the Head of the King's Jester, falls into very pleasing Reflections, and cries out to his Companion,

*Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thousand times. And how abhorred my Imagination is now my Gorge rises at it. Here hangs those Lips that I have kiss'd I know it is of yest. When he yells his Gobs now, your Gambols, yeir Songs, your lashes of Merriment, that were wont to sit the Fable on a Roar. No one now to mock your own Feigns quite Chop-fallen. Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an Inch thick, to this Favour she must come. Make her laugh at it.*

It is an Insolence natural to the Wealthy, to asfix, as much as in them lies, the Character of a Man to his Circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good Qualities of those below them, and say, It is very extraordinary in such a Man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the Value of him whose I ownness upbraids their Exaltation. It is to this Humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick Wit in Conversation, a nice Judgment upon any Emergency, that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive Behaviour, could not raise this

Man above being received only upon the Foot of contribution to Mirth and Diversion. But he was as easy under that Condition, as a Man of so excellent Talents was capable, and since they would have it that to divert was his Business, I did it with all the seeming, Affability, malle, tho' it stung him to the Heart that it was his Business. Men of Sense who could rise his little eyes, were well satisfied to let him lead the Way in Conversation, and play after his own Manner, but those who provoked him to Mischief, found he had the Indignation to let it be the Expense who called for it, and he would shew the Point of conceited Henry Fellows is just to the Company, at their own Expense in Revenge for introducing him from him, a Contribution to put on the Character of a Jester.

What was particularly excellent in this memorable Companion, was that in the Account he gave of Persons and Sentiments he did not only hit the Mark, but their Faces, in a Manner of this Casture. It he would in his Narration fall in one way or another, and thus when he recounted Passages where a Man in the best Wit was concerned, as well as such which were represented alien of the lowest kind of Understanding. It is certainly as great an Instance of Self-love to a Weakness, to be impatient of being mimick'd, as any can be imagin'd. There were none but the Vain, the Foppish, the Proud or those who were incapable of amending their Faults, that regarded him as to others he was in the highest Degree pleasing, and I do not know any Satisfaction of any indifferer I had ever tasted so much, as having got over a Impatience of seeing myself in the Air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite Taste at this way, more than any Philosophy I could read on the Subject, that my Person is very little of my Care, and it is indifferent to me what is said of my Shape, my Air, my Manner, my Speech, or my Address. It is to poor Eastcourt. I chiefly owe that I am arriv'd at the Happiness of thinking nothing, a Diminution to me, but what argues a Deprivation of my Will.

It has as much surprized me as any thing in Nature, to have it frequently said that he was not a good Player. But that must be owing to a Partiality for former Actors in the Parts in which he succeeded them, and judg'd by Comparison of what was before, rather than by the Nature of the Thing. When a Man of his Wit and Sensitiveness could put on an utter Absence of common Sense in his Face as he did in the Character of *Lullinck* in the *Northen Lass*, and an Air of insipid Cunning, and Vacuity in the Character of *Moince* in the *Temerous Husband*, it is folly to dispute his Capacity and Success, as he was an Actor.

Poor Eastcourt! let the Vain and Proud be at Rest, thou wilt no more disturb their Admiration of their dear selves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the Mirth of Stupids, who know nothing of thy Merit, for thy Maintenance.

<sup>1</sup> See p 378

<sup>2</sup> By Richard Brome, first acted in 1632  
<sup>3</sup> By Steele

It is natural for the Generality of Mankind to run into Reflections upon our Mortality, when Disturbers of the World are laid at Rest, but to take no Notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us. But for my Part, I cannot but think the Loss of such Talents as the Man of whom I am speaking was Master of, a more melancholy Instance of Mortality, than the Dissolution of Persons of never so high Characters in the World, whose Pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and as a SPECTATOR, give an Account of this extraordinary Man, who, in his Way, never had an Equal in any Age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a Companion, and a Man qualified for Conversation. His Fortune exposed him to an Obsequiousness towards the worst Sort of Company, but his excellent Qualities rendered him capable of making the best Figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among Men of the most delicate Taste a whole Night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the Discourse to himself the most Part of it, and maintain his good Humour with a Countenance in a Language so delightful, without Offence to any Person or Thing upon Earth, still preserving the Distance his Circumstances obliged him to. I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hunt at will read this, without giving him some Sorrow for their abundant Mirth, and one Gush of Tears for so many Bursts of Laughter. I wish it were any Honour to the pleasant Creature's Memory, that my Eyes are too much suffused to let me go on—— ]

T

1 go on——

It is a felicity his Friends may rejoice in, that he had his Senses, and used them as he ought to do, in his last Moments. It is remarkable that his Judgment was in its calm Perfection to the utmost Article, for when his Wife out of her fondness, desired she might send for a certain illiterate Humourist (whom he had accompanied in a thousand mirthful Moments, and whose Insolence makes Foolstunk he assumes from conscious Merit) he answered, 'Do what you please, but he won't come near me.' Let poor Eastcourt's Negligence about this Message convince the unwary of a triumphant Empiric's Ignorance and Inhumanity. [This passage, omitted from the reprint, expresses Steele's anger at the neglect of Eastcourt in his last hours by Dr John Radcliffe, one of the chief physicians of the time, who as a rough-spoken humourist made many enemies, and was condemned as an empiric by many of his professional brethren. When called, in 1699, to attend King William, who asked his opinion on his swollen ankles, he said, 'I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.' His maxim for making a fortune was to use all men ill, but Merd, it has been observed made more money by the opposite method. Not very long after this bitter censure of Radcliffe for neglect of Eastcourt, attempts were made to censure him

No 469 ] Thursday, August 28, 1712 [Addison

*Detrahete aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam, quam mors, quam paupertas, quam dolor, quam cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, a rebus externis* —Tull

I AM persuaded there are few Men of generous Principles, who would seek after great Places, were it not rather to have an Opportunity in their Hands of obliging their particular Friends, or those whom they look upon as Men of Worth, than to procure Wealth and Honour for themselves. To an honest Mind the best Perquisites of a Place are the Advantages it gives a Man of doing Good.

Those who are under the great Officers of State, and are the Instruments by which they act, have more frequent Opportunities for the Exercise of Compassion, and Benevolence, than their Superiors themselves. These Men know every little Case that is to come before the Great Man, and if they are possessed with honest Minds, will consider Poverty as a Recommendation in the Person who applies himself to them, and make the Justice of his Cause the most powerful Solicitor in his Behalf. A Man of this Temper, when he is in a Post of Business, becomes a Blessing to the Publick. He patronizes the Orphan and the Widow, assists the Friendless, and guides the Ignorant. He does not reject the Person's Pretensions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing a good Office for a Man because he cannot pay the Fee of it. In short, tho' he regulates himself in all his Proceedings by Justice and Equity, he finds a thousand (Occasions for all the Good natured Offices of\*) Generosity and Compassion.

A Man is unfit for such a Place of Trust, who is of a sower untractable Nature, or has any other Passion that makes him unaccessible to those who approach him. Roughness of Temper is apt to discountenance the Timorous or Modest. The proud Man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean Condition, and who most want his Assistance. The impatient Man will not give himself time to be informed of the Matter that lies before him. An Officer with one or more of these unbecoming Qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper Person to keep off Impertinence and

formally in the House of Commons for refusal to attend in the last illness of Queen Anne, although requested to do so by the Privy Council. He denied that he had been asked to attend. He died himself three months after the Queen (in 1714, aged 64), his last days embittered by the public odium following the charge of disrespect to his dying sovereign. He died unmarried, and left the greater part of his money to beneficent uses, among them the erection of an infirmary and of the Radcliffe Library in Oxford.

\* [Opportunities of exercising his]

Solicitation from his Superior but this is a kind of Merit, that can never atone for the Injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious Qualities which render a Man very unfit for such a Place of Trust. The first of these is a Dilatory Temper, which commits innumerable Cruelties without Design. The Maxim which several have laid down for a Man's Conduct in ordinary Life should be inviolable with a Man in Office, never to think of doing that To-morrow which may be done To-day. A Man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of Injustice so long as he defers it. The Dispatch of a good Office is very often as beneficial to the Solicitor as the good Office itself. In short, if a Man compared the Inconveniences which another suffers by his Delays, with the trifling Motives and Advantages which he himself may reap by such a Delay, he would never be guilty of a Fault which very often does an irreparable Prejudice to the Person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little Trouble to himself.

But in the last Place, there is no Man so improper to be employed in Business, as he who is in any degree capable of Corruption. And such an one is the Man, who, upon any Pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned Fee of his Office. Gratiifications, Tokens of Thankfulness, Dispatch Money, and the like specious Terms are the Pretences under which Corruption very frequently shelters itself. An honest Man will however look on all these Methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate Fortune that is gained with Honour and Reputation, than in an overgrown Estate that is cankered with the Acquisitions of Rapine and Exaction. Were all our Offices discharged with such an inflexible Integrity, we should not see Men in all Ages, who grow up to exorbitant Wealth with the Abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary Mechanick. I cannot but think that such a Corruption proceeds chiefly from Mens employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the Character of shrewd worldly Men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal Education, and have been trained up in the Studies of Knowledge and Virtue.

It has been observed, that Men of Learning who take to Business, discharge it generally with greater Honesty than Men of the World. The chief Reason for it I take to be as follows. A Man that has spent his Youth in Reading, has been used to find Virtue extolled, and Vice stigmatized. A Man that has past his Time in the World, has often seen Vice triumphant, and Virtue discountenanced. Extortion, Rapine and Injustice, which are branded with Infamy in Books, often give a Man a Figure in the World, while several Qualities which are celebrated in Authors, as Generosity, Ingenuity and Good-Nature, impoverish and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable Effect on Men, whose Tempers and Principles are equally Good and Vicious.

There would be at least this Advantage in employing Men of Learning and Parts in Business,

that their Prosperity would set more graciously on them, and that we should not see many worthless Persons shot up into the greatest Figures of Life. C

No 470 ] Friday, August 29, 1712 [Addison

*Turpe est difficile habere nugas,  
Et stultus est labor ineptiarum* —Martial

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late Years, when upon examining the new Edition of a Classic Author, I have found above half the Volume taken up with various Readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned Note upon a doubtful Passage in a Latin Poet, I have only been informed, that such or such Ancient Manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable Discovery of the like Importance. Indeed, when a different Reading gives us a different Sense, or a new Elegance in an Author, the Editor does very well in taking Notice of it, but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same Word, and gathers together the various Blunders and Mistakes of twenty or thirty different Transcribers, they only take up the Time of the learned Reader, and puzzle the Minds of the Ignorant. I have often fancied with my self how enraged an old Latin Author would be, should he see the several Absurdities in Sense and Grammar, which are imputed to him by some or other of these various Readings. In one he speaks Noncense, in another, makes use of a Word that was never heard of. And indeed there is scarce a Solcism in Writing which the best Author is not guilty of, if we may be at Liberty to read him in the Words of some Manuscript, which the laborious Editor has thought fit to examine in the Prosecution of his Work.

I question not but the Indies and pretty Fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of. I shall therefore give them a Notion of this Practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several Persons who make an eminent Figure in the Republick of Letters. To this end we will suppose that the following [Song<sup>1</sup>] is an old Ode which I present to the Publick in a new Edition, with the several various Readings which I find of it in form or Editions, and in Ancient Manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various Readings, will perhaps find their Account in the Song, which never before appeared in Print.

*My Love was fickle once and changing,  
Nor e'er would settle in my Heart,  
From Beauty still to Beauty ranging,  
In ev'ry Face I found a Dart*

<sup>1</sup> [Song, which by the way is a beautiful Descant upon a single Thought, like the Compositions of the best Ancient Iyrick Poets, I say we will suppose this Song]

'Twas first a charming Shape enslav'd me,  
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke  
'Till by her Wit Cornma sav'd me,  
And all my former Fetters broke

But now a long and lasting Anguish  
For Belvidera I endure,  
Hourly I sigh and hourly Languish,  
Nor hope to find the wou'ded Cure

For here the false unconstant Lover,  
After a thousand Beauties shov'n,  
Does new surprising Charms discover,  
And finds Variety in One

Various Readings

Stanza the First, Verse the First *And chang-  
ing*] The and in some Manuscripts is written  
thus, &c, but that in the Cotton Library writes it  
in three distinct Letters

Verse the Second, *Nor e'er would*] *Aldus*  
reads it *ever would*, but as this must hurt the  
Metre, we have restored it to its genuine Read-  
ing, by observing that *Synacrisis* which had been  
neglected by ignorant Transcribers

*Ibid* In *my Heart*] *Scaliger*, and others, on  
*my Heart*

Verse the Fourth, *I found a Dart*] The *Vati-  
can* Manuscript for *I* reads *it*, but this must have  
been the Hallucination of the Transcriber, who  
probably mistook the Dash of the *I* for a *f*

Stanza the Second, Verse the Second *The  
fatal Stroke*] *Scophaeus*, *Salvianus* and many  
others, for the read *a*, but I have stuck to the usual  
Reading

Verse the Third, *Till by her Wit*] Some  
Manuscripts have it *his Wit*, others *your*, others  
*their Wit* But as I find *Cornma* to be the  
Name of a Woman in other Authors, I cannot  
doubt but it should be *her*

Stanza the third, Verse the First *A long and  
lasting Anguish*] The *German* Manuscript  
reads a *lasting Passio*, but the Rhyme will not  
admit it

Verse the Second *For Belvidera I endure*] *I*  
did not all the Manuscripts reclaim, I should  
change *Belvidera* into *Pel-idera* *Pelrus* being  
used by several of the Ancient Comic Writers  
for a Looking glass, by which means the Ety-  
mology of the Word is very visible, and *Pel-idera*  
will signify a Lady who often looks in her Glass  
as indeed she had very good reason, if she had  
all those Beauties which our Poet here ascribes to  
her

Verse the Third *Hourly I sigh and hourly  
languish*] Some for the Word *hourly* read *daily*,  
and others *nightly*, the last has great Authorities  
of its side

Verse the Fourth *The wou'ded Cure*] The  
*Elder Stevens* reads *wanted Cure*

Stanza the Fourth, Verse the Second *After a  
thousand Beauties*] In several Copies we meet  
with a *Hundred Beauties* by the usual Errour of  
the Transcribers, who probably omitted a Cypher,  
and had not Taste enough to know that the Word  
*Thousand* was ten Times a greater Compliment  
to the Poet's Mistress than an *Hundred*

Verse the Fourth *And finds Variety in one*] *I*  
Most of the Ancient Manuscripts have it in *two*

Indeed so many of them concur in this last read-  
ing, that I am very much in doubt whether it  
ought not to take place There are but two Reasons  
which incline me to the Reading as I have pub-  
lished it First, because the Rhyme, and, Second-  
ly, because the Sense is preserved by it. It might  
likewise proceed from the Oversight of Trin-  
scibers who, to dispatch their Work the sooner,  
use to write all Numbers in Cypher, and seeing  
the Figure 1 following by a little Dash of the  
Pen, as is customary in old Manuscripts, they  
perhaps mistook the Dash for a second Figure,  
and by casting up both together composed out  
of them the Figure 2 But this I shall leave to  
the Learned, without determining any thing in a  
Matter of so great Uncertainty C

No 471] Saturday, August 30, 1712 [Addison

Ἐν ἐλπίσειν χρεὶ τοὺς σοφούς ἔχειν βίον  
Euripid

THE *Time* present seldom affords sufficient  
Employment to the Mind of Man Objects  
of Praise or Pleasure, Love or Admiration, do not  
lie thick enough together in Life to keep the Soul  
in constant Action and supply an immediate  
Exercise to its Faculties In order, therefore, to  
remedy this Defect, that the Mind may not want  
Business, but always have Materials for thinking,  
she is endowed with certain Powers, that can  
recall what is passed, and anticipate what is to  
come

That wonderful Faculty, which we call the  
Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we  
have nothing present to entertain us It is like  
those Repositories in several Animals, that are  
filled with Stores of their former Food, on which  
they may ruminate when their present Pasture  
fails

As the Memory relieves the Mind in her vacant  
Moments, and prevents any Chasms of Thought  
by Ideas of what is *past*, we have other Faculties  
that agitate and employ her upon what is *to  
come* These are the Passions of Hope and Fear

By these two Passions we reach forward into  
Futurity, and bring up to our present Thoughts  
Objects that lie hid in the remotest Depths of  
Time We suffer Misery, and enjoy Happiness,  
before they are in Being we can see the Sun and  
Stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering  
into those retired Parts of Eternity, when the  
Heavens and Earth shall be no more

By the way, who can imagine that the Exis-  
tence of a Creature is to be circumscribed by Time,  
whose Thoughts are not? But I shall, in this  
Paper, confine myself to that particular Passion  
which goes by the Name of Hope

Our Actual Enjoyments are so few and transient,  
that Man would be a very miserable Being, were  
he not endowed with this Passion, which gives  
him a Taste of those good Things that may possi-  
bly come into his Possession *We should hope  
for every thing that is good*, says the old Poet  
*Linus*, because there is nothing which may not

le hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us." Hope equalises all the still Parts of Life, and keeps the Mind awake in her most Remiss and Inolent Hours. It gives abundant Security and good Humour. It is a kind of Vital Heat in the Soul, that cheereth and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It raises Pain, Grief, and Labour pleasant.

Beside these several Advantages which rise from Hope, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, it gives us Success in present Enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had conquered all his Enemies, he was giving his Friends, one of them said that he had left for himself to which that great Man replied, *Hope*. His natural Magnanimity led him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his Thoughts upon something more valuable than he had in View. I question not but every Reader will draw a Moral from this Story, and apply it to himself without any Direction.

The old Story of *Pardus's Box* (which many of the Learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the Tradition of the Fall of Man) shews us how deplorable a State they thought the present Life without Hope. To set for it the utmost Condition of Misery they tell us that our Iocosiher, according to the Pagan Hecate, had a great Vessel presented him by *Pardus*. Upon his lifting up the Lid of it, saw the Table, there flew out all the Calumnies and Distempers incident to Man, from which, all that time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope* who had been enclosed in the Cup with a much bad Company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the Lid of it that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two Reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that a kind of Life is so happy as that which is full of Hope, especially when the Hope is well grounded. And when the Object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its Nature proper to make the Person happy who enjoys it. This Proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present Enjoyments of the most happy Man, and how insufficient to give him an entire Satisfaction and Acquiescence in them.

My next Observation is this, that a Religious Life is that which most abounds in a well grounded Hope, and such an one as is fixed on Objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This Hope in a Religious Man, is much more sure and certain than the Hope of any Temporal Blessing, as it is strengthened not only by Reason, but by Faith. It has at the same time its Ever perpetual fix'd on that State, which implies in the very Notion of it the most full and the most complete Happiness.

I have before shewn how the Influence of Hope in general sweetens Life, and makes our present Condition supportable if not pleasant, but a Religious Hope has still greater Advantages. It does not only bear up the Mind under her Sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may

be the Instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate End of all her Hope.

Reason's Hope has likewise this Advantage above any other kind of Hope, that it is able to raise the *Imaginatio*, and to fill his Mind not only with secret Comfort and Refreshment, but sometimes with Rapture and Ecstasy. He triumphs in his Atoms while the Soul springs forth with Delight to the great Object which she has always had in view, in which the Body is in Expectation of being reunited to her in glorious and joyful Resurrection.

I shall conclude this Essay with those emphatical Expressions of a lively Hope, which the Psalmist in defence of him the midst of those Dangers and Persecutions which surrounded him for the following Passage had in present and personal, as well as in future and prophetic Sense. *I have set my Soul at large before me because he is at my right Hand. I shall not be moved therefore my Heart is glad, and my Glory rejoiceth in my Salvation. I trust in the Lord for thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou suffer to be Holy One to be corrupted. Thou wilt show me the Path of Life in thy Presence is Fullness of Joy, at thy right Hand there are Pleasures for ever.* C

No 472 ] Monday, September 2, 1732 [S<sup>th</sup>ale

— Youptias  
Salar enqur nali — Vir,

RECEIVED sometime ago a Proposal, which I had a Preference to it, wherein the Author discourses at large of the innumerable Objects of Charity in this World, and admonishes the Rich, who were afflicted with any Discomfort of Body, particularly to regard the Poor to the same Species of Affliction, and to confine their Tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The Proposer had been relieved from a Malady in his Eyes by an Operation performed by Sir William Acland, and being a Man of Condition, had taken a Resolution to maintain three poor blind Men during their Lives, in Gratitude for that great Blessing. This Misfortune is so very great and infrequent that one would think, an Establishment for all the Poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the Addition of a very few others to those Wealthy who are in the same Calamity. However, the Thought of the Proposer arose from a very good Motive, and the preclining of our selves out, as called to particular Acts of Beneficence, would be a pretty Cement of Society and Virtue. It is the ordinary Foundation for Mens holding a Commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of Pleasure and sure it may also be some Reason for Amity, that they are under one common Distress. If all the Rich who are lame in the Gout, from a Lack of Exercise, Pleasure, and Luxury would help those few who have it without a previous Life of Pleasure

<sup>1</sup> Translation of the fragment on Hope

sure, and add a few of such laborious Men, who are become lame from unhappy Blows, Falls, or other Accidents of Age or Sickness. I say, would such gouty Persons administer to the Necessities of Men disabled like themselves, the Consciousness of such a Behaviour would be the best Julep, Cordial, and Anodyne in the feverish, faint and tormenting Vicissitudes of that miserable Distemper. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual Luits. These Classes of Charity would certainly bring down Blessings upon an Age and People, and if Men were not petrified with the Love of this World, against all Beasts of the Commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable Bill for a poor Man in the Agony of Pain, aggravated by Want and Poverty, to draw upon a sick Alderman after this I orn

Mr Bns | Plenty,  
SIR,

*You have the Gout and Stone, with  
Sixty thousand Pound Sterling, I have  
the Gout and Stone, not worth one  
Farthing. I shall pray for you, and  
doubt you would pay the Bearer Twenty  
Shillings for Value received from,*

Cripple Gate  
Aug 29, 1712

SIR,  
Your humble Servant,  
*Lazarus Hopeful*

The Reader's own Imagination will suggest to him the Reasonableness of such Correspondences, and diversify them into a thousand Forms, but I shall close this as I began upon the Subject of Blindness. The following Letter seems to be written by a Man of Learning, who is returned to his Study after a Suspence of an Ability to do so. The Beneficent he reports himself to have received, may well claim the handsomest Locomotion he can give the Operator

Mr SPECTATOR,

'Ruminating lately on your admirable Discourse on the Pleasures of the Imagination, I began to consider to which of our Senses we are obliged for the greatest and most important Share of those Pleasures, and I soon concluded that it was to the Sight. That is the Sovereign of the Senses, and Mother of all the Arts and Sciences, that have refined the Rudeness of the uncultivated Mind to a Politeness that distinguishes the fine Spirits from the barbarous Gout of the great Vulgar and the small. The Sight is the obliging Beneficent, that bestows on us the most transporting Sensations that we have from the various and wonderful Products of Nature. To the Sight we owe the amazing Discoveries of the Height, Magnitude, and Motion of the Planets, their several Revolutions about their common Centre of Light, Heat, and Motion the Sun. The Sight travels yet farther to the fixed Stars, and furnishes the Understanding with solid Reasons to prove, that each of them is a Sun moving on its own Axis in the Centre of its own Vortex or Turbillion, and performing the same Offices to its dependant Planets, that our glorious Sun does to this. But the Enquiries of the Sight will not be stopped here, but

'make their Progress through the immense Expanse to the Milky Way, and there divide the blended Fires of the Galaxy into infinite and different Worlds, made up of distinct Suns, and their peculiar Equipages of Planets, all unable to pursue this Track any farther, it deposes the Imagination to go on to new Discoveries, till it fill the unbounded Space with endless Worlds.

The Sight informs the Statuary's Chisel with Power to give Birth to lifeless Brass and Marble, and the Painter's Pencil to swell the flat Canvas with moving Figures actuated by imaginary Souls. Music indeed may plead another Original, since *Jubal*, by the distinct Falls of his Hammer on the Anvil, discovered by the Ear the first rude Musick that pleads the Amulidian Fathers, but then the Sight has not only redressed those wilder Sounds into artful Order and Harmony, but conveys that Harmony to the most distant Parts of the World without the Help of Sound. To the Sight we owe not only all the Discoveries of Philosophy, but all the Divine Imagery of Poetry that transports the intelligent Reader of *Homer*, *Milton*, and *Virgil*.

As the Sight has polished the World, so does it supply us with the most grateful and lasting Pleasure. Let Love, let Friendship, paternal Affection, filial Piety, and conjugal Duty, declare the Joys the Sight bestows on a Meeting after Absence. But it would be endless to enumerate all the Pleasures and Advantages of Sight, every one that has it, every Hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

Thus is our greatest Pleasures and Knowledge all derived from the Sight, so has Providence been more curious in the Formation of its Seat, the Eye, than of the Organs of the other Senses. That stupendous Machine is compos'd in a wonderful Manner of Muscles, Membranes, and Humours. Its Motions are admirably directed by the Muscles, the Perspicuity of the Humours transmit the Rays of Light, the Rays are regularly refracted by their Figure, the black Lining of the Sclerotes effectually prevents their being confounded by Reflection. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many Objects the Eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively in an Instant, and at the same time to make a Judgment of their Position, Figure, or Colour. It watches against our Dan-ers, guides our Steps, and lets in all the visible Objects, whose Beauty and Variety instruct and delight.

The Pleasures and Advantages of Sight being so great, the Loss must be very grievous of which *Milton*, from Experience, gives the most sensible Idea, both in the third Book of his *Paradise Lost*, and in his *Samson Agonistes*.

To Light in the former

—*Thou I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovereign vital Lamp, but thou  
Revisit'st not these Eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing Ray, but find no Dawn.*

And a little after,  
*Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet Approach of Dawn and Morn,*

*Or Sight of vernal Blooms, or Summer's Rose,  
Or Flocks or Herds, or human Face divine,  
But Cloud instead, and ever during Dark  
Surround me From the cheerful Ways of Men  
Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair,  
Presented with an universal Blank  
Of Nature's Works, to me expung'd and raz'd,  
And Wisdom at our Entrance quite shut out*

Again, in *Saunders Agonistes*

—But Chief of all,  
O Loss of Sight! of thee I most complain,  
Blind among Enemies! O worse than Chorus,  
Dungeon, or Beggary, or decrepid Age!  
Light, the prime Work of God, to me extirp'd,  
And all her various Objects of Delight  
Annul'd

—Still as a Fool,  
In Power of others, never in my own,  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than  
Half  
O dark! dark! dark! amid the Blaze of Noon  
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse,  
Without all Hopes of Day!

'The Enjoyment of Sight then being so great  
'a Blessing, and the Loss of it so terrible in Life,  
'how excellent and valuable is the Skill of that  
'Artist which can restore the former, and redress  
'the latter? My frequent Perusal of the Ad-  
'vertisements in the publick News Papers (gen-  
'erally the most agreeable Entertainment they  
'afford) has presented me with many and various  
'Benefits of this kind done to my Countrymen by  
'that skilful Artist Dr *Grant*, Her Majesty's  
'Oculist Extraordinary, whose happy Hand has  
'brought and restored to Sight several Hundreds  
'in less than Four Years. Many have received  
'Sight by his Means, who came blind from their  
'Mother's Womb, as in the famous Instance of  
'*Jones of Newington*. I myself have been  
'cured by him of a Weakness in my Eyes next to  
'Blindness, and am ready to believe any thing  
'that is reported of his Ability this way, and  
'know that many, who could not purchase his  
'Assistance with Money, have enjoy'd it from his  
'Charity. But a List of Particulars would swell  
'my Letter beyond its Bounds, what I have said  
'being sufficient to comfort those who are in the  
'like Distress, since they may conceive Hopes of  
'being no longer miserable in this Kind, while  
'there is yet alive so able an Oculist as Dr *Grant*

I am the SPECTATOR's humble Servant,  
PHILANTHROPUS

T

<sup>1</sup> A Full and True Account of a Miraculous  
Cure of a young Man in Newington, &c. was a  
pamphlet of 15 pages, published in 1709. William  
Jones was not born blind, and little benefited  
by the operation of the Doctor Grant, who in this  
pamphlet puffed himself

No 473 ] Tuesday, September 2, 1712 [Steele

*Quid? si quis unum toro ferus et pede nudo  
Exiguæque togæ sinitet textore Catonem,  
Virtutemque repræsentet morisq; Catonis?*

Hor

To the SPECTATOR

SIR,  
I AM now in the Country, and employ most of  
my Time in reading, or thinking upon what I  
have read. Your paper comes constantly down  
to me, and it affects me so much, that I find my  
Thoughts run into your Way, and I recommend  
to you a Subject upon which you have not yet  
touched, and that is the Satisfaction some Men  
seem to take in their Imperfections, I think one  
may call it glorying in their Insufficiency, a cer-  
tain great Author is of Opinion it is the contrary  
to Envy, tho' perhaps it may proceed from it.  
Nothing is so common, as to hear Men of this  
Sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own  
Merit (as they think) by imputing it in prising  
themselves for their Defects, freely allowing they  
commit some few frivolous Errors, in order to be  
esteemed persons of uncommon Talents and great  
Qualifications. They are generally professing  
an injudicious Neglect of Dancing, Fencing and  
Riding, as also an unjust Contempt for Travel-  
ling and the Modern Languages as for their Part  
(say they) they never valued or troubled their  
Head about them. This panegyrical Satyr on  
themselves certainly is worthy of your Animad-  
version. I have known one of these Gentlemen  
think himself obliged to forget the Day of an  
Appointment, and sometimes even that you  
spoke to him, and when you see 'em, they hope  
you'll pardon 'em, for they have the worst  
Memory in the World. One of 'em started up  
another Day in some Confusion, and said, Now  
I think on't, I'm to meet Mr *Mortimer* the At-  
torney about some Business, but whether it is to-  
Day or to Morrow, futh, I can't tell. Now to  
my certain Knowledge he knew his Time to a  
Moment, and was there accordingly. These  
forgetful Persons have, to heighten their Crime,  
generally the best Memories of any People, as I  
have found out by their remembering sometimes  
through inadvertency. Two or three of 'em  
that I know can say most of our modern Trage-  
dies by Heart. I asked a Gentleman the other  
Day that is famous for a Good Carver, (at which  
Acquisition he is out of Countenance, in ignoring  
it may detract from some of his more essential  
Qualifications) to help me to something that was  
near him, but he excus'd himself, and blushing  
told me, Of all things he could never carve in  
his Life, though it can be proved upon him,  
that he cuts up, disjoints, and unseams with in-  
comparable Dexterity. I would not be under-  
stood as if I thought it laudable for a Man of  
Quality and Fortune to rival the Acquisitions of  
Artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy  
Qualities. No, I argue only against being  
ashamed at what is really Praiseworthy. As  
these Pretences to Ingenuity shew themselves  
several Ways, you'll often see a Man of this  
Temper ashamed to be clean, and setting up for

and of having had Opportunities of Exerting them in the most Conspicuous Manner.

The Great Part You had, as *Brish* Embassador, in Procuring and Cultivating the Advantageous Commerce between the Courts of *England* and *Portugal*, has purchased you the lasting Esteem of all who understand the Interest of either Nation.

Those Personal Excellencies which are overrated by the ordinary World, and too much neglected by Wise Men, You have supplied with the justest Skill and Judgment. The most graceful Address in Horsemanship, in the Use of the Sword, and in Dancing, has been employed by You as lower Arts, and as they have occasionally served to recover, or introduce the Talents of a skilful Minister.

But your Abilities have not appeared only in one Nation. When it was your Privilege to Act as Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of *Spain*, at that time encamped, You accompanied that Gallant Prince thro' all the Vicissitudes of his Fortune and shared, by His Side, the Dangers of that Glorious Day in which He recovered His

Capital. As far as it regards Personal Qualities, You attained, in that noble Hour, the highest Military Reputation. The Behaviour of our Minister in the Action, and the good Offices done the Vanquished in the Name of the Queen of *England*, give both the Conqueror and the Conquered the most lively Examples of the Courage and Generosity of the Nation He represented.

Your Friends and Compliments in your Absence frequently talk the Language of You and You cannot hide from us, thy the most discreet Silence in any Thing which regards Yourself at the frank Entertainment we have at your Table, your easy Condescension in little Incidents of Mirth and Diversion and general Complacency of Manners, are far from being the greatest Obligations we have to You. I do assure You there is not one of your Friends has a Greater Sense of your Merit in general, and of the Favours You every Day do us, than,

Sir,  
Your Obedient and  
most Humble Servant,  
RICHARD STEELE

No 474 ] Wednesday, September 3, 1712 [ Steele

*Asperitas agrestis et maris in a — Hor*

MR SPECTATOR,  
BEING of the Number of those that have lately retired from the Center of Business and Pleasure, my Unbusiness in the Country where I am, arises rather from the Society than the Solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return Visits from and to a Circle of Neighbours, who through Diversity of Age or Inclinations, can neither be entertaining or serviceable to us, is a vile Loss of Time, and a Slavery from which a Man should deliver himself, if possible. For why must I lose the remaining part of my Life because they have thrown away the former Part of theirs? It is in me an insupportable Affliction to be tormented with the Narrations of a Set of People, who are warm in their Expressions of the quick Relish of that Pleasure which their Dogs and Horses have a more delicate Taste of. I do also in my Heart detest and abhor that damnable Doctrine and Position of the Necessity of a bumper, though to one's own Lust, for though I have pretended that these deep Politicians are used only to inspire Gravity, they certainly deny that Charitableness which would surmount moderate Circulation. If at these Meetings it were left to every Stranger either to fill his Glass according to his own Inclination, or to make his Retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obeyed to that of others, these Entertainments would be governed with more good Sense, and consequently with more good Breeding than at present they are. Indeed where any of the Guests are known to increase their Fame or Pleasure by their Glaze, proper Exhortations might be used to these to push their Fortunes in this sort

of Reputation but where it is necessary only in assisted on in a noble Stranger, this Drench may be said to be allowed with the same Necessity, as if I had been tender in the Horse for that purpose, with this aggravating Circumstance, that it distresses the Entertainer's Guest in the same degree as it relieves his Horses.

To attend upon Impudence in Account of five hundred Gates, double Ditches and Precipices, and to survive the Orator with decency, I yes is to be extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary, to be upon tolerable Terms with him, but then the occasional Bursts, run into Latinity, is of all other Accomplishments the most requisite. I confess at present I have no other command of these Convulsions, as it necessary to be good Company therefore I beg you would publish this Letter and let me be known all at once for a queer Fellow and avoided. It is monstrous to me that we, who are given to Reading and calm Conversation should ever be visited by these Rarities. In they think they themselves, as Neighbours may come into our Rooms with the same Right, that they and their Dogs hunt in our Grounds.

Your Institution of Club I have always admired, in which you constantly endeavour the Union of the metaphorical Defence, that is such as are neither serviceable in the Army nor Enterprising part of a Man, and, nor entertaining with Retire and Speculative. There should certainly therefore in each County be established a Club of the Persons whose Conversations I have described, who for their own private, as also the publick Benefit, should exclude, and be excluded all other Society. Their Attire should be the same with their Hobbies, and none should be admitted into this green Conversation-Piece, except he had been

<sup>1</sup> Used for giving a drench to horses



'Mother's side related to me, to visit Mr *Campbell*, the dumb Man, for they told me that that was chiefly what brought them to Town, having heard Wonders of him in *Essex*. I, who always wanted Faith in Matters of that kind, was not easily prevailed on to go, but lest they should take it ill, I went with them, when to my surprise, Mr *Campbell* related all their past Life, (in short, had he not been prevented, such a Discovery would have come out, as would have ruined the next design of their coming to Town, viz buying Wedding Cloaths.) Our Names—though he never heard of us before—and we endeavoured to conceal—were as familiar to him as to our selves. To be sure, Mr *SPECTATOR*, he is a very learned and wise Man. Being impatient to know my Fortune, having paid my respects in a Family-Jacobus, he told me (after his manner) among several other things, that in a Year and nine Months I should fall ill of a new Fever, be given over by my Physicians, but should with much difficulty recover. That the first time I took the Air afterwards, I should be address'd to by a young Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, good Sense, and a generous Spirit. Mr *SPECTATOR*, he is the purest Man in the World, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest She in *Kent*. I have been in quest of Mr *Campbell* these three Months, and cannot find him out. Now hearing you are a dumb Man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something, for I think myself highly oblig'd to make his Fortune, as he has mine. 'Tis very possible your Worship, who has Spies all over this Town, can inform me how to scud to him. If you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige  
Your constant Reader and Admirer,  
Dulcibella Thunkley

Ordered, That the Inspector I employ about Wonders, enquire at the *Golden-Lion*, opposite to the *Half Moon Tavern* in *Drury Lane*, into the Merit of this Silent Sage, and report accordingly.

No 475] Thursday, Sept 4, 1732 [Addison

—*Quæ res in se neque Consilium neque modum*

*Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes*

Ter

IT is an old Observation, which has been made of Politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their Sovereign, than promote his real Service, that they accommodate their Counsels to his Inclinations, and advise him to such Actions only as his Heart is naturally set upon. The Privy Counsellor of one in Love must observe the same Conduct, unless he would forfeit the Friendship of the Person who desires his Advice. I have known several odd Cases of this

Nature. *Hipparchus* was going to marry a common Woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the Advice of his Friend *Philander*, he consulted him upon the Occasion. *Philander* told him his Mind freely, and represented his Mistress to him in such strong Colours, that the next Morning he received a Challenge for his Puns, and before Twelve a Clock was run through the Body by the Man who had asked his Advice. *Celia* was more prudent on the like occasion, she desired *Leonilla* to give her Opinion freely upon a young Fellow who made his Addresses to her. *Leonilla*, to oblige her, told her with great Frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless. *Celia*, foreseeing what a Character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a Fortnight. The truth of it is, a Woman seldom asks Advice before she has bought her Wedding-Cloaths. When she has made her own Choice, for Form's sake she sends a *Compt d'elire* to her Friends.

If we look into the secret Springs and Motives that set People at work in these Occasions, and put them upon asking Advice, which they never intend to take, I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a Secret which is so very pleasing to them. A Girl longs to tell her Confidant, that she hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty Fellow that dwells so much in her Thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much Difficulty. Why else should *Melissa*, who had not a Thousand Pound in the World, go into every Quarter of the Town to ask her Acquaintance whether they would advise her to take *Tom Townly*, that made his Addresses to her with an Estate of Five Thousand a Year? 'Tis very pleasant on this occasion, to hear the Lady propose her Doubts, and to see the Puns she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a Practice that is in use among the vainer Part of our own Sex, who will often ask a Friend's Advice, in relation to a Fortune whom they are never likely to come at. *Will Honeycomb*, who is now on the Verge of Threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious Look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady *Betty Single*, who, by the way, is one of the greatest Fortunes about Town. I star'd him full in the Face upon so strange a Question, upon which he immediately gave me an Inventory of her Jewels and Estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such Consequence without my Approbation. Finding he would have an Answer, I told him, if he could get the Lady's Consent, he had mine. This is about the Truth Match which, to my knowledge, *Will* has consulted his Friends upon, without ever opening his Mind to the Party herself.

I have been engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which comes to me from some notable young Female Scribe, who, by the Contents of it, seems to have carried Matters so far, that she is ripe for asking Advice. But as I would not lose her Good-Will, nor forfeit the Reputation which I have with her for Wisdom, I shall only

\* See note on p 470

communicate the Letter to the Publick, without returning any Answer to it.

MR SPECTATOR,

'Now, Sir, the thing is this Mr *Shafely* is the prettiest Gentleman about Town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like a Angel. His Mouth is made I don't know how, but 'tis the prettiest that I ever saw in my Life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of Wit. If you did but see how he rolls his 'Stockings' He has a thousand pretty Fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good Scholar, and can talk *Latin* as fast as *English*. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand poor Mr *Shafely* has no Estate but how can he help that, you know. And yet my Friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no Estate but I am sure he has that that is better than an Estate, for he is a Good natured Ingenious Modest, Civil, Tall, Well bred, Handsome Man, and I am obliged to him for his Civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black Eyes and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my Friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good Portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th Day of *August* next, and am therefore willing to settle in the World as soon as I can, and so is Mr *Shafely*. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr *Shafely's* enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your Advice, for I know you are a wise Man, and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

B D

'He loves your Spectators mightily

C

Ad 476 ] Friday, September 5, 1712 [Addison

—Lucius Ordo—Hor

**A**MONG my Daily-Papers which I bestow on the Publick, there are some which are written with Regularity and Method, and others that run out into the Wildness of those Compositions which go by the Names of *Essays*. As for the first, I have the whole Scheme of the Discourse in my Mind before I set Pen to Paper. In the other kind of Writing, it is sufficient that I have several Thoughts on a Subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper Heads. *Seneca* and *Moliere* are Patterns for Writing in this last kind as *Tully*, and *Aristotle* excel in the other. When I read in Author of Genius who writes without Method I find myself in a Wood that abounds with a great many noble Objects, rising among one another in the greatest Con-

fusion and Disorder. When I read a methodical Discourse, I am in a regular Plantation, and can place my self in its several Centres, so as to take a view of all the Lanes and Walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole Day together, and every Moment discover something or other that is new to you but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect Notion of the Piece. In the other, your Eye commands the whole Prospect, and gives you such an Idea of it, as is not easily worn out of the Memory.

Irregularity and want of Method are only supportable in Men of great Learning or Genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chuse to throw down their Pearls in Heaps before the Reader, rather than be at the Pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a Work, both in respect to the Writer and the Reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his Invention. When a Man has plann'd his Discourse, he finds a great many Thoughts rising out of every Head, that do not offer themselves upon the general Survey of a Subject. His Thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their Drift and Meaning, when they are placed in their proper Lights, and follow one another in a regular Series, than when they are thrown together without Order and Connexion. There is always an Obscurity in Confusion, and the same Sentence that would have enlightened the Reader in one part of a Discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise every Thought in a methodical Discourse shews itself self in its greatest Beauty, as the several Figures in a piece of Painting receive new Grace from their Disposition in the Picture. The Advantages of a Reader from a methodical Discourse, are correspondent with those of the Writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with Pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary Conversation than in Writing, provided a Man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand Coffee house Debates every Day, am very sensible of this want of Method in the Thoughts of my honest Countrymen. There is not one Dispute in ten which is managed in those Schools of Pothucks, where, after the three first Sentences, the Question is not entirely lost. Our Disputants put me in mind of the Cuttle Fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the Water about him till he becomes invisible. The Man who does not know how to methodize his Thoughts, has always, to borrow a Phrase from the Dispensary, a barren Superfluity of Words, the Fruit is lost amidst the Exuberance of Leaves.

*Tom* Puzzle is one of the most Eminent Immethodical Disputants of any that has fallen under my Observation. *Tom* has read enough to

<sup>1</sup> [its]

<sup>2</sup> It is sad of Colon in the second Canto,

Hourly I is learn'd Infertunence affords  
A barren Superfluity of Words

make him very Impertinent his Knowledge is sufficient to raise Doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much Learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these Qualifications *Tom* sets up for a Free thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the Constitution of his Country, and gives shrewd Intimations that he does not believe another World. In short, *Puzzle* is an Atheist as much as his Parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common place Topics, into which he never fails to turn the Conversation, whatever is the Occasion of it. I sh<sup>d</sup> the matter in debate be about *Downy* or *Denain*, it is ten to one but half his Discourse runs upon the Unreasonableness of Bigottry and Priest craft. This makes Mr *Puzzle* the Admiration of all those who have less Sense than himself and the Contempt of those who have more. There is none in town whom *Tom* dreads so much as my Friend *Will Dry Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom's* Logic, when he finds him running off the Question, cuts him short with a *What then?* We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present Purpose? I have known *Tom* eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the Superiority of the Argument, when he has been non plus'd on a sudden by Mr *Dry's* desiring him to tell the Company what it was that he endeavour'd to prove. In short, *Dry* is a Man of a clear methodical Head, but few Words, and gains the same Advantage over *Puzzle*, that a small Body of regular Troops would gain over a numberless undisciplin'd Militia. C

walks with me, he is surpriz'd to see several large Spots of Ground cover'd with ten thousand different Colours, and has often singled out Flowers that he might have met with under a common Hedge, in a Field, or in a Meadow, as some of the greatest Beauties of the Place. The only Method I observe in this Particular, is to range in the same Quarter the Products of the same Season, that they may make their Appearance together, and compose a Picture of the greatest Variety. I here is the same Irregularity in my Plantations, which run into as great a Wildness as their Natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the Soil and are pleas'd when I am walking in a Labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next Tree I shall meet with is an Apple or an Oak, an Elm or a Pear-tree. My Kitchen has likewise its particular Quarters assign'd it for besides the wholesome Luxury which that Place abounds with, I have always thought a Kitchen Garden a more pleasant Sight than the finest Orangerie, or artificial Greenhouse. I love to see everything in its Perfection, and am more pleas'd to survey my Rows of Coleworts and Cabbages with a thousand nameless Pot-herbs, springing up in their full Fragrance and Verdure, than to see the tender Plants of Foreign Countries kept alive by artificial Heats, or withering in an Air and Soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit that there is a Fountain rising in the upper part of my Garden, which forms a little winding Rill, and administers to the Pleasure as well as the Plenty of the Place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my Plantations and have taken particular Care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field so that it generally passes through Bricks of Violets and Primroses, Plants of Willow, or other Plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another Circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my Neighbours call me, very whimsical. As my Garden invites into it all the Birds of the Country, by offering them the Convenience of Springs and Shades, Solitude and Shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their Nests in the Spring, or drive them from their usual Haunts in Fruit-time. I value my Garden more for being full of Blackbirds than Cherries, and very frankly give them Fruit for their Songs. By this means I have always the Musick of the Season in its Perfection, and am highly delighted to see the Jay or the Thrush hopping about my Walks, and shooting before my Eye across the several little Glades and Alleys that I pass thro'. I think there are as many kinds of Gardening as of Poetry. Your Makers of Parterres and Flower Gardens, are Epigrammatists and Sonneteers in this Art. Contrivers of Bowers and Grotto's, Treillages and Cascades, are Romance Writers. *Wise* and *London* are our heroic Poets and if, as a Critick, I may single out any Passage of their Works to commend, I shall take notice of that Part in the upper Garden at *Kensington*, which was at first nothing but a Gravel-Pit. It must have been a fine Genius for Gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly Hollow into so beautiful an Area, and to have lit the Eye with

No 477 ] Saturday, September 6, 1712 [Addison

— An me ludis amabilis  
Insania? audire et uideor phos  
Errare per lucos, amana  
Quos et aquae subeunt et auræ — Hor

SIR,

HAVING lately read your Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, I was so taken with your Thoughts upon some of our English Gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a Letter upon that Subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an Humourist in Gardening. I have several Acres about my House, which I call my Garden, and which a skilful Gardener would not know what to call. It is a Confusion of Kitchen and Parterre, Orchard and Flower-Garden, which lie so mixt and interwoven with one another that if a Foreigner who had seen nothing of our Country should be convey'd into my Garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural Wilderness, and one of the uncultivated Parts of our Country. My Flowers grow up in several Parts of the Garden in the greatest Luxuriance and Profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its Rarity, that if I meet with any one in a Field which pleases me, I give it a place in my Garden. By this means, when a Stranger

so uncommon and agreeable a Scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular Spot of Ground the greater Effect, they have made a very pleasing Contrast for as on one side of the Walk you see this hollow Basin, with its several little Plantations lying so conveniently under the Eye of the Beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming Mount, made up of Trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the Center. A Spectator who has not heard this Account of it, would think this Circular Mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow Space which I have before mention'd. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this Garden, who was not struck with that Part of it which I have here mention'd. As for my self, you will find, by the Account which I have already given you that my Comparisons in Gardening are altogether after the *Pindarick* Manner, and run into the beautiful Wildness of Nature, without affecting the nicer Elegances of Art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps, deserve your Attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that in the Discourse which I spoke of at the Beginning of my Letter, you are against filling an *English* Garden with Ever Greens; and indeed I am so far of your Opinion, that I can by no means think the Verdure of an Ever Green comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our Trees in the Summer Season. But I have often wonder'd that those who are like my self, and love to live in Gardens, have never thought of contriving a *Winter Garden*, which would consist of such Trees only as never cast their Leaves. We have very often the Sentences of Sunshine and fair Weather in the most uncomfortable Parts of the Year and have frequently several Days in *November* and *January* that are as agreeable as any in the finest Months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater Pleasure, than to walk in such a *Winter Garden* as I have proposed. In the Summer Season the whole Country blooms, and is a kind of Garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those Beauties that at this time may be every where met with but when Nature is in her Desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren Prospects, there is some thing unspeakably cheerful in a Spot of Ground which is covered with Trees that smile amidst all the Rigours of Winter, and give us a View of the most gay Season in the midst of that which is the most cold and melancholy. I have so far indulg'd my self in this Thought, that I have set apart a whole Acre of Ground for the executing of it. The Walks are covered with Ivy instead of Vines. The Laurel, the Hornbeam, and the Holly with many other Trees and Plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it that you cannot imagine a more lively Scene. The glowing Redness of the Berries with which they are hung at this time, vies with the Verdure of their Leaves, and are apt to inspire the Heart of the Beholder with that eternal Delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former paper. It is very pleasant at

<sup>1</sup> In No 393

the same time, to see the several kinds of Birds retiring into this little Green Spot, and enjoying themselves among the Branches and I ollege, when my great Garden, which I have before mention'd to you, does not afford a single Leaf for their Shelter.

You must know, Sir that I look upon the Pleasure which we take in a Garden, as one of the most innocent Delights in Human Life. A Garden is the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent Passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation. I cannot but think the very Complacency and Satisfaction which a Man takes in these Works of Nature, to be a valuable, if not a virtuous Habit of Mind. For all which Reasons I hope you will pardon the Length of my present Letter.

I am,  
SIR, &c

C

No 478 Monday, September 8, 1712 [ Steele

— *Usus*  
*Que n' est Ars Arbitrium est, et Jus et Norma*

MR SPECTATOR,

I happened lately, that a Friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his Family, would oblige me to walk with him to the Shops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing shewn, which at first made me very uneasy; but as his Humour still continu'd, the things which I had been staring at along with him, began to fill my Head, and led me into a Set of amusing Thoughts concerning them.

I fancied it must be very surprising to any one who enters into a detail of Fashions, to consider how far the Vanity of Mankind has led it self out in Dress, what a prodigious number of People it maintains, and what a Circulation of Money it occasions. Providence in this Case makes use of the Folly which we will not give up and it becomes instrumental to the Support of those who are willing to labour. Hence it is that Fringe-Makers, Lace Men, Tric Women, and a number of other Trades, which would be useless in a simple State of Nature, draw their Subsistence, tho' it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original Iust of being founded upon Vanity, keeps them poor by the light Inconstancy of its Nature. The Variableness of Fashion turns the Stream of Business which flows from it now into one Channel, and anon into another so that different Sets of People sink or flourish in their turns by it.

From the Shops we retir'd to the Tavern, where I found my Friend express so much satisfaction for the Bargains he had made, that my moral Reflections, (if I had told them) might have pass'd for a Reproof so I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the Discourse run upon the use of Fashions.

Here we remembered how much Mankind is govern'd by his Senses, how lively he is struck by the

Objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much Clothes contribute to make us agreeable Objects, and how much we owe it to our selves that we should appear so

We considered Man as belonging to Societies, Societies as form'd of different Ranks, and different Ranks distinguished by Habits, that all proper Duty or Respect might attend their Appearance

We took notice of several Advantages which are met with in the Occurrences of Conversation. How the bashful Man has been sometimes so ruin'd, as to express himself with an Air of Freedom, when he imagines that his Habit introduces him to Company with a becoming Manner. And again, how a Fool in fine Clothes shall be suddenly lierd with Attention, till he has betray'd himself, whereas a Man of Sense appearing with a Dress of Negligence, shall be but coldly received, till he be prov'd by Time, and established in a Character. Such things as these we could recollect to have happen'd to our knowledge so very often, that we concluded the Author had his Reasons, who advises his Son to go in Dress rather above his Fortune than under it

At last the Subject seem'd so considerable, that it was proposed to have a Repository built for Fashions as there are Chambers for Medals and other Rarities. The Building may be shap'd as that which stands among the Pyramids, in the Form of a Woman's Head. This may be ruin'd upon Pillars, whose Ornaments shall bear a just relation to the Design. Thus there may be an Imitation of Fringe carv'd in the Base, a sort of Appearance of Lace in the Frieze, and a Representation of curling Locks, with Bows of Ribband sloping over them, may fill up the Work of the Cornish. The Inside may be divided into two Apartments appropriated to each Sex. The Apartments may be fill'd with Shelves, on which Boxes are to stand as regularly as Books in a Library. These are to have Folding-Doors, which being open'd you are to behold a Baby dressed out in some Fashion which has flourish'd, and standing upon a Pedestal, where the time of its Reign is mark'd down. For its further Regulation, let it be order'd, that every one who invents a Fashion shall bring in his Box, whose Front he may at pleasure have either work'd or painted with some amorous or gay Device, that like Books with gilded Leaves and Covers, it may the sooner draw the Eyes of the Beholders. And to the end that these may be preserv'd with all due Care, let there be a Keeper appointed, who shall be a Gentleman qualify'd with a competent Knowledge in Clothes, so that by this means the Place will be a comfortable Support for some Beau who has spent his Estate in dressing.

The Reasons offer'd by which we expected to gain the Approbation of the Publick, were as follows

First, That every one who is considerable enough to be a Mode, and has any Imperfection of Nature or Chance, which it is possible to hide by the Advantage of Clothes, may, by coming to this Repository, be furnish'd her self, and furnish all who are under the same Misfortune, with the most agreeable Manner of concealing it and that on the other side, every one who has any

Beauty in Face or Shape, may also be furnish'd with the most agreeable Manner of shewing it

Secondly, That whereas some of our young Gentlemen who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a Fancy for Dress, a Project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home, which is in effect the keeping of so much Money in the Kingdom. And perhaps the Balance of Fashion in Europe, which now leans upon the side of France, may be so alter'd for the future, that it may become as common with Frenchmen to come to England for their finishing Stroke of Breeding, as it has been for Englishmen to go to France for it

Thirdly, Whereas several great Scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the World, have spent their time in studying to describe the Dresses of the Ancients from dark Hints, which they are run to interpret and support with much Learning, it will from henceforth happen, that they shall be freed from the Trouble, and the World from useless Volumes. This Project will be a Registry, to which Posterity may have recourse, for the clearing such obscure Passages, as tend that way in Authors, and therefore we shall not for the future submit our selves to the Learning of Etymology, which might persuade the Age to come, that the Farthingal was worn for Cheapness, or the Furbelee for Warmth

Fourthly, Whereas they who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the Extravagance of Youth, and the whole Age in which their Children live, it is hoped that this ill Humour will be much suppress'd, when we can have recourse to the Fashions of their Times, produce them in our Vindication, and be able to shew that it might have been as expensive in Queen Elizabeth's time only to wash and quill a Ruff, as it is now to buy Cravats or Neck-Handkerchiefs.

We desire also to have it taken Notice of, That because we would shew a particular respect to Foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their Breeding here in a Knowledge which is very proper for pretty Gentlemen, we have conceived the Motto for the House in the Learned Language. There is to be a Picture over the Door, with a Looking Glass and a Dressing-Chair in the Middle of it. Then on one side are to be seen, above one another, Pitch-Boxes, Pin-Cushions, and little Bottles, on the other, Powder Bags, Puffs, Combs and Brushes, beyond these, Swords with fine Knots, whose Points are hidden, and Fans almost closed, with the Handles downward, are to stand out interchangingly from the Sides till they meet at the Top, and form a Semicycle over the rest of the Figures. Beneath all, the Writing is to run in this pretty sounding Manner

*Adeste, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratia, Cupidines,*

\* All ye Venuses, Greeks, and Cupids, attend  
See prepared to your hands

Darts, torches, and brands  
Your weapons here choose, and your empire extend

*Et ovis adsunt in promptu  
Iacis, Vincula, Spicula,  
Hinc eligite, sum te, &c.*

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble Servant,  
A B

The Proposal of my Correspondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious Method of placing Persons (whose Parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a Rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose, That there be a Board of Directors of the fashionable Society, and because it is a Matter of too much Weight for a private Man to determine alone I should be highly obliged to my Correspondent, if they would give in Lists of Persons qualified for this Trust. If the chief Collections of the Conversations of which Pleasures are carried on by Persons, each of whom has his little number of Followers and Admirers would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great Faithfulness. Old Men are to be presented in the first place but as that Sect with relation to Dress is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary, to take in all Time Servers, properly so deemed that is, such as, without any Conviction of Conscience or View of Interest, change with the World, and that merely from a Fear of being out of Fashion. Such also, who from a Facility of Temper, and too much Obscquiousness, are vicious against their Will, and follow Leaders whom they do not approve, for Want of Courage to go their own Way, are capable Persons for this Superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the Course and Order of things, out of Fondness to be in Fashion, are proper Candidates. To conclude, those who are in Fashion without apparent Merit, must be supposed to have latent Qualities, which would appear in a Post of Direction and therefore are to be regarded in forming these Lists. Any who shall be pleased, according to these or what further Qualifications may occur to himself, to send a List, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this Date.

N B *The Place of the Physician to this Society, according to the last mentioned Qualification, is already engaged* 1

No 479] Tuesday, September 9, 1712 [Steele

—Dix Jun. maritis—Hor

MANY are the Epistles I every day receive from Husbands, who complain of Vanity, Pride, but above all Ill nature, in their Wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their Letters that the Cause of their Uneasiness is in themselves and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married Condition unhappy, but from want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. The truth is, we generally make Love in a Style, and with Sentiments very unfit for ordinary Life.

They are half Theatrical, half Romantic. By this Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in human Life, and because we did not beforehand think of the Creature we were enamoured of as subject to Dishumour, Acre, Sickness, Impatience or Silliness, but altogether considered her as the Object of Joy, human Nature it self is often imputed to her as her particular Imperfection or Defect.

I take it to be a Rule proper to be observed in all Occurrences of Life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial Part of it, to preserve always a Disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as Nature has form'd them, and not as our own Fancies or Appetites would have them. He then who took a young Lady to his Bed, with no other Consideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Delicacy, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the Gratification of Desire as that Desire flags, will, without her I trust, think her Charms and her Merit abated. From hence must follow Indifference, Dislike, Peevishness, and Rage. But the Man who brings his Reason to support his Passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the Capriciousness of human Life both in Body and Mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new Cares and new Relations such a Lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his Circumstances. The latter Person will be prepared to be a Father, a Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for People yet unborn, and his proper Affections ready for every Incident in the Marriage State. Such a Man can hear the Cries of Children with Pity instead of Anger and when they run over his Head, he is not disturb'd at their Noise but is glad of their Mirth and Health. *Tom Trusly* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his Attention to the most intricate Affair he is about, to hear his Children, for whom all his Cares are apply'd, make a Noise in the next Room. On the other side *Will Sparkish* cannot put on his Perruque, or adjust his Cravat at the Glass, for the Noise of those damned Nurses and [scurrying] Brats and then ends with a gallant Reflection upon the Comforts of Matrimony, runs out of the Herring and drives to the Chocolate house.

According as the Husband is dispos'd in himself, every Circumstance of his Life is to give him Torment or Pleasure. When the Affection is well-placed, and supported by the Considerations of Duty, Honour and Friendship, which are in the highest Degree engaged in this Alliance, there can nothing rise in the common Course of Life, or from the Blows or Favour of Fortune, in which a Man will not find Matters of some Delight unknown to a single Condition.

He who sincerely loves his Wife and Family, and studies to improve that Affection in himself, conceives Pleasure from the most indifferent things, while the married Man, who has not bid adieu to the Fashions and false Gallantries of the Town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these Cases Men cannot, indeed, make a silver Figure, than in repeating such Pleasures and

<sup>1</sup> [scurrying]

Puns to the rest of the World but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of People, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good Lady tells her Husband what extraordinary things the Child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevail'd with to go home with a fond Husband and his Wife told him, that his Son, of his own head, when the Clock in the Parlour struck two, said, Pappa would come home to Dinner presently. While the Father has him in a rapture in his Arms, and is dawning him with Kisses, the Wife tells me he is but just four Years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his Observation of two o' Clock. I was called upon, by Look upon the Child, and then at me, to say something, and I told the Father, that this Remark of the Infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain Indication that he would be a great Historian and Chronologer. They are neither of them I took yet received my Corrigement with great Acknowledgment of my Prescience. I fired very well at Dinner, and heard many other notable Sayings of their Hear, which would have given very little Entertainment to one less turned to Reflection than I was. It is a pleasing Speculation to remark on the Happiness of a Life, in which things of no Moment give Occasion of Hope, Self-Satisfaction, and Triumph. On the other Hand, I have known an ill natur'd Coxcomb, who was hardly improv'd in any thing but Bulk, for want of this Disposition, silence the whole Family, as a Set of silly Women and Children, for recounting things which were really above his own Capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse Jades that fall to Mens Lots with whom it requires more than common Proficiency in Philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to Men of warm Spirits, without Temper or Learning, they are frequently corrected with Stripes but one of our famous Lawyers is of Opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly. As I remember, those are his very Words: but as it is proper to draw some spiritual Use out of all Afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with Women of Spirit, to form themselves for the World by Patience it home. *Socrates*, who is by all Accounts the undoubted Head of the Sect of the Hen peck'd, own'd and acknowledged that he ow'd great part of his Virtue to the Exercise which his useful Wife constantly gave it. There are several good Instructions may be drawn from his wise Answers to People of less Fortitude than himself on her Subject. A Friend, with Indignation asked how so good a Man could live with so violent a Creature? He observ'd to him, *That they who learn to keep a good Seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they can get, and when they have*

*master'd them, they are sure never to be discompos'd on the Backs of Steeds less restrain'd.*<sup>1</sup> At several times, to different Persons, on the same Subject, he has said, *My dear Friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that I bear so well your flying out in a Dispute.* To another, *My Friend I am very much oblig'd, but she brings me Chastus. They that live in a trading Street, are not disturbed at the Passage of Carts.* I would have, if possible, a wise Man be contented with his Lot, even with a Shrew for tho' he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But instead of pursuing my Design of Displaying Conjugal Love in its natural Beauties, and Attractive, I am got into Tales to the disadvantage of that State of Life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human Life, is to be enjoy'd in greater Perfection in the marry'd, than in the single Condition. He that has this Passion in Perfection, in Occasions of Joy can say to himself, besides his own Satisfaction, *How happy will this make my Wife and Children?* Upon Occurrences of Distress or Danger can comfort himself, *But, all this while my Wife and Children are safe.* There is something in it that doubles Satisfaction, because others participate them, and dispels Afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are marry'd without this Relish of their Circumstance, are in either a tasteless Indolence and Negligence, which is hardly to be attain'd, or else live in the hourly Repetition of sharp Answers, eager Upbraidings, and distracting Reproaches. In a word the married State, with and without the Affection suitable to it, is the completest Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this Life. <sup>1</sup>

No 480 ] Wednesday, September 10, 1712 [St. le

*Responsare cupidinibus, continere honores,  
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus*  
Hor

THE other Day looking over those old Manuscripts, of which I have formerly given some Account, and which relate to the Character of the mighty *Pharamond* of France and the close Friendship between him and his Friend *Eucrate*,<sup>2</sup> I found, among the Letters which had been in the custody of the latter, an Epistle from a Country Gentleman to *Pharamond*, wherein he excuses himself from coming to Court. The Gentleman, it seems, was contented with his Condition, had formerly been in the King's Service, but at the writing the following Letter, had, from Leisure and Reflection, quite another Sense of things than that which he had in the more active Part of his Life.

*Monsieur Chezlay to Pharamond*

*Dread Sir,*

'I have from your own Hand (enclosed under

<sup>1</sup> Henry de Bracton in his treatise of five books *de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Anglie*, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, says (*Bk. i. c. l. x*) 'quodam sunt sub virga ut uxores, &c.' but qualifies private right with the secondary claim of the community.

<sup>2</sup> Xenophon's Symposium, Bk. II

<sup>2</sup> See Nos 76, 84, 97

the Cover of Mr *Eucrate* of your Majesty's  
 (said Chamber) a Letter which invites me to  
 Court. I understand this great Honour to be  
 done me out of Respect and Inclination to me,  
 rather than he, and to your own Service. For  
 which Reason I beg Leave to lay before your  
 Majesty my Reasons for declining to depart  
 from Home, and will not doubt but, as your  
 Majesty in desiring my Attendance was to make  
 me a happier Man, when you think that will  
 not be effected by my Remove, you will permit  
 me to stay where I am. Those who have in  
 Ambition to appear in Courts, have ever an  
 Opinion that their Persons or their Talents are  
 put to daily trial for the Service or Ornament  
 of that Place, or else are hurried by downy  
 Desire of Gain, or what they call Honour, or  
 take upon themselves whatever the Generosity  
 of their Master can give them Opportunities to  
 grasp at. But your Goodness shall not be thus  
 imposed upon by me. I will therefore confess to  
 you, that frequent Solitude, and long Converse-  
 ration with such who know no Arts which polish  
 Life, have made me the plainest Creature in your  
 Dominions. Those less Capacious of moving  
 with a good Grace, bearing a ready Assiduity to  
 all around me, and retiring with ease before  
 many, have quite left me. I am come to that,  
 with regard to my Person that I consider it only  
 as a Machine I am obliged to take Care of, in  
 order to enjoy my Soil in its Faculties with  
 Alacrity, well remembering that this Habi-  
 tation of Clay will in a few years be a merer  
 Piece of Earth than any Utensil about my  
 Person. When this is, as it really is, the most  
 frequent Reflection I have, you will easily im-  
 agine how well I should become a Drawing Room.  
 Add to this, What shall a Man without Desires  
 do about the generous *Pharamond*? Mon-  
 sieur *Fernand* has hinted to me that you have  
 thoughts of distinguishing me with Titles. As  
 for my self, in the Tempt of my present Mind,  
 Appellations of Honour would but embarrass  
 Discourse and new Behaviour towards me  
 perplex me in every Habit of Life. I am  
 also to acknowledge to you, that my Children of  
 whom your Majesty condescended to enquire,  
 are all of them men both in their Persons and  
 Genius. The Eldest my eldest Son is Heir to,  
 is more than he can enjoy with a good Grace.  
 My Self-love will not carry me so far, as to im-  
 pose upon Mankind the Advancement of Per-  
 sons (merely for their being related to me) into  
 high Distinctions, who ought for their own  
 Sakes, as well as that of the Publick, to reflect  
 Obscurity. I wish, my generous Prince, as it is  
 in your power to give Honours and Offices, it  
 were also to give Talents suitable to them.  
 Were it so, the noble *Pharamond* would re-  
 ward the Zeal of my Youth with Abilities to do  
 him Service in my Age.

Those who accept of Favour without Merit,  
 support themselves in it at the Expence of your  
 Majesty. Give me Leave to tell you, Sir, this  
 is the Reason that we in the Country hear so often  
 repeated the Word *Prerogative*. That Part of  
 your Law which is reserved in your self for the  
 readier Service and Good of the Publick, slight

Men are eternally buzzing in our Ears to cover  
 their own Follies and Miscarriages. It would  
 be an Addition to the high Favour you have  
 done me, if you would let *Eucrate* send me  
 word how often, and in what Cases you allow a  
 Constable to insist upon the Prerogative. From  
 the highest to the lowest Officer in your Domini-  
 ons, something of their own Carriage they would  
 exempt from Examination under the Shelter of  
 the Word *Prerogative*. I would fain, most  
 noble *Pharamond*, see one of your Officers as-  
 sert your Prerogative by good and gracious Ac-  
 tions. When is it used to help the Afflicted, to  
 rescue the Innocent, to comfort the Stranger?  
 Uncommon Method, apparently intended to  
 attain worthy Ends, would never make Power  
 invidious. You see, Sir I talk to you with the  
 Freedom your noble Nature approves, in all  
 whom you admit to your Conversation.

But, to return to your Majesty's Letter, I  
 humbly conceive, that all Distinctions are useful  
 to Men only as they are in yet in Publick, and  
 it would be a romantic Madness, for a Man to  
 be a Lord in his Closet. Nothing can be hon-  
 ourable to a Man apart from the World, but the  
 Reflection upon worthy Actions, and he that  
 places Honour in a Consciousness of Well doing,  
 will have but little Relish for any outward Hom-  
 age that is paid him, since what gives him dis-  
 tinction to himself, cannot come within the Ob-  
 servation of his Beholders. Thus all the Words  
 of Lordship, Honour, and Grace, are only Repre-  
 sentations to a Man that the King has order'd him  
 to be called so, but no Evidence that there is  
 any thing in himself that would give the Man  
 who applies to him those Ideas, without the  
 Creation of his Master.

I have most noble *Pharamond*, all Honours  
 and all Titles in your own Approbation, I tri-  
 umph in them as they are your Gift, I refuse  
 them as they are to give me the Observation of  
 others. Indulge me, my Noble Master, in this  
 Christy of Reputation, let me know my self in the  
 Favour of *Pharamond*, and look down upon  
 the Applause of the People.

I am  
 in all Duty and Loyalty,  
 to your Majesty's most obedient  
 Subject and Servant,  
 Jean Chezley

SIR,

I need not tell you with what Disadvantages  
 Men of low Fortunes and great Modesty come  
 into the World, what wrong Measures their  
 Diffidence of themselves, and Fear of offending,  
 often obliges them to take, and what a Pity it is  
 that their greatest Virtues and Qualities, that  
 should soonest recommend them, are the main  
 Obstacle in the way of their Preferment.

I was, Sir, in my Case. I was bred at a Country-  
 School, where I learned *Latin* and *Greek*. The  
 Misfortunes of my Family forced me up to Town,  
 where a Profession of the polite sort has pro-  
 tected me against Infamy and Want. I am now  
 Clerk to a Lawyer, and, in times of Vacancy  
 and Recess from Business, have made myself  
 Master of *Italian* and *French*, and tho' the  
 Progress I have made in my Business has gain'd



'me Reputation enough for one of my standing,  
'yet my Mind suggests to me every day, that it  
'is not upon that Foundation I am to build my  
'Fortune

'The Person I have my present Dependence  
'upon, has it in his Nature, as well as in his  
'Power, to advance me, by recommending me to  
'a Gentleman that is going beyond Sea in a pub-  
'lick Employment I know the putting this Letter  
'would point me out to those I want Confidence  
'to speak to, and I hope it is not in your Power  
'to refuse making any Body happy  
'September 9, Yours, &c  
1712

T M D

No 481] Thursday, Sept 11, 1712 [Addison

—Uti non  
*Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchus, in jus*  
*Acres procurrant*—Hor

It is [something] pleasant enough to consider the different Notions, which different Persons have of the same thing. If Men of low Condition very often set a Value on Things, which are not prized by those who are in a higher Station of Life, there are many things these esteem which are in no Value among Persons of an inferior Rank. Common People are, in particular, very much astonished when they hear of those solemn Contests and Debates, which are made among the Great upon the Punctilio's of a publick Ceremony, and wonder to hear that any Business of Consequence should be retarded by those little Circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a Porter's Decision in one of Mr. *Southern's* Plays,<sup>1</sup> which is founded upon that fine Distress of a virtuous Woman's marrying a second Husband, while her first was yet living. The first Husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his House after a long Absence, raises a noble Perplexity for the Tragicall Part of the Play. In the mean while, the Nurse and the Porter conferring upon the Difficulties that would ensue in such a Case, honest *Sampson* thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously, by the old Proverb, that if his first Master be still living, *The Man must have his Mare again*. There is nothing in my time which has so much surprized and confounded the greatest part of my honest Countrymen, as the present Controversy between Count *Rechteren* and Monsieur *Ménager*, which employs the wise Heads of so many Nations, and holds all the Affairs of Europe in suspense.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr Robert Harper, who died an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn. He sent his letter on the 9th of August, and it appeared September the 10th with omissions and alterations by Steele

<sup>2</sup> [sometimes]

<sup>3</sup> The Fatal Marriage, or the Innocent Adultery

<sup>4</sup> The negotiations for Peace which were going on at Utrecht had been checked by the complaint

Upon my going into a Coffee house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next Table, which was

of Count *Rechteren*, deputy for the Province of Overysse. On the 24th of July the French, under Marshal *Villars*, had obtained a great victory at Denun, capturing the Earl of *Albemarle*, the Princes of *Anhalt*, of *Holstein*, *Nassau Secken*, and 2500 men, under the eyes of Prince *Eugene*, who was stopped at the bridge of *Prouy* on his way to rescue and entreated by the deputies of the States general to retire. The allies lost a thousand killed and fifteen hundred drowned, the French only five hundred, and sixty flags were sent as trophies to Versailles. The insecure position taken by the Earl of *Albemarle* had been forced on Prince *Eugene* by the Dutch deputies, who found the arrangement cheapest. 'Tell me,' he said, 'of the conquests of Alexander. He had no Dutch deputies in his army.' Count *Rechteren*, deputy for Overysse, complained that, a few days after this battle, when he was riding in his carriage by the gate of M. *Ménager*, the French Plenipotentiary, that gentleman's lackeys insulted his lackeys with grimaces and indecent gestures. He sent his secretary to complain to M. *Ménager*, demand satisfaction, and say that if it were not given, he should take it. *Ménager* replied, in writing, that although this was but an affair between lackeys, he was far from approving all behaviour in his servants towards other servants, particularly towards servants of Count *Rechteren*, and he was ready to send to the Count those lackeys whom he had seen misbehaving, or even those whom his other servants should point out as guilty of the offensive conduct. *Rechteren*, when the answer arrived, was gone to the Hague, and it was forwarded to his colleague, M. *Moerman*. Upon his return to Utrecht, *Rechteren* sent his secretary again to *Ménager*, with the complaint as before, and received the answer as before. He admitted that he had not himself seen the grimaces and insulting gestures, but he ought, he said, to be at liberty to send his servants into *Ménager's* house for the detection of the offenders. A few days afterwards *Ménager* and *Rechteren* were on the chief promenade of Utrecht, with others who were Plenipotentiaries of the United Provinces, and after exchange of civilities, *Rechteren* said that he was still awaiting satisfaction. *Ménager* replied as before, and said that his lackeys all denied the charge against them. *Ménager* refused also to allow the accusers of his servants to come into his house and be their judges. *Rechteren* said he would have justice yet upon master and men. He was invested with a sovereign power as well as *Ménager*. He was not a man to take insults. He spoke some words in Dutch to his attendants, and presently *Ménager's* lackeys came with complaint that the lackeys of *Rechteren* tripped them up behind, threw them upon their faces, and threatened them with knives. *Rechteren* told the French Plenipotentiary that he would pay them for doing that, and discharge them if they did not do it. *Rechteren's* colleagues did what they could to cover or excuse his folly, and begged that the matter might not appear in a despatch to France or be represented to the States-

No 482 ] Friday, September 12, 1712 [Addison

*Floris et ut apes in salubris omnia libant*  
Lucr

WHEN I have published my single Paper that fills in with the Popular Taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of Letters. My *Tuesday's* Discourse, wherein I gave several Admonitions to the Fraternity of the *Hempeel'd*, has already produced me very many Correspondents. The Reason I cannot guess at, unless it be that such a Discourse is of general Use, and every married Man's Money. An honest Tradesman, who dates his Letter from *Chenyside*, sends me Thanks in the name of a Club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their Wives will give them leave, and stay together till they are sent for home. He informs me, that my Paper has administered great Consolation to their whole Club, and desires me to give some further Account of *Socrates*, and to acquaint them in whose Reign he lived, whether he was a Citizen or a Courtier, whether he buried *Xanthippe*, with many other particulars. I or that by his sayings he appears to have been a very Wise Man and a good Christian. Another, who writes himself *Benjamin in Bamboo*, tells me, that being coupled with a Shrew, he had endeavour'd to tame her by such lawful means as those which I mentioned in my last *Tuesday's* Paper, and that in his Wrath he had often gone further than *Bracton* allows in those cases; but that for the future he is resolved to bear it like a Man of Temper and Learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his House to teach him Philosophy. *Tom Daphnoid* says, that he agrees with me in that whole Discourse, excepting only the last Sentence, where I affirm the married State to be either in Heaven or an Hell. *Tom* has been at the charge of a Penny upon this occasion, to tell me, that by his Experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle Land of State, commonly known by the Name of *Purgatory*.

The fair Sex have likewise oblig'd me with their Reflections upon the same Discourse. A Lady, who calls herself *Luteife*, and seems a Woman of Letters, asks me whether I am for establishing the *Salick* Law in every Family, and why it is not fit that a Woman who has Discretion and Learning should sit at the Helm, when the Husband is weak and illiterate? And her of a quite contrary Character, subscribes herself *Xanthippe*, and tells me, that she follows the Example of her Name-sake for being married to a Bookish Man who has no Knowledge of the World, she is forced to take their Affairs into her own Hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty, and unfit for Conversation.

After this Abridgment of some Letters which are come to my hands upon this Occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'You have given us a lively Picture of that kind of Husband who comes under the De-

nomination of the *Hempeel'd* but I do not remember that you have ever touch'd upon one that is of the quite different Character, and who, in several Places of *England*, goes by the Name of a *Cot-Queen*. I live the Misfortune to be joined for Life with one of this Character, who in reality is more a Woman than [I am<sup>1</sup>] He was bred up under the Tuition of a tender Mother, till she had made him as good a Housewife as her self. He could preserve Apricots, and make Gellies, before he had been two Years out of the Nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad, for fear of catching Cold when he should have been hunting down a Buck, he was by his Mother's Side learning how to Season it, or put it in Crust and was making Paper Boats with his Sisters, at an Age when other young Gentlemen are crossing the Seas, or travelling into Foreign Countries. He has the whitest Hand that you ever saw in your Life, and raises Paste better than any Woman in *England*. These Qualifications make him a sad Husband. He is perpetually in the Kitchen, and has a thousand Squabbles with the Cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the Milk-Score, than his Steward's Accounts. I fret to Death when I hear him find fault with a Dish that is not dressed to his liking, and instructing his Friends that deal with him in the best Price for a Walnut, or Sauce for a Hamch of Venison. With all this, he is a very good natured Husband, and never fell out with me in his Life but once, upon the over-roasting of a Dish of Wild-Oat. At the same time I must own I would rather he was a Man of a rough Temper, that would treat me harshly sometimes than of such an effeminate busy Nature in a Province that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the Character of a Wife who wears the Breaches, pray say something of a Husband that wears the Petticoat. Why should not a Female Character be as ridiculous in a Man, as a Male Character in one of our Sex?

I am, &amp;c.

No 483 ] Saturday, Sept 13, 1712 [Addison

*Nec Deus in tertis igitur dignus vindice nodus*  
Inciderit— Hor

WE cannot be guilty of a greater Act of Uncharitableness, than to interpret the Afflictions which befall our Neighbours, as *Punishments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the Evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the Mark of Divine Vengeance, and abates the Compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a Light. This Humour of turning every Misfortune into a Judgment, proceeds from wrong Notions of Religion, which, in its own nature, produces Good will towards Men, and puts the mildest Construction upon every Accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not Religion that sours a Man's Temper, but it

<sup>1</sup> [my self]

ings. How many Accidents have pass'd for Misfortunes, which have turn'd to the Welfare and Prosperity of the Persons in whose Lot they have fallen? How many Disappointments have, in their Consequences, sav'd a man from Ruin? If we could look into the Effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon Blessings and Judgments, but for a Man to give his Opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its Beginnings, is an unjustifiable Piece of Rashness and Folly. The Story of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great Reputation among the Heathens, (for we see it quoted by all the ancient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the Immortality of the Soul,) may teach us a Caution in this Matter. These two Brothers, being the Sons of a Lady who was Priestess to *Juno*, drew their Mother's Chariot to the Temple at the time of a great Solemnity, the Persons being absent who by their Office were to have drawn her Chariot on that Occasion. The Mother was so transported with this Instance of filial Duty, that she petition'd her Goddess to bestow upon them the greatest Gift that could be given to Men upon which they were both cast into a deep Sleep, and the next Morning found dead in the Temple. This was such an Event, as would have been construed into a Judgment, had it happen'd to the two Brothers after an Act of Disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any Ancient Historian who had given us an Account of it. O

No 484 ] Monday, September 15, 1712 [Steele

*Neque cuiquam tam statui clarum ingenium est,  
ut possit emergere, nisi illi materia, occasio,  
fautor ctiam, commendatorque contingat.*  
Plin Epist

MR SPECTATOR,

OF all the young Fellows who are in their Progress thro' any Profession, none seem to have so good a Title to the Protection of the Men of Eminence in it as the modest Man not so much because his Modesty is a certain Indication of his Merit, as because 'tis a certain Obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all Professions this Virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the Law than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the Relief of such who follow this Profession with this Disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those Persons who, the better to prepare themselves for this Study, have made some Progress in others, have, by adding themselves to Letters, encreased their natural Modesty, and consequently heighten'd the Obstruction to this sort of Preferment so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as *laboureth and taketh pains, and is still the more behind*. It may be a Matter worth discussing then, Why that which made a Youth so amiable to the Ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the Moderns? and Why in our days there should be Neglect, and even Oppres-

sion of young Beginners, instead of that Protection which was the Pride of theirs? In the Profession spoken of, 'tis obvious to every one whose Attendance is required at *Westminster-Hall*, with what Difficulty a Youth of any Modesty has been permitted to make an Observation, that could in no wise detract from the Merit of his Elders, and is absolutely necessary for the advancing his own. I have often seen one of these not only molested in his Utterance of something very pertinent, but even plunder'd of his Question, and by a strong Sergeant shoulder'd out of his Rank, which he has recover'd with much Difficulty and Confusion. Now as great part of the Business of this Profession might be dispatched by one that perhaps

—*Abest virtutē disertū  
Messalr, nec scit quantum Cansellius Aulus,*  
Hor

so I can't conceive the Injustice done to the Publick, if the Men of Reputation in this Calling would introduce such of the young ones into Business, whose Application to this Study will let them into the Secrets of it, as much as their Modesty will hinder them from the Practice. I say, it would be laying an everlasting Obligation upon a young Man, to be introduc'd at first only as a Mute, till by this Countenance, and a Resolution to support the good Opinion conceiv'd of him in his Betters, his Complexion shall be so well settled that the Litigious of this Island may be secure of his obstreperous Aid. If I might be indulg'd to speak in the Style of a Lawyer, I would say, That any one about thirty years of Age, might make a common Motion to the Court with as much Elegance and Propriety as the most aged Advocates in the Hall.

I can't advance the Merit of Modesty by any Argument of my own so powerfully, as by enquiring into the Sentiments the greatest among the Ancients of different Ages entertain'd upon this Virtue. If we go back to the Days of *Solomon*, we shall find Favour a necessary Consequence to a shame-fac'd Man. *Pliny*, the greatest Lawyer and most Elegant Writer of the Age he liv'd in, in several of his Epistles is very solicitous in recommending to the Publick some young Men of his own Profession, and very often undertakes to become an Advocate, upon condition that some one of these his Favourites might be join'd with him, in order to produce the Merit of such, whose Modesty otherwise would have suppress'd it. It may seem very marvellous to a saucy Modern, that *Mullum sanguinis, multum circumdatæ multum sollicitudinis in ore, to have the Face first full of Blood, then the Countenance dash'd with Modesty, and then the whole Aspect as of one dying with Fear, when a Man begins to speak*, should be esteem'd by *Pliny* the necessary Qualifications of a fine Speaker. *Shakespeare* also has express'd

The citation is from a charming letter in which *Pliny* (Bl. v. letter 17) tells *Spurinna* the pleasure he had just received from a recitation by a noble youth in the house of *Calpurnius Piso*, and how, when it was over, he gave the youth many kisses

'says, *It is as Sport to a Fool to do himself,*  
'and that he might the more emphatically express  
'the calamitous Circumstances of him who falls  
'under the displeasure of this wanton Person, the  
'same Author adds further *That a Stone is*  
'*heavy, and the Sand weighty, but a Fool's*  
'*Wrath is heavier than them both.* It is im-  
'possible to suppress my own Illustration upon  
'this Matter, which is, that is the Man of Sa-  
'crecy busts himself to distress his Enemy by  
'Methods probable and reducible to Reason so  
'the same Reason will fortify his Enemy to evade  
'these his regular Efforts. But your Fool projects,  
'acts, and concludes with such untimely Incon-  
'sistence, that no regular Course of Thought can  
'evade or counterpoint his prodigious Malcontents.  
'My Frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to  
'imply, that several of our Misfortunes arise  
'from Things, as well as Persons, that seem of  
'very little consequence. Into what tragical Ex-  
'travagances does *Shakespeare* hurry *Othello*  
'upon the loss of an Handkerchief only? and what  
'Barbarities does *Desdemona* suffer from a slight  
'Inadvertency in regard to this fatal Lisle? If  
'the Schemes of all enterprising Spirits were to be  
'carefully examined, some intervening Acci-  
'dent, not considerable enough to occasion any  
'Debate upon, or give em any apprehension of  
'all Consequence from it, will be found to be the  
'occasion of their ill Success rather than any  
'Error in Points of Moment and Difficulty, which  
'naturally engaged their maturest Deliberations.  
'If you go to the Levee of any great Man, you  
'will observe him exceeding gracious to several  
'very insignificant Fellows and this upon the  
'Main, that the Neglect of any Person must  
'arise from the mean Opinion you have of his  
'Capacity to do you any Service or Prejudice,  
'and that this calling his Sufficiency in question,  
'must give him Inclination and where this is,  
'there never wants Strength or Opportunity to  
'anny you. There is no body so weak of In-  
'vention, that can't aggravate or make some little  
'Strikes to satisfy his Enemy, and there are very  
'few but have good Inclinations to hear em, and  
'as infinite Pleasure to the Majority of Mankind  
'in level a Person superior to his Neighbours.  
'Besides, in all matter of Controversy, that Party  
'which has the greatest Abilities labours under  
'this Prejudice, that he will certainly be sup-  
'posed, upon Account of his Abilities to have  
'done an Injury, when perhaps he has received  
'one. It would be tedious to enumerate the  
'Strikes that Nations and particular Friends have  
'suffer'd from Persons very contemptible.  
'I think *Henry IV* of *France*, so formidable  
'to his Neighbours, could no more be secur'd  
'against the resolute Villain of *Katillac*, than  
'*Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, could be against  
'that of *Felton*. And there is no mean'd Person  
'so destitute, but can provide himself with a Knife  
'or a Pistol, if he finds stomach to apply them.  
'That Things and Persons of no moment should  
'give such powerful Revolutions to the progress  
'of those of the greatest, seems a providential  
'Disposition to bristle and abate the Pride of  
'human Sufficiency as also to engage the Hu-  
'manity and Benevolence of Superiors to all be-

'low 'em, by letting them into it is Secret, that  
'the Stronger depends upon the Weaker

I am  
SIR,

Your very Humble Servant

Dear Sir, Ten file, Paper-Bu Idlers

'I received a Letter from you some time ago,  
'which I should have answered sooner had you  
'informed me in yours to what part of the Island  
'I might have directed my Impertinence. But  
'having been let into the knowledge of that Mat-  
'ter this Landsman I cease to be no longer service-  
'able. My Neighbour *Pretzema* shall be the  
'Subject of the Letter which falling in with the  
'SPECTATOR's Doctrine concerning the Vanity of  
'Folly, began from that Sermon to dedicate him-  
'self in the Service of the Law in the following  
'Manner. I observed at the Beginning, of the  
'Month he bought him a new Night-gown either  
'side to be worn outwards both equally gorgeous  
'and attractive. But till the End of the Month I  
'did not enter so fully in the Knowledge of his  
'Continuance, as the Use of that Garment has  
'since suggested to me. Now you must know  
'that all new Clothes raise and warm the Heer's  
'Imagination into a Conceit of I am a much  
'finer Gentleman than he was before. Having  
'all Sobriety and Reflection, and giving him up to  
'Gallantry and Amour. Inframed therefore with  
'this way of thinking, and full of the Spirit of the  
'Month of May, did this mercenary Youth resolve  
'upon the Business of Coquetry. At first he  
'confined himself to his Room only, and then  
'appearing at his Window in his Night-gown, and  
'prie in, that easy Posture which expresses the  
'very Top and Dignity of Languishment. It was  
'pleasant to see him diversify his Loveliness,  
'sometimes obliging the Passengers only with a  
'Side Fier, with a Look in his Hand sometimes  
'being so generous as to expose the whole of the  
'fullness of his Beauty at the other times, by a  
'judicious throwing back of his Person, he  
'could throw in his Ears. You know he is that  
'Sort of Person which the Mob call a handsome  
'jolly Man, which Appearance can tire of Cap-  
'tives in this part of the Town. Being en-  
'boldened by daily Success, he leaves his Room  
'with a Resolution to extend his Conquests, and  
'I have apprehended him in his Night-gown  
'smiling in all Parts of this Neighbourhood.  
'This I, being of an amorous Completion, saw  
'with Indignation, and first Thoughts of pur-  
'chasing a Wig in these Parts into which being  
'at a greater Distance from the Earth I might  
'have thrown a very liberal Mixture of white  
'Horse-hair, which would make a sure, and  
'consequently a handsomer Appearance while  
'my Situation would secure me against any Dis-  
'coveries. But the Passion to the handsome  
'Gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part  
'of the Building, that it will be extremely difficult  
'to divert it to mine. So that I am resolv'd to stand  
'boldly to the Completion of my own Eye-brow,  
'and prepare me an immense Black Wig of the  
'same sort of Structure with that of my Rival.  
'Now, then by this I shall not, perhaps lessen the  
'number of the Admirers of his Completion, I

'shall have a fair Chance to divide the Passengers  
'by the irresistible Force of mine.

'I expect sudden Dispatches from you with  
'Advice of the Family you are in now, how to  
'deport myself upon this so delicate a Conjuncture  
'with some comfortable Resolution in  
'favour of the handsome black Man against the  
'handsome fair one

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,  
C

N P He who writ this is a black Man two  
Pair of Stairs, the Gentleman of whom I  
wrote, is fair, and one Pair of Stairs

MR SPECTATOR,

'I only say that it is impossible for me to say  
'how much I am

Yours,

Robin Shorter

P S 'I shall think it a little hard if you do  
'not take as much notice of this I p style, as you  
'have of the ingenious Mr *Serots*. I am not  
'dread to let the World see which is the Deeper  
'Man of the two

#### ADVERTISEMENT

London, September 15

Whereas a young Woman on Horseback, in an  
Equestrian Habit on the 13th Instant in the  
Park, met the Spectator on a Mile and  
an half of this Town, and flying in the Face of  
Justice, pulled off her Hat, or rather her was a  
Feather, in the Mien and Air of a young  
Officer, saying at the same time, Your Servant  
Mr Spectator, or Words to that Purpose, This is to  
give Notice, that if any Person can discover the  
Name, and Place of Abode of the said Offender,  
so as she can be brought to Justice, she shall have  
all fitting Encouragement T

No 486 ] Wednesday, September 27, 1712 [ Steele

*Audire est operis pretium procedere, recte  
Qui mecum non nullus* Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

THERE are very many of my Acquaintance  
Followers of *Socrates*, with more parti-  
cular regard to that part of his Philosophy  
which we, among ourselves, call his *Domesticks*,  
under which Denomination, or Title, we include  
all the Conjugal Joy and Sufferings. We have  
indeed, with very great Pleasure, observed the  
Honour you do the whole Fraternity of the  
Hen peck'd in placing that illustrious Man at  
our Head, and it does in a very great measure  
baffle the Raillery of pert Rogues, who have no  
advantage above us, but in that they are single.  
Put when you look about into the Crowd of  
Mankind, you will find the Fair Sex reigns with  
greater Tyranny over Lovers than Husbands.  
You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is

'wholly exempt from their Dominion, and those  
'that are so, are capable of no Taste of Life, and  
'breathe and walk about the Earth as Insignifi-  
'cants. But I am going to desire your further  
'Favour in behalf of our harmless Brotherhood,  
'and hope you will show in a true light the un-  
'married Hen peck'd, as well as you have done  
'Justice to us, who submit to the Conduct of our  
'Wives. I am very particularly acquainted with  
'one who is under entire Submission to a kind  
'Gentle he calls her and tho' he knows I have  
'been Witness both to the ill Usage he has re-  
'ceived from her and his Inability to resist her  
'Tyranny, he still pretends to make a Jest of  
'me for a little more than ordinary Obsequious-  
'ness to my Spouse. No longer than Tuesday  
'last he took me with him to visit his Mistress  
'and he having, it seems, been a little in Dis-  
'grace before, thought by bringing me with him  
'she would constrain herself, and sensibly fall  
'into general Discourse with him and so he  
'might break the Ice, and save himself all the  
'ordinary Compunctions and Mortifications she  
'used to make him suffer before she would be re-  
'conciled after any Act of Rebellion on his Part.  
'When we came into the Room, we were received  
'with the utmost Coldness and when he pre-  
'sented me to Mr Such-and-one, his very good  
'Friend, she just had Patience to suffer my  
'Salutation but when he himself, with a very  
'gay Air offered to follow me, she gave him a  
'thundering Box on the Ear, called him pitiful  
'poor spirited Wretch, how durst he see her  
'Face? His Wig and Hat fell on different Parts  
'of the Floor. She seized the Wig too soon for  
'him to recover it, and licking it down Stairs,  
'threw herself into an opposite Room, pulling  
'the Door after her with a Force, that you  
'would have thought the Hinges would have  
'given Way. We went down, you must think,  
'with no very good Countenances and as we  
'snuck off, and were driving home together, he  
'confessed to me, that her Anger was thus highly  
'rused, because he did not think fit to fight a  
'Gentleman who had said she was what she was  
'but, says he, a kind Letter or two, or fifty  
'pieces, will put her in Humour again. I asked  
'him why he did not part with her, he answered  
'he loved her with all the Tenderness imaginable,  
'and she had too many Charms to be abandoned  
'for a little Quickness of Spirit. Thus does this  
'illegitimate Hen pecked over-look the Hussy's  
'having no Regard to his very Life and Fame, in  
'putting him upon an infamous Dispute about her  
'Reputation, yet has he the Confidence to laugh  
'at me, because I obey my poor Dear in keeping  
'out of Harm's Way, and not staying too late  
'from my own Family, to pass through the  
'Hazards of a Town full of Ranters and De-  
'bauchees. You that are a Philosopher should  
'urge in our behalf, that when we bear with a  
'froward Woman, our Patience is preserved, in  
'consideration that a breach with her might be a  
'Dishonour to Children who are descended from  
'us, and whose Concern makes us tolerate a  
'thousand Faults, for fear they should redound  
'Dishonour upon the Innocent. This and the  
'like Circumstances, which carry with them the

'most valuable Regards of human Life, may be mentioned for our long Suffering, but in the case of Gallants, they swallow ill Usage from one to whom they have no Obligation, but from a base Passion, which it is mean to indulge, and which it would be glorious to overcome.

'These Sort of Fellows are very numerous, and some have been conspicuously such, without Shame, nay they have carried on the Jest in the very Article of Death, and, to the Diminution of the Wealth and Happiness of their Families, in bar of those honourably near to them, have left immense Wealth to their Partners. What is this but being a Cully in the Grave? Sure this is being Hen peck'd with a Vengeance! But without dwelling upon these less frequent Instances of eminent Cullyism, what is there so common as to hear a Fellow curse his Fate that he cannot get rid of a Passion to a Jilt, and quote an Half-Line out of a Miscellaneous Poem to prove his Weakness is natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing to say to it. But then let them not pretend to be free all this while, and laugh at us poor married Patients.

'I have known one Wench in this Town carry in haughty Dominion over her Lovers so well, that she has at the same time been kept by a Sea-Captain in the *Straits*, a Merchant in the City, a Country Gentleman in *Hampshire*, and had all her Correspondences managed by one she kept for her own Uses. This happy Man (as the Phrase is) used to write very punctually every Post, Letters for the Mistresses to transcribe. He would sit in his Night Gown and Slippers, and be as grave giving an Account, only changing Names, that there was nothing in those idle Reports they had heard of such a Scoundrel as one of the other Lovers was, and how could he think she could condescend so low, after such a fine Gentleman is each of them? For the same Epistle said the same thing to and of every one of them! And so Mr Secretary and his Lady went to Bed with great Order.

'To be short, *Mr SPECTATOR*, we Husbands shall never make the Figure we ought in the Imaginations of young Men growing up in the World, except you can bring it about that a Man of the Town shall be as infamous a Character as a Woman of the Town. But of all that I have met in my time, commend me to *Betty Duall*. She is the Wife of a Sailor, and the kept Mistress of a Man of Quality, she dwells with the latter during the Sea faring of the former. The Husband asks no Questions, sees his Apartments furnished with Riches not his, when he comes into Port, and the Lover is as joyful as a Man arrived at his Haven when the other puts to Sea. *Betty* is the most eminently victorious of any of her Sex, and ought to stand recorded the only Woman of the Age in which she lives, who has possessed at the same time two Abused, and two Contented ----- T

No 487 ] Thursday, September 18, 1712 [Addison

—Cum prostrata sopore  
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit  
Petr

THO' there are many Authors, who have written on Dreams, they have generally considered them only as Revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the World, or as Presages of what is to happen in future Periods of time.

I shall consider this Subject in another Light as Dreams may give us some Idea of the great Excellency of an Human Soul, and some Intimation of its Independency on Matter.

In the first Place, our Dreams are great Instances of that Activity which is natural to the human Soul, and which it is not in the power of Sleep to deaden or abate. When the Man appears tired and worn out with the Labours of the Day, this active part in his Composition is still busied and unwearied. When the Organs of Sense want their due Repose and necessary Respirations, and the Body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual Substance to which it is united, the Soul exerts her self in her several Faculties, and continues in Action till her Partner is again qualified to bear her Company. In this case Dreams look like the Relaxations and Amusements of the Soul, when she is disincumbered of her Machine, her Sports and Recreations, when she has laid her Charge asleep.

In the Second Place, Dreams are an Instance of that Agility and Perfection which is natural to the Faculties of the Mind, when they are disengaged from the Body. The Soul is clogged and retarded in her Operations, when she acts in Conjunction with a Companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its Motions. But in Dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a Sprightliness and Alacrity she exerts her self. The slow of Speech make unpremeditated Hurraques, or converse readily in Languages that they are but little acquainted with. The Grave abound in Pleasantries, the Dull in Reprtees and Points of Wit. There is not a more painful Action of the Mind, than Invention: yet in Dreams it works with that Ease and Activity, that we are not sensible when the Faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading Papers, Books, or Letters in which case the Invention prompts so readily, that the Mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own Suggestions for the Compositions of another.

I shall, under this Head, quote a Passage out of the *Religio Medici*,\* in which the ingenious Author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking Thoughts. *We are somewhat more than our selves in our Sleeps, and the Slumber of the Body seems to be but the Waking of the Soul. It is the Litigation of Sense, but the Liberty of Reason, and our waking Conceptions do not match the Fancies of our Sleeps*

*At my Nativity my Ascendant was the watery Sign of Scorpius I was born in the Planetary Hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden Planet in me I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the Mirth and Galliardize of Company, yet in one Dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the Action, apprehend the Fests, and laugh my self awake at the Conceits thereof Were my Memory as fastidius as my Reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my Dreams, and this time also would I chuse for my Devotions but our grosser Memories have then so little hold of our abstracted Understandings, that they forget the Story, and can only relate to our awaked Souls a confused and broken Tale of that that has passed—Thus it is observed that Men sometimes, upon the Hour of their Departure, do speak and reason above themselves, for then the Soul beginning to be freed from the Lignaments of the Body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above Mortality*

We may likewise observe in the third Place, that the Passions affect the Mind with greater Strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake Joy and Sorrow give us more vigorous Sensations of Pain or Pleasure at this time, than at any other Devotion likewise, as the excellent Author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the Soul at a time that the Body is thus laid at Rest Every Man's Experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently, in different Constitutions I shall conclude this Head with the two following Problems, which I shall leave to the Solution of my Reader Supposing a Man always happy in his Dreams, and miserable in his waking Thoughts, and that his Life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a Man a King in his Dreams, and a Beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken Schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a King or Beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another Circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high Idea of the Nature of the Soul, in regard to what passes in Dreams, I mean that unnumerable Multitude and Variety of Ideas which then arise in her Were that active watchful Being only conscious of her own Existence at such a time, what a painful Solitude would her Hours of Sleep be? Were the Soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping Moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she Dreams that she is in such a Solitude?

*Semper relinqu  
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur  
Ire viam—* Virg

But this Observation I only make by the way What I would here remark, is that wonderful Power in the Soul, of producing her own Company on these Occasions She converses with numberless Beings of her own Creation, and is

transported into ten thousand Scenes of her own rusing She is herself the Theatre, the Actors, and the Beholder This puts me in mind of a Saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, *That all Men whilst they are awake are in one common World, but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a World of his own*<sup>1</sup> The waking Man is conversant in the World of Nature, when he sleeps he retires to a private World that is particular to himself There seems something in this Consideration that intimates to us a natural Grandeur and Perfection in the Soul, which is rather to be admired than explained

I must not omit that Argument for the Excellency of the Soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian,<sup>2</sup> namely, its Power of divining in Dreams That several such Divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the least degree of a common Historical Faith, there being innumerable Instances of this nature in several Authors, both Antient and Modern Sacred and Profane Whether such dark Presages, such Visions of the Night proceed from any latent Power in the Soul, during this her state of Abstraction, or from any Communication with the Supreme Being, or from any Operation of Subordinate Spirits, has been a great Dispute among the Learned the matter of Fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest Writers, who have been never suspected either of Superstition or Enthusiasm

I do not suppose, that the Soul in these Instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the Body It is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk, and immersed in Matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her Operations, with such Motions of Blood and Spirits, as when she actuates the Machine in its waking Hours The Corporeal Union is slackened enough to give the Mind more Play The Soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that Spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the Body

The Speculations I have here made, if they are not Arguments, they are at least strong Intimations, not only of the Excellency of an Human Soul, but of its Independance on the Body and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great Points, which are established by many other Reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

O

<sup>1</sup> The reference is in the little book 'On Superstition,' where Plutarch quotes Heraclitus to add this comment of his own 'But to the superstitious man there is no common world, for neither does he use right reason when awake, nor is he freed, when sleeping, from his perturbations'

<sup>2</sup> Tertullian, in his book 'On the Soul,' has seven chapters (43—49) on Sleep and Dreams, with a abundant recognition of divine communications to the soul in sleep, and quotations of several authors, sacred and profane.

No 488 ] Friday, September 19, 1712 [Addison

*Quantus empta? parvi Quantus ergo? octo assibus  
Eheu!—Hor*

I FIND, by several Letters which I receive daily, that many of my Readers would be better pleased to pay Threepence Halfpenny for my Paper, than Two Pence. The ingenious T W tells me, that I have deprived him of the best Part of his Breakfast, for that since the rise of my Paper, he is forced every Morning to drink his Dish of Coffee by itself, without the Addition of the *Spectator*, that used to be better than Laced to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any Passage in my Paper, but that of late there have been two Words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, *viz. Price Two Pence*. I have a Letter from a Soap boiler, who condoleth with me very affectionately, upon the necessity we both lie under of setting in higher Price on our Commodities, since the late Tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that Subject, to speak a Word or two upon the present Duties on Castile-Soap. But there is none of these my Correspondents, who writes with a greater Turn of good Sense and Elegance of Expression, than the generous *Philomedes*, who advises me to value every *Spectator* at Six Pence, and promises that he himself will engage for a above a Hundred of his Acquaintance, who shall take it in at that Price.

Letters from the Female World are likewise come to me, in great quantities, upon the same Occasion, and as I naturally bear a great Deference to this Part of our Species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my Conduct in this Particular, are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large Family of Daughters have drawn me up a very handsome Remonstrance, in which they set forth, that their Father having refused to take in the *Spectator*, since the additional Price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the Article of Bread and Butter in the Tea-Table Account, provided the *Spectator* might be served up to them every Morning as usual. Upon this the old Gentleman, being pleased, it seems, with their Desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the *Spectator* and their Bread and Butter having given particular Orders, that the Tea Table shall be set forth every Morning with its Customary Bill of Fare, and without any manner of Defalcation. I thought myself obliged to mention this Particular, as it does Honour to this worthy Gentleman and if the young Lady *Letitia*, who sent me this Account, will requit me with his Name, I will insert it at length in one of my Papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any Expedient that might alleviate the Expence which this my Paper brings to any of my Readers and, in order to it, must propose two Points to their Consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest

Particular in their ordinary Expence, it will easily make up the Half Penny a Day, which we live now under Consideration. Let a Lady sacrifice but a single Ribband to her Morning Studies, and it will be sufficient. Let a Family burn but a Canale a Night less than the usual Number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without Detriment to their private Affairs.

In the next Place, if my Readers will not go to the Price of buying my Papers by Retail, let them have Patience, and they may buy them in the Lump, without the Burthen of a Tax upon them. My Speculations, when they are sold single, like Cherries upon the Stick, are Delights for the Rich and Wealthy after some time they come to Market in greater Quantities, and are every ordinary Man's Money. The Truth of it is, they have a certain Flavour at their first Appearance, from several accidental Circumstances of Time, Place and Person, which they may lose if they are not taken early but in this case every Reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a Year behind hand with the fashionable and polite part of the World, than to strain himself beyond his Circumstances. My Bookseller has now about Ten Thousand of the third and fourth Volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an Edition both of the First and Second Volume. As he is a Person whose Head is very well turned to his Business, he thinks they would be a very proper Present to be made to Persons at Christenings, Marriages, Visiting-Days, and the like joyful Solemnities, as several other Books are frequently given at Funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable Volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single Plate, and is of Opinion, that a Silver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an Entertainment to the Ladies, as a Silver of Sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Epigram lately sent to the Writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my Thanks to the ingenious Author of it.

SIR,

Having heard the following Epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your Papers. I think the Suffrage of our Poet Laureat should not be overlooked, which shews the Opinion he entertains of your Paper, whether the Notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your Hands.

On the SPECTATOR

By Mr TATE.

—Almsque et idem  
Nascens— Hor

When first the Tatler to a Mute was turn'd,  
Great Britain for her Censor's Silence mourn'd

<sup>1</sup> Nahum Tate, born and educated at Dublin, and befriended in his youth by Dryden and Dorset, was at this time 60 years old, and poet laureate, having in 1692 succeeded in that office.



*Roll'd of his sprightly Beams, she swept the Night,  
'Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright  
So the first War the Sun's first Setting reveal'd,  
To his glad, till early & Day his Joys reveal'd,  
It is a blissful I say that said Sun to name,  
It is a bright Successor, or the said  
Sun but no a from this Suspense are free,  
To all rever, w'obow with Judgement wad,  
It is the said Sun, and does himself succeed*

No 489.] Saturday, Sept 20, 1712 [Addison

— Βαδυπηλταο μεγα σβειορ 'Ανακτοιο  
Hom

SIR,

UPON reading your Essay concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination, I find, among the three Sources of those Pleasures which you have discovered, [that] Greatness is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all Objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my Imagination so much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot see the Heavings of this prodigious Bulk of Waters, even in a Calm, without a very pleasing Astonishment but when it is worked up in a Tempest, so that the Horizon on every side is nothing but foaming Pillows and floating Mountains it is impossible to describe the terrible Horrour that rises from such a Prospect. A troubled Ocean, to a Man who sails upon it, is, I think, the highest Object that he can see in motion and consequently gives his Imagination one of the highest kinds of Pleasure that can arise from Greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this World of fluid Matter, with so it thinking on the Hind that first poured it out, and made a proper Channel for its Reception. Such an Object naturally raises in my Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being and convinces me of his Existence as much as a metaphysical Demonstration. The Imagination prompts the Understanding and by the Greatness of the sensible Object produces in it the Idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by Time nor Space.

Thomas Shadwell, the Whig substitute for Dryden, rec'd his version of the Psalms produced in concert with his friend Dr Nicholas Brady. Fate produced his own notion of an improvement upon Shakespeare's King Lear and nine dramatic pieces, with other poetry, of which the above lines are a specimen. I was in his younger days the writer of the second part of Dryden's 'Abraham' and 'Aethiopia', to which Dryden himself contributed only the characters of Julian, Johnson, Ben Jochanan of Shadwell as Oz and of Seale as Doeg. His salary as poet laureate was £100 a year and a hint of annuity. He died three years after the date of this Spectator a poor man who had made his home in the Mint to escape his creditors.

As I have made several Voyages upon the Sea, I have often been tossed in Storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the Descriptions of them in ancient Poets. I remember Lucanus highly recommends one in *Homer*, because the Poet has not amused himself with little Fancies upon the occasion, as Authors of inferior Genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those Circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the Imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a Tempest. It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following Description of a Ship in a Storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do Business in great Waters. These see the Works of the Lord, and his wonders in the Deep. For he commandeth and maketh the stormy Wind, which lifteth up the Waters thereof. They mount up to the Heavens, they go down again to the Depths, their soul is melted because of Trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken Man, and are at their Wits End. Then they cry unto the Lord in their Trouble, and he bringeth them out of their Distress. He maketh the Storm a Calm, so that the Waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired Haven.*

By the way, how much more comfortable as well as rational is this System of the Psalmist, than the Pagan Scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is represented as raising a Storm, and another as lulling it? Were we only to consider the Sublime in this Piece of Poetry, what can be nobler than the Idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a Tumult among the Elements, and recovering them out of their Confusion thus troubling, and becalming Nature?

Great Painters do not only give us Landscapes of Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, but very often employ their Pencils upon Sea Pieces. I could wish you would follow the Example. If this small Sketch may deserve a Place among your Works, I shall recompense it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman<sup>3</sup> upon the Conclusion of his Travels.

<sup>2</sup> On the Sublime, § 10, where he compares a description of the terrors of the sea in a lost poem of the Arminians, by Aristæus the Proconnesian, with the passage in the 15th Book of the Iliad, which Pope thus translates.

*He bursts upon them all  
Bursts as a wave that from the cloud impels,  
And swells with tempest on the ship descends.  
While are the decks with foam, the winds aloft  
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every  
shroud  
Fate, then blind, told, the sailors freeze with  
fears,  
And instant death on every wave appears*

<sup>3</sup> Psalm cxi 23—30

<sup>3</sup> Addison

## I

*How are thy Servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their Defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,  
Their Help Omnipotence*

## II

*In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,  
Supported by thy Care,  
Thro' burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breath'd in tainted Air*

## III

*Thy Mercy sweeten'd ev'ry Soil,  
Made ev'ry Region please,  
The hoary Alpine Hills it warm'd,  
And smooth'd the Lyriehne Seas*

## IV

*Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted Eyes  
Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep  
In all its Horrors rise!*

## V

*Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,  
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;  
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs in Gulphs,  
O'ercame the Pilot's Art*

## VI

*Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,  
Thy Mercy set me free,  
Whilst in the Confidence of Prayer  
My Soul took hold on thee*

## VII

*For tho' in dreadful Whirls we hung  
High on the broken Wave,  
I knew thou wert not slo'to Hear,  
Nor impotent to Save*

## VIII

*The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy Will,  
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,  
At thy Command was still*

## IX

*In midst of Dangers, Fears and Death,  
Thy Goodness I'll adore,  
And praise Thee for Thy Mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more*

## X.

*My Life, if thou preserv'st my Life,  
Thy Sacrifice shall be,  
And Death, if Death must be my Doom,  
Shall join us, Soul to thee*

O

<sup>1</sup> Appended to this number is the following

## ADVERTISEMENT

*The Author of the SPECTATOR having received the Pastoral Hymn in his 441st Paper, set to Music by one of the most Eminent Composers of our own Country and by a Foreigner, who has not put it his name to is ingenious Letter, thinks himself obliged to return his thanks to those Gentlemen for the Honour they have done him*

No 490] Monday, September 22, 1712 [Steele

## Domus et placens Uxor — Hor

I HAVE very long entertain'd in Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the most agreeable and delightful Name in Nature. If it be not so in it self, all the wiser Part of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day has consented in an Error. But our Unhappiness in *England* has been, that a few loose Men of Genius for Pleasure, have turn'd it all to the Gratification of ungovern'd Desires, in spite of good Sense, Form and Order, when, in truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reason, is but a Step towards Madness and Folly. But is the Sense of Joy and Accomplishment of Desire no way to be indulg'd or attain'd? and have we Appetites given us not to be at all gratify'd? Yes certainly Marriage is an Institution calculated for a constant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capable of. Two Persons who have chosen each other out of all the Species, with design to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Action bound themselves to be good-humour'd, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful with respect to each other's Irrailties and Perfections, to the End of their Lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will for her or his own sake, keep things from Outrage with the utmost Sanctity. When this Union is thus preserved (as I have often said) the most indifferent Circumstance administers Delight. Their Condition is an endless Source of new Gratifications. The married Man can say, If I am unacceptable to all the World beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Transport, and think herself obliged to double her Kindness and Caresses of me from the Gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there, that very Sorrow quickens her Affection.

This Passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very Constitution, and the Kindness flows as easily and silently as the Blood in the Veins. When this Affection is enjoy'd in the most sublime Degree, unskilful Eyes see nothing of it, but when it is subject to be chang'd and has an Allay in it that may make it end in Distrust, it is apt to break into Rage, or overflow into Fondness, before the rest of the World.

*Uxander* and *Viraumra* are amorous and young, and have been married these two Years, yet do they so much distinguish each other in Company, that in your Conversation with the Dear Things you are still put to a Sort of Cross-Purposes. Whenever you address your self in ordinary Discourse to *Viraumra*, she turns her Head another way, and the Answer is made to the dear *Uxander*. If you tell a merry Tale, the Application is still directed to her Dear and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, That is, my Dear, so pretty — This puts me in mind of what I

have somewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honest *Sancho Pança* is putting some necessary humble Question concerning *Kozmante*, his Supper, or his Lodgings, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly Hints of his Squire to the poetical Conceit, Rapture and Flight, in Contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affections

On the other side, *Diogenes* and *Moria* are ever squabbling, and you may observe them all the time they are in Company, in a State of Impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for Diligence, *Diogenes* and *Moria* wait your Absence, that they may speak their harsh Interpretations on each other's Words and Actions during the time you were with them

It is certain that the greater Part of the Evils attending this Condition of Life, arises from Fashion Prejudice in this Case is turn'd the wrong way, and instead of expecting more Happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are lugh'd into a Prepossession, that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting Satisfaction

With all Persons who have made good Sense the Rule of Action, Marriage is describ'd as the State capable of the highest human Felicity. *Lully* has Epistles full of affectionate Pleasure, when he writes to his Wife, or speaks of his Children. But above all the Hints of this kind I have met with in Writers of ancient date, I am pleas'd with an Epigram of *Martial*,<sup>1</sup> in honour of the Beauty of his Wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators say it was written the day after his Wedding-Night. When his Spouse was retir'd to the Biting room in the Heat of the Day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the Water. To her Beauty and Carriage on this occasion we owe the following Epigram, which I shew'd my friend *Will. Homr* come in *French*, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the Original. I expect it will please the *English* better than the *Latin* Reader

When my bright Consort, now or Wife nor Maid,

Asham'd and wanton, of Embrace afraid,  
Fled to the Streams, the Streams my Fair betray'd

To my fond Eyes she all transparent stood,  
She blish'd, I smil'd at the slight covering Flood  
Thus thro' the Glass the lovely Lilly glows,  
Thus thro' the ambient Gem shines forth the Rose

I saw new Charms, and plung'd to seize my Store,

Kisses I snatch'd, the Waves prevented more

My Friend would not allow that this ludicrous Account could be given of a Wife, and therefore used the Word *Consort* which, he learnedly said, would serve for a Mistress as well, and give a more Gentlemanly Turn to the Epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine Gentlemen I cannot be persuaded but that the Passion a Bridegroom has for a virtuous young Wo-

man, will, by little and little, grow into Friendship, and then it is ascend'd to [1] higher Pleasure than it was in its first Fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate Man who has enter'd into this State, and left the Habitudes of Life he might have enjoy'd with a faithful Friend. But when the Wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous Hours, she brings Happiness unknown to Friendship itself. *Spencer* speaks of each kind of Love with great Justice, and attributes the highest Praise to Friendship, and indeed there is no disputing that Point, but by making that Friendship take [Place 2] between two married Persons

Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,  
When all three kinds of Love together meet,  
And to dispart the Heart with Power extreme,  
Whether shall weigh the Ballance down, to wit,

The dear Affection unto Kindred sweet,  
Or raging Fire of Love to Womekind,  
Or Zeal of Friends combin'd by Virtues meet  
But, of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind  
Mell unks the gentle Heart should most assured bind

For natural Affection soon doth cease,  
And quenched is with Cupid's greater Flame,  
But faithful Friendship doth them both suppress,  
And them with mastering Discipline does tame,  
Through Thoughts aspiring to eternal Fame  
For as the Soul doth rule the Earthly Mass,  
And all the Service of the Body frame,  
So Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass,  
No less than perfect Gold surmounts the meanest Brass

No 491 Tuesday, September 23, 1712 [Steele]

— Digna satis fortuna revisit — Virg

It is common with me to run from Book to Book to exercise my Mind with many Objects, and qualify my self for my daily Labours. After an Hour spent in this loitering Way of Reading, something will remain to be food to the Imagination. The Writings that please me most on such Occasions are Stories, for the Truth of which there is good Authority. The Mind of Man is naturally a Lover of Justice, and when we read a Story wherein a Criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no Quality which is the Object of Pity, the Soul enjoys a certain Revenge for the Offence done to its Nature, in the wicked Actions committed in the preceding Part of the History. This will be better understood by the Reader from the following Narration<sup>3</sup> it self, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it

When Charles Duke of Burgundy, surnam'd The Bold, reigned over spacious Dominions now

[1] an [2] its Place]

<sup>3</sup> Founded upon note N to the Memoir of Charles of Burgundy in Bayle's Dictionary, where the authorities cited are Pontus Heuterus and others. It is not in Comines

<sup>1</sup> Lib. iv. ep. 22

swallowed up by the Power of *Fraunce*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynsault*, a *German*, who had serv'd him in his Wars against the Insults of his Neighbours. A great part of *Zealand* was at that time in Subjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himself was a Person of singular Humanity and Justice. *Rhynsault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting Master for a Person of blunt Honesty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could bias him from the Execution of Justice. His Highness prepossessed to his Advantage, upon the Decease of the Governour of his chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynsault* that Command. He was not long seated in that Government, before he cast his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of Exquisite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynsault* was a Man of a warm Constitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unskilled in the soft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfaction which is reaped from the Possession of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies that attend the Passion towards them in elegant Minds. However he had so much of the World, that he had a great share of the Language which usually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Passion with which his Heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty, without the least Pity, Passion or Love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inscribable to a lustful Man, and the Possession of a Woman by him who has no thought but alluring a Passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by Distaste and Aversion. *Rhynsault* being resolv'd to accomplish his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, left no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her House, but she knew his Character and Disposition too well, not to shun all Occasions that might ensnare her into his Conversation. The Governour despairing of Success by ordinary Means, apprehended and Imprisoned her Husband, under pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correspondence with the Enemies of the Duke, to betray the Town into their Possession. This Design had its desired Effect, and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the day before that which was appointed for his Execution, presented herself in the Hall of the Governour's House, and as he pass'd thro' the Apartment, threw her self at his Feet, and holding his Knees, beseeched his Mercy. *Rhynsault* beheld her with a dissembled Satisfaction, and assuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his Closet, and asking her whether she knew the Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *If you will save your Husband, you must give me an account of all you know without Prevarication, for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the rest of the Conspirators, or any*

*other Particulars whatsoever*. He went to his Closet, and soon after the Lady was sent to for an Audience. The Servant knew his distance when Matters of State were to be debated, and the Governour, laying aside the Air with which he had appear'd in publick, began to be the Suppliant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her Power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent Man from his Imprisonment. She easily perceiv'd his Intention, and, bathed in Tears, began to deprecate so wicked a Design. Lust, like Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honest Anguish, the wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Posture and Figure in the Vehemence of speaking, were but so many Attitudes in which he beheld her Beauty, and further Incentives of his Desire. All Humanity was lost in that one Appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain Terms, that he was unhappy till he had possess'd her, and nothing less shou'd be the Price of her Husband's Life, and she must, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this Notification, when he saw *Sapphira* enough again distracted to make the Subject of their Discourse to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaded with insupportable Affliction, she immediately repairs to her Husband, and having signified to his Goulers, that she had a Proposal to make to her Husband from the Governour, she was left alone with him, reveal'd to him all that had pass'd, and represented the endless Conflict she was in between Love to his Person, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is easie to imagine the sharp Affliction this honest Pair was in upon such an Incident, in Lives not us'd to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled by Shame from speaking what his Fear prompted, upon so near an approach of Death, but let fall Words that signifi'd to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confess'd to him that the Governour had violated her Person, since he knew her Will had no part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permission to save a Life he had not Resolution enough to resign for the safety of his Honour.

The next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governour, and being led into a remote Apartment, submitted to his Desires. *Rhynsault* commended her Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what had pass'd between them, and with an Air of Gaity in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Husband out of Prison. But, continu'd he, my Fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an Interruption to our future Assignations. These last Words foreboded what she found when she came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynsault*.

It was remarkable that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Course of her Affliction, uttered neither Sigh nor Complaint, but stood fix'd with Grief at this Consummation of her Misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is the Avenger of

Innocence, she repair'd privately to Court. Her Person and a certain Grandeur of Mien negligent of Forms ruin'd her Passage into the Presence of the Duke her Sovereign. As soon as she came into the Presence, she broke forth into the following words: *Behold, O mighty Charles, a Wretch weary of Life, to a gain that craves been spent with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your power to retract my Injuries, but it is in your power to protect me from the Distress, and the Punishment of Oppressors, as a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing here or to his own great Name, and to put it in my own power.*

When she had spoke thus, she deliver'd the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Motions that Indignation and Pity could raise in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Prosperity of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day, *Rhyssault* was sent for to Court, and in the Presence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Saffra*, the Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady? Rhyssault*, as soon as he could recover his Surprise, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a Reparation. The Duke seem'd contented with this Answer, and stood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Conclusion of it he told *Rhyssault*, *Thus far have you done as commanded by my Authority. I shall not be satisfied of your Use of her, unless you sign a Gift of your whole Estate to her after your Death.* To the Performance of this also the Duke was a Witness. When these two Acts were executed, the Duke turn'd to the Lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet Possession of what your Husband has so humbly bestow'd on you, and order'd the immediate Execution of *Rhyssault*.

No 492.] Wednesday, Sept 24, 1712 [Stella

*Quicquid est boni moris Letitiae extinguere*  
Sen

Dear Mr SPECTATOR, *The bridge, Sept 18.*  
I AM a young Woman of Eighteen Years of Age, and I do assure you, a Maid of unspotted Reputation, founded upon a very careful Carriage in all my Looks, Words and Actions. At the same time I must own to you that it is with much constraint to Flesh and Blood that my Behaviour is so strictly irreproachable for I am naturally addicted to Mirth, to Gravity, to a Free Air, to Motion and Gadding. Now what gives me a great deal of Anxiety, and is some Discouragement in the Pursuit of Virtue, is that the young Women who run into greater Freedoms with the Men are more taken Notice of than I am. The Men are such unthinking Sots that they do not prefer her who restrains all her Passions and Affections, and keeps much within the Bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to

the utmost Verge of Innocence, and parades at the very Brink of Vice, whether she shall be a Wife or a Mistress. But I must appeal to your Spectatorial Wisdom who I find, have passed very much of your Time in the Study of Women, whether this is not a most unreasonable Proceeding. I have read somewhere, that *Holles* of *Malmsbury* asserts, that continent Persons have more of what they contain, than those who give a loose to their Desires. According to this Rule, let there be equal Age, equal Wit, and equal Good Humour, in the Woman of Prudence, and her of Liberty: what Stores has he to expect, what does the former? What Refuse must he be contented with, who chuses the latter? Well, but I sat down to write to you to vent my Indignation against several pert Creatures who are address'd to and courted in this Place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

Every one of these affect running the Hearts of your Sex. This is generally attempted by a particular manner of carrying themselves with Familiarity. *Green* has a dancing Walk, and keeps Tune in her ordinary Gait. *Chloe*, her Sister who is unwilling to interrupt her Conquests, comes into the Room before her with a familiar Run. *Dulness* takes Advantage of the Approach of the Winter, and has introduc'd a very pretty Shiver, closing up her Shoulders, and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this Mode carry their Fins between both Hands before them. *Dulness* herself, who is Author of this Air, adds the pretty Rintout and has also, when she is in very good Humour, a taking Familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest Seat in the Room, and letting her hoop'd Petticoats fill with a loud Decency about her. I now she practices this way of sitting down in her Chamber, and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an Actress fall down like it in a Tragedy. Not the least Indecency in her Posture. If you have observ'd what pretty Carcasses are carry'd off at the end of a Verse at the Theatre, it will give you a Notion how *Dulness* plumps into a Chair. Here's a little Country Girl that's very cunning that makes her use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the Huswarrs, who are almost twice her Age. The Air that she takes is to come into Company after a Will, and is very successfully out of Breath upon occasion. Her Mother is in the Secret, and calls her Romp, and then looks round to see what young Men stare at her.

It would take up more than can come into one of your Papers, to commend all the particular Airs of the younger Company in this Place. But I cannot omit *Dulness*, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of Conquest as the busiest Virgin among us. She has a peculiar Art of staring at a young Fellow, till she sees she has got him, and insinuat him by so much Observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his Head upon it, she is immediately short sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a distance with her Eyes half shut. Thus the Captive, that thought her first struck, is to make very near Approaches, or

'be wholly disregarded. This Artifice has done more Execution than in all the ogling of the rest of the Women here, with the utmost Variety of half Glances, attentive Heedlessnesses, childish Inadvertencies, haughty Contempts, or artificial Oversights. After I have said thus much of Ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a Set of Familiar Kompe who have broken thro' all common Rules, and have thought of a very effectual way of shewing more Charms than all of us. These, Mr SPECTATOR, are the Swingers. You are to know these careless pretty Creatures are very Innocents again, and it is to be no matter what they do, for 'tis all harmless Freedom. They get on Ropes, as you must have seen the Children, and are swung by their Men Visitors. The Jest is, that Mr Such a one can name the Colour of Mrs Such a one's Stockings, and she tells him, he is a lying Thief, so he is, and full of Roguery, and she'll try a Wager, and her Sister shall tell the Truth if he says right, and he can't tell what Colour her Garters are of. In this Diversion there are very many pretty Stricks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their Petticoats should untie. For there is a great care had to avoid Improprieties, and the Lover who swings the Lady, is to tie her Clothes very close with his Hithand, before she admits him to throw up her Heels.

Now, Mr SPECTATOR, except you can note these Wantonnesses in their Beginnings, and bring us sober Girls into Observation, there is no help for it, we must swim with the Tide: the Coquets are too powerful a Party for us. I look into the Merit of a regular and well behaved Woman, is a slow thing. A loose trivial Song gains the Affections, when a wise Homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my Part, I will shew all the World it is not for want of Charms that I stand so long unasked, and if you do not take measures for the immediate Redress of us Rigids, as the Fellows call us, I can move with sparkling Mien, can look significantly, can hiss, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frightened as agreeably as any She in *Enland*. All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Consideration with all Humility, by

Your most humble Servant,

Mauld's Molur

T

No 493 ] Thursday, September 25, 1712 [ Steele

*Qualem commendas etiam atque etiam adspice, ne mox*

*Inevitant aliena tibi peccata pudorem* — Hor

IT is no unpleasant matter of Speculation to consider the recommendatory Epistles that pass round this Town from Hand to Hand, and the abuse People put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that instead of being the Testimony of Merit in the Person recommended, the true reading of a Letter of this

sort is, *The Bearer hereof is so uncapable to me that it will be an Act of Charity in you to take him off my Hands, whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner of Kindness for him, or Obligation to him or his, and do what you please as to that.* As negligent as Men are in this respect a point of Honour is concerned in it, and there is nothing a Man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless Creature into the Service or Interests of a Man who has never injured you. The Women indeed are a little too keen in their Resentments, to trespass often thus. But you shall sometimes know that the Mistress and the Maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free Language, and at last the Lady shall be persuaded to turn her out of Doors, and give her a very good Ward to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a Year and Half's time, the same Face a Domestick in all parts of the Town. Good breeding and Good nature lead People in a great Measure to this Injustice. When Suitors of no Consideration will have Consensus enough to press upon their Superiors, those in Power are tender of speaking the Exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into Promises out of their Impatience of Importunity. In this latter Case, it would be a very useful Enquiry to know the History of Recommendations. There are, you must know, certain Abettors of this way of Argument, who make it a Profession to manage the Affairs of Candidates. These Gentlemen let out their Impudence to their Clients, and supply any Defect of Recommendation, by informing how such and such a Man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least Scrup from Mr Such a one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these Undertakers has your Business in hand, you may be sick, absent in Town or Country, and the Patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shewn a Gentleman some Years ago, who publish'd a whole People for their Facility in giving their Credentials. This Person had belonged in a Regiment which did Duty in the *West Indies*, and by the Mortality of the Place happened to be commanding Officer in the Colony. He oppressed his Subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every Man under his Command. When he had carried his Point to be thus detestable, in a pretence of Fit of Dishumour, and feigned Uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable he communicated to the chief Inhabitants a Design he had to return for *England*, provided they would give him ample Testimonials of their Approbation. The Planters came into it in a Man and in proportion in his desiring the quite contrary, the Words Justice, Generosity, and Courage, were inserted in his Commission, not omitting the general Good liking of People of all Conditions in the Colony. The Gentleman returns for *England*, and within few Months after came back to them their Governour on the Strength of their own Testimonials.

Such a Rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy Recommenders, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another, but how would a Man bear to have it said to him, the Person I took into Confidence on the Credit you gave him,

has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the Character you gave me of him!

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that Rake *Jack Tofer* of the *Temple*, for an honest Scrupulousness in this Point. A Friend of his meeting with a Servant that had formerly lived with *Jack*, and having a mind to take him, went to him to know what Faults the Fellow had, since he could not please such a careless Fellow as he was. His Answer was as follows:

SIR,

'Thou'st that live I wish me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in Taverns, he is an orderly sober Rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an Inn till two in a Morning. He told me one day when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to Dinner in the Evening, and went to Supper at two in the Morning. We were coming down *Essex-street* one Night, a little frustrated, and I was giving him the Word to alarm the Watch, he had the Impudence to tell me it was against the Law. You that are married and live one Day after another the same Way, and so on the whole Week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his Merit in due Season. The Fellow is certainly very Honest. My Service to your Lady.

Yours, J. J.

Now this was very fair Dealing. *Jack* knew very well, that though the Love of Order made a Man very awkward in his Quippen, it was a valuable Quality among the Quer People who live by Rule, and had too much good Sense and good Nature to let the fellow strive, because he was not fit to attend his Vices.

I shall end this Discourse with a Letter of Recommendation from *Horne* to *Clarius*. *Horne* You will see in that Letter a Slowness to ask a Favour, a strong Reason for being unable to deny his good Word any longer, and that it is a Service to the Person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked. All which are necessary Circumstances both in Justice and Good breeding, if a Man would not so as to have reason to complain of a Denial, and in least a Man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the Authority of *Horne*, who perfectly understood how to live with great Men may have a good Effect in recommending this Fraternity in People of Condition, and the Confidence of those who apply to them without Merit, I have translated the Epistle.

SO CLARIUS AD PR

SIR,

'*Septimus*, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your Friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your Notice, in such a manner as to be received by you who are delicate in the choice of your Friends and Domesticks, he knows our Inti-

This is a translation from *Horne* of the verse of No. 9 in Book I of his Epistles, showing how it would read in the customary prose form of a letter of introduction.

macry, and understand my Ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his Ambition to be your, as long as I possibly could, but fearing the Imputation of hiding my Power in you out of mean and selfish Considerations, I at last prevailed upon to give you this Trouble. Thus to avoid the Appearance of a greater Fault I have put on this Confidence. If you can forgive this Transgression of Modesty in behalf of a Friend, receive this Gentleman into your Intere and Friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave Man.

No. 491] Friday, September 26, 1712 [4th sen

*Exultantem laudare, unam rem maxime delectabilem, quicquid tandem Philosopherum*  
Cic

ABOUT an Age ago it was the fashion in *England*, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much Strictness as possible into his Price, and in particular to abstain from all Appearance of Mirth and Pleasantry, which were looked upon as the Marks of a Carnal Mind. The Saint was of a sorrowful Countenance, and generally eaten up with Spices and Melancholy. A Gentleman, who was lately a great Ornament to the Learned World, has diverted me more than once with an Account of the Reception which he met with from a very famous Independent Minister who was Head of a College in those times. This Gentleman was then a young Adventurer in the Republic of Letters, and just fitted out for the University with a good Cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His Friends were resolved that he should try his Fortune at an Election which was drawing near in the College, of which the Independent Minister whom I have before mentioned was Governor. The Youth, according to Custom waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the Door by a Servant, who was one of that gloomy

Supposed to be Anthony Henley, a gentleman of property, who corresponded with Swift was a friend of Steele's, and contributed some unidentified papers to the *Tatler*. He died in August, 1711.

Dr Thomas Goodwin, who was born in 1600, and educated at Cambridge. He was one of those who, like Milton's tutor, Dr Thomas Young, went to Holland to escape from persecution, and was pastor of the English church at Arnheim, till in the Civil Wars he came to London, and sat at Westminster as one of the Assembly of Divines. In 1649 Cromwell made him President of Magdalen College. As Oliver Cromwell's christian he prayed with and for him in his last illness. At the Restoration, Dr Goodwin was deprived of his post at Oxford, and he then preached in London at an Assembly of Independents till his death, in 1679. His works were collected in five volumes folio.

Generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great Silence and Seriousness, to a long Gallery which was darkened at Noon-day, and had only a single Candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy Apartment, he was led into a Chamber hung with Black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a Taper, till at length the Head of the College came out to him, from an inner Room, with half a Dozen Night Caps upon his Head, and a religious Horror in his Countenance. The young Man trembled, but his Fears increased when, instead of being asked what Progress he had made in Learning, he was examined how he abounded in Grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* stood him in little stead, he was to give an account only of the state of his Soul, whether he was of the Number of the Elect, what was the Occasion of his Conversion, upon what Day of the Month, and Hour of the Day it happened, how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole Examination was summed up with one short Question, namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The Boy, who had been bred up by honest Parents, was frightened out of his Wits at the Solemnity of the Proceeding, and by the last dreadful Interrogatory so that upon making his Escape out of this House of Mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the Examination, as not being able to go through the Terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general Form and Out-side of Religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many Persons, who, by a natural Unchearfulness of Heart, mistaken Notions of Piety, or Weakness of Understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of Life, and give up themselves a Prey to Grief and Melancholy. Superstitious Fears and groundless Scruples cut them off from the Pleasures of Conversation, and all those social Entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable, as if Mirth was made for Reprobates, and Chearfulness of Heart denied those who are the only Persons that have a proper Title to it.

*Sombrius* is one of these Sons of Sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in Duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of Laughter as a Breach of his Baptismal Vow. An innocent Jest startles him like Blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a Title of Honour, he lifts up his Hands and Eyes, describe a publick Ceremony, he shakes his Head, shew him a gay Equipage, he blesses himself. All the little Ornaments of Life are Pomps and Vanities. Mirth is a wanton, and Wit profane. He is scandalized at Youth for being lively, and at Childhood for being playful. He sits at a Christening, or a Marriage Feast, as at a Funeral sighs at the Conclusion of a merry Story, and grows devout when the rest of the Company grow pleasant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious Man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general Persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such Characters with Hypocrisy, as is done too frequently, that being a Vice which I think none

but He, who knows the Secrets of Men's Hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the Proofs of it do not amount to a Demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent Persons, who are weighed down by this habitual Sorrow of Heart, they rather deserve our Compassion than our Reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider, whether such a Behaviour does not deter Men from a Religious Life, by representing it as an unsociable State, that extinguishes all Joy and Gladness, darkens the Face of Nature, and destroys the Relish of Being it self.

I have, in former Papers, shewn how great a Tendency there is to Chearfulness in Religion, and how such a Frame of Mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous Person. In short, those who represent Religion in so unamiable a Light, are like the Spies sent by *Moses* to make a Discovery of the Land of *Promise*, when by their Reports they discouraged the People from entering upon it. Those who shew us the Joy, the Chearfulness, the Good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy State, are like the Spies bringing along with them the Clusters of Grapes, and delicious Fruits, that might invite their Companions into the pleasant Country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan Writer<sup>1</sup> has made a Discourse, to shew that the Atheist, who denies a God, does him less Dishonour than the Man who owns his Being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to Human Nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such Man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious or inhuman.

If we may believe our Logicians, Man is distinguished from all other Creatures by the Faculty of Laughter. He has an Heart capable of Mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the Business of Virtue to extirpate the Affections of the Mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish Gladness from the Heart of Man. Religion contracts the Circle of our Pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her Votaries to expatiate in. The Contemplation of the Divine Being, and the Exercise of Virtue, are in their own Nature so far from excluding all Gladness of Heart, that they are perpetual Sources of it. In a word, the true Spirit of Religion cheers, as well as composes the Soul: it banishes indeed all Levity of Behaviour, all vicious and dissolute Mirth, but in exchange fills the Mind with a perpetual Serenity, uninterrupted Chearfulness, and an habitual Inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in it self. O

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch, in his short Treatise 'On Superstition.'



No 495] Saturday, Sept 27, 1712 [Add 50]

*Dura n' alex tansa biferend is  
Nigra semel ferenda in Aledo,  
Per tunc nra per caeter ab ipse  
Pudet eſſe amu un que ſerri* — Hor

AS I am one, who, by my Profession am obliged to look into all kinds of Men, there are none whom I consider with so much Pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their Characters, or Ways of living. For this reason I have often said my self with Speculations on the Race of People called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable Towns which I have pass'd through in the Course of my Travels. They are, indeed so disseminated thorough all the trading parts of the World, that they are become the Instruments by which the most distant Nations converse with one another, and by which Mankind are knit together in a general Correspondence. They are like the Pegs and Nails in a great Building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole Frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten Tricks of Observation, I shall consider this People in three Views. First, with regard to their Number. Secondly, their Dispersion, and Thirdly, their Adherence to their Religion, and afterwards endeavour to shew, First, what Natural Reasons, and, Secondly, what Providential Reasons may be assigned for these three remarkable Particulars.

The *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the Land of *Canaan*.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful Slaughter made of them under some of the *Roman* Emperors, which Historians describe by the Death of many Hundred Thousands in a War, and the innumerable Massacres and Persecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Christian Nations of the World. The *Rabbis*, to express the great Misfortune which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of Hyperbole, that there were such Torrents of Holy Blood shed as carried Rocks of an hundred Yards in Circumference above three Miles into the Sea.

Their Dispersion is the second remarkable Particular in this People. They swarm over all the *Fus*, and are settled in the remotest Parts of *China*. They are spread through most of the Nations of *Europe* and *Africa*, and many Families of them are established in the *West Indies*, not to mention whole Nations bordering on *Prester-John's* Country, and some discovered in the inner Parts of *America*, if we may give any Credit to their own Waters.

Their firm Adherence to their Religion is no less remarkable than their Numbers and Dispersion, especially considering it is persecuted or condemned over the Face of the whole Earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we con-

sider the frequent Apostacies of this People, when they lived under their Kings, in the Land of *Promise*, and within sight of their Temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the Natural Reasons for these three Particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other Religion or People, I can, in the first place attribute their Numbers to nothing, but their constant Employment, their Absence from their Exemption from Wars, and above all, their frequent Marriages, for they look on Celibacy as an accursed State, and generally are married before Twenty, as hoping the *Messiah* may descend from them.

The Dispersion of the *Jews* into all the Nations of the Earth is the second remarkable Particular of that People, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in Rebellions and Tumults while they had the Temple and Holy City in View, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old Habitations in the Land of *Promise*. They have as often been banished out of most other Places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a People, and oblige them to seek a Livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole People is now a Race of such Merchants as are Wanderers by Profession, and at the same time, are in most if not all Places incapable of either Lands or Offices that might engage them to make any Part of the World their Home.

This Dispersion would probably have lost their Religion, had it not been secured by the Strength of its Constitution. For they are to live all in a Body, and generally within the same Enclosure, to marry among themselves and to eat no Meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all Table Conversation, and the most agreeable Intercourses of Life and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable Means of Conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what Providential Reason may be assigned for these three Particulars, we shall find that their Numbers, Dispersion, and Adherence to their Religion, have furnished every Age, and every Nation of the World, with the strongest Arguments for the Christian Faith, not only as these very Particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the Depositions of these and all the other Prophecies, which tend to their own Confusion. Their Number furnishes us with a sufficient Cloud of Witnesses that attest the Truth of the Old Bible. Their Dispersion spreads these Witnesses thro all parts of the World. The Adherence to their Religion makes their Testimony unquestionable. Had the whole Body of the *Jews* been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the Prophecies of the old Testament, that relate to the Coming and History of our Blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the Prophecies of the *Sybs*, as made many Years after the Events they pretended to foretell.

No 496 ] Monday, September 29, 1712 [ Steele

*Gnatum pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,  
Quod illa etas magis ad hæc utenda idonea est*  
Terent Heaut. A 1 Sc 1

MR SPECTATOR,

THOSE Ancients who were the most accurate in their Remarks on the Genius and Temper of Mankind, by considering the various Bent and Scope of our Actions throughout the Progress of Life, have with great Exactness allotted Inclinations and Objects of Desire particular to every Stage, according to the different Circumstances of our Conversation and Fortune, thro' the several Periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those Excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager Pursuit of the Affections more immediately proper to each State. They indulged the Levity of Childhood with Tenderness, overlooked the Gayety of Youth with Good nature, tempered the forward Ambition and Impatience of ripen'd Manhood with Discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious Advice of old Men to their want of relish for any other Enjoyment. Such Allowances as these were no less advantageous to common Society than obliging to particular Persons: for by maintaining a Decency and Regularity in the Course of Life, they supported the Dignity of human Nature, which then suffers the greatest Violence when the Order of things is inverted, and in nothing is it more remarkably vilify'd and ridiculous, than when I cebleness preposterously attempts to adorn it self with that outward Pomp and Lustre, which serve only to set off the Bloom of Youth with better advantage. I was insensibly carried into Reflections of this nature, by just now meeting *Paulino* (who is in his Character) bedeck'd with the utmost Splendour of Dress and Equipage, and giving an unbounded Loose to all manner of Pleasure, whilst his only Son is debarr'd all innocent Diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the *Mail* with no other Attendance than one antiquated Servant of his Father's for a Companion and Director.

It is a monstrous want of Reflection, that a Man cannot consider that when he cannot resign the Pleasures of Life in his Decay of Appetite and Inclination to them, his Son must have a much uneasier Task to resist the Impetuosity of growing Desires. The Skill therefore should, methinks, be to let a Son want no lawful Diversion, in proportion to his future Fortune, and the Figure he is to make in the World. The first Step towards Virtue that I have observed in young Men of Condition that have run into Excesses, has been that they had regard to their Quality and Reputation in the Management of their Vices. Narrowness in their Circumstances has made many Youths, to supply themselves as Debauchees, commence Cheats and Rascals. The Father who allows his Son to his utmost ability avoids this latter Evil, which is to the World is much greater than the former. But the contrary Practice has prevail'd so much among some Men, that I have known them deny them

what was merely necessary for Education suitable to their Quality. Poor young *Antonio* is a lamentable Instance of ill Conduct in this kind. The young Man did not want natural Talents, but the Father of him was a Coxcomb, who is seated being a fine Gentleman so unmercifully, that he could not endure in his sight, or the frequent mention of one, who was his Son, growing into Manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay World. I have often thought the Father took a secret Pleasure in reflecting that when that fine House and Seat came into the next hands, it would revive his Memory, as a Person who knew how to enjoy them, from Observation of the Rusticity and Ignorance of his Successor. Certain it is that a Man may, if he will, let his Heart close to the having no regard to any thing but his dear self, even with exclusion of his very Children. I recommend this Subject to your Consideration, and am,

SIR, Your most humble Servant, T B

MR SPECTATOR, London, Sept 26, 1712

I am just come from *Tunbridge*, and have since my return read Mrs *Matilda Mohair's* Letter to you. She pretends to make a mighty Story about the Diversion of Swinging in that Place. What was done, was only among Relations and no Man swung any Woman who was not second Cousin at farthest. She is pleased to say, care was taken that the Gallants tied the Ladies Legs before they were waisted into the Air. Since she is so spiteful, I'll tell you the plain Truth, there was no such Nicety observed, since we were all, as I just now told you, near Relations: but Mrs *Mohair* her self has been swung there, and she invents all this Malice, because it was observed she has crooked Legs, of which I was an Eye-Witness.

Your humble Servant,  
Rachel Shoestrang

MR SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge*, Sept 26, 1712

We have just now read your Paper, containing Mrs *Mohair's* Letter. It is an Invention of her own from one end to the other, and I desire you would print the enclosed Letter by it self, and shorten it so as to come within the Compass of your Half-Sheet. She is the most malicious Minx in the World, for all she looks so innocent. Don't leave out that Part about her being in love with her Father's Butler, which makes her shun Men, for that is the truest of it all.

Your humble Servant,  
Sarah Ince

P S 'She has crooked Legs

MR SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge*, Sept 26, 1712

All that Mrs *Mohair* is so vexed at against the good Company of this Place, is, that we all know she has crooked Legs. This is certainly true. I don't care for putting my Name, because one would not be in the Power of the Creature.

Your humble Servant and never

MR SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge*, Sept 26, 1712

That insufferable Pride Mrs *Mohair*, who has told such Stories of the Company here, is with Child, for all her nice Aurs and her crooked

\* Legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both those  
\* two Things, and you'll oblige every Body here,  
\* especially

Your humble Servant,  
Alice Bluegarter

1

No 497 ] Tuesday, September 30, 1712 [ Steele

Οὐκ ἔστι γαλιώτης γέριον — Menander

A FAVOUR well bestowed, is almost as great an Honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior Reputation of the Patron in this case, is, that he is always surrounded with specious Pretences of unworthy Candidates, and is often alone in the kind Inclination he has towards the Well-deserving. Justice is the first Quality in the Man who is in a Post of Direction, and I remember to have heard an old Gentleman talk of the Civil Wars, and in his Relation give an Account of a General Officer, who with this one Quality, without any shining Endowments, became so peculiarly beloved and honoured, that all Decisions between Man and Man were laid before him by the Parties concerned in a private Way, and they would lay by their Animosities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or submit themselves in the Wrong without Reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the Judgment of Court Martial. His Manner was to keep the Dates of all Commissions in his Closet, and wholly dismiss from the Service such who were deficient in their Duty, and after that, took Care to prefer according to the Order of Battle. His Familiars were his entire Friends, and could have no interested Views in coining his Acquaintance for his Affection was no Step to their Preferment, tho' it was to their Reputation. By this means a kind Aspect, a Salutation, a Smile, and giving out his Hand, had the weight of what is esteem'd by vulgar Minds more substantial. His Business was very short, and he who had nothing to do but Justice, was never affronted with a Request of a familiar daily Visitant for what was due to a brave Man at a Distance. Extraordinary Merit he used to recommend to the King for some Distinction at home, till the Order of Battle made way for his rising in the Troop. Add to this, that he had an excellent Manner of getting rid of such whom he observed were good at an *Half*, as his Phrase was. Under this Description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without Reproach, and had no Promptitude in their Minds towards Glory. These Fellows were also recommended to the King, and taken off of the General's hands into Posts wherein Diligence and common Honesty were all that were necessary. This General had no weak Part in his Line but every Man had as much Care upon him, and as much Honour to lose as himself. Every Officer could answer for what pass'd where he was, and the General's Presence was never necessary any where, but where he had plac'd himself at the first Disposition, except that Accident happen'd from extraordinary Efforts of the Enemy which he could not foresee.

but it was remarkable that it never fell out from Failure in his own Troops. It must be confess'd, the World is just so much out of order, as an unworthy Person possesses what should be in the Direction of him who has better Pretensions to it.

Instead of such a Conduct as this old Fellow us'd to describe in his General, all the Evils which live ever happen'd among Mankind have arose from the wanton Disposition of the Favourites of the Powerful. It is generally all that Men of Modesty and Virtue can do to fall in with some whimsical Turn in a Great Man, to make way for things of real and absolute Service. In the time of Don Sebastian of Portugal, or some time since, the first Minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound Face of Wisdom and Gravity. They carry'd it so far, that, for the greater Shew of their profound Knowledge, a Pair of Spectacles tied on their Noses, with a black Ribband round their Heads, was what completed the Dress of those who made their court at his Leice, and none with naked Noses were admitted to his Presence. A blunt honest Fellow, who had a Command in the Train of Artillery, had attempted to make an Impression upon the Porter day after day in vain, till at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark suite of Clothes, and two Pair of Spectacles on at once. He was conducted from Room to Room with great deference, to the Minister and carrying on the Face of the Place, he told his Excellence, that he had pretended in this manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill Intention but he was honest. Such one of the Train, and he came to tell him that they wanted Wheel barrows and Pick axes. The thing happened not to displease, the Great Man was seen to smile, and the successful Officer was reconducted with the same profound Ceremony out of the House.

When Leo X. reigned Pope of Rome, his Holiness, tho' a Man of Sense and of an excellent Taste of Letters, of all things affected Fools, Buffoons, Humourists, and Coxcombs. Whether it were from Vanity, and that he enjoy'd no Talents in other Men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole Delight was in finding out new Fools, and, as our Phrase is, playing them off, and making them shew themselves to advantage. A Priest of his former Acquaintance suffered a great many Disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular Character, till at last in despair he retired from Rome, and returned in an Equipage so very fantastical, both as to the Dress of himself and Servants, that the whole Court were in an Emulation who should first introduce him to his Holiness. What added to the Expectation his Holiness had of the Pleasure he should have in his Folkes, was, that this Fellow, in a Dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had Matters of the highest Importance, upon which he wanted a Conference. Nothing could be denied to a Coxcomb of so great hope, but when they were apart,

<sup>1</sup> Founded on Note F to Bayle's account of Leo X.

the Impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows

Do not be surpris'd, most holy Father, at seeing, instead of a Covecomb to laugh at, your old Friend who has taken this way of Access to admonish you of your own Folly Can any thing shew your Holiness how unworthily you treat Mankind, more than my being put upon this Difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of Folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest Insolence imaginable to rejoice in the Disgrace of human Nature It is a criminal Humility in a Person of your Holiness's Understanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the Conversation of Half-wits, Humorists, Coxcombs and Buffoons If your Holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational Man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disrobing all the Impertinents you have favour'd, of all their Riches and Trappings at once, and bestowing them on the Humble, the Virtuous, and the Meek If your Holiness is not concerned for the sake of Virtue and Religion, be pleased to reflect, that for the sake of your own Safety it is not proper to be so very much in jest When the Pope is thus merry, the People will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great Veneration, are in themselves Objects of Scorn and Derision If they once get a Trick of knowing how to laugh, your Holiness's saying this Sentence in one Night Cap and t'other with the other, the change of your Slippers, bringing you your Staff in the midst of a Prayer, then stripping you of one Vest and clapping on a second during divine Service, will be found out to have nothing in it Consider, Sir, that at this rate a Head will be reckoned never the wiser for being Bald, and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going bare foot does not at all help on in the way to Heaven The red Cap and the Coul will fall under the same Contempt, and the Vulgar will tell us to our Faces that we shall have no Authority over them, but from the Force of our Arguments, and the Sanctity of our Lives T

No 498] Wednesday, October 2, 1712 [Steele

*Frustra retinacula tendens  
Fertur equus Auriga, neque audit currus habenas*

To the SPECTATOR GENERAL of Great Britain  
From the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-house in Devereux Court, Monday Evening,  
twenty eight Minutes and a Half past Six

Dear Dumb,  
IN short, to use no further Preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a Hackney-Coachman, when he has come to set down his Fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine Ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of them with an Air of Familiarity, without giving the least Offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of a Gasconade But to clear my self from that Imputation, and to explain this Matter to you, I assure you that there are many illustrious

Youths within this City, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a Hackney-Coach But those whom, above all others, I would recommend to you, are the young Gentlemen belonging to our Inns of Court. We have, I think, about a dozen Coachmen, who have Chambers here in the Temple and as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their Example, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to Westminster by our own Fraternity, allowing every fifth Person to apply his Meditations in this way, which is but a modest Computation, as the Humour is now likely to take It is to be hop'd likewise, that there are in the other Nurseries of the Law to be found a proportionable number of these hopeful Plants, springing up to the everlasting Renown of their native Country Of how long standing this Humour has been, I know not the first time I had any particular Reason to take notice of it, was about this time twelvemonth, when being upon Hampstead-Heath with some of these studious young Men, who went thither purely for the sake of Contemplation, nothing would serve them but I must go thro' a Course of this Philosophy too, and being ever willing to embellish my self with any commendable Qualification, it was not long e'er they persuaded me into the Coach-box, nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the Fate of my Brother Phaeton, for having drove about fifty Paces with pretty good Success, through my own natural Sagacity, together with the good Instructions of my Tutors, who, to give them their due, were on all Hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable Undertaking I say Sir, having drove about fifty Paces with pretty good Success, I must needs be exercising the Lash, which the Horses resented so ill from my Hands, that they gave a sudden Start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my Head, as I very well remembered about Half an Hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all that Knowledge I had gain'd for fifty Yards before, but had like to have broken my Neck into the Bargain After such a severe Reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevail'd with to make a second Attempt and indeed, upon mature Deliberation, the whole Science seem'd, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many Difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown Advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all Hopes of attaining it, and I believ'd had never thought of it more, but that my Memory has been lately refreshed by seeing some of these ingenious Gentlemen ply in the open Streets, one of which I saw receive so suitable a Reward of his Labours, that tho' I know you are no Friend to Story-telling, yet I must beg leave to trouble you with this at large About a fortnight since, as I was diverting my self with a pennyworth of Walnuts at the Temple Gate, a lively young Fellow in a Fustian Jacket shot by me, beckon'd a Coach, and told the Coachman he wanted to go as far as Chelsey They agreed upon the Price, and this young Gentleman mounts the Coach-box, the Fellow staring at him, desir'd to know if he should not drive till they were out of Town? No, no, replied

He was then going to climb up to him, but received another Check, and was then ordered to get into the Coach, or behind it, for that he wanted no Instructors but besure you Dog you, says he, don't you birk me The Fellow thereupon surrender'd his Whip, scratch'd his Head, and crept into the Coach Having my self occasion to go into the Strand about the same Time, we started both together, but the Street being very full of Coaches, and he not so able a Coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I hid soon got a little Way before him, often, however, having the curiosity to cast my Eye back upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in this high Station, which he did with great Composure till he came to the Pass, which is a Military Term the Brothers of the Whip have given the Strat to St Clement's Church when he was arrived near this Place, where are always Coaches in waiting, the Coachmen began to suck up the Muscles of their Cheeks, and to tip the Wink upon each other as if they had some Roguery in their Heads, which I was immediately convinced of for he no sooner came within Reach, but the first of them with his Whip took the exact Dimension of his Shoulders, which he very ingeniously call'd Endorsing and indeed I must say, that every one of them took due Care to endorse him as he came thro' their Hands. He seem'd at first a little uneasy under the Operation, and was going in all haste to take the Numbers of their Coaches but at length by the Mediation of the worthy Gentleman in the Coach, his Wrath was asswaged, and he prevail'd upon to pursue his Journey tho' indeed I thought they had clapt such a Spoke in his Wheel, as had disabled him from being a Coachman for that Day at least For I am only mistaken, Mr SPEC if some of these Endorsements were not wrote in so strong a Hand, that they are still legible. Upon my enquiring the Reason of this unusual Salutation, they told me, that it was a Custom among them, whenever they saw a Brother tottering or unstable in his Post, to lend him a hand in order to settle him again therein For my part I thought their Allegations but reasonable, and so march'd off Besides our Coachmen, we abound in divers other Sorts of ingenious robust Youth, who, I hope, will not take it ill if I refer giving you an account of their several Recreations to another Opportunity In the mean time, if you would but bestow a little of your wholesome Advice upon our Coachmen, it might perhaps be a Reprieve to some of their Necks As I understand you have several Inspectors under you, if you would but send one amongst us here in the Temple, I am persuaded he would not want Employment But I leave this to your own Consideration, and am,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,  
Moses Greenbag

P.S. I have heard our Critics in the Coffee-houses hereabout talk mightily of the Unity of Time and Place According to my Notion of the Matter, I have endeavour'd at something like it in the Beginning of my Epistle I desire to be inform'd of the use as to that Particular In my next

I design to give you some account of excellent Watermen, who are bred to the Law, and far outdo the Land-Students abovementioned T

No 499.] Thursday, October 2, 1712 [Addison

Nimis inuis  
Narbus u dulces Pers

MY Friend WILL HONEYCOMB has told me, for above this half Year, that he had a great mind to try his Hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my Works This Morning I received from him the following Letter, which, after having rectified some little Orthographical Mistakes, I shall make a Present of to the Publick.

Dear SPEC

I was, about two Nights ago, in Company with a very agreeable young People of both Sexes, where talking of some of your Papers which are written on Conjugal Love, there arose a Dispute among us, whether there were not more bad Husbands in the World than bad Wives A Gentleman, who was Advocate for the Ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous Siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my Historical Dictionary, after the following manner When the Emperor Conrad the Third had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the City of Hensberg, the Women finding that the Town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry The Emperor knowing they could not convey away many of their Effects, granted them their Petition, When the Women, to his great Surprise, came out of the Place with every one her Husband upon her back The Emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into Tears, and after having very much extolled the Women for their conjugal Affection, gave the Men to their Wives, and received the Duke into his Favour

The Ladies did not a little triumph at this Story, asking us at the same time, whether in our Conscience we believed that the Men of any Town in Great Britain would, upon the same Offer, and at the same Conjuncture, have laden themselves with their Wives, or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good Friend Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the Mouth of our Sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good Office for the Women, considering that their Strength would be greater, and their Burdens lighter As we were amusing our selves with Discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the Evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive Division of Questions and Commands I was no sooner vested with the regal Authority, but I enjoined all the Ladies, under pain of my Displeasure, to tell the Company ingeniously, in

'case they had been in the Siege abovementioned, and had the same Offers made them as the good Women of that Place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry Answers made to my Question, which entertained us till Bed-time. This filled my Mind with such a huddle of Ideas, that upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following Dream.

'I saw a Town of this Island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the Inhabitants of it so strained as to cry for Quarter. The General refused any other Terms than those granted to the abovementioned Town of *Hensberg*, namely, that the married Women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the City-Gates flew open, and a Female Procession appeared. Multitudes of the Sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective Burdens. I took my Stand upon an Eminence in the Enemies Camp, which was appointed for the general Rendezvous of these Female Carriers, being very desirous to look into their several Ladings. The first of them had a huge Sack upon her Shoulders, which she set down with great Care. Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her Husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with China-Ware. The next appeared in a more decent Figure, carrying a handsome young Fellow upon her Back. I could not forbear commending the young Woman for her Conjugal Affection, when to my great Surprise, I found that she had left the good Man at home, and brought away her Gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered Face peeping over her Shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her Spouse, till upon her setting him down I heard her call him dear Pugg, and found him to be her Favourite Monkey. A fourth brought a huge Bile of Cards along with her, and the fifth a *Bolonia* Lap-Dog for her Husband, it seems, being a very Burly Man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little *Cupid*. The next was the Wife of a rich Usurer, laden with a Bag of Gold. She told us that her Spouse was very old, and by the course of Nature could not expect to live long, and that to shew her tender regards for him, she had saved that which the poor Man loved better than his Life. The next came towards us with her Son upon her Back, who, we were told, was the greatest Rake in the Place, but so much the Mother's Darling, that she left her Husband behind with a large Family of hopeful Sons and Daughters, for the sake of this Gracious Youth.

'It would be endless to mention the several Persons, with their several Loads that appeared to me in this strange Vision. All the Place about me was enervated with packs of Ribbands, Brocades, Embroidery, and Ten thousand other Materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole Street of Toy shops. One of the Women, having an Husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her Shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of *Flanders-lace* under her Arm, but finding herself so overladen, that she could not save both of them, she

'dropp'd the good Man, and brought away the Bundle. In short, I found but one Husband among this great Mountain of Baggage, who was a hvely Cobbler, that kick'd and spurr'd all the while his Wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce pass'd a Day in his Life without giving her the Discipline of the Strap. I cannot conclude my Letter, Dear Spectator, without telling thee one very odd Whim in this my Dream, I saw, methoughts, a dozen Women employed in bringing off one Man. I could not guess who it should be, till upon his never appearing I discover'd thy short Phiz. The Women all declar'd that it was for the sake of thy Works, and not thy Person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou should'st continue the *Spectator*. If thou thinkest this Dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy Service, from,

Dear Sir

*Thine, Sleeping and Waking,*

WILL. HOPKINSON

The Ladies will see, by this Letter, what I have often told them, that *WILL* is one of those old-fashioned Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Town, that shews his Parts by Rallery on Marriage, and one who has often tried his Fortune that way without Success. I cannot however dismiss his Letter, without observing, that the true Story on which it is built does Honour to the Sex, and that in order to abuse them, the Writer is obliged to have recourse to Dream and Fiction.

No 500] Friday, October 3, 1712 [Addison

*Huc natus adjuce septem,  
Et totidem juvenes, et mox generosque nurusque  
Quærent nunc, habent quam nostra superbia  
causam — Ovi Met.*

**SIR,**  
**YOU** who are so well acquainted with the Story of *Socrates*, must have read how, upon his making a Discourse concerning Love, he pressed his Point with so much Success, that all the Bachelors in his Audience took a Resolution to Marry by the first Opportunity, and that all the married Men immediately took Horse and galloped home to their Wives. I am apt to think your Discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable Pictures of Marriage, have had a very good Effect this way in England.

At the end of this number and in all following numbers there is a change in the colophon, caused by the addition of Tonson's name to Buckle's. It runs henceforth thus: LONDON Printed for S. Buckle and J. Tonson. And Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane. But an announcement at the head of the advertisements sets forth that

*Advertisements for this Paper continue to be taken in by S. Buckle at the Dolphin in Little-Britain, J. Tonson at Shakespeare's Head in the Strand, C. Lillie at the Corner of Neaufoord Buildings, and A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane.*

'We are obliged to you, at least for having taken off that Senseless Ridicule which for many Years the Writings of the Town have turned upon their Fathers and Mothers. For my own part, I was born in Wedlock, and I don't care who knows it. For which Reason, among many others, I should look upon my self as in most insufferable Coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that Cockoldom was inseparable from Marriage, or to make use of *Husham and Wife* as Terms of Reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one step further, and declare to you before the whole World, that I am a married Man, and at the same time I have so much Assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

'Among the several Pleasures that accompany this state of Life, and which you have described in your former Papers, there are two you have not taken Notice of, and which are seldom set into the Account, by those who write on this Subject. You must have observed, in your Speculations on Human Nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the Mind of Man than Power or Dominion, and thus I think my self amply possessed of as I am the Father of a Family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out Orders, in prescribing Duties, in hearing Parties, in administering Justice, and in distributing Rewards and Punishments. To speak in the Language of the Centurion, *I say unto one Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my Servant, Do this, and he doth it*. In short, Sir, I look upon my Family as a Patriarchal Sovereign, in which I am my self both King and Priest. All great Governments are nothing else but Clusters of these little private Royalties, and therefore I consider the Masters of Families as small Deputy Governors presiding over the several little Parcells and Divisions of their Fellow Subjects. As I take great pleasure in the Administration of my Government in particular, so I look upon my self not only as more useful, but as a much greater and happier Man than any Pathebor in *England* of [my] Rank and Condition.

'I have is another accidental Advantage in Marriage, which has likewise fallen to my share. I mean the having a Multitude of Children. These I cannot but regard as very great Blessings. When I see my little Troop before me, I rejoice in the Additions which I have made to my Species, to my Country, and to my Religion in having produced such a Number of reasonable Creatures, Citizens, and Christians. I am pleased to see my self thus perpetuated, and as there is no Production comparable to that of a human Creature, I am more proud of having been the Occasion of ten such glorious Productions, than if I had built a hundred Pyramids at my own Expence, or published as many Volumes of the finest Wit and Learning. In what a beautiful Light has the Holy Scripture represented *Abdon* one of the Judges of *Israel*, who had forty Sons and thirty Grandsons that rode on Threescore and Ten Ass Colts, according to the Magnificence of the Eastern Countries? How

<sup>2</sup> [my own]

'must the Heart of the old Man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful Procession of his own Descendants, such a numerous Cavalcade of his own rising? For my own part, I can sit in my Parlour with great content, when I take a review of half a dozen of my little Boys mounting upon Hobby Horses, and of as many little Girls tutoring their Babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do something that may gain my Favour and Approbation. I cannot question but he who has blessed me with so many Children, will assist my Endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous Education. I think it is Sir *Jamess Bates's* Observation, that in a numerous Family of Children the eldest is often spoiled by the Prospect of an Estate, and the youngest by being the Darling of the Parent; but that some one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the World, and over-topped the rest. It is my Business to implant in every one of my Children the same Seeds of Industry, and the same honest Principles. By this Means I think I have a fair Chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other way of Life, whether it be in the Army, or in the Fleet, in Trade, or any of the three learned Professions. For you must know, Sir, that from long Experience and Observation, I am persuaded of what seems a Paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, That a Man who has many Children, and gives them a good Education is more likely to raise a Family, than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole Estate. For this reason I cannot forbear running my self with finding out a General, an Admiral, or an Alderman of *London*, a Divine, a Physician, or a Lawyer, among my little People who are now perhaps in Petticoats; and when I see the Motherly Airs of my little Daughters, when they are playing with their Puppets, I cannot but flatter my self that their Husbands and Children will be happy in the Possession of such Wives and Mothers.

'If you are a Father, you will not perhaps think this Letter impertinent; but if you are a single Man, you will not know the Meaning of it, and probably throw it into the Fire. Whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is

Your most humble Servant,  
and Well-wisher,  
Philogamus

No 501 | Saturday, October 4, 1712 [Parrill]

*Durum sed levius fit patientia  
Quicquid corrigere est nefas* — Hor

AS some of the finest Compositions among the Ancients are in Allegory, I have endeavoured, in several of my Papers, to revive this way of Writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it. For I find there is always a great Demand for those particular Papers,



and cannot but observe that several Authors have endeavoured of late to excel in Works of this Nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious Gentleman, to whom I am much obliged for the following Piece, and who was the Author of the Vision in the CCCCLXth Paper O

How are we tortured with the Absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What Excursions does the Soul make in Imagination after it! And how does it turn into it self again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the Disappointment? Our Grief, instead of having recourse to Reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further Nourishment. It calls upon Memory to relate the several Passages and Circumstances of Satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed. The Pleasures we purchased by those Riches that are taken from us, or the Power and Splendour of our departed Honours, or the Voice, the Words, the Looks, the Temper, and Affections of our Friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence that the Passion should often swell to such a Size as to burst the Heart which contains it, if Time did not make these Circumstances less strong and lively, so that Reason should become a more equal Match for the Passion, or if another Desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a livelier Representation. These are Thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of Vision upon this Subject, and may therefore stand for a proper Introduction to a Relation of it.

I found my self upon a naked Shore, with Company whose afflicted Countenances witnessed their Conditions. Before us flowed a Water deep, silent, and called the River of *Tears*, which issuing from two Fountains on an upper Ground, encompassed an Island that lay before us. The Boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the Impatience and Haste of single Passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a Woman of a mild and composed Behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the Dangers which would attend our Voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for *Patience*, and some of those too who till then cry'd the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose Good-nature would not suffer her to forsake Persons in Trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small Comfort or Advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the Boat was push'd off, the Sheet was spread, and being filled with *Sails*, which are the Winds of that Country, we made a passage to the farther Bank, through several Difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the Island to be strangely overcast with Fogs, which no Brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy Horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy Tempers, insomuch that some others, whom *Patience* had by this time

gained over, left us here, and privily convey'd themselves round the Verge of the Island to find a Ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the Centre of the Place and joining our selves to others whom we found upon the same Journey, we march'd solemnly as at a Funeral, through bordering Hedges of Rose-mary, and through a Grove of Yew-trees, which love to over-shadow Tombs and flourish in Church-yards. Here we heard on every side the Wailings and Complaints of several of the Inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the Feet of Trees, and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their Hands, beating their Breasts, tearing their Hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with Vexation. Our Sorrows were heightened by the Influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our Number was wrought up to such a Pitch of Wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a Bough which shot temptingly across the Path we travelled in, but he was restrained from it by the kind Endeavours of our above mentioned Companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the Island, and by the redoubled Sounds of Sighs, which made a doleful Whistling in the Branches, the thickness of Air which occasioned faintish Respiration, and the violent Throb-bings of Heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy Cave, sunk deep in a Dale, and watered by Rivulets that had a Colour between Red and Black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its Windings, and mixed their heavy Murmur with the Echo of Groans that rolled through all the Passages. In the most retired Part of it sat the *Doleful Being* her self, the Path to her was strowed with Goads, Stings and Thorns, and her Throne on which she sat was broken into a Rock, with ragged Pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy Mist hung above her, her Head oppressed with it reclined upon her Arm. Thus did she reign over her disconsolate Subjects, full of her self to stupidity, in eternal Pensiveness, and the profoundest Silence. On one side of her stood *Dejection* just dropping into a Swoon, and *Painfulness* wasting to a Skeleton on the other side were *Care* inwardly tormented with Imaginations, and *Anguish* suffering outward *Troubles* to suck the Blood from her Heart in the shape of *Vultures*. The whole Vault had a genuine Dis-malness in it, which a few scattered Lamps, whose bluish Flames arose and sunk in their Urns, discovered to our Eyes with Increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those Tormentors that stood on either hand of the Presence. Others, galled and mortified with Pain, recover'd the Entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose Company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the Grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful Dale in whose Bottom it lay. On this Eminence we



Humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a Nation of Savages. It cannot be called a Mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other Night an old Woman carried off with a Pin in her Side, with all the Distortions and Anguish of Countenance which is natural to one in that Condition, was laughed and clipped off the Stage *Terrence's Comedy*, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a Taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural Description of the innocent young Woman made by the Servant to his Master. *When I came to the House and he, an old Woman opened the Door, and I fell loved her in, because I could by entering upon them unawares better observe what was your Mistress's ordinary manner of spending her Time, the only way of judging as yet as I had notions and Genius. I saw there at her Needle in a sort of second Mourning, which she wore for an Aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing in but what she wore the dressed only for herself. Her Hair hung negligently about her Shoulders. She had none of the Arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that Negligence of Person which is remarkable in those who are careless of their Minds. Then she had a Maid who was at work near her, that was a Slattern, because her Mistress was careless, which I take to be another Argument of your security in her, for the Go between of Women of Intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her Work for Joy, covered her Face, and decently hid her Tears.* He must be a very good Gamester, and draw Attention rather from his own Character than the Words of the Author, that could gain it among us for this Speech, though so full of Nature and good Sense.

The intolerable Folly and Confidence of Players putting in Words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd Taste of the Audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a Cluster of Coxcombs to take up the House to themselves, and equally insult both the Actors and the Company. These Savages, who want all manner of Regard and Deference to the rest of Mankind, come only to shew themselves to us, without any other Purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an Audience is composed of two sorts of People, those who know no Pleasure but of the Body, and those who improve or command corporeal Pleasures by the addition of fine Sentiments of the Mind. At present the intelligent part of the Company are wholly subdued, by the Insurrections of those who know no Satisfaction but what they have in common with all other Animals.

This is the reason that when a Scene tending to Procreation is acted, you see the whole Pit in such a Chuckle, and old Letchers, with Mouths open, stare at the loose Gesticulations on the Stage with shameful Earnestness, when the justest Pictures of human Life in its calm Dignity, and the pro-

perest Sentiments for the Conduct of it, pass by like inner Narration or condoning, only to some-what much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole House at some times in so proper a Disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the Boxes, and feared the Interment would end in the Representation of the Rape of the *Sabines*.

I would not be understood in this Talk to argue, that nothing is tolerable on the Stage but what has an immediate Tendency to the Promotion of Virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the Interests of Virtue and is not offensive to good manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this Reason I have no Exception to the well drawn Rusticities in the *Country House*,<sup>1</sup> and there is something so miraculously pleasant in *Hob's* acting, the author's Intrigue and every Scenery of *Hob* in different Circumstances, that I shall not be able to say why whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the Gallantry of trying the Characters for *Glittering*, with the Pride of Heart in twining himself up, and taking Aim at his Adversary as well as the other a Protestation in the Humanity of low Romance. That he could not promise the Squire to wear *Hob's* Head, but he would, if he could do it in Love then flourish and begin. I say, what vexes me is that such excellent Fancies as these as well as the Squire's being out of all patience at *Hob's* Success, and venturing himself into the Crowd, are Circumstances hardly taken Notice of and the Light of the Jest is only in the very Point that Heads are broken. I am confident, were there a Scene written, wherein *Perkett* in should break his Leg by wrestling with *Bulldog*, and *Dicky* to come in to set it, without one word said but what should be according to the exact Rules of Surgery in making this Operation, and binding up the Leg the whole House should be in a Roror of Applause at the dissembled Anguish of the Patient, the Help given by him who threw him down, and the handy Address and rich Looks of the Surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of Ghosts, the Frisking of Armies, the Noise of Heroes in Love with a thousand other Innominables, would be to transgress the bounds of this Paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct Discourses not forgetting any of the Audience who shall set up for Actors, and interrupt the Play on the Stage and Players who shall prefer the Applause of Fools to that of the reasonable part of the Company.

<sup>1</sup> *Dorset* had been acting a few nights before in the *Country House*. The part of *Hob* was his own in every sense, he being the author of the farce which if crowds was made into a very popular ballad opera called *Flora, or Hob in the Well*.

'the Church-Door, and I could hear some say, *A very fine Lady*, others, *I'll warrant ye, she's no better than she should be* and one very wise old Lady said, *She ought to have been taken up*. Mr SPECTATOR, I think this Matter lies wholly before you for the Offence does not come under any Law, tho' it is apparent this Creature came among us only to give herself Air, and enjoy her full Swing in being admir'd. I desire you would print this, that she may be confin'd to her own Parish, for I can assure you there is no attending any thing else in a Place where she is a Novelty. She has been talk'd of among us ever since under the Name of the *Phantom*. But I would advise her to come no more, for there is so strong a Party made by the Women against her, that she must expect they will not be excell'd a second time in so outrageous a manner, without doing her some Insult. Young Women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in Congregations at 'other end of the Town, are not so mischievous, because they are rival'd by more of the same Ambition, who will not let the rest of the Company be particular. But in the Name of the whole Congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable Disturbances out of the City, where Sobriety of Manners is still preserv'd, and all glaring and ostentatious Behaviour, even in things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the Phantom, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,  
Ralph Wonder

T

No 504] Wednesday, October 8, 1712 [Steele

*Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quaris*—Ter

IT is a great Convenience to those who want Wit to furnish out a Conversation, that there is something or other in all Companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which according to their Taste, does the Business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable Pastime in Country-Halls of Cross purposes, Questions and Commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at Crambo, or cap Verses. Then above them are such as can make Verses, that is, Rhime, and among those who have the *Latin* tongue, such as use to make what they call golden Verses. Commend me also to those who have not Brains enough for any of these Exercises and yet do not give up their Pretensions to Mirth. These can slap you on the Back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a Twang on your Shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a Voluntary to put you in Humour, the laborious Way among the minor Poets, of making things come into such and such a Shape, as that of an Egg, an Hand, an Ax, or any thing that no body had ever thought on before for that purpose, or which would have cost a great deal of Puns to accomplish it if they did. But all these Methods, tho' they are mechanical, and may be arm'd at with the smallest Capacity, do not serve

an honest Gentleman who wants Wit for his Ordinary Occasions, therefore it is absolutely necessary that the Poor in Imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all Hours upon all common Occurrences. That which we call Punning is therefore greatly affected by Men of small Intellects. These Men need not be concerned with you for the whole Sentence, but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a Word which sounds like any one Word you have spoken to them they can turn the Discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a Candle, he *can deal with you* and if you ask him to help you to some Bread, a Punster should think himself very ill *bred* if he did not, and if he is not *well-bred* as your self, he hopes for *Grains* of Allowance. If you do not understand that last Fancy, you must recollect that Bread is made of Grain, and so they go on for ever, without Possibility of being exhausted.

There are another Kind of People of small Faculties, who supply want of Wit with want of Breeding, and because Women are both by Nature and Education more offended at any thing which is unmodest than we Men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double Meanings. Every ones own Observation will suggest Instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any, for your double Meaners are dispersed up and down thro' all Parts of Town or City where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These Men are mighty loud Laughers, and held very pretty Gentlemen with the siller and imbred Part of Womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the World, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a Sort of People whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your *Biter*s.

A *Biter*<sup>1</sup> is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in it self, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it, and if you give him Credit, laughs in your Face, and triumphs that he has deceiv'd you. In a Word, a *Biter* is one who thinks you a Fool, because you do not think him a Knave. This Description of him one may just upon to be a just one, for what else but a Degree of Knavery is it, to depend upon Deceit

<sup>1</sup> See No 47. Swift writes, 'I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs Johnson, it is a new fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *Bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some lie in a serious manner, then she will answer, or speak as if you were in earnest, and then cry you, "Madam, there's a *Bite*." I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in Court, and every where else among the great people, and I let you know it, in order to have it among you, and to teach you a new refinement.'—Journal to Stella. Although 'bite' and 'biter' have not retained this sense, it remains in an occasional use of the word 'bitten'.

for what you grin at another, be it in point of Wit or Interest, or any thing else?

This way of Wit is called *Biting*, by a Metaphor taken from Beasts of Prey, which devour harmless and unarmed Animals, and look upon them as their Food wherever they meet them. The Sharper about Town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning Part of Mankind what Foxes are to Lambs, and therefore used the Word *Biting* to express any Exploit wherein they had over reach'd any innocent and inadviseent Man of his Purse. These Rascals of hie Years have been the Gallants of the Town, and carried it with a fashionable haughty Air, to the discouragement of Modesty and all honest Arts. Shallow Fops, who are govern'd by the Eye, and admire every thing that struts in Vogue, took up from the Sharper the Phrase of *Biting*, and used it upon all Occasions, either to disown any nonsensical Stuff they should talk themselves, or to de the Force of what was reasonably said by others. This, when one of these cunning Creatures was enter'd into a Debate with you whether it was practicable in the present State of Affairs to accomplish such a Proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroy'd his Side of the Question, as soon as you look'd with an Earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cry'd, *Bite*, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that Part was in Jest. They carry this to all the Extravagance imaginable, and if one of these Witslings knows any Particulars which may give Authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenuous if he imposes upon your Credulity. I remember a remarkable Instance of this Kind. There came up a shread young Fellow to a plain young Man, his Countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concern'd Countenance, goes on at this rate. I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of *Perkshire*—You look so surpriz'd you could not have heard of it—and yet the Particulars are such, that it cannot be false. I am sorry I am got into it so far that I now must tell you, but I know not but it may be for your Service to know—on *Tuesday* last, just after Dinner—you know his Manner is to smoke, opening his Box, your I utter fell down dead in an Apoplexy. The Youth shew'd the filial Sorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty Man cry'd, *Bite*, there was not ing in all this . . .

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, unolous Way at once, I will give the Reader one lte Instance of a *Bite*, which no *Biter* for the future will ever be able to equal, tho' I heartily wish him the same Occasion. It is a Superstition with some Surgeons who beg the Bodies of condemn'd Malefactor, to go to the Gaol, and bargain for the Carcase with the Criminal himself. A good honest Fellow did so last Sessions, and was admitted to the condemn'd Men on the Morning wherein they died. The Surgeon communicated his Business, and fell into discourse with a little Fellow, who refused Twelve Shillings, and insisted upon Fifteen for his Body. The Fellow, who kill'd the Officer of *Neigate*, very forwardly, and like a Man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you, Mr Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half-

starv'd all his Life, and is now half dead with Fear, cannot answer your Purpose. I have ever lov'd high and freely, your Veins are full, I have not pin'd in Imprisonment, you see my Crest swells to your Knife, and after *Jack-Catch* has done, upon my Honour you'll find me as sound as e'er a Bullock in any of the Markets. Come, for Twenty Shillings I am your Man—Says the Surgeon, Done, there's a Guinea—This witty Rogue took the Money, and as soon as he had it in his Fist, cries, *Bite*, I am to be hang'd in Chams T

No 505] Thursday, October 9, 1712 [Addison

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum Angurum,  
Non vicanos Aruspices, non de circo Astrologos,  
Non Inanes Conjectores, non Is terplices som-*  
*nium*

*Nor enim surt u aut scientia, aut arte Divini,  
Sed superstitionis rates, impudentesque laroli,  
Aut interpres, aut insani, aut quibus egestas inferat*

*Qui sui questus causa fectas suscitant sergentias,  
Qui sibi sen itam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant*  
*viam,*

*Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab us drachmam*  
*petant,*

*De dritis deducant drachmam, reddant cetera*  
*Ennius*

THOSE who have maintain'd that Men would be more miserable than Beasts, were their Hopes confin'd to this Life only, among other Considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the Anguish of the present Evil, whereas the former are very often puny by the Reflection on what is pass'd, and the Fear of what is to come. This Fear of any Future Difficulties or Misfortunes is so natural to the Mind, that were a Man's Sorrow and Disquietudes summ'd up at the End of his Life, it would generally be found that he had suffer'd more from the Apprehension of such Evils as never happen'd to him, than from those Evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those Evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the Prospect, than by their actual Pressure.

This natural Impatience to look into Futurity, and to know what Accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous Arts and Inventions. Some found their Prescience on the Lines of a Man's Hand, others on the Features of his Face, some on the Signatures which Nature has impress'd on his Body, and others on his own Hand-Writing. Some read Mens Fortunes in the Stars, as others have searched after them in the Entrails of Beasts, or the Flights of Birds. Men of the best Sense have been touch'd, more or less, with these groundless Horrors and Presages of Futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent Works of Nature. Can any thing be more surprizing than to consider *Cicero*, who made the greatest Figure at the Bar, and in the Senate of the *Roman* Commonwealth, and, at the same time, outshin'd all the Philosophers of Antiquity

in his Library and in his Retirements, as busying himself in the College of Augurs, and observing, with a religious Attention, after what manner the Chickens peck'd the several Grains of Corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these Follies are pretty well worn out of the Minds of the Wise and Learned in the present Age, Multitudes of weak and ignorant Persons are still Slaves to them. There are numberless Arts of Prediction among the Vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate and infinite Observations, of Days, Numbers, Voices, and Figures, which are regarded by them as Portents and Prodigies. In short, every thing Prophecies to the superstitious Man, there is scarce a Straw or a rusty Piece of Iron that lies in his way by Accident.

It is not to be conceiv'd how many Wizards, Gypsies, and Cunning-Men are dispers'd thro' all the Countreys and Market-Towns of Great-Britain, not to mention the Fortune tellers and Astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the Curiosity of several well-dispos'd Persons in the Cities of London and Westminster.

Among the many pretended Arts of Divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by Dreams. I have indeed observ'd in a late Speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary Occasions, supernatural Revelations made to certain Persons by this means, but as it is the chief Business of this Paper to root out popular Errors, I must endeavour to expose the Folly and Superstition of those Persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of Life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following Letter, which is dated from a Quarter of the Town that has always been the Habitation of some prophetic *Philomath*, it having been usual, time out of Mind, for all such People as have lost their Wits, to resort to that Place either for their Cure or for their Instruction.

*MR SPECTATOR, Moor-Fields, Oct. 4, 1712*

'Having long consider'd whether there be any Trade wanting in this great City, after having survey'd very attentively all kinds of Ranks and Professions, I do not find in any Quarter of the Town an *Onerocritick*, or, in plun English, an Interpreter of Dreams. For what so useful a Person, there are several good People who are very much puzzled in this Particular, and dream a whole Year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualify'd for this Office, having studied by Candlelight all the Rules of Art which have been laid down upon this Subject. My great Uncle by my Wife's Side was a *Scotch* Highlander, and second-sighted. I have four Fingers and two Thumbs upon one Hand, and was born on the longest Night of the Year. My Christian and Sir Name begin and end with the same Letter. I am lodg'd in *Moorfields*, in a House that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a Conjuror.

'If you had been in Company, so much as my

\* Bedlam was then in Moorfields

'self, with ordinary Women of the Town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their Lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, *My Dream is out* and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next night, till something or other has happen'd which has expounded the Visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the Circumstances of a Dream, that made strong Impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, Sir, there are many whose waking Thoughts are wholly employ'd on their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive Part of my Fellow Subjects, I shall in the first place tell those Persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any Dream, upon hearing a single Circumstance of it and in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad Fortune which such Dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my Pains, not questioning at the same time that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate Share out of my considerable Estate, Profit or Emolument which I shall thus discover to them. I interpret to the Poor for nothing, on condition that their Names may be inserted in Publick Advertisements, to attest the Truth of such my Interpretations. As for People of Quality or others, who are indisposed, and do not care to come in Person, I can interpret their Dreams by seeing their Water. I set aside one Day in the Week for Lovers, and interpret by the great for any Gentlewoman who is turn'd of Sixty, after the rate of half a Crown per Week, with the usual Allowances for good Luck. I have several Rooms and Apartments fitted up, at reasonable rates, for such as have not Conveniences for dreaming at their own Houses.

*Titus Trophomus*

'N B I am not dumb

O

No 506] Friday, October 10, 1712 [Budget]

*Candida perpetuo reside, concordia, lecto,  
Tamque pari semper sit Venus aqua jugo  
Diligat illa senem quondam. Sedet ipsa marito,  
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.*

Mar. T.

THE following Essay is written by the Gentleman, to whom the World is oblig'd for those several excellent Discourses which have been marked with the Letter X.

I have somewhere met with a Fable that made *Wealth* the Father of *Love*. It is certain a Mind ought, at least, to be free from the Apprehensions of Want and Poverty, before it can fully attend to all the Softnesses and Endearments of this Passion. Notwithstanding we see Multitudes of married People, who are utter Strangers to this delightful Passion amidst all the Affluence of the most plentiful Fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a Marriage happy,

*Flavilla* happens to assert, *Tom* immediately contradicts with an Oath, by way of Preface, and, *My Dear, I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly.* *Flavilla* had a Heart naturally as well dispos'd for all the Tenderness of Love as that of *Lætitia*, but as Love seldom continues long after Esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy *Flavilla* lures or despises the Person most, whom she is obliged to lead her whole Life with. X.

No 507 ] Saturday, October 11, 1712 [Addison

*Defendit numerus, junctaque umbone Phalanges*  
Juv

THERE is something very Sublime, tho' very fanciful, in *Plato's* Description of the Supreme Being, That *Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow.* According to this Definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his Nature, as Error and Falshood. The Platonists live so just a Notion of the Almighty's Aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue*, to qualify a human Soul for the Enjoyment of a separate State. For this reason, as they recommended Moral Duties to qualify and season the Will for a future Life, so they prescribed several Contemplations and Sciences to rectify the Understanding. Thus *Plato* has called Mathematical Demonstrations the Catharticks or Purges of the Soul, as being the most proper Means to cleanse it from Error, and to give it a Relish of Truth, which is the natural Food and Nourishment of the Understanding, as *Virtue* is the Perfection and Happiness of the Will.

There are many Authors who have shewn wherein the Malignity of a Lie consists, and set forth in proper Colours, the Heinousness of the Offence. I shall here consider one Particular Kind of this Crime, which has not been so much spoken to. I mean that abominable Practice of *Party-living.* This Vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a Man is thought of no Principles, who does not propagate a certain System of Lies. The Coffee Houses are supported by them, the Press is ennobled with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our Bottle Conversation is so infected with them, that a Party-Lie is grown as fashionable an Entertainment, as a lively Catch or a merry Story. The Truth of it is, half the great Talkers in the Nation would be struck dumb, were this Fountain of Discourse dried up. There is however one Advantage resulting from this detestable Practice, the very Appearance of Truth is so little regarded, that Lies are at present discharg'd in the Air, and begin to hurt no Body. When we hear a Party-story from a Stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are Words of course, in which the honest Gentleman designs to recommend his Zeal, without any Concern for his Veracity. A Man is looked upon as bereft of common Sense, that gives Credit to the Relations of Party-Writers [713] his own friends shake

their Heads at him, and consider him in no other Light than as an officious Fool or a well meaning Idiot. When it was formerly the Fashion to husband a Lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary Emergency, it generally did Execution, and was not a little serviceable to the Faction that made use of it. but it prevents every Man is upon his Guard, the Artifice has been too often repeated to take Effect.

I have frequently wonder'd to see Men of Probity, who would scorn to utter a Falshood for their own particular Advantage, give so readily into a Lie when it becomes the Vmce of their Faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are Men of Honour in their Persons, thus to become notorious Liar in their Party? If we look into the Bottom of this Matter, we may find, I think, three Reasons for it, and at the same time discover the Insufficiency of these Reasons to justify so Criminal a Practice.

In the first place, Men are apt to think that the Guilt of a Lie, and consequently the Punishment, may be very much diminish'd, if not wholly worn out, by the Multitudes of those who partake in it. Tho' the Weight of a Falshood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their Imaginations, when it is shared among many. But in this Case a Man very much deceives himself, Guilt, when it spreads thro' numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied. Every one is criminal in proportion to the Offence which he commits, not to the Number of those who are his Companions in it. Both the Crime and the Penalty lie as heavy upon every Individual of an offending Multitude, as they would upon any single Person had none shared with him in the Offence. In a word, the Division of Guilt is like that of Matter, tho' it may be separated into infinite Portions, every Portion shall have the whole Essence of Matter in it, and consist of as many Parts as the Whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, tho' Multitudes, who join in a Lie, cannot exempt themselves from the Guilt, they may from the Shame of it. The Scandal of a Lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffus'd among several Thousands as a Drop of the bluest Tincture wears away and vanishes, when mix'd and confus'd in a considerable Body of Water the Blot is still in it, but is not able to discover it self. This is certainly a very great Motive to several Party Offenders, who avoid Crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their Virtue, but to their Reputation. It is enough to shew the Weakness of this Reason, which palliates Guilt without removing it, that every Man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous Hypocrite, prefers the Appearance of Virtue to its Reality, and is determin'd in his Conduct neither by the Dictates of his own Conscience, the Suggestions of true Honour, nor the Principles of Religion.

The third and last great Motive for Mens joining in a popular Falshood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-Lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing Good to a Cause which every Party may be supposed to

look upon as the most meritorious. The Unsoundness of this Principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a Man must be an utter Stranger to the Principles, either of natural Religion or Christianity, who suggests himself to be guided by it. If a Man might promote the supposed Good of his Country by the blackest Calumnies and Falshoods, our Nation should more in Patriots than any other of the Christian World. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a Tempest that would hazard his Life, *It is necessary for me* says he, *to Sail & it is not necessary for me to Live.* Every Man should say to himself, with the same Spirit. It is my Duty to speak Truth, tho' it is not my Duty to be in an Office. One of the Fathers hath carried this Point so high, as to declare, *He would not tell a Lie, tho' he were sure to gain Heaven by it.* However extravagant such a Protestation may appear, every one will own, that a Man may say very reasonably, *He would not tell a Lie, if he were sure to gain Hell by it,* or, if you have a mind to soften the Expression, that he would not tell a Lie to gain any Temporal Reward by it when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain. O

No 508] Monday, October 13, 1712 [Steel

*Omnis autem et habet et dicuntur Tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua, ut ea Civitate quae libertate usa est — Corn Nepos*

THE following Letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much Indignation, therefore I shall give them to the Publick in the Words with which my Correspondents, who suffer under the Hardships mentioned in them, describe them

MR SPECTATOR,

'In former Ages all Pretensions to Dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon Account of Inheritance Conquest or Election and all such Persons who have taken upon them any Sovereignty over their Fellow Creatures upon any other Account, have been always called Tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular Barbarities, as because every Attempt to such a Superiority was in its Nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of Potentates, who may with greater Propriety be call'd Tyrants, than those last mention'd, both as they assume a despotick Dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by Acts of notable Oppression and Injustice, and these are the Rulers in all Clubs and Meetings. In other Governments, the Punishments of some have been alleviated by the Reward of others, but what makes the Reign of these Potentates so particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite

in punishing their Subjects, at the same time they have it not in their power to reward 'em. That the Reviler may the better comprehend the Nature of these Monarchs, as well as the miserable State of those that are their Vassals, I shall give an Account of the King of the Company I am fallen into, whom for his particular Tyranny I shall call *Dionysius*, as also of the Seeds that sprung up to this odd sort of Empire.

Upon all Meetings at Taverns, 'tis necessary some one of the Company should take it upon him to get all things in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the Pleasantry of the Convention, such as hastening the Fire getting, a sufficient number of Candles, tasting the Wine with a judicious Smack, fixing the Supper, and being brisk for the Dispatch of it. Know then, that *Dionysius* went thro' these Offices with an Air that seem'd to express a Satisfaction rather in serving the Publick, than in gratifying any particular Inclination of his own. We thought him a Person of an exquisite Palate, and therefore by consent beseeched him to be always our Provider, which Post, after he had handsomely devalued, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his Power, than in recommending such and such things to the Company, ever allowing these Points to be disputable, inasmuch that I have often earned the Debate for Partridge, when his Majesty has given Intimation of the high Relish of Duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devour'd his Partridge with most generous Resignation. This Submission on his side naturally produc'd the like on ours, of which he in a little time made such barbarous Advantage, as in all those Matters, which before seem'd indifferent to him, to issue out certain Edicts as uncontrovertible and unalterable as the Laws of the Medes and Persians. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, froward and jovial. He thinks it our Duty for the little Offices, as Provider, that in Return all Conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his Inclination for or against the present Humour of the Company. We feel, at present, in the utmost Extremity, the Insolence of Office; however, I being naturally warm, ventur'd to oppose him in a Dispute about a Branch of Venison. I was altogether for roasting, but *Dionysius* declar'd himself for boiling with so much Prowess and Resolution, that the Cook thought it necessary to consult his own Safety rather than the Luxury of my Proposition. With the same Authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do it, and we change our Inns according as he suspects any Irreasonable Practices in the settling the Bill by the Master, or sees any bold Rebellion in point of Attendance by the Waiters. Another Reason for changing the Seat of Lucre, I conceive to be the Pride he takes in the Promulgation of our Shavery, tho' we pay our Club for our Entertainments even in these Palaces of our grand Monarch. When he has a mind to take the Air, a Party of us are commanded out by way of Life-Guard, and we march under as great Restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring King, we

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Plutarch's Life, § 50. Terentius in the original — Πλεῖν ἀναγκη, ζῆν δὲκ πρὸς αὐτὸν.

'give or keep the Way according as we are outnumbered or not, and if the Issue of each is equal in number, rather than give Battle, the Superiority is soon adjusted by a Desertion from one of 'em

'Now, the Expulsion of these unjust Rulers out of all Societies, would gain a Man as everlasting a Reputation, as either of the *Brutus's* got from their Endeavours to extirpate Tyranny from among the *Romans*. I confess my self to be in a Conspiracy against the Usurper of our Club, and to shew my Reading, as well as my merciful Disposition, shall allow him till the Ides of *March* to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect Empire till that time, and does not gradually recede from the Incursions he has made upon our Liberties, he shall find a Dinner dress'd which he has no Hand in, and shall be treated with an Order, Magnificence and Luxury as shall break his proud Heart at the same time that he shall be convinc'd in his Stomach he was unfit for his Post, and a more mild and skilful Prince receive the Acclamations of the People, and be set up in his room but, as *Milton* says,

—These Thoughts

'Full Counsel must mature Peace is despair'd,  
'And who can think Submission? War, then  
War

'Open, or understood, must be resolv'd'

'I am, Sir, Your most obedient humble Servant

MR SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman at a Gentleman's Seat in the Country, who is a particular Friend of my Father's, and came hither to pass away a Month or two with his Daughter. I have been entertained with the utmost Civility by the whole Family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my Stay easy and agreeable on the Part of the Family, but there is a Gentleman here, a Visitant as I am, whose Behaviour has given me great Uneasinesses. When I first arriv'd here, he used me with the utmost Complaisance but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my Sex, and since he has no Designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a Man in things indifferent. He is you must know, one of those familiar Coxcombs, who have observ'd some well bred Men with a good Grace converse with Women, and say no fine things, but yet treat them with that sort of Respect which flows from the Heart and the Understanding, but is exerted in no Professions or Compliments. This Puppy, to imitate this Excellence, or to avoid the contrary Fault of being troublesome in Complaisance, takes upon him to try his Talent upon me, inasmuch that he contradicts me upon all Occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had stunk him with my Bodkin, and behaved my self like a Man, since he won't treat me as a Woman, I had, I think, serv'd him right. I wish, Sir, you would please to give him some Maxims of Behaviour in these Points, and resolve me if all Maids are not in point of Conversation to be treated by all Bachelors as their Mistresses? if

'not so, are they not to be used as gently as their Sisters? Is it sufferable, that the Iop of whom I complain should say, as he would rather live such a one without a Groat, than me with the *Indies*? What right has any Man to make Suppositions of things not in his Power, and then declare his Will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your Consideration, and I hope we shall have your Thoughts upon them. I am, then, a Woman justly offended, ready to forgive all this, because I have no Remedy but leaving every agreeable Company sooner than I desire. This also is an heinous Aggravation of his Offence, that he is inflicting Banishment upon me. Your printing this Letter may perhaps be an Admonition to reform him. As soon as it appears I will write my Name at the End of it, and lay it in his Way, the making which just Reprimand, I hope you will put in the Power of,

SIR,

Your constant Reader,  
and humble Servant

T

No 509 ] Tuesday, October 14, 1712 [Steele

*Hominis frugi et temperantis sanctus officium*  
Ter

THE useful Knowledge in the following Letter shall have a Place in my Paper, tho' there is nothing in it which immediately regards the Politic or the Learned World. I say immediately, for upon Reflection every Man will find there is a remote Influence upon his own Affairs, in the Prosperity or Decay of the Trading Part of Mankind. My present Correspondent, I believe was never in Print before, but what he says well deserves a general Attention, tho' delivered in his own homely Maxims, and a Kind of Proverbial Simplicity which Sort of Learning has rais'd more Estates than ever were, or will be, from attention to *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Tully*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, or any of the rest, whom I dare say, this worthy Citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable Writers. But to the Letter

MR WILLIAM SPECTATOR,

SIR,

Broadstreet, Oct 10, 1712

'I receive you of many Discourses on the Subject of Money, which you have heretofore promis'd the Publick, but have not discharg'd your self thereof. But, forasmuch as you seem to depend upon Advice from others what to do in that Point, have sat down to write you the Needful upon that Subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I shall take this Opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving frugal Man shews it in every Part of his Expence, Dress, Servants, and House. and I must in the first place, complain to you, as SPECTATOR, that in these Particulars there is at this Time, throughout the City of London, a lamentable Change from that Simplicity of Manners, which is the true Source of Wealth and Prosperity. I just now said, the Man of Thrift shews Regularity in every thing, but you may,

perhaps, hugh that I take Notice of such a Particular as I am going to do, for an Instance that this City is declining; if their antient Oeconomy is not restored. The Thing which gives me this Prospect, and so much Offence, is the Neglect of the *Royal Exchange*, I mean the Edifice so called, and the Walks appertaining thereunto. The *Royal Exchange* is a I think that will deserve to be so called as well to express that our Monarchs lustiest Glory and Advancement consists in being the Patrons of Trade, as that it is commodious for Business, and an Instance of the Grandeur both of Prince and People. But alas! it present it hardly seems to be set apart for any such Use or Purpose. Instead of the Assembly of honourable Merchants, substantial Traders, and knowing Masters of Ships, the Mumpers, the Halls, the Blind, and the Lame, your Venders of Trish, Apples, Plumbs, your Ragged muslin, Rakes, Hames and Wenches, have justified the greater Number of the former out of that Place. Thus it is, especially on the Evening Chirge, so that what with the Din of Squirlings, Oaths and Cries of Beggars, Men of the greatest Consequence in our City absent themselves from the Place. This Particular by the way, is of evil Consequence for if the *Charge* be no Place for Men of the highest Credit to frequent, it will not be a Disgrace to those of less Abilities to absent. I remember the time when Rascally Company were kept out, and the unlucky Boys with Toys and Balls were whipped away by a Pindie. I have seen this done indeed of late but then it has been only to chase the Lads from Church, that the Beadle might seize their Copper.

I must repeat the Abomination that the Walnut Trade is carry'd on by old Women within the Walks, which makes the Place impassable by reason of Shells and Trash. The Benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down yet the Beadles and Officers have the Impudence to *Charge* us to ask for their Box though they deserve the Stripecto. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this because it speaks a neglect in the Domestick Care of the City and the Domestick is the truest Picture of a Man every where else.

But I designed to speak on the Business of Money and Advancement of Gain. The Man proper for this speaking in the general, is of a sedate plain, good Understanding not apt to go out of his way, but so behaving himself at home that Business may come to him. Sir *William Turner*, that valuable Citizen has left behind him a most excellent Rule, and couched it in very few Words, suited to the merest Capacity. He would say, *Keep your Shop and your Shop will keep you*. It must be confessed that if a Man of a great Genius could add Steadiness to his Vivacities, or substitute slower Men of Fidelity to transact the methodical part of his Affairs, such a one would outstrip the rest of the World. But Business and Trade is not to be managed by the same Heads which write Poetry and make Plans for the Conduct of Life in general. So tho' we are at this day beholden to the witty and inventive Duke of Buckingham for the whole Trade and Manufacture of Glass, yet

I suppose there is no one will aver, that, were his Grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent Friend and Neighbour, Mr *Gumley*, for my Goods to be prepared and delivered on such a Day, than he would with that illustrious Mechanick abovementioned.

No, no, Mr SPECTATOR, you will must not pretend to be right and it is possible the Reason may be, in some Measure, because you despise, or at least you do not value it enough to let it take up your chief Attention which the Trader must do, or lose his Credit, which is to him what Honour, Reputation, Fame, or Glory is to other sort of Men.

I shall not speak to the Point of Cash it self, till I see how you approve of these my Maxims in general. But, I think, a Speculation upon *Many a Little makes a Mickle, A Penny saved is a Penny got, Penny wise and Pound foolish, It is Need that makes the old Wise fool*, would be very useful to the World, and if you treated them with Knowledge would be useful to your self, for it would make Demands for your Paper among those who have no Notion of it it present. But of these Matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many Writers of the present Age for Politeness, so you would ougo the Author of the true Stroops of Razors for Use.

I shall conclude this Discourse with an Explanation of a Proverb, which by vulgar Error is taken and used when a Man is reduced to an Extremity whereas the Propriety of the Maxim is to use it when you would say, there is Plenty, but you must make such a Choice, as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

Mr *Tobias Hobson*, from whom we have the Expression, was a very honourable Man, for I shall ever call the Man so who gets an Estate honestly. Mr *Tobias Hobson* was a Carrier, and being a Man of great Abilities and Invention, and one that saw where there might good Profit arise, though the duller Men overlooked it, this ingenious Man was the first in this Island who let out Hackney Horses. He lived in *Carbridge* and observing that the Scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large Stable of Horses, with Boots, Bridles, and Whips to furnish the Gentlemen at once, without going from College to College to borrow, as they have done since the Death of this worthy Man. I say, Mr *Hobson* kept a Stable of forty good Cattle, always ready and fit for travelling but when a Man came for a Horse, he was led into the Stable, where there was great Choice, but he obliged him to take the Horse which stood next to the Stable-Door so that every Customer was alike well served according to his Chance, and every Horse ridden with the same Justice. From whence it became a Proverb, when what ought to be your Election was forced upon you, to say, *Hobson's Choice*. This memorable Man stands drawn in Fresco at an Inn (which he used) in *Bishopsgate street* with an hundred Pound Bag under his Arm, with this Inscription upon the end Bag,

*The fruitful Mother of an Hundred more*  
Whatever Tradesman will try the Experiment,



'and begin the day after you publish this my Discourse to treat his Customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same Success

I am,  
SIR,  
Your loving Friend,  
Hezekiah Thrift

No 510 ] Wednesday, October 15, 1712 [Steele

*Si sapias  
Negue praterquam q uas ipse amor molestias  
Habet addas et illas, quas habet, recte feris* Ter

I WAS the other day driving in [a] Hack thro Gerrard street, when my Lye was immediately catch'd with the prettiest Object imaginable, the Face of a very fair Girl, between Thirteen and Fourteen, fix'd at the Churn to a painted Sash, and made part of the Landskip. It seem'd admirably done, and upon throwing my self eagerly out of the Coach to look at it, it laugh'd and flung from the Window. This amiable Figure dwelt upon me, and I was considering the Vanity of the Girl, and her pleasant Coquetry in acting a Picture till she was taken Notice of and rais'd the Admiration of her Beholders. This little Circumstance made me run into Reflections upon the Force of Beauty, and the wonderful Influence the Female Sex has upon the other part of the Species. Our Hearts are seiz'd with their Enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal Men who by that Hardness lose the chief Pleasure in them, can resist their Insinuations, tho never so much against our own Interest and Opinion. It is common with Women to destroy the good Effects a Man's following his own Will and Inclination might have upon his Honour and Fortune, by interposing their Power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his Loss and Dispragement. I do not know therefore a Task so difficult in human Life, as to be proof against the Importunities of a Woman a Man loves. There is certainly no Armour against Tears, sullen Looks, or it best constrained Familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with Transport and Alacrity. Sir Walter Raleigh was quoted in a Letter (of a very ingenious Correspondent of mine) on this Subject. That Author, who had liv'd in Courts, Camps, travell'd through many Countries, and seen many Men under several Climates, and of as various Complexions, speaks of our Impotence to resist the Wiles of Women, in very severe Terms. His words are as follows:

*What Means did the Devil find out, or what Instruments did his own Subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work his Mischief by? Even the unquiet Vanity of the Woman, so as by Adam's hearkening to the Voice of his Wife, contrary to the express Commandment of the*

*living God, Mankind by it at her Is cantation became the subject of Labor, Sorrow, and Death, the Woman being given to Man for a Comforter and Companion, but not for a Counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the Woman was tempted, even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the Devil entered and persued a Secondly, Wt it was the Motive of her Disobedience. I even a desire to know what - as a just mistaking her Knowledge, an Affection which has ever since remained in all the Posterity of her Sex. Thirdly, What was it that mov'd the Man to yield to her Persuasions, even the same Cause which hath mov'd all Men since to the like Consent, namely, an Unwillingness to grieve her or to make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overborn with Sorrow. But if Adam in the state of Perfection and Solomon the Son of David, God's chosen Servants, and himself a Man endued with the greatest Wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the Persuasion as if for the Love they bore to a Woman, it is so wonderful as is lame, that all other Men in succeeding Ages have been allur'd to so many inconvenient and wicked Practices by the Persuasion of their Wives, or other colored Darlings, to cover over and shadow many malicious Purposes with a counterfeit Passion of dissimulate Sorrow and Unquietness.*

The Motions of the Minds of Lovers are now where so well described, as in the Works of skillful Writers for the Stage. The Scene between *Fulvia* and *Caris*, in the second Act of *John son's Catiline*, is an excellent Picture of the Power of a Lady over her Gallant. The Wench plays with his Affections, and is a Man of all Pleas in the World wishes to make a good Figure with his Mistress, upon her upbraiding him with Want of Spirit, he alludes to Enterprizes which he cannot reveal but with the Hazard of his Life. When he is work'd thus far, with a little Flattery of her Opinion of his Gallantry, and desir'd to know more of it out of her overflowing Fondness to him, he brings to her till his Life is in her Disposal.

When a Man is thus liable to be vanquished by the Charms of her he loves, the safest Way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all Exposition with her before he executes what he has resolv'd. Women are ever too hard for us upon a Treaty, and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose Looks and Gestures are more prevalent with you, than your Reason and Arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable Slave y to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a Truth for no other Reason, but that you had not Fortitude to support you in asserting it. A Man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable Wishes and Desires, but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to grapple. Let his Pride be in his Wife and Family, let him give them all the Conveniences of Life in such a manner as if he were proud of them, but let it be his own innocent Pride, and not their exorbitant Desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little Arts, imaginable are used to soften a Man's Heart and raise his Passion above his Understanding, but in

<sup>2</sup> [an] and in first reprint

<sup>3</sup> History of the World, Bk. 1. ch. 4, sect. 4

all Concessions of this Kind, a Man should consider whether the Present he makes flows from his own Love, or the Impotency of his Beloved. If from the latter, he is her Slave; if from the former, her Friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this Subjection to Women with that Seriousness which so important a Circumstance deserves. Why was Courage given to Man, if his Wife's Fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her Guard and Protector, as you were designed by Nature, but, in Compliance to her Weaknesses, you have disabled your self from avoiding the Misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the Hour in which you are to be reproached by her self for that very Compliance to her. It is indeed the most difficult Mystery over our selves we can possibly attain, to resist the Grief of her who charms us; but let the Heart be, be the Anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a Gentleman, or be conscious to your self that you are a Man of Honesty. The old Argument that *Tei do set te, me if se i dei me this*, which first was used to obtain a Truce, by habitual Success will oblige the unhappy Man who gives Way to it, to resign the Cause even of his Country and his Honour.

Vol. 511] Thursday, October 16, 1712 [Addison

*Quis in meritis turba quod amaret in illa?*  
Ovid

Dear Sir,

FINDING that my last Letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary Correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded Creatures, Women. Thou knowest, all the little Learning I am Master of is upon that Subject. I never looked in a Book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure Stones for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy Hands. The first of them I found by chance in an English Book called *Hermotus*, that lay in my Friend Daffern's Window, as I visited him one Morning. It luckily opened in the Place where I met with the following Account. He tells us that it was the Manner among the Persians to have several Wives in the Kingdom, of which all the young, unmarried Women were annually exposed to Sale. The Men who wanted Wives came thither to provide them selves. Every Woman was given to the highest Bidder, and the Man which she fetched laid aside for the publick Use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the richest People had the Choice of the Market, and called out all the most extraordinary Beauties. As soon as the Fair was thus picked, the Refuse was to be distributed among the Poor, and among those who could not go to the Price of a Beauty. Several of these married the Agreeables, without paying a Farthing for them,

unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which Case the best Bidder was always the Purchaser. But now you must know, Sir, it happened in Persia as it does in our own Country, that there were as many ugly Women, as Beauties or Agreeables, so that by Consequence, after the Magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their Hands. In order therefore to clear the Market, the Money which the Beauties had sold for, was disposed of among the Ugly, so that a poor Man who could not afford to have a Beauty for his Wife, was forced to take up with a Fortune, the greatest Portion being always given to the most Deformed. To this the Author adds, that every poor Man was forced to live kindly with his Wife, or in case he repented of his Marriage, to return her Portion with her to the next publick Sale.

What I would recommend to thee on this Occasion is to establish such an imaginary Fair in Great Britain. Thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching Women of Quality with Cobblers and Carmen, or describing Titles and Garters lending off in great Ceremony Shopkeepers and Farmers Daughters. Tho to tell thee the Truth, I am confoundedly afraid that as the love of Money prevails in our Island more than it did in Persia, we should find that some of our greatest Men would chase out the Portion, and rival one another for the nicest Piece of Deformity, and that on the contrary, the Towns and Belles would be bought up by extravagant Heirs Gamblers and Spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty Reflections upon this Occasion in Honour of the Persian Politicks who took care, by such Marriages, to beautify the upper part of the Species, and to make the greatest Persons in the Government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious Pen.

I have another Story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a Book. It seems the General of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong Town in China, and taken it by Storm, would set to Sale all the Women that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a Sack and after having thoroughly considered the Value of the Woman who was inclosed, marked the Price that was demanded for her upon the Sack. There were a great Confluence of Chappmen, that resorted from every Part, with a Design to purchase, which they were to do in sight unseen. The Book mentions a Merchant in particular, who observing one of the Sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his House. As he was resting with it upon a half way bridge, he was resolved to take a Survey of his Purchase. Upon opening the Sack, a little old Woman popped her Head out of it, at which the Adventurer was in so great a Rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the River. The old Lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her Story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the Fortune of his

'Brother-in Law as soon as he should know to whose Lot she fell Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his Sack, and carried her to his House, where she proved an excellent Wife, and procured him all the Riches from her Brother that she had promised him

'I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable Vision upon this Plan I would suppose all the unmarried Women in London and Westminster brought to Market in Sacks, with their respective Prices on each Sack. The first Sack that is sold is marked with five thousand Pound Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable Housewife, of an agreeable Countenance The Purchaser, upon hearing her good Qualities, pays down her Price very cheerfully The second I would open, should be a five hundred Pound Sack. The Lady in it, to our surprise, has the Face and Person of a Toast As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a Price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand Pound, but that the Publick had made those Abatements for her being a Scold I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet Woman, that should be the top of the Market and perhaps discover half a dozen Romps tied up together in the same Sack, at one hundred Pound in Head The Prude and the Coquet should be valued at the same Price, tho' the first should go off the better of the two I fancy thou wouldst like such a Vision, had I time to finish it, because, to talk in thy own way, there is a Moral in it. Whatever thou may'st think of it, prythee do not make any of thy queer Apologies for this Letter, as thou didst for my last The Women love a gay lively Fellow, and are never angry at the Ralleries of one who is their known Admirer I am always bitter upon them, but well with them

Thine,

HONEYCOMB

No 512] Friday, October 27, 1712 [Addison

*Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo*—Hor

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much Reluctance as Advice We look upon the Man who gives it us as offering an Affront to our Understanding, and treating us like Children or Idiots. We consider the Instruction as an implicit Censure, and the Zeal which any one shews for our Good on such an Occasion as a Piece of Presumption or Impertinence. The Truth of it is, the Person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a Superiority over us, and can have no other Reason for it, but that in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our Conduct or our Understanding For these Reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the Art of making Advice agreeable and indeed all the Writers, both Ancient and Modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, accord-

ing to the Perfection at which they have arrived in this Art. How many Devices have been made use of, to render this bitter Potion palatable? Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen Words, others in the most harmonious Numbers, some in Points of Wit, and others in short Proverbs

But among all the different Ways of giving Counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *Fable*, in whatsoever shape it appears If we consider this way of instructing or giving Advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those Exceptions which I have before mentioned

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the first place, that upon the reading of a Fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves We peruse the Author for the sake of the Story, and consider the Precepts rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions The Moral insinuates it self imperceptibly, we are taught by Surprise and become wiser and better unawares In short, by this method a Man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, whilst he is following the Dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most displeasing Circumstance in Advice

In the next place, if we look into human Nature, we shall find that the Mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts her self in any Action that gives her an Idea of her own Perfections and Abilities Thus natural Pride and Ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a Fable for in Writings of this kind, the Reader comes in for half of the Performance every thing appears to him like a Discovery of his own, he is busied all the while in applying Characters and Circumstances, and in this respect both a Reader and a Composer It is no wonder therefore that on such Occasions, when the Mind is thus pleased with it self, and amused with its own Discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the Writing which is the occasion of it For this reason the *Absalom* and *Achitophel*<sup>1</sup> was one of the most popular Poems that ever appeared in English The poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the Reader an Opportunity of exerting his own Talents.

This oblique manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient Histories, we find the wise Men of old very often chose to give Counsel to their Kings in Fables To omit many which will occur to every one's Memory, there is a pretty Instance of this Nature in a *Turkish Tale*, which I do not like the worse for that little Oriental Extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual Wars abroad, and his Tyranny at home, had filled his Dominions with Ruin and Desolation, and half unpeopled the *Persian* Empire The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an Hu-

<sup>1</sup> Dryden's satire on the intrigues of the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Shaftesbury to exclude the King's brother from the Throne Monmouth was Absalom, and Shaftesbury Achitophel

mourner or an Enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the Language of Birds, so that there was not a Bird that could open his Mouth, but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one Evening with the Emperor, in their return from Hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a Tree that grew near an old Wall out of an Heap of Rubbish. *I would fain know, says the Sultan, what those two Owls are saying to one another, listen to their Discourse, and give me an account of it.* The Visier approached the Tree pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, Sir, says he, *I have heard part of their Conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an Answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the Owls had said. *You must know then, said the Visier, that one of these Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, betwixt whom they are now upon a Treaty of Marriage. The Father of the Son said to the Father of the Daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this Marriage, provided you will settle upon your Daughter fifty ruined Villages for her Portion. To which the Father of the Daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long Life to Sultan Mahmoud, whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined Villages.*

The Story says, the Sultan was so touched with this Fable, that he rebuilt the Towns and Villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the Good of his People.

To fill up my Paper I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural Magic, which was taught by no less a Philosopher than *Deu occritus*, namely, that if the Blood of certain Birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a Serpent of such a wonderful Virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilful in the Language of Birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise above-mentioned might not have eaten such a Serpent, I shall leave to the Determinations of the Learned. O

No 513] Saturday, October 18, 1712 [Addison

*Afflata est numme quando  
Jain propiore Dei* ———— *Virg*

THE following Letter comes to me from that excellent Man in Holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that Society who assist me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in Sicknes*, and of a very serious Nature, for which Reason I give it a place in the Paper of this Day.

SIR,

The Indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such [?] Men, that it

<sup>a</sup> Pilpay's Fables <sup>d</sup> [?] and in first reprint

must quickly make an End of me, or of it self. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of Health, there are none of your Works which I read with greater Pleasure than your *Saturday's Papers*. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any Hints for this Day's Entertainment. Were I able to press up several Thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great Impressions on my Mind during a long time of Sicknes, they might not be an improper Interment for that Occasion.

Among all the Reflections which usually rise in the Mind of a sick Man, who has Time and Inclination to consider his approaching End, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear Naked and Unboothed before Him who made him. When a Man considers, that as soon as the vital Union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a Distance, and only in his Works or to speak more philosophically, when by some Faculty in the Soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his Presence, than we are now of the Presence of any Object which the Eye beholds, a Man must be lost in Carelessness and Simplicity, who is not alarmed at such a Thought. Dr *Sherlock*, in his excellent Treatise upon Death has represented, in very strong, and lively Colours, the State of the Soul in its first Separation from the Body, with regard to that invisible World which every where surrounds us, tho' we are not able to discover it through this grosser World of Matter which is recommended to our Senses in this Life. His Words are as follow

*That Death, which is our leaving this World, is nothing else but our putting off these Bodies, teaches us, that it is only our Union to these Bodies, which intercepts the sight of the other World. The other World is not at such a distance from us, as we may imagine, the Throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this Earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays his Glory to those blessed Spirits which encompass his Throne, but as soon as we step out of these Bodies, we step into the other World, which is not so properly another World, (for there is the same Heaven and Earth still) as a new state of Life. To live in these Bodies is to live in this World, to be out of them is to remove into the next. For while our Souls are confined to these Bodies, we can look only thro' these material Casements, nothing but what is material can affect us, nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect Light, and convey the Shapes and Colours of Things with it to the Eye. So that though within this visible World, there be more glorious Scenes of Things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it, for this Veil of Flesh parts the visible and invisible World. But when we put off these Bodies, there are new and surprising Wonders present themselves to our Views, when these material Spectacles are taken off, the Soul, with its own naked Eyes sees what was invisible before. And then we are in the other World, when we can see it, and con*

No 514] Monday, October 20, 1712. [ Steele

*Me Parnassi deserta fer arid in, c'ileis*  
*Raptat Amor, juvat ire jugis q' nulla pri-*  
*orum*  
*Castaliam molle dreritur Orb in Cito*—Virg

MR SPECTATOR,

I CAME home a little later than usual the other Night, and not finding my self inclined to sleep, I took up *Virgil* to divert me till I should be more disposed to Rest. He is the Author whom I always chuse on such Occasions, no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a Strain, which leaves the Mind composed, and softened into an agreeable Melancholy, the Temper in which, of all others, I chuse to close the Day. The Passages I turned to were those beautiful Raptures in his *Georgicks*, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the Love of Poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool Shades and Retirements of the Mountain *Horrus*. I clos'd the Book and went to Bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an Impression on my Mind, that I dream'd almost to fulfil to me the Wish of *Virgil*, in presenting to me the following Vision. 'Methought I was on a sudden plac'd in the Plains of *Bacchus*, where at the end of the Horizon I saw the Mountain *Parnassus* rising before me. The Prospect was of so large an Extent, that I had long wonder'd about to find a Path which should directly lead me to it, but I not seen at some distance a Grove of Trees, which in a Plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my Sight, immediately determin'd me to go thither. When I arriv'd at it, I found it parted out into a great Number of Walks and Alleys, which often widened into beautiful Openings, as Circles or Ovals, set round with Yews and Cypresses, with Niches, Grottos, and Caves plac'd on the Sides, encompassed with Ivy. There was no Sound to be heard in the whole Place, but only that of a gentle Breeze passing over the Leaves of the Forest, every thing beside was buried in a profound Silence. I was captivated with the Beauty and Retirement of the Place, and never so much, before that Hour was pleas'd with the Enjoyment of my self. I indulg'd the Humour, and snuff'd my self to wander without Choice or Design. At length, at the end of a Range of Trees, I saw three Figures seated on a Bank of Moss, with a silent Brook creeping at their Feet. I ador'd them as the tutelar Divinities of the Place, and stood still to take a particular View of each of them. The Middlemost, whose Name was *Solitude*, sat with her Arms across each other, and seem'd rather pensive and wholly taken up with her own Thoughts, than any ways grieved or displeas'd. The only Companions which she admitted into that Retirement, was the Goddess *Silence*, who sat on her right Hand with her

Finger on her Mouth, and on her left *Contentment*, with her Eyes fix'd upon the Heavens. Before her lay a celestial Globe, with several Schemes of Mathematical Theorems. She presented my Speech with the greatest Affability in the World. Fear not, said she, I know your Request before you speak. You would be led to the Mountain of the Muses, the only way to it lies thro' this Place, and no one is so often employ'd in conducting Persons thither as my self. When she had thus spoken, she rose from her Seat and I immediately plac'd my self under her Direction. Our whilst I pass'd through the Grove, I could not help enquiring of her who were the Persons admitted into that sweet Retirement. Surely, said I, there can nothing enter here but Virtue and virtuous Thoughts. The whole Wood seems design'd for the Reception and Reward of such Persons as have spent their Lives according to the Dictates of their Conscience and the Commands of the Gods. You imagine right, said she, assure your self this Place was at first designed for no other. Such it continu'd to be in the Reign of *Satan*, when none enter'd here but holy Priests, Deliverers of their Country from Oppression and Tyranny, who repos'd themselves here after their Labours, and those whom the Study and Love of Wisdom had fitted for divine Conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before. Desirable Vice has learn'd so to mimic Virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its Disguise. See there, just before you, *Revenge* stalking by, habited in the Robe of *Honour*. Observe not far from him *Ambition* standing alone if you ask him his Name, he will tell you it is *Emulation* or *Glory*. But the most frequent Intruder we have is *Lust*, who succeeds now the Deity to whom in better Days this Grove was entirely devoted. *Virtuous Love*, with *Hymen*, and the Graces attending him, once reign'd over this happy Place, a whole Train of Virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable Thought durst presume for Admittance. But now how is the whole Prospect chang'd? and how seldom renew'd by some few who dare despise sordid Wealth and imagine themselves fit Companions for so charming a Divinity?

The Goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arriv'd at the utmost Boundaries of the Wood, which lay contiguous to a Plain that ended at the Foot of the Mountain. Here I kept close to my Guide, being solicited by several Phantomes, who assur'd me they would shew me a nearer Way to the Mountain of the Muses. Among the rest *Vanity* was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite Numbers whom I saw wandering at the Foot of the Hill. I turned away from this despicable Troop with Disdain, and addressing my self to my Guide, told her, that as I had some Hopes I should be able to reach up part of the Ascent, so I despair'd of having Strength enough to attain the Plain on the Top. But being inform'd by her that it was impossible to stand upon the Sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards, I should irrecoverably fall down to the lowest Verge, I resolv'd to hazard any Labour and Hardship in

\* Room is made for this paper, in the original issue, by printing it in smaller type.

'the Attempt So great a desire had I of enjoying  
'the Satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the End  
'of my Enterprize !

'There were two Paths, which led up by different  
'Ways to the Summit of the Mountain, the  
'one was guarded by the Genius which presides  
'over the Moment of our Births He had it in  
'charge to examine the several Pretensions of  
'those who desired a Pass that Way, but to admit  
'none excepting those only on whom *Melpomene*  
'had look'd with a propitious Eye at the  
'Hour of their Nativty The other Way was  
'guarded by *Diligence*, to whom many of those  
'Persons apply'd who had met with a Denial the  
'other Way, but he was so tedious in granting  
'their Request, and indeed after Admittance the  
'Way was so very intricate and laborious, that  
'many after they had made some Progress, chose  
'rather to return back than proceed, and very few  
'persisted so long as to arrive at the End they  
'proposed. Besides these two Paths, which at  
'length severally led to the Top of the Mountain,  
'there was a third made up of these two, which a  
'little after the Entrance joined in one This  
'carried those happy Few, whose good Fortune  
'it was to find it, directly to the Throne of *Apollo*  
'I don't know whether I should even now have  
'had the Resolution to have demanded Entrance  
'at either of these Doors, had I not seen a  
'Peasant like Man (followed by a numerous and  
'lovely Train of Youths of both Sexes) insist upon  
'Entrance for all whom he led up He put me  
'in mind of the Country Clown who is painted in  
'the Map for leading Prince *Eugene* over the  
'*Alps* He had a Bundle of Papers in his Hand,  
'and producing several, which he said, were given  
'to him by Hands which he knew *Apollo* would  
'allow as Passes, among which, methoughts, I  
'saw some of my own Writing, the whole Assembly  
'was admitted, and gave, by their Presence,  
'a new Beauty and Pleasure to these happy  
'Mansions I found the Man did not pretend to  
'enter himself, but served as a kind of Forester  
'in the Lawns to direct Passengers who by their  
'own Merit, or Instructions he procured for them,  
'had Virtue enough to travel that way I looked  
'very attentively upon this kind homely Benefactor,  
'and forgive me, Mr SPECTATOR, if I own  
'to you I took him for your self We were no  
'sooner entered, but we were sprinkled three  
'times with the Water of the Fountain *Aganippe*,  
'which had Power to deliver us from all Harms,  
'but only Envy, which reached even to the End  
'of our Journey We had not proceeded far in  
'the middle Path when we arrived at the Summit  
'of the Hill, where there immediately appeared  
'to us two Figures, which extremely engaged  
'my Attention the one was a young  
'Nymph in the Prime of her Youth and Beauty  
'she had Wings on her Shoulders and Feet, and  
'was able to transport herself to the most distant  
'Regions in the smallest Space of Time She was  
'continually varying her Dress, sometimes into  
'the most natural and becoming Habits in the  
'World, and at others into the most wild and  
'freakish Garb that can be imagined There  
'stood by her a Man full aged, and of great  
'Gravity, who corrected her Inconsistencies, by

'shewing them in his Mirror, and still flung her  
'affected and unbecoming Ornaments down the  
'Mountain, which fell in the Plain below, and  
'were gathered up and wore with great Satisfaction  
'by those that inhabited it. The Name of  
'the Nymph was *Jancy*, the Daughter of *Liberty*,  
'the most beautiful of all the Mountain-Nymphs  
'The other was *Judgment*, the Offspring of  
'Time, and the only Child he acknowledged to  
'be his A Youth, who sat upon a Throne just  
'between them, was their genuine Offspring his  
'Name was *Wisdom*, and his Seat was composed  
'of the Works of the most celebrated Authors I  
'could not but see with a secret Joy, that though  
'the *Greeks* and *Romans* made the Majority, yet  
'our own Countrymen were the next both in  
'Number and Dignity I was now at Liberty  
'to take a full Prospect of that delightful Region  
'I was inspired with new Vigour and Life, and  
'saw every thing in nobler and more pleasing  
'Views than before, I breathed a purer Air than in  
'a Sky which was a continued Azure, gilded with  
'perpetual Sun shine The two Summits of the  
'Mountain rose on each Side, and formed in the  
'midst a most delicious Vale, the Habitation of  
'the Muses, and of such as had composed Works  
'worthy of Immortality *Apollo* was seated upon  
'a Throne of Gold, and for a Canopy in aged  
'Laurel spread its Boughs and its Shade over his  
'Head His Bow and Quiver lay at his Feet  
'He held his Harp in his Hand, whilst the Muses  
'round about him celebrated with Hymns his  
'Victory over the Serpent *Python*, and sometimes  
'sung in softer Notes the Loves of *Leucothoe* and  
'*Daphnis* *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton* were  
'seated the next to them Behind were a great  
'Number of others, among whom I was surprized  
'to see some in the Habit of *Laplanders*, who,  
'notwithstanding the Uncouthness of their Dress,  
'had lately obtained a Phee upon the Mountain  
'I saw *Pindar* walking all alone, no one daring  
'to accost him, till *Cowley* join'd himself to him,  
'but growing weary of one who almost walked  
'him out of breath, he left him for *Horace* and  
'*Anacreon*, with whom he seemed infinitely delighted

'A little further I saw another Groupe of Figures,  
'I made up to them, and found it was  
'*Socrates* dictating to *Xenophon*, and the Spirit  
'of *Plato*, but most of all, *Musens* had the  
'greatest Audience about him I was at too  
'great a Distance to hear what he said, or to discover  
'the Faces of his Hearers only I thought  
'I now perceived *Virgil*, who had joined them,  
'and stood in a Posture full of Admiration at the  
'Harmony of his Words

'Lastly, At the very Brink of the Hill I saw  
'*Boccalius* sending Dispatches to the World  
'below of what happened upon *Parnassus*, but  
'I perceived he did it without leave of the Muses,  
'and by stealth, and was unwilling to have them  
'revised by *Apollo* I could now from this Height  
'and serene Sky behold the infinite Cares and  
'Anxieties with which Mortals below sought out  
'their way through the Maze of Life I saw the  
'Path of Virtue lie strait before them, whilst Interest,  
'or some malicious Demon, still hurry'd  
'them out of the Way I was at once touched

'with Pleasure at my own Happiness, and Com-  
passion at the sight of their inextricable Errors.  
'Here the two contending Passions rose so high,  
'that they were inconsistent with the sweet Re-  
'pose I enjoy'd, and striking with a sudden start,  
'the only Consolation I could admit of for my  
'Loss, was the Hopes that this Relation of my  
'Dream will not disperse you.'

No 515] Tuesday, October 21, 1712 [Steele

*Patet me et misereat qui harum moros cantabat  
mibi  
Monuisse frustra*— Ter

MR SPECTATOR,  
'I AM obliged to you for printing the Account  
'I lately sent you of a Coquet who disturbed  
'a sober Congregation in the City of London  
'That Intelligence ended at her taking Coach  
'and bidding the Driver go where he knew I  
'could not leave her so, but dogged her, as hard  
'as she drove, to Paul's Church-Yard, where  
'there was a Stop of Coaches attending Company  
'coming out of the Cathedral. This gave me  
'opportunity to hold up a Crown to her Coach-  
'man, who gave me the Signal, that he would  
'hurry on, and make no Haste, as you know the  
'Way is when they favour a Chase. By his many  
'kind Blunders, driving against other Coaches,  
'and slipping off some of his Tackle, I could keep  
'up with him, and lodged my fine Lady in the  
'Parish of St James's. As I guessed when I  
'first saw her at Church her Business is to win  
'Hearts and throw 'em away, regarding nothing  
'but the Triumph I have had the Happiness, by  
'tracing her through all with whom I heard she  
'was acquainted, to find one who was intimate  
'with a Friend of mine, and to be introduced to  
'her Niece. I have made so good use of my  
'Time as to procure from that Intimate of hers  
'one of her Letters, which she writ to her when  
'in the Country. This Epistle of her own may  
'serve to turn the World against her in ordinary  
'Life, as mine, I hope, did those, who shall be-  
'hold her at Church. The Letter was written  
'last Winter to the Lady who gave it me and I  
'doubt not but you will find it the Soul of an  
'happy self loving Dame, that takes all the Ad-  
'miration she can meet with, and returns none of  
'it in Love to her Admirers

Dear Jenny,

"I am glad to find you are likely to be dispos'd  
"of in Marriage so much to your Approbation as

<sup>1</sup> This Advertisement follows

A Letter written October 14, dated Middle  
Temple, has been overlooked, by reason it was not  
directed to the SPECTATOR at the usual Places,  
and the Letter of the 18th, dated from the same  
Place, is groundless, the Author of the Paper of  
Friday last not having ever seen the Letter of the  
14th. In all curran stances except the Place of  
Birth of the Person to whom the Letters were  
written, the Writer of them is misinformed.

"you tell me You say you are afraid only of  
"me for I shall laugh at your Spouse's Aims I  
"beg of you not to fear it, for I am too nice  
"a Discerner to laugh at any, but whom most  
"other People think fine Fellows, so that your  
"Dear may bring you hither as soon as his Horses  
"are in Case enough to appear in Town, and you  
"be very safe against any Rullery you may ap-  
"prehend from me, for I am surrounded with  
"Coxcombs of my own making, who are all  
"ridiculous in a manner your Good man, I pre-  
"sume, can't exert himself. As Men who cannot  
"raise their Fortunes, and are uneasy under the  
"Incapacity of shining in Courts, rail at Ambition,  
"so do [rubbard] and insipid Women, who cannot  
"warm the Hearts and charm the Eyes of Men  
"rail at Affection. But she that has the Joy of  
"seeing a Man's Heart leap into his Eyes at be-  
"holding her is in no Pain for want of Esteem  
"among a Crew of that Part of her own Sex, who  
"have no Spirit but that of Envy and no Language  
"but that of Malice. I do not in this, I hope,  
"express my self insensible of the Merit of *Leo-  
"dacia*, who lowers her Beauty in all but her  
"Husband, and never spreads her Charms but to  
"gladden him who has a Right in them. I say, I  
"do Honour to those who can be Coquets and  
"are not such, but I despise all who would be so,  
"and in Despair of arriving at it themselves hate  
"and vilify all those who can. But, be that as it  
"will in Answer to your Desire of knowing my  
"History. One of my chief present Pleasures is  
"in Country-Dances and, in Obedience to me,  
"as well as the Pleasure of coming up to me with  
"a good Grace, shewing themselves in their Ad-  
"dress to others in my Presence, and the like  
"Opportunities, they are all Proficients that Way  
"And I had the Happiness of being the other  
"Night where we made six Couple, and every  
"Woman's Partner a profess'd Lover of mine.  
"The wildest Imagination cannot form to it self  
"on any Occasion, higher Delight than I acknow-  
"ledge my self to have been in all that Evening  
"I chose out of my Admirers a Set of Men who  
"most love me, and give them Partners of such  
"of my own Sex who most envy'd me  
"My way is, when any Man who is my Ad-  
"mirer pretends to give himself Aids of Merit, as  
"at this Time a certain Gentleman you know did,  
"to mortify him by favouring in his Presence the  
"most insignificant Creature I can find. At this  
"Ball I was led into the Company by pretty Mr  
"*Fanfy*, who, you know, is the most obsequious,  
"well shap'd, well bred Woman's Man in Town.  
"I at first Entrance declared him my Partner if  
"I danced at all which put the whole Assembly  
"into a Grin, is forming no Terrors from such a  
"Rival. But we had not been long in the Room,  
"before I overheard the notorious Gentleman  
"above-mention'd say with an Oath, There is no  
"Rullery in the Thing, she certainly loves the  
"Puppy. My Gentleman, when we were dane-  
"ing, took an Occasion to be very soft in his  
"Oglings upon a Lady he danced with, and whom  
"he knew of all Women I love most to outshine

<sup>2</sup> Spelt generally in the first issue awkward, in  
the first reprint awkward



"The Contest began who should plague the other  
 "most I, who do not cure a Farthing for him,  
 "had no hard Task to out-vex him I made *Faust*,  
 "with a very little Encouragement, cut Capers  
 "*Coupee*, and then sink with all the Air and Len-  
 "derness imaginable When he perform'd this,  
 "I observed the Gentleman you know of fall into  
 "the same way, and imitate as well as he could  
 "the despised *Faust* I cannot well give you,  
 "who are so grave a Country Lady, the Idea of  
 "the Joy we have when we see a stubborn Heart  
 "breaking, or a Man of Sense turning Fool for  
 "our sakes but this happened to our Friend, and  
 "I expect his Attendance whenever I go to  
 "Church, to Court, to the Play, or the Park This is  
 "a Sacrifice due to us Women of Genius, who have  
 "the Eloquence of Beauty, an easie Mein I  
 "mean by an easie Mein, one which can be on  
 "Occasion easily affected For I must tell you,  
 "dear *Fanny*, I hold one Maxim, which is an un-  
 "common one, to wit, That our greatest Charms  
 "are owing to Affectation 'Tis to That that our  
 "Arms can lodge so quietly just over our Hips,  
 "and the Fan can play without any Force or Mo-  
 "tion but just of the Wrist 'Tis to Affectation  
 "we owe the pensive Attention of *Deidamia* at a  
 "Tragedy, the scornful Approbation of *Dulciana*  
 "at a Comedy, and the lowly Aspect of  
 "*Languevels* at a Sermon

"To tell you the plain Truth, I know no Plea-  
 "sure but in being admir'd, and have yet never  
 "succeed'd in attaining the Approbation of the Man  
 "whose Regard I had a Mind to You see all  
 "the Men who make a Figure in the World (as  
 "wise a Look as they are pleased to put upon the  
 "Matter) are moved by the same Vanity as I am  
 "What is there in Ambition, but to make other  
 "People's Wills depend upon yours? This indeed  
 "is not to be aim'd at by one who has a Genius  
 "no higher than to think of being a very good  
 "Housewife in a Country Gentleman's Family  
 "The Care of Poultry and Piggs are great En-  
 "emies to the Countenance The vacant Look of  
 "a fine Lady is not to be preserved, if she admits  
 "any thing to take up her Thoughts but her own  
 "dear Person But I interrupt you too long  
 "from your Cares, and my self from my Con-  
 "quests

*I am, Madam,  
 Your most humble Servant*

'Give me leave, Mr. SPECTATOR, to add her  
 'Friend's Answer to this Epistle, who is a very  
 'discreet ingenious Woman

*Dear Gatty,*

"I take your Raillery in very good Part,  
 "and am oblig'd to you for the free Air with  
 "which you speak of your own Gayeties But this  
 "is but a barren superficial Pleasure, [indeed,]  
 "*Gatty*, we are made for Man, and in serious  
 "Sadness I must tell you, whether you yourself  
 "know it or no, all these Gallantries tend to no  
 "other End but to be a Wife and Mother as fast  
 "as you can

*I am, Madam,  
 Your most [humble?] Servant*

T

<sup>1</sup> [for indeed,]

<sup>2</sup> [obedient]

No 516 ] Wednesday, October 22, 1712 [Steele

*Immortale odori et nunquam sanabile vulnus  
 Inde furor vulgo, quod Numina vicinorum  
 Odit uterque locus, quum solos credit habendos  
 Esse Deos quos ipse colat*—— Juv

OF all the monstrous Passions and Opinions  
 which have crept into the World, there is  
 none so wonderful as that those who profess the  
 common Name of *Christians*, should pursue each  
 other with Rancour and Hatred for Differences  
 in their Way of following the Example of their  
 Saviour It seems so natural that all who pursue  
 the Steps of any Leader should form themselves  
 after his Manners, that it is impossible to account  
 for Effects so different from what we might expect  
 from those who profess themselves Followers of  
 the highest Pattern of Meekness and Chanty, but  
 by ascribing such Effects to the Ambition and Cor-  
 ruption of those who are so audacious, with Souls  
 full of Fury, to serve at the Altars of the God of  
 Peace

The Massacres to which the Church of *Rome*  
 has animated the ordinary People, are dreadful  
 Instances of the Truth of this Observation, and  
 whoever reads the History of the *Irish* Rebellion,  
 and the Cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be  
 sufficiently convinc'd to what Rage poor Ignor-  
 ants may be worked up by those who profess  
 Holiness, and become Incendiaries, and under the  
 Dispensation of Grace, promote Evils abhorrent  
 to Nature

This Subject and Catastrophic, which deserves so  
 well to be remarked by the Protestant World,  
 will, I doubt not, be considered by the Reverend  
 and Learned Prelate that Preaches to-morrow be-  
 fore many of the Descendants of those who  
 perished on that lamentable Day, in a manner  
 suitable to the Occasion, and worthy his own great  
 Virtue and Eloquence

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only  
 transcribe out of a little Tract, called, *The Chris-  
 tian Hero* published in 1701, what I find there in  
 Honour of the renowned Hero *William III* who  
 rescued that Nation from the Repetition of the same  
 Distresses His late Majesty, of glorious Memory,  
 and the most Christian King, are considered at  
 the Conclusion of that Treatise as Heads of the  
 Protestant and Roman Catholick World in the  
 following Manner

'There were not ever, before the Entrance of  
 'the Christian Name into the World, Men who  
 'have maintained a more renowned Carriage, than  
 'the two great Rivals who possess the full Fame  
 'of the present Age, and will be the Theme and  
 'Examination of the future. They are exactly  
 'form'd by Nature for those Ends to which  
 'Heaven seems to have sent them amongst us  
 'Both animated with a restless Desire of Glory, but  
 'pursue it by different Means, and with different  
 'Motives To one it consists in an extensive undis-  
 'puted Empire over his Subjects, to the other in  
 'their rational and voluntary Obedience One's



'Happiness is founded in their want of Power, the other's in their want of Desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the Summit of Fortune with the Luxury of a Persian, the other with the Moderation of a Spartan. One is made to oppress, the other to relieve the Oppressed. The one is satisfy'd with the Pomp and Ostentation of Power to prefer and debase his Inferiours, the other delighted only with the Cause and Foundation of it to cherish and protect 'em. To one therefore Religion is but a convenient Disguise, to the other a vigorous Motive of Action.

'For without such Lies of real and solid Honour, there is no way of forming a Monarch, but after the Machivellian Scheme, by which a Prince must ever seem to have all Virtues, but really be the Master of none, but is to be liberal, merciful and just, only as they serve his Interests. While, with the noble Art of Hypocrisy, I might would be to be extended and new Conquests be made by new Devices, by which prompt Address his Creatures might insensibly give Law in the Business of Life, by leading Men in the Entertainment of it.

'Thus when Words and Show are apt to pass for the substantial things they are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a Country but to adorn a Court for while every Man's Vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming Luxury, Enjoyments are a ready But for Sufferings, and the Hopes of Preferment Invitations to Servitude, which Slavery would be colour'd with all the Agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest Arts and Artists, the finest Pens and most elegant Minds jointly employ'd to set it off, with the various Embellishments of sumptuous I entertainments, charming Assemblies, and polished Disourses and those apostate Abilities of Men, the adored Monarch might profusely and skillfully encourage, while they flatter his Virtue, and gild his Vice as so high a rate, that he, without Scorn of the one, or Love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both. So that his Bounty should support him in his Ripeness, his Mercy in his Cruelties.

'Nor is it to give things a more severe Look than is natural, to suppose such must be the Consequences of a Prince's living no other Pursuit than that of his own Glory, for, if we consider an Infant born into the World, and beholding it self the mightiest thing in it, it self the present Admiration and future Prospect of a crowning People, who profess themselves great or mean, according to the Figure he is to make amongst them, what I may would not he de-

'bauched to believe they were but what they professed themselves, his mere Creatures, and use them as such by purchasing with their Lives a boundless Renown, which he, for want of a more just Prospect, would place in the Number of his Slaves, and the Extent of his Territories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical Effects of a Prince's living with no Religion, which are not to be surprised but by his living a false one.

'If Ambition were spited with Zeal, what would follow, but that his People should be converted into an Army, whose Swords can make Right in Power, and solve Controversy in Battle? And if Men should be stiff neck'd to the Doctrine of that visible Church, let them be contented with no Oar and a Churn, in the midst of Stripes and Anguish, to contemplate on him, whose Yoke is easy, and whose Burden is light.

'With a Tyranny begun on his own Subjects, and Indignation that others draw their Breath independent of hisrown or Smile, why should he not proceed to the Seizure of the World? And if nothing but the Thirst of Sway were the Motive of his Actions, why should Treaties be other than mere Words, or solemn national Compacts be any thing but an Halt in the March of that Army, who are never to lay down their Arms, till all Men are reduc'd to the necessity of hanging their Lives on his wily Will, who might supinely and at leisure expropriate his own Sins by other Mens Sufferings, while he duly meditates new Slaughter, and new Conquest?

'For mere Man when giddy with unbridled Power is an intricate Idol not to be appeased with Myrrours offer'd to his Pride, which may be puff'd up by the Adulation of a base and prostrate World, into an Opinion that he is something more than human, by being something less. And, alas, what is there that mortal Man will not believe of himself, when complimented with the Attributes of God? Can he then conceive Thoughts of a Power as Omnipresent? But should there be such a God of Mankind now upon Earth, have our Sins so far provoked Heaven that we are left utterly naked to his Fury? Is there no Power, no Leader, no Genius, that can conduct and animate us to our Death or our Defence? Yes, our great God never gave one to reign by his Permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his Grace.

'All the Circumstances of the illustrious Life of our Prince, seem to have conspired to make him the Check and Bridle of Tyranny, for his Mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continual Struggle, and Heaven has educted him by Adversity to a quick Sense of the Distresses and Miseries of Mankind, which he was born to redress. In just scorn of the trivial Glories and light Ostentations of Power, that glorious Instrument of Providence moves, like that, in a steady, calm, and silent Course, independent either of Applause or Calumny, which renders him, if not in a political yet in a moral, a philosophick, an heroic, and a Christian Sense, an absolute Monarch who satisfy'd with this unchangeable, just, and ample Glory, must needs turn all his Regards from himself to the Service of others, for he begins his Enterprize with his

<sup>1</sup> The extract is from very near the close of Steele's *Christian Hero*. At this part a few lines have been omitted. In the original the paragraph closed thus: 'The Entertainment of it, and making their great Monarch the Fountain of all that's delicate and refined, and his Court the Model for Opinions in Pleasure, as well as the Pattern in Dress, which might prevail so far upon an undiscerning world as (to accomplish it or its approaching Slavery) to make it receive a superfluous Bubble for an Universal Language.'

'own Share in the Success of them for Integrity bears in itself its Reward, nor can that which depends not on Event ever know Disappointment

'With the undoubted Character of a glorious Captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid Titles) that of a sincere and honest Man, he is the Hope and Stay of Europe, an universal Good not to be engrossed by us only, for distant Potentates implore his Friendship, and injur'd Empires court his Assistance. He rules the World, not by an Invasion of the People of the Earth, but the Address of its Princes and if that World should be again rous'd from the Repose which his prevailing Arms had given it, why should we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose Influence the terrible Enemy that thinks himself prepar'd for Battle, may find he is but ripe for Destruction? and that there may be in the Womb of Time great Incidents, which may make the Catastrophe of a prosperous Life as unfortunate as the particular Scenes of it were successful? For there does not want a skilful Eye and resolute Arm to observe and grasp the Occasion. A Prince, who from

'———*Fuit Illum et ingens*  
'*Gloria*——— Virg

T

No 517] Thursday, October 23 1712 [Addison

*Hec Pietas! heu praece Fides!*——— Virg

WE last night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suspence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY is dead. He departed this Life at his

Here Steele abruptly breaks with 'Fuit Illum'—the glory has departed—on the sentence 'A Prince who from just Notion of his Duty to that Being to whom he must be accountable, has in the Service of his Fellow Creatures a noble Contempt of Pleasures, and Patience of Labours, to whom is Hereditary to be the Guardian and Asserter of the native Rights and Liberties of Mankind.' A few more alludes to the sentence formed the summary of William's character before the book closed with a prayer that Heaven would guard his important life

In No 1 of the *Bee* (for February, 1733) Lestace Budge who set up that publication and who probably was the intimate friend of Addison to whom he there refers, said of Sir Roger de Coverley, Mr Addison was so fond of this character that a little before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some humble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it) he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of, By God, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him. Accordingly the

House in the Country, after a few Weeks Sickness Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County-Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's Enemy and Antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much care of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several Circumstances the other have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution

Honoured Sir,

Knowing that you was my old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherless Children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman for you know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor Man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Rorst-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirlon, which was served up according to Custom and you know he used to take great Delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made love to the Forty last Years of his Life, but this only proved a Lightning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother. He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Fencement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great

whole *Spectator* No 517 consists of nothing but an account of the old knight's death, and some moving circumstances which attended it. Steele had by this date resolv'd on bringing his *Spectator* to a close, and Addison's paper on the death of Sir Roger, the first of several which are to dispose of all members of the *Spectator's* Club and break up the Club itself, was the first clear warning to the public that he had such an intention

[Hopes]

'Frize Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown Gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our Days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Money to build a Steeple to the Church for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two Years longer, *Coventry's* Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he made a very good End and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried according to his own Directions among the Family of the *Coventrys*, on the Left Hand of his Father Sir *Isidore*. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Servants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quartermen*. The whole Parish follow'd the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits. The Men in Frize and the Women in Riding Hoods. Captain *Sentry* my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good Use of it and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quittrents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and shews great Kindness to the old House dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It would have gone to your Heart to have heard the Mourning dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er enjoyed himself since no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This being all from,

Honoured Sir,  
Your most Obedient Servant,  
Edward Discant

P. S. My Master desired, Anne Weel's before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew*. I rec'd it, in his Name.

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger's* own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew* who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the sight of the old Man's Hand writing burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me,

that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club.

No 518 ] Friday, October 24, 1712 [Steel

*Museum est alienae incumbere famae,  
Ne collapsa ruant s' inductis tecta columinis*  
Juv

THIS being a Day of Business with me, I must make the present Intertainment like a Treat at an House warming, out of such Presents as have been sent me by my Guests. The first Dish which I serve up is a Letter come fresh to my Hand.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'Tis with inexpressible Sorrow that I hear of the Death of good Sir *Roger*, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an Occasion. I think you ought to have blacken'd the Edges of a Paper which brought us so ill News, and to have had it stamp'd likewise in Black. It is expected of you that you should write his Epitaph, and, if possible, fill his Place in the Club with as worthy and diverting a Member. I question not but you will receive many Recommendations from the publick of such as will appear Candidates for that Post.

'Since I am talking of Death, and have mentioned in Epitaph, I must tell you, Sir, that I have made discovery of a Church-yard in which I believe you might spend an Afternoon, with great Pleasure to your self and to the Publick. It belongs to the Church of *Stoken Heath*, commonly called *Stepney*. Whether or no it be that the People of that Parish have a particular Genius for an Epitaph, or that there be some Poet among them who undertakes that Work by the Great I can't tell, but there are more remarkable Inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with, and I may say without Vanity, that there is not a Gentleman in *England* better read in Tomb stones than my self, my Studies having had very much in Church-yards. I shall beg leave to send you a Couple of Epitaphs for a Sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner the first being in the diffus'd and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted Style. The first has much of the Simple and Pathetick the second is something Light, but Nervous. The first is thus

*Here Thomas Sapper lies interr'd Ah why I  
Born in New England, did in London dye,  
Was the third Son of Engl's, begot upon  
His Mother Martha by his Father John  
Much surpris'd by his Prince he'gan to be,  
But 'tis by Death at the Age of Twenty Three  
Fatal to him was that we Sirall fox name,*

'Of the two letters which form this number the second is by John Henley, known afterwards as 'Orator Henley,' of whom see a note to No. 396

*By which his Mother as d to Brethren came  
Also to breathe their last nine Years before,  
And now have left their Father to deplore  
The loss of all his Children, with his Wife,  
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life*

The Second is as follows

*Here lies the Body of Daniel Saul,  
Spittle fields Weaver, and that's all*

'I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this  
'Subject, without sending a short Epitaph which  
'I once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect  
'the Place The thought of it is serious, and  
'in my Opinion, the finest that I ever met with  
'upon this Occasion You know, Sir, it is usual,  
'after having told us the Name of the Person who  
'has interr'd to lurch out into his Praises Thus  
'Epitaph takes a quite contrary Turn, having  
'been made by the Person himself some time before  
'his Death

*Hic jacet R C in expectatione dies supremæ  
Qualis erat dies iste indicabit*

'Here lieth R C in expectation of the last  
'Day What sort of a Man he was, that Day  
'will discover

*I am, SIR, &c*

The following Letter is dated from Cambridge

*SIR,*

'Having lately read among your Speculations, an  
'Essay upon Physiognomy, I cannot but think  
'that if you made a Visit to this ancient University,  
'you might receive very considerable  
'Lights upon that Subject, there being scarce a  
'young Fellow in it who does not give certain  
'Indications of his particular Humour and Disposition  
'conformable to the Rules of that Art In  
'Courts and Cities every body lays a Constraint  
'upon his Countenance, and endeavours to look  
'like the rest of the World but the Youth of  
'this Place, having not yet formed themselves by  
'Conversation, and the Knowledge of the World,  
'give their Limbs and Features their full Play,

'As you have considered Human Nature in all  
'its Lights, you must be extremely well apprized,  
'that there is a very close Correspondence between  
'the outward and the inward Man, that  
'scarce the least Drawing, the least Pertinency  
'towards a Thought can be stirring in the Mind  
'of Man, without producing a suitable Revolution  
'in his Exteriors, which will easily discover  
'itself to an Adept in the Theory of  
'the Phil Hence it is, that the intrinsick  
'Worth and Merit of a Son of *Alma Mater*  
'is ordinarily calculated from the Cast of his  
'Visage, the Contour of his Person, the Mechanism  
'of his Dress, the Disposition of his  
'Limbs, the Manner of his Gait and Air, with a

'number of Circumstances of equal Consequence  
'and Information The Practitioners in this Art  
'often make use of a Gentleman's Eyes to give  
'them Light into the Posture of his Brains, take a  
'Handle from his Nose, to judge of the Size of his  
'Intellects, and interpret the over much Visibility  
'and Pertinence of one's Air, as an infallible mark of  
'Reprobation, and a Sign the Owner of an saucy  
'a Member fears neither God nor Man In conformity  
'to this Scheme, a contracted Brow, a  
'lumpish down cast Eye, a sober sedate Pice,  
'with both Hands dangling quiet and staidly in  
'Lines exactly parallel to each lateral Pocket  
'of the Galligraffins, is Logical, Metaphysicals  
'and Mathematicks in Perfection So likewise  
'the *Belles Lettres* are typified by a Summer in  
'the Gate a Fall of one Wing of the Perruke  
'backward, an Insertion of one Hand in the Cobb,  
'and a negligent Sliding of the other, with a Pinch  
'of right and fine *Barcelona* between Finger and  
'Thumb, a due Quantity of the same upon the  
'upper Lip, and a Noddle Case ladden with Phil  
'vil Again, a grave solemn talking Pice is  
'Heroical Poetry, and Political an Unequal one,  
'a Genius for the Ode, and the modern Ballad  
'and an open Breast, with an audacious Displey  
'of the Holland Shirt, is construed a fatal Lend-  
'ency to the Art Military

'I might be much larger upon these Hints, but  
'I know whom I write to If you can graft any  
'Speculation upon them, or turn them to the Advantage  
'of the Persons concerned in them, you  
'will do a Work very becoming the *British Spectator*, and oblige

*Your very Humble Servant,*

Tom Tacer

No 519 ] Saturday, October 25, 1712 [ Addison

*Inde hominum pecundæque genus, vitæque  
tantum,  
Et quæ marmore fert Moëstra sub æquæ  
fontis — Virg*

THOUGH there is a great deal of Pleasure in  
contemplating the material World, by which  
I mean that System of Bodies into which Nature  
has so curiously wrought the Mass of dead Matter,  
with the several Relations which those Bodies  
bear to one another there is still, methinks,  
something more wonderful and surprising in Con-  
templations on the World of Life, by which I  
mean all those Animals with which every Part of  
the Universe is furnished The material World  
is only the Shell of the Universe The World of  
Life are its Inhabitants

If we consider those parts of the material  
World which lie the nearest to us, and are there-  
fore subject to our Observations and Enquiries,  
it is amazing to consider the Infinity of Animals  
with which it is stocked Every part of Matter  
is peopled Every green Leaf swarms with In-  
habitants. There is scarce a single Humour in  
the Body of a Man, or of any other Animal, in  
which our Glasses do not discover Myriads of  
living Creatures The Surface of Animals is also

<sup>1</sup> The European Magazine for July, 1787, says that the exact copy of this Epitaph, which is on a Thomas Crouch, who died in 1699, runs thus  
*Aperiet Deus tumulus et eductus nos de sepulchris  
Qualis erant, dies ista hæc cum venerit, scripsit*

<sup>2</sup> By John Henley

covered with other Animals, which are in the same manner the Basis of other Animals that lie upon it, viz, we find in the most solid Bodies, as in Marble it self, innumerable Cells and Cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible Inhabitants as are too little for the naked Eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of Nature, we see the Seas, Lakes and Rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living Creatures. We find every Mountain and Marsh, Wilderness and Wood, plentifully stocked with Birds and Beasts, and every part of Matter affording proper Necessaries and Conveniences for the Livelihood of Multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good Argument from this Consideration, for the *Feeling* of every Planet as indeed it seems very probable from the Analogy of Reason that if no Part of Matter, which we are acquainted with lies waste and useless, those great Planets which are at such a Distance from us should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective Situation.

Existence is a Blessing to those Beings only which are endowed with Perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead Matter as further than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their Existence. Accordingly a final, from the Bodies which lie under our Observation, that Matter is only made as the Basis and Support of Animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the Existence of the other.

Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of Existence upon every Degree of Perception being. As this is a Speculation, which I have often pursued with great Pleasure to my self, I shall enlarge further upon it, by considering that part of the Scale of Beings which comes within our Knowledge.

There are some living Creatures which are raised but just above dead Matter. To mention only that Species of Shell fish, which are found in the Fashion of a Cone, that grow to the Surface of several Rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the Place where they grow. There are many other Creatures but more Remote from these which have no other Sense besides that of Feeling and Taste. Others have still an additional one of Hearing, either of Smell, and a lesser of Sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual Progress the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is formed that is complete in all its Senses, and even among these there is such a different Degree of Perfection in the Sense which one Animal enjoys. Beyond what appears in another, that though the Sense in different Animals be distinguished by the same common Denomination, it seems almost of a different Nature. If after this we look into the

several inward Perfections of Cunning and Sagacity, or what we generally call Instinct, we find that in my after the same Manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional Improvement, are owing to the Species in which they are implanted. Thus Progress in Nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exultant and overflowing Goodness of the Supreme Being, whose Mercy extends to all his Works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted from his having made so very little Matter, at least what falls within our Knowledge, that does not swarm with Life. Nor is his Goodness less seen in the Diversity, than in the Multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the Happiness of Existence. He has, therefore, *spread* in his Creation every degree of Life, every Capacity of Being. The whole Chain in it, from a Plant to a Man is filled up with diverse kinds of Creatures, rising one over another in such a gentle and easy Ascent, that the little Transitions and Deviations from our Species to run her, are almost insensible. This infinite variety of Species is so well blended and mixed, that there is scarce a degree of Perception which does not appear in some one part of the World of Life. Is the Goodness, or Wisdom of the divine Being, more manifested in this his Providence?

There is a Consequence besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing Considerations. If the Scale of Being, rises by such a regular Progress, so high as Man, we may by a parity of Reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a Superior Nature to him. Since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different Degrees of Perfection, between the Supreme Being and Man, than between Man and the most despicable Insect. This Consequence of so great a variety, of Beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us is made by Mr. Lock, in a Passage which I shall here set down, after having perceived that notwithstanding there is such an immense room between Man and his Maker for the Creative Power to exert it self in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite Gap or Distance between the highest created Being and the Power which produced him.

It is therefore to be more Species of intelligent Creatures above us, than there are of sensible or insensible below us, is probable to me from these, that in all the visible corner of the world we see so many Gaps, or no Gaps. All quite adown from us, the descent is by easy steps and a continued Series of things, that in each step we differ very little one from the other. There are Fishes that have Wings, and are not Strangers to the airy Region and there are some Birds, that are Inhabitants of the Water, and will live as cold as Ice, and there I wish so little in taste, that the Scrupulous are allowed them on Fast days. There are Animals so near

<sup>1</sup> Fontenelle, *Introduction sur la Pluralité des Mondes* troisième Sour

<sup>2</sup> [Preceptive] and in first reprint.

'But pry spare me a little longer give me Leave to tell you the Manner of her Death She took leave of all her Family, and bore the vain Application of Medicines with the greatest Patience imaginable When the Physician told her she must certainly die, she desired, as well as she could, that all who were present, except my self, might depart the Room She said she had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I knew all she knew that concerned us in this World but she desired to be alone, that in the presence of God only she might, without Interruption, do her last Duty to me of thanking me for all my Kindness to her adding, that she hoped in my last Moments I should feel the same Comfort for my Goodness to her, as she did in that she had acquitted herself with Honour, Truth and Virtue to me

'I curb my self, and will not tell you that this Kindness cut my Heart in twain, when I expected an Accusation for some passionate Starts of mine, in some Parts of our Time together, to say nothing, but thank me for the Good, if there was any Good suitable to her own Excellence' All that I had ever said to her, all the Circumstances of Sorrow and Joy between us, crowded upon my Mind in the same Instant, and when immediately after I saw the Prings of Death come upon that dear Body which I had often embraced with Transport, when I saw those cherishing Eyes begin to be ghastly, and their last Struggle to be to fix themselves on me, how did I lose all patience? She expired in my Arms, and in my Distraction I thought I saw her Bosom still heave There was certainly Life yet still left I cried she just now spoke to me 'But alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me from the Distemper of my own Head for the best of Women was breathless, and gone forever

'Now the Doctrine I would, methinks, have you rise from this Account I have given you is, That there is a certain Equanimity in those who are good and just, which runs into their very Sorrow, and disappoints the Force of it. Though they must pass through Afflictions in common with all who are in human Nature, yet their conscious Integrity shall undermine their Affliction nay, that very Affliction shall add Force to their Integrity, from a Reflection of the Use of Virtue in the Hour of Affliction I sat down with a Design to put you upon giving us Rules how to overcome such Griefs as these, but I should rather advise you to teach Men to be capable of them

'You Men of Letters have what you call the fine Taste in their Apprehensions of what is properly done or said There is something like this deeply grafted in the Soul of him who is honest and faithful in all his Thoughts and Actions Every thing which is false, vicious or unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the World should approve it At the same time he has the most lively Sensibility to all Enjoyments and Sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any Duty of Life is concerned To want Sorrow when you in Decency and Truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater Instance

'of a Man's being a Blockhead, than not to know the Beauty of any Passage in *Virgil* You have not yet observed, *MR SPECTATOR*, that the fine Gentlemen of this Age set up for Hardness of Heart and Humanity has very little share in their Pretences He is a brave Fellow who is always ready to kill a Man he hates, but he does not stand in the same Degree of Esteem who laments for the Woman he loves I should fancy you might work up a thousand pretty Thoughts, by reflecting upon the Persons most susceptible of the sort of Sorrow I have spoken of and I dare say you will find upon Examination, that they are the wisest and the bravest of Mankind who are most capable of it

I am,  
SIR.

Your most humble Servant,  
F J

Norwich,  
7<sup>th</sup> Octobris,  
1712.  
T

No 521 ] Tuesday, October 28, 1712 [Steele

*Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit* — P Aro

MR SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE been for many Years loud in this Assertion, That there are very few that can see or hear, I mean that can report what they have seen or heard and this thro' Incapacity or Prejudice, one of which disables almost every Man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which Reason I am come to a Resolution of believing nothing I hear and I condemn the Men given to Narration under the Appellation of a Matter of Fact Man And according to me, a Matter of Fact Man is one whose Life and Conversation is spent in the Report of what is not Matter of Fact

'I remember when Prince *Eugene* was here there was no knowing his Height or Figure till you, *MR SPECTATOR* gave the Publick Satisfaction in that Matter In Relations the Force of the Expression has very often more in the Look, the Tone of Voice, or the Gesture, than the Words themselves which being repeated in any other Manner by the Undiscerning bear a very different Interpretation from their original Meaning I must confess, I formerly have turn'd this Humour of mine to very good Account for whenever I heard any Narration uttered with extraordinary Vehemence and grounded upon considerable Authority I was always ready to try my Wager that it was not so Indeed I never pretended to be so rash, as to fix the Matter in any particular Way in Opposition to theirs but as there are a hundred Ways of any thing happening, besides that it has happen'd, I only controverted its falling out in that one Manner as they settled it, and left it to the Ninety nine other Ways and consequently had more Probability of Success I had arriv'd at a particular skill in worming a Man so far in his Narration, as to make him throw in a little of the Marvellous and then, if he has much fire,

'the next Degree is the Impossible Now this is always the Time for fixing the Wager But this requires the nicest Management, otherwise very probably the Dispute may arise to the old Determination by Battle In these Concepts I have been very fortunate and have won some Wagers of those who have professedly valued themselves upon Intelligence, and have put themselves to great Charge and Expence to be misinformed considerably sooner than the Rest of the World

'Having got a comfortable Sum by this my Opposition to publick Report I have brought my self now to so great a Perfection in Inattention more especially to Party Relations that at the same time I seem with greedy Ears to devour up the Discourse, I certainly don't know one Word of it, but pursue my own Course of Thought, whether upon Business or Amusement, with much Tranquillity I say Inattention because a late Act of Parliament has secur'd all Party-Liars from the Penalty of a Wager, and consequently made it unprofitable to attend to them However good Breeding obliges a Man to maintain the Figure of the keenest Attention the true Posture of which in a Coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a Table with the Edge of it pressing hard upon your Stomach for the more Plain the Narration is received with the more gracious is your bending over Besides that the Narrator thinks you forget your Pain by the Pleasure of hearing him

'Fort Knock has occasioned several very perplexed and unequal Heats and Animosities, and there was one other day in a Coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that Business to me, for he said he was there I knew him to be that sort of Man that had not strength of Capacity to be inform'd of any thing that depended merely upon his being an Eye Witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no Information, for the very same Reason he believed he could, for he was there However, I heard him with the same Greediness as *Shakespear* describes in the following Lines

'I saw a Smith stand on his Hammer, thus,  
'With open Mouth swallowing a Taylor's News

'I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the Declaimers in Coffee-houses as I formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their Vociferations Of these Liars there are two Sorts The Genius of the first consists in much Impudence and a strong Memory the others have added to these Qualifications a good Understanding and smooth Language These therefore have only certain Heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be call'd Embellishers the others repeat only what they hear from others as literally as their Parts or Zeal will permit, and are called Reciters Here was a Fellow in Town some Years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a Lie at *Charing Cross* in the Morning at eight of [the] Clock, and then following it through all

\* By 7 Anne, cap 17, all wagers laid upon a contingency relating to the war with France were declared void.

'Parts of the Town till eight at Night, at which time he came to a Club of his Friends, and diverted them with an Account what Censure it had at *Will's* in *Covenant-Garden*, how dangerous it was believed to be at *Child's*, and what Infirmary they drew from it with Relation to Stocks at *Youathair's* I have had the Honour to travel with this Gentleman I speak of in Search of one of his Falshoods and have been present when they have described the very Man they have spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a Gentleman or a Ragga-muffin, according as they liked the Intelligence I have heard one of our ingenious Writers of News say, that when he has had a Customer come with an Advertisement of an Apprentice or a Wife run away, he has desired the Advertiser to compose himself a little, before he dictated the Description of the Offender For when a Person is put into a publick Paper by a Man who is angry with him, the real Description of such Person is hid in the Deformity with which the angry Man described him, therefore this Fellow always made his Customers describe him as he would the Day before he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many other Hints I could suggest to you for the Elucidation of all fictions, but I leave it to your own Sagacity to improve or neglect this Speculation

I am, SIR,  
Your most Obedient,  
Humble Servant

Postscript to the Spectator, Number 502

N B There are in the Play of the Self-Tormentor of Terence's, which is allowed a most excellent Comedy, several Incidents which would draw Tears from any Man of Sense, and not one which would move his Laughter T

No 522 ] Wednesday, October 29, 1712 [Steele

*Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturam,  
Non, si capinusdos mihi sciam esse minucos  
omnes homines*

*Hanc mihi exspecto, contigit conveniunt mores  
valent*

*Qui inter uos dissidium volunt hanc, nisi mors,  
Mi admet nemo —Ter*

I SHOULD esteem my self a very happy Man, if my Speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the Conduct of my Readers in one of the most important Affairs of Life, to wit their Choice in Marriage This State is the Foundation of Community, and the chief Band of Society and I do not think I can be too frequent on Subjects which may give Light to my unmarried Readers, in a particular which is so essential to their following Happiness or Misery A virtuous Disposition, a good Understanding, an agreeable Person and an easy Fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this Occasion Because my present View is to

direct a young Lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many Lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female Reader. The Advantages, as I was going to say, of Sense, Beauty and Riches, are what are certainly the chief Movers to a prudent young Woman of Fortune for changing her Condition: but as she is to have her Eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself whether the Man who has most of these Recommendations in the Lump is not the most desirable. He that has excellent Talents, with a moderate Estate, and an agreeable Person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good Faculties may purchase Riches, but Riches cannot purchase worthy Endowments. I do not mean that Wit, and a Capacity to entertain is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon Good nature and Humanity. There are many ingenious Men, whose Abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy. Such are those who are far gone in the Pleasures of the Town, who cannot support Life without quick Sensations and gay Reflections, and are Strangers to Tranquility, to right Reason, and a calm Motion of Spirits without Transport or Dejection. These ingenious Men, of all Men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in [a] Husband. They are immediately cated with Possession, and must necessarily fly to new Acquisitions of Beauty, to pass away the whiling Moments and Intervals of Life for with them every Hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of Man of Wit and Sense, that can reflect upon his own Make, and that of his Partner with the Eyes of Reason and Honour and who believes he offends against both these if he does not look upon the Woman (who chose him to be under his Protection in Sickness and Health) with the utmost Gratitude, whether from that Moment she is shining, or defective in Person or Mind. I say, there are those who think themselves bound to supply with Good nature the Infirmitie of those who love them, and who always think those the Objects of Love and Pity, who come to their Arms the Objects of Joy and Admiration.

Of this latter sort is *Lysander*, a Man of Wit, Learning, Sobriety and Good nature, of Birth and Estate below no Woman to accept, and of whom it might be said should he succeed in his present Wishes, his Mistress ruin'd his Fortune, but not that she made it. When a Woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall chuse of many near each other in other Pretensions, certainly he of best Understanding is to be preferred. Life hanes heavily in the repeated Conversation of one who has no Inclination to be fired at the several Occasions and Objects which come before him, or who cannot Strike out of his Reflections new Paths of pleasure, Discourse. *Honest Wall* *French* and his Wife, tho' not married above four Months, have scarce had a Word to say to each other this six weeks and one cannot form to one's self a sillier Picture, than these two Creatures in solemn Pomp and Plenty unable to enjoy their Fortunes, and at a full stop among a Crowd of Servants, to whose Lives of Life they are be-

holden for the little Satisfaction by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in Being. The Hours of the Day, the Distinctions of Noon and Night, Dinner and Supper, are the greatest Notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the Life of a very modest Woman, joined to dull Fellow, more insipid than it really deserves, but I am sure it is not to exalt the Commerce with an ingenious Companion too high, to say that every new Accident or Object which comes into such a Gentleman's way, gives his Wife new Pleasures and Satisfaction. The Approbation of his Words and Actions is a continual new Feast to her, nor can she enough applaud her good Fortune in having her Life varied every hour, her Mind more improv'd, and her Heart more glad from every Circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his Invention in forming new Pleasures and Amusements, and make the Fortune she has brought him subservient to the Honour and Reputation of her and hers. A Man of Sense who is thus oblig'd, is ever contriving the Happiness of her who did him so great a Distinction while the Fool is ungrateful without Vice, and never returns a Favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, live so much to say for my self, that if I fall into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so. His Conscience should be of my side, whatever became of his Inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid Choice which has been made by those who have the Care of young Women, that the Marriage State it self has been liable to so much Ridicule. But a well-chosen Love, mov'd by Passion on both sides, and perfected by the Generosity of one Party, must be adorn'd with so many handsome Incidents on the other side, that every particular Couple would be an example in many Circumstances to all the rest of the Species. I shall end the Chapter upon this Subject with a couple of Letters, one from a Lover who is very well acquainted with the way of Bargaining on these Occasions, and the other from his Rival, who has a less Estate, but great Gallantry of Temper. As for my Man of Prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a Father, and laying aside the Passion, comes to the Reason of the Thing.

*Madam,*

My Counsel<sup>1</sup> has perused the Inventory of your Estate, and consider'd what Estate you have, which it seems is only yours, and to the Male-Heirs of your Body but, in Default of such Issue, to the right Heirs of your Uncle *Edward* for ever. Thus, Madam I am advis'd you cannot (the Remainder not being in your dock) the Entail by which means my Estate, which is Fee-Simple, will come by the Settlement proposed to your Children begotten by me, whether they are Males or Females but my Children begotten upon you will not inherit your Lands, except I beget a Son. Now Madam, since things are so, you are a Woman of that Prudence, and

<sup>1</sup> [an] and in first reprint

<sup>1</sup> Spel<sup>1</sup> Council in the first issue and first reprint



'understand the World so well, as not to expect  
'I should give you more than you can give me  
*I am, Madam,*  
(with great Respect)  
*Your most obedient humble Servant,*  
I W

The other Lover's Estate is less than this Gentleman's, but he express'd himself as follows

*Madam,*  
'I have given in my Estate to your Counsel,<sup>2</sup>  
'and desired my own Lawyer to insist upon no  
'Terms which your Friends can propose for your  
'certain Ease and Advantage For indeed I  
'have no notion of making Difficulties of present-  
'ing you with what cannot make me happy with-  
'out you  
*I am, Madam,*  
*Your most devoted humble Servant,*  
B T

You must know the Relations have met upon this, and the Girl being mightily taken with the latter Epistle, she is laugh'd out, and Uncle *Eduard* is to be dealt with to make her a suitable Match to the worthy Gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her All I hope for is, that the Lady *Fair* will make use of the first light Night to show B T she understands a Marriage is not to be considered as a common Bargain 1

No 523 ] Thursday, October 30, 1712 [Addison

*Nunc augur Apollo,  
Nunc Lycæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso  
Interpres Divum fert horrida jussa per anras  
Scilicet is superis labor— Virg*

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising Genius among my Countrymen For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late Miscellany published by Mr *Pope*,<sup>2</sup> in which there are many excellent Compositions of that ingenious Gentleman I have had a pleasure of the same kind, in perusing a Poem that is just publish'd on the *Prospect of Peace*, and which, I hope, will meet with such a Reward from its Patrons, as so noble a Performance deserves I was particularly well pleas'd to

<sup>1</sup> Spelt Council in the first issue and first reprint

<sup>2</sup> In this year, 1712, Bernard Lintot, having observed the success of London's volumes of Miscellanies, produced a Miscellany edited by Pope (now 24 years old), and containing the first sketch of his 'Rape of the Lock,' translations from Statius and Ovid, and other pieces Addison's delight with the discovery of rising genius leads him to dispose in a sentence of 'that ingenious gentleman' who had just published a 'Rape of the Lock,' and proceed to warm praise of his personal friends, Thomas Tickell and Ambrose Philips. In his Poem to his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal on the Prospect of Peace, Tickell invites Strafford to 'One hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing'

find that the Author had not amused himself with Fables out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at any thing of [this] nature, he alludes to it only as to a Fable

Many of our Modern Authors, whose Learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, do not know how to celebrate a Great Man, without mixing a parcel of School Boy Tales with the Recital of his Actions If you read a Poem on a fine Woman, among the Authors of this Class, you shall see that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, than on the Party concerned I have known a Copy of Verses on a great Hero highly commended but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful Passages, the Admirer of it has reported to me a Speech of *Apollo*, or a Description of *Polypheme* At other times when I have search'd for the Actions of a great Man, who gave a Subject to the Writer, I have been entertained with the Exploits of a River God, or have been forced to attend a Fury in her mischievous Progress, from one end of the Poem to the other When we are at School it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the System of Pagan Theology, and may be allowed to enliven a Theme, or point an Epigram with an Heathen God, but when we would write a manly Panegyrick, that should carry in it all the Colours of Truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our *Fuflurs* and *Juuos*

No I thought is beautiful which is not just, and no Thought can be just which is not founded in Truth, or at least in that which passes for such

In Mock-Heroick Poems, the Use of the Heathen Mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the Design of such Compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous Machines of the Ancients to low Subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of Machinery in modern Writers If any are of opinion, that there is a Necessity of admitting these Classical Legends into our serious Compositions, in order to give them a more Poetical Turn I would recommend to their Consideration the Pastorals of Mr *Philips* One would have thought it impossible for this Kind of Poetry to have subsisted without Fawns and Sittys, Wood-Nymphs, and Water-Nymphs, with all the Tribe of rural Deities But we see he has given a new Life, and a more natural Beauty to this way of Writing by substituting in the place of these Antiquated Fables, the superstitious Mythology which prevails among the Shepherds of our own Country

*Virgil* and *Homér* might compliment their Heroes, by interweaving the Actions of Deities with their Achievements but for a Christian Author to write in the Pagan Creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a Favourite of *Mars*, or to carry on a Correspondence between *Billoua* and the Marshal de *Villars*, would be downright Puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is past Sixteen It is want of sufficient Elevation in a Genius to describe Realities, and place them in a shining Light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated Fables, as a Man may write a fine Description of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does

<sup>1</sup> [that]

not know how to draw the Character of any of his Contemporaries

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd Practice I shall publish the following Edict, by virtue of that Spectatorial Authority with which I stand invested

Whereas the Time of a General Peace is in all appearance, drawing near, being inform'd that there are several ingenious Persons who intend to shew their Talents on so happy an Occasion, and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that Effusion of Nonsense which we have good Cause to apprehend I do hereby strictly require every Person, who shall write on this Subject, to remember that he is a Christian, and not to Sacrifice his Catechism to his Poetry In order to it, I do expect of him in the first place, to make his own Poem, without depending upon *Phaëton* for any part of it, or calling out for Aid upon any one of the Muses by Name I do likewise positively forbid the sending of *Mercury* with any particular Message or Dispatch relating to the Peace, and shall by no means suffer *Minerva* to take upon her the Shape of any Plenipotentiary concerned in this Great Work I do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had in hand in the Deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late War, being of opinion that all such Deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian System of Powder and Ball I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the Thread of Man's Life upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the Rhyme And whereas I have good Reason to fear, that *Neptune* will have a great deal of Business on his Hands, in several Poems which we may now suppose are upon the Anvil, I do also prohibit his Apparance, unless it be done in Metaphor, Simile or any very short Allusion, and that even here he be not permitted to enter, but with great Caution and Circumspection I desire that the same Rule may be extended to his whole Fraternity of Heathen Gods, it being my design to condemn every Poem to the Flames in which *Jupiter* Thunders, or exercises any other Act of Authority which does not belong to him In short, I expect that no Pagan Agent shall be introduc'd or any Fret related which a Man cannot give Credit to with a good Conscience Provided always that nothing herein contained shall extend or be construed to extend, to several of the Female Poets in this Nation who shall be stillest in full Possession of their Gods and Goddesses, in the same manner as if this Paper had never been written

to Print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own Intention But several laborious Dreamers have of late communicated to me Works of this Nature, which, for their Reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppress'd Had I printed every one that came to my Hands, my Book of Speculations would have been little else but a Book of Visions Some of my Correspondents have indeed been so very modest, as to offer it in L excuse for their not being in a Capacity to dream better I have by me, for example, the Dream of a young Gentleman not past Fifteen I have likewise by me the Dream of a Person of Quality, and another called the Lady's Dream In these, and other Pieces of the same nature, it is oppos'd the usual Allowances will be made to the Age, Condition and Sex of the Dreamer I prevent this Inundation of Dreams which daily flows in upon me I shall apply to all Dreamers of Dreams, the Advice which *Epictetus* has couched after his manner in a very simple and concise Precept *Never tell thy Dreams*, says that Philosopher for *thou thyself mayst take a Pleasure in telling thy Dream, another will take no Pleasure in hearing it* After this short Preface I must do Justice to two or three Visions which I have lately publish'd and which I have owned to have been written by other Hands I shall add a Dream to these, which comes to me from *Scotland*, by one who declares himself of that Country, and for all I know may be second sighted There is, indeed, something in it of the Spirit of *John Bunyan*, but at the same time a certain Sublime, which that Author was never master of I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the Taste of all my popular Readers, and amuse the Imaginations of those who are more profound declaring at the same time, that this is the last Dream which I intend to publish this Season

SIR,

I was last Sunday in the Evening led into a serious Reflection on the Reasonableness of Virtue, and great Folly of Vice, from an excellent Sermon I had heard that Afternoon in my Parish Church Among other Observations, the Preacher shew'd us that the Temptations which the Tempter propos'd were all on a Supposition, that we are either Madmen or Fools, or with an Intention to render us such, that in no other Affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon in a Case so plainly and clearly against our visible Interest His illustrations and Arguments carried so much Persuasion and Conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working

been the joint production of Alexander Dunlop Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, and Mr Montgomery, who traded to Sweden, and of whom it is hinted that he disordered his wits by falling in love with Queen Christina Alexander Dunlop, born (1684) in America where his father was in exile till the Revolution as Greek Professor at Glasgow, published a Grammar, which was used for many years in Scottish Universities He died in 1742

No 524] Friday, October 31, 1712 [

Nos populo damus Sen

WHEN I first of nil took it in my Head to write Dreams and Visions, I determin'd

The dream in this Paper is taken to have

the wonderful Escape in the World, the Water you used to drink is of a bewitching Nature, you would else have been mightily shocked at the Deformities and Meanness of the Piece, for beside the Set of blind Fools, in whose Company you was, you may now observe many others who are only bewitched after another no less dangerous manner. Look a little that way, the crows a Crowd of Passengers, they live indeed so good a Herd as not to suffer themselves to be blinded by this bewitching Water, the black Tower is not vanished out of their sight, they see it whenever they look up to it but see how they go side ways, and with their Eyes downwards, as if they were mad that they may thus rush into the Net, without being beforehand troubled at the Thought of so miserable a Destruction. Their Wills are so perverse and their Hearts so fond of the Pleasures of the Place, that rather than forgo them they will run all Hazards, and venture upon all the Miseries and Woes before them.

See there that other Company, tho they should drink none of the bewitching Water, yet they take a Course by watching and eluding see how they elude the crocodile Paths, whereby they have often the black Tower behind them, and sometimes see the radiant Column side ways, which gives them some weak Glimpse of it. These Fools content themselves with that, not knowing whether any other have any more of its Influence and Light than themselves. This Road is called that of *Superstition* or *Human Ignorance*, they grossly overlook that which the Rules and Laws of the Place prescribe to them, and contrive some other Scheme and Set of Directions and Prescriptions for themselves, which they hope will serve their turn. He shewed me many other kind of Fools which put me quite out of humour with the Place. At first he carried me to the right Paths, where I found true and solid Pleasure which entertained me all the way, till we came in close sight of the Pillar, where the Satisfaction increased to that measure that my Faculties were not able to contain it in the straining of them I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a Dream.

Glasgow, Sept. 29.

No 525] Saturday, Nov. 1, 1712 [John Hughes

Ὁδ' εἰς τὸ σῶθαι ἐκ' ἀρετῆς τ' ἀγῶν  
ἔργα,

Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποις ——— Ιουρί

It is my Custom to take frequent Opportunities of enquiring from time to time what Success my Speculations meet with in the Town. I am glad to find in particular, that my Discourses on Marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to understand, from *Doctors Commons*, that more Licences have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several pretty Fellows, who have re-

solved to commence Heads of Families by the first favourable Opportunity. One of them writes me word, that he is ready to enter into the Bonds of Matrimony, provided I will give it him under my Hand as I now do; that a Man may shew his Face in good Company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a Woman with Kindness, who puts herself into his Power for Life.

I have other Letters on this Subject, which say that I am attempting to make a Revolution in the World of Gallantry, and that the Consequence of it will be, that a great deal of the sprightliest Wit and Satyr of the last Age will be lost. That a foolish Fellow, upon changing his Condition, will be no longer puzzled how to stand the Rallery of his freeborn Companions that he need not own he married only to plunder in Heir of her Fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill, to avoid the [scandalous] Name of a fond Husband.

Indeed if I may speak my Opinion of great part of the Writings which once prevail'd among us under the Notion of Humour they are such as would tempt one to think there had been an Association among the Wits of those times to rally Legitimacy out of our Island. A State of Wedlock was the common Mark for all the Adventurers in Farce and Comedy, as well as the Essays in Satyr, to shoot at, and nothing was more striding Jest in all Clubs of fashionable Mirth, and gay Conversation. It was determined among those very Critics, that the Applomb of a *Sober Man* should signify a *Spiritless Fellow*. And I am apt to think it was about the same time, that Good Nature, a Word so peculiarly elegant in our Language that some have shurmed it cannot well be expressed in any other, came first to be rendered suspicious, and in danger of being transferred from its original Sense to so distant an Idea as that of *Folly*.

I must confess it has been my Ambition, in the course of my Writings, to restore, as well as I was able, the proper Ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the Subject of Marriage, in several Papers, I shall here add some further Observations which occur to me on the same Head.

Nothing seems to be thought, by our fine Gentlemen, so indispensable an Ornament in fashionable Life, as Love. A *Knight Errant*, says *Don Quixote* without a *Mistress*, is like a *Free without Leats*, and a Man of Mode among us, who has not some Fair One to sigh for, might as well pretend to appear dressed, without his Perwig. We have Lovers in Prose innumerable. All our Pretenders to Rhyime are professed Inamorato's and there is scarce a Poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed *Sacharissa* to improve his Verse.

If Love be any Refinement, *Conjugal Love* must be certainly so in a much higher Degree. There is no comparison between the frivolous Affection of attracting the Eyes of Women with whom you are only captivated by Way of Amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their Features, and a regular and uni-

<sup>1</sup> [scandalous]

form Endeavour to make your self valuable, both as a Friend and Lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the Companion of your Life. The first is the Spring of a thousand Fopperies, silly Artifices, Falshood, and perhaps Barbarities: or it best arises no higher than to a kind of Dancing-School Breeding, to give the Person a more sparkling Air. The latter is the Parent of substantial Virtues and agreeable Qualities, and cultivates the Mind while it improves the Behaviour. The Passion of Love to a Mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the Flame of a Fever, that to a Wife is like the Vital Heat.

I have often thought if the Letters written by Men of Good nature to their Wives, were to be compared with those written by Men of Gallantry to their Mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any Inequality of Style, would appear to have the Advantage. Friendship, Tenderness and Constancy, dress in a Simplicity of Expression, recommend themselves by a more native Elegance, than passionate Raptures, extravagant Encomiums, and slavish Adoration. If we were admitted to search the Cabinet of the beautiful *Narcissa*, among Heaps of Epistles from several Admirers, which are there preserv'd with equal Care, how few should we find but would make any one Sick in the Reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a Style must the wise *Benevolus*, who converses with that good Sense and good Humour among all his Friends, write to a Wife who is the worthy Object of his utmost Affection? *Benevolus*, both in Publick and Private, on all Occasions of Life, appears to have every good Quality and desirable Ornament. Abroad he is revered and esteemed at home beloved and happy. The Satisfaction he enjoys there, settles into an habitual Complacency, which shines in his Countenance, enlivens his Wit, and seasons his Conversation. Even those of his Acquaintance, who have never seen him in his Retirement, are Shivers in the Happiness of it, and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of Husbands, that he is the most steadfast of Friends, and the most agreeable of Companions.

There is a sensible Pleasure in contemplating such beautiful Instances of Domestic Life. The Happiness of the Conjugal State appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two Persons of accomplished Minds, not only united in the same Interests and Affections, but in their Taste of the same Improvements, Pleasures and Diversions. *Pliny*, one of the finest Gentlemen, and politest Writers of the Age in which he lived, has left us, in his Letter to *Hispulla* his Wife's Aunt, one of the most agreeable Family-Pieces of this Kind I have ever met with. I shall end this Discourse with a Translation of it. And I believe the Reader will be of my opinion, that *Conjugal Love* is drawn in it with a Delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an Ornament as well as a Virtue.

PLINY to HISPULLA.<sup>2</sup>

'As I remember the great Affection which was

<sup>2</sup> Bl. iv. ep. 39.

'between you and your excellent Brother, and know you love his Daughter as your own, so as not only to express the Tenderness of the best of Aunts, but even to supply that of the best of Fathers, I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her Father, worthy of you, and of your and her Ancestors. Her Ingenuity is admirable, her Frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest Pledge of her Virtue, and adds to this a wonderful Disposition to Learning, which she has acquir'd from her Affection to me. She reads my Writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You'd smile to see the Concern she is in when I have a Cause to plead, and the Joy she shews when it is over. She finds means to have the first News brought her of the Success I meet with in Court, how I am heard, and what Decree is made. If I recite any thing in publick, she cannot refrain from placing her self privately in some Corner to hear, where with the utmost delight she rests upon my Applauses. Sometimes she sings my Verses, and accompanies them with the Lute, without any Master, except Love, the best of Instructors. From these Instances I take the most certain Omens of our perpetual and increasing Happiness, since our Affection is not founded on my Youth and Person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal Part of me, my Glory and Reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the Happiness to receive her Education from you, who in your House was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your Recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest Respect for my Mother, you were pleas'd from my Infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one day what my Wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united Thanks, mine, that you have bestow'd her on me, and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual Gift of Joy and Felicity.

No 526.] Monday, November 3, 1712 [Steele

—Fortius utere Loris—Ovid

I AM very loth to come to Extremities with the young Gentlemen mention'd in the following Letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own Hand, till I am forc'd by Provocations too great to be suffer'd without the absolute Destruction of my Spectatorial Dignity. The Crimes of these Offenders are plac'd under the Observation of one of my chief Officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the Pass between *London* and *Westminster*. As I have great Confidence in the Capacity, Resolution and Integrity of the Person deputed by me to give an Account of Enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper Notices which are requisite for the Amendment of Manners in Publick, and the Instruction of each Individual of the Human Species in what is due from him, in respect to the whole Body of

Mankind The present Paper shall consist only of the above mentioned Letter, and the Copy of a Deposition which I have given to my trusty Friend Mr. John Sir, wherein he is charge'd to notify to me all that is necessary for my Annual version upon the Delinquents mentioned in my Correspondent, as well as all others described in the said Deposition.

To the SPECTATOR His FRIND of Great Britain

I grant it does look a little familiar, but I must call you

Dear Durk

Being so again to the farther End of the *Wills Coffee-house* I shall from hence give you some account of the Behaviour of our Hackney Coachmen since my last These indefatigable Gentlemen without the least regard to the Self Interest or Advantage in themselves, do still ply as Voluntary Day and Night for the Good of their Country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many Particulars but I know by no means omit to inform you of an Incident about six foot high, and between twenty and thirty Years of Age, who was seen in the Arms of a Hackney Coachman driving by *Wills Coffee-house* in *Great Garden*, between the Hours of four and five in the Afternoon of that very Day, wherein you publish'd a Memorial against them. This impudent young Cur, tho' he could not sit in a Coach box without holding, yet would he venture his Neck to his Licence to your Spectatorial Authority or to any thing that you could command. Who he was I know no, but I heard this Relation this Morning from a Gentleman who was an Eye Witness of this his Impudence and I was willing to take the first opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extremely requir'd that you should nip him in the Bud. Put I am my self most concerned for my Fellow-Templers, Fellow-Sinners and Fellow-Whippers in the Law. I mean such of them as are dignified and distinguished under the Designation of Hackney Coachmen. Such as running Men's have these ambitions aims, Me I that they cannot enjoy themselves out of a Coach-box. It is however an unsupportable Corrupt to me, that I can now tell you that some of them are grown so bashful to study only in the Night time, or in the Country. The other Night I spied one of our young Gentlemen very diligent at his Lectures in *Heel-Street* and by the way, I should be under some concern, lest this hard Students should one time or other crack his Brain with studying, but that I am in hopes Nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great Undertakings he was design'd for. Another of my Fellow-Templers, on *Monday last*, was getting up into his Study at the Bottom of *Guys Inn Lane*, in order I suppose, to continue in the fresh Air. Now, Sir, my Request is that the great Modesty of these is a Gentleman may be recorded in a Pattern to the rest and if you would but give them two or three Touches with your own Pen, tho' you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their Meditations, yet I doubt not but you

would at least preserve them from being publick Spectacles of Folly in our Streets. I say, two or three Touches with your own Pen so I have really observed, Mr. Sir, that those Spectators which are so perfectly heed down the sides with little else how it tractive soever they may be, do not carry with them that Authority as the others. I do again therefore desire, that for the sake of their dear Necks you will bestow one Penful of your own Ink upon them. I know you are loth to expose them and it is, I must confess, a thousand Pities that my young Gentlemen who is one of honest Parents, should be brought to publick Shame. And indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first. But if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other Way to reclaim them, but by making use of the wholesome Severties and I think it is better that a Dozen or two of such good for nothing Fellows should be made Examples of, than that the Reputation of some Hundreds of as I presume young Gentlemen as my self should suffer from their Folly. It is not however, for me to direct you what to do but in short, if our Coachmen will drive on thus Traile, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the Street, I shall make Bold to take the Number of his Chambers, to e her with a Note of his Name, and dispatch the n to you, that you may chastise him at your own Discretion.

I am, Dear Sir,

Per ever Yours,

Mose Greenbag,

I 17, if you please

P S *Ter Hammetts*, one of our Coachmen, is now pleading at the Bar the other end of the Road but has a little too much Vehemence, and throws out his Arms too much to catch his Audience with a good Grace

To 13 *Isaac and Wellbehaved* John St, *Master of the Hat and Tobaccoist, between the Cities of London and Westminster*

Whereas frequent Disorders, Affronts, Incivilities, Omissions and Trespasses, for which there are no Remedies by any Form of Law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the Minds of Men, happen near the Place of your Residence and that you are as well by your common sense Situation as the good Parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the Observation of the said Offences. I do hereby authorize and deputize you from the hours of Nine in the Morning, till Four in the Afternoon, to keep a strict Eye upon all Persons and Things that are convey'd in Coaches, carried in Cabs, or walk on Foot from the City of *London* to the City of *Westminster* or from the City of *Westminster* to the City of *London* within the said Hours. You are therefore not to depart from your Observatory at the end of *Deacons Court* during the said space of each Day but to observe the Behaviour of all Persons who are suddenly transported from sleeping on Pillows to sit at ease in Chariots, what Notice they take of their Foot Acquaintance, and send me the speediest Advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or

appearing grave and distant to their old Friends When Man and Wife are in the same Coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due Mien in the Eye of the World between Foudness and Coldness You are carefully to behold all such as shall have Addition of Honour or Riches, and Report whether they preserve the Countenance they had before such Addition As to Persons on Foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their Condition, and are dress'd suitable to it, but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet, by a low heel Shoe, with the decent Ornament of a Leather-Garter To write down the Name of such Country Gentlemen as, upon the Approach of Peace, have left the Hunting for the Military Cock of the Hat Of all who strut, make a Noise, and swear at the Drivers of Coaches to make haste, when they see it impossible they should pass Of all young Gentlemen in Coach boxes, who labour at a Perfection in what they are sure to be excelled by the meanest of the People You are to do all that in you lies that Coaches and Passengers give way according to the Course of Business, all the Morning in Term-time towards Westminster, the rest of the Year towards the Exchange Upon these Directions, together with other secret Articles herein inclosed, you are to govern your self, and give Advertisement thereof to me at all convenient and spectral hours, when Men of Business are to be seen Hereof you are not to fail Given under my Seal of Office

The SPECTATOR

No 527 ] Tuesday, November 4, 1712 [

*Facile suaves, et seiporem, et pexu moratam,  
Meliorem neque tu speres, neque solvidet*

Plautus in Sticho

I AM so tender of my Women-Readers, that I cannot defer the Publication of any thing which concerns their Happiness or Quiet The Repose of a married Woman is consulted in the first of the following Letters, and the Felicity of a Muted Lady in the second I call it a Felicity to have the Addresses of an agreeable Man and I think I have not any where seen a prettier Application of a Poetical Story than that of his, in making the Tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris* the History Picture of a Man in so gallant a manner as he addresses it But see the Letters

Mr SPECTATOR,

"It is now almost three months since I was in Town about some Business and the Hury of it being over, took Coach one Afternoon, and drove to see a Relation, who married about six Years ago a wealthy Citizen I found her at home, but her Husband gone to the Exchange, and expected back within an Hour at the

farther After the usual Salutations of Kindness, a hundred Questions about Friends in the Country, we sat down to Piquet, played two or three Games, and drank Tea I should have told you that this was my second time of seeing her since Marriage, but before she lived at the same Town where I went to School so that the Plea of a Relation, added to the Innocence of my Youth, prevailed upon her good Humour to indulge me in a Freedom of Conversation as often, and oftner, than the strict Discipline of the School would allow of You may easily imagine after such an Acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any Offence, as in talking to mind how many Intentions I had been put to in deluding the Master, how many Hands forged for Excuses, how many times been sick in perfect Health for I was then never sick but at School, and only then because out of her Company We had whiled away three Hours after this manner, when I found it past five, and not expecting her Husband would return till late, rose up, told her I should go early next Morning for the Country She kindly answered she was afraid it would be long before she saw me again, so I took my leave and parted Now, Sir, I had not been got home a Fortnight, when I received a Letter from a Neighbour of theirs, that ever since that fatal Afternoon the Lady had been most inhumanly treated, and the Husband publicly stormed that he was made a Member of too numerous a Society He had, it seems, listened most of the time my Cousin and I were together As jealous Ears always hear double, so he heard enough to make him mad, and as jealous Eyes always see thro' Magnifying Glasses, so he was certain it could not be I whom he had seen, a beardless Stripling, but fancied he saw a gay Gentleman of the Temple, ten Years older than my self, and for that reason, I presume, durst not come in, nor take any Notice when I went out He is perpetually asking his Wife if she does not think the time long (as she and she should) till she see her Cousin again Pray Sir, what can be done in this Case? I have writ to him to assure him I was at his House all that afternoon expecting to see him His Answer is, 'tis only a Trick of hers, and that he neither can nor will believe me The parting Kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his Errors Ben Jonson, as I remember makes a Foreigner in one of his Comedies, admire the desperate Valour of the bold English, who let out their Wives to all Liours The general Custom of Salutation should excuse the Favour done me, or you should lay down Rules when such Distinctions are to be given or omitted You cannot imagine, Sir how troubled I am for this unhappy Lady's Misfortune and beg you would insert this Letter, that the Husband may reflect upon this Accident coolly It is no small Matter the Ease of a virtuous Woman for her whole Life I know she will conform to any Regularities (tho' more strict than the common Rules of our Country require) to which her particular Temper shall incline him to oblige her His Accident puts me in mind how generously *Pisistratus* the

<sup>1</sup> This second letter and the verses were from Pope.

'Athenian Tyrant behaved himself on a like Occasion, when he was instigated by his Wife to put to death a young Gentleman because being passionately fond of his Daughter, he kissed her in public & she met her in the Street, *What (says he) shall we do to those who are our Enemies? if we do thus to those who are our Friends? I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concern'd lest this Accident may cause a virtuous Lady to lead a miserable Life with a Husband who has no Grounds for his Jealousy but what I have faithfully related and ought to be reckon'd none 'tis to be fear'd too if 't last he sees his Mistake, yet People will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving Scandal as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enlighten this plain honest Letter, with Ovid's Relation about Cybele's Image The Ship wherein it was aboard was stranded at the mouth of the Tyber, and the Men were unable to move it, till Claudia, a Virgin, but suspected of Unchastity, by a slight Pull hawled it in The Story is told in the fourth Book of the *Fasts**

Parent of Gods, began the weeping Fair,  
Revert or punish, but oh! hear my Pray'r  
If Le-winess e'er defil'd my Virgin Bloom,  
From Heaven with Justice I receive my Doom,  
But if my Honour yet has known no Stain,  
Thou, Goddess, thou my Innocence maintain,  
Thou, who! the strictest Rules of Goddesses convey'd,  
Vouchsafe to follow an unblemish'd Maid  
She spoke, and touch'd the Cord with glad Surprize,

(The truth was witness'd by ten thousand Eyes)  
The pity'd Goddess easily comply'd,  
Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her Guide,  
While Claudia, thus, still for fast Disgrace,  
March'd silent on with a slow solen Pace  
Nor yet from some was all Distrust remov'd,  
Tho' Heaven such Virtue by such Wonders prov'd  
I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,  
Philagnotes

MR SPECTATOR,  
'You will oblige a languishing Lover, if you will please to print the enclosed Verses in your next Paper If you remember the *Metamorphosis*, you know *Procris*, the fond Wife of *Cephalus*, is said to have made her Husband, who delighted in the Sports of the Wood, a Present of an unerring Javelin In process of time he was so much in the Forest, that his Lady suspected he was pursuing some Nymph, under the pretence of following a Chace more innocent Under this Suspicion she hid herself among the Trees, to observe his Motions While she lay conceal'd, her Husband tired with the Labour of Hunting, came within her hearing As he was fainting with Heat, he cried out, *Aura veni, Oh charming Air approach*

The unfortunate Wife, taking the Word *Air* to be the name of a Woman, began to move among the Bushes and the Husband believing it a Deer, threw his Javelin and kill'd her This History painted on a Fan, which I presented to a Lady, gave occasion to my growing poetical

*Come gentle Air! th' Polish Shepherd said,  
While Procris faint'd in the secret Shade,  
Come gentle Air! the fatter Delia cries,  
While at her Feet her Swain expiring lies  
Lo the glad Gales o'er all her Beauties stray,  
Breath'd on her Lips, and in her Bosom play  
In Delia's Hand this Joy is fatal found,  
Nor did that fated Dart more surely wound  
But Gifts destructive to the Givers prove,  
Take both! Powers fall by those they love  
Yet guiltless too this bright Destroyer lives,  
At random wounds, not knows the Wound she gives*

*She sees the Story through attentive Eyes,  
And pities Procris, while her Lover dies*

No 528 ] Wednesday, Nov 5, 1712 [Steele

*Non potuit solite gemmum virtute repressit*  
Ovid

MR SPECTATOR,

I WHO now write to you, am a Woman loaded with Injuries, and the Aggravation of my Misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the Generality of Mankind, and tho' the most afflictive imaginable, not regarded as such in the general Sense of the World I have had my vexation from all Mankind, but have now taken Pen, Ink and Paper, and am resolv'd to unbosom my self to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the Sex You have very often mentioned particular Hardships done to this or that Lady but, methinks, you have not in any one Speculation directly pointed at the partial Freedom Men take, the unreasonable Confinement Women are oblig'd to, in the only Circumstance in which we are necessarily to have a Commerce with them, that of Love The Case of Celibacy is the great Evil of our Nation and the Indulgence of the vicious Conduct of Men in that State, with the Ridicule to which Women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the Root of the greatest Irregularities of this Nation To shew you, Sir, that tho' you never have given us the Catalogue of a Lady's Library as you promised, we read good Books of our own chusing, I shall insert on this occasion a Paragraph or two out of *Eckhard's Roman History* In the 44th Page of the second Volume the Author observes, that *Augustus* upon his Return to *Rome* at the end of a War, received Complaints that too great a Number of the young Men of Quality were unmarried The Emperor thereupon assembled the whole *Equestrian Order* and having separated the Married from the Single, did particular Honours to the former, but he told the latter, that is to say, Mr SPECTATOR he told the Bachelors, "That their Lives and Actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what Name to call 'em, not by that of Men, for they performed nothing that was manly not by that of Citizens, for the City might perish notwithstanding their Care nor by that of *Romans*, for they de signed to extirpate the *Roman Name*" Then

'proceeding to shew his tender Care and hearty Affection for his People, he further told them, 'That their Course of Life was of such pernicious Consequence to the Glory and Grandeur of the Roman Nation, that he could not chuse but tell them, that all other Crimes put together could not equalize theirs. For they were guilty of Murder, in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them, of Impiety in causing the Names and Honours of their Ancestors to cease and of Sacrilege, in destroying their Kind, which proceeded from the immortal Gods, and Human Nature, the principal thing consecrated to 'em. Therefore in this Respect they dissolved the Government, in disobeying its Laws, betrayed their Country, by making it barren and waste, and demolished their City, in depriving it of Inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded not from any kind of Virtue or Abstinence, but from a Looseness and Wantonness, which ought never to be encouraged in any Civil Government. There are no Particulars dwelt upon that let us into the Conduct of these young Worthies, whom this great Emperor treated with so much Justice and Indignation, but any one who observes what passes in this Town, may very well frame to himself a Notion of their Riots and Debaucheries all Night, and their apparent Preparations for them all Day. It is not to be doubted but these Romans never passed any of their Time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with Excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves for the Repetition of them. If you did your Duty as a SPECTATOR, you would carefully examine into the Number of Births, Marriages, and Burials, and when you had deducted out of your Deaths all such as went out of the World without marrying, then cast up the number of both Sexes born within such a Term of Years last past, you might from the single People departed make some useful Inferences or Guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise some useful Scheme for the Amendment of the Age in that particular. I have not Patience to proceed gravely on this abominable Libertinism, for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious Manner which all our young Gentlemen use in publick, and examine our Eyes with a Pettulancy in their own, which is a downright Affront to Modesty. A disdainful Look on such an Occasion is return'd with a Countenance rebuked, but by averting their Eyes from the Woman of Honour and Decency to some flippant Creature, who will, as the Phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my Head, without standing upon Order. Ten thousand to one but the gay Gentleman who stared, at the same time is a House-keeper for you must know they have got into a Humour of late of being very regular in their Sins, and a young Fellow shall keep his four Maids and three Footmen with the greatest Gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable House-keepers of my Acquaintance. This Humour among young Men of Condition is imitated by all the World below

them, and a general Dissolution of Manners arises from the one Source of Libertinism, without Shame or Reprehension in the Male Youth. It is from this one Fountain that so many Beautiful helpless young Women are sacrific'd and given up to Lewdness, Shame, Poverty and Disease. It is to this also that so many excellent young Women, who might be Patterns of conjugal Affection and Parents of a worthy Race, pine under unhappy Passions for such as have not Attention enough to observe, or Virtue enough to prefer them to their common Wenches. Now, *M<sup>r</sup> SPECTATOR*, I must be free to own to you, that I myself suffer a tasteless insipid Flang, from a Consideration I have for a Man who would not, as he has said in my hearing, resign his Liberty, as he calls it, for all the Beauty and Wealth the whole Sex is possessed of. Such Calumnies as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about, that by fining Bachelors as Papists Convict, or the like, they were distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the World, who fall in with the Merasures of Civil Society. Lest you should think I speak this as being, according to the senseless rude Phrase, a malicious old Maid, I shall acquaint you I am a Woman of Condition not now three and twenty, and have had Proposals from at least ten different Men, and the greater Number of them have upon the Upshot refused me. Something or other is always amiss when the Lover takes to some new Wench. A Settlement is easily excepted against and there is very little Recourse to avoid the vicious Part of our Youth, but throwing one's self away upon some lifeless Blockhead, who tho' he is without Vice, is also without Virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get Creatures which are not bad, good are not to be expected. *Mr SPECTATOR*, I sat near you the other Day, and think I did not displease your Spectatorial Eyesight, which I shall be a better Judge of when I see whether you take notice of these Evils your own way, or print this Memorial dictated from the disdainful heavy Heart of,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,  
Rachel Welladay

T

No 529 ] Thursday, November 6, 1712 [Addison.

*Singula quaeque locum teneant sortita decenter*  
Hor

UPON the hearing of several late Disputes concerning Rank and Precedence, I could not forbear mixing myself with some Observations which I have made upon the Learned World as to this great Particular. By the Learned World I here mean at large, all those who are any way concerned in Works of Literature, whether in the Writing, Printing or Reperting Part. To begin with the Writers. I have observed that the Author of a *Folio*, in all Companies and Conversations, sets himself above the Author of a *Quarto*, the Author of a *Quarto* above the



A short of an Oration and so on, by a prudish Decent and Subordination, to an Author in *Twenty Four*. This Distinction is so well observed, that in an Assembly of the Learned, I have seen a *Folio* Writer place himself in an elbow Chair, when the Author of a *Decorum* has, out of a just Deference to his superior Quality, seated himself upon a Stool. In a word, Authors are usually ringed in Company after the same manner as their Works are upon a Shelf.

The most minute Pocket Author hath beneath him the Writers of all Pamphlets or Works that are only stitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of 12 Sheets, and of that Fraternity who publish their Labours on certain Days or on every Day of the Week. I do not find that the Precedency among the Individuals, in this latter Class of Writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the Ceremonial which prevails in the Learned World that I never remained to the place of a Pamphleteer till my daily Papers were gathered in a those two first Volumes, which have already appeared. After which I naturally jumped over the Heads not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* Writer in Great Britain, that had written but one Book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six *Octavos* have at all times been looked upon as an Equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the Learned World surprised, if after the Publication of half a dozen Volumes I take my place accordingly. When my scattered Forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable Figure at the Head of them.

Whether these Rules, which have been received more out of Mind in the Common Wealth of Letters were not originally established with an Eye to our Paper Manufacture, I shall leave to the Discussion of others, and shall only remark further in this place that all Printers and Booksellers like the Wall of one another, according to the aforementioned Merits of the Authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of Precedency which is settled among the three Learned Professions, by the Wisdom of our Laws. I need not here take Notice of the Rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of these Professions, who are all of them though not so high as Knights, yet a Degree above Squires. This last Order of Men being the ultimate Body of the Nation, are consequently thrown together into a Class below the three Learned Professions. I mention this for the sake of several Rural Squires, whose Reading does not rise so high as in the *Present State of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that Precedency which by the Laws of their Country is not due to them. Their Want of Learning, which has planted them in this Station, may in some measure extenuate their Misdemeanour, and our Professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this Particular, considering that they are in a State of Ignorance, nor as we usually say do not know their Right Hand from their Left.

There is another Tribe of Persons who are Retainers to the Learned World, and who regulate the notions upon all Occasions by several Laws peculiar to their Body. I mean the Players or Actors of both Sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted Principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian, and his very well known merry Drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower End of the Table, and in every Entertainment give way to the Dignity of the Huskin. It is a Stage Maxim, *Once a King, not always a King*. For this Reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. *Fulstak*, notwithstanding the Height and Gracefulness of his Person to sit at the Right Hand of an Hero, tho' he were but five Foot high. The same Distinction is observed among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preserve either Rank in private Conversation, while those who are Waiting Women and Maids of Honour upon the Stage, keep their Distance also behind the Scenes.

I shall only add that by a Parity of Reason, all Writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated next or almost before Comic Writers. Those who deal in Tragic Comedy usually taking their Seats between the Authors of the Side. There has been a long Dispute for Precedency between the Tragic and Heroick Poets. *Virgil* would have the latter yield the Place to the former, but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never submit to this Decision. Burlesque Writers pay the same Deference to the Heroick, as Comic Writers in their Serious Brothers in the Drama.

By this short Table of Laws, Order is kept up and Distinction preserved in the whole Republic of Letters. O

No 530] Friday, November 7, 1712 [Addison

*Su tuum Vereri, cu placet imparis  
Feri asique animis sub juga abici ca  
Sic non illiter cur joco—Hor*

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon Marriage in some part or other of their Lives to enter into the Fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their Rullery return upon their own Heads. I scarce ever knew a Woman hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage which is a Blessing to another Man, falls upon such a one as a Judgment. Mr. *Cervantes* *Old Bachelor* is set forth to us with much Wit and Humour, as an Example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the Sex in general, very often make an honourable Amends, by choosing one of the most worthless Persons of it, for a Companion and Yoke-fellow. *Hymen*

Heartwell in the play of the *Old Bachelor* Addison here continues the winning up of the *Spectator* by finally disposing of another member of the club.

takes his Revenge in kind, on those who turn his Mysteries into Ridicule

My friend *Will Honeycomb*, who was so unmercifully witty upon the Women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the Publick, has given the Ladies ample Satisfaction by marrying a Farmer's Daughter, a piece of News which came to our Club by the last Post. The *Templer* is very positive that he has married a Dairy-maid. But *Will*, in his Letter to me on this Occasion, sets the best Face upon the Matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable Account of his Spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former Gravity, having changed *Dear Spec* which was his usual Salute at the Beginning of the Letter, into *My Worthy Friend*, and subscribed himself in the latter End of it in full length *William Honeycomb*. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made Love to every great Fortune that has appeared in town for [above] thirty Years together, and boasted of Favourites from Ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain Country Girl.

His Letter gives us the Picture of a converted Rake. The sober Character of the Husband is dashed with the Mien of the Town, and enlivened with those little Cant phrases which have made my friend *Will* often thought very pretty Company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

*My Worthy Friend,*

'I question not but you, and the rest of my Acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the Smoak and Gallantries of the Town for thirty Years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a Country Life. Had not my Dog [of] [a] Steward run away as he did, without making up his Accounts, I had still been immersed in Sin and Sea-Work. But since my fate forced Visit to my Estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every Day abroad among my Acres, and can scarce forbear filling my Letter with Breezes, Shades, Flowers, Meadows, and purling Streams. The Simplicity of Manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in Perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an Instance of it, I must requirunt you, and by your means the whole Club, that I have lately married one of my Tenants Daughters. She is born of honest Parents, and though she has no Portion, she has a great deal of Virtue. The natural Sweetness and Innocence of her Behaviour, the Freshness of her Complexion, the unaffected Turn of her Shape and Person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more Execution upon me in Groggum, than the greatest Beauty in town or Court had ever done in Brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good Heir to my Estate, and if by her means I cannot leave to my Children what are falsely called the Gifts of Birth, high Titles and Alliances I hope to convey to them the

'more real and valuable Gifts of Birth, strong Bodies, and Healthy Constitutions. As for your fine Women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their Graces, but no more of that. It shall be my Business hereafter to live the Life of an honest Man, and to let us become the Master of a I really I question not but I shall draw upon me the Rullery of the Town, and be treated to the Time of the Marriage later match'd, but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a Tribe of fashionable young fluttering Coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my Post of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain Stiffness in my Limbs, which entirely destroyed that Juntyness of Air I was once Master of. Besides, for I may now confess my Age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these Twelve Years. Since my Retirement into the Country will make a Vacancy in the Club, I could wish you would fill up my Place with my friend *Tom Dapperant*. He has an infinite deal of Fire, and knows the Town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a Man in my Station, as a prudent Head of a Family, a good Husband, a careful Father (when it shall so happen) and so.

Your most Sincere Friend,  
and Humble Servant,  
WILLIAM HONEYCOMB

No 532] Saturday, November 8, 1712 [Addison

*Qui mare et terras cernisq; unum  
Tenuerit Orbis  
Unde nil in agis generatur ipso,  
Necquid quicquam simile aut secundum* — HOR

SIMONIDES being ask'd by *Dionysius* the Tyrant what God was, desired a Day's time to consider of it before he made his Reply. When the Day was expired, he desired two Days, and afterwards, instead of returning his Answer, demanded still double the Time to consider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher the more he contemplated the Nature of the Deity, found that he wanted but the more out of his Depth, and that he lost himself in the Thought, instead of finding an End of it.

If we consider the Idea which wise Men, by the Light of Reason, have framed of the Divine Being it amounts to this. That he has in him all the Perfection of a Spiritual Nature, and since we have no Notion of any kind of spiritual Perfection but what we discover in our own Souls, we join Infinitude to each kind of these Perfections, and what is a Faculty in an human Soul becomes an Attribute in God. We exist in Place and Time, the Divine Being fills the Immensity of Space with his Presence, and Inhabits Eternity.

\* This story is taken from Book I of Cicero *De Naturâ Deorum*

<sup>1</sup> [about]

<sup>2</sup> [the]

We are possessed of a little Power and a little Knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omnipotent. In short, by adding Infinity to any kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of Perfections in one Being we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this Observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's Authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. 'If we examine the Idea we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way and that the complex Ideas we have both of God and separate Spirits are made up of the simple Ideas we receive from Reflection, or having from what we experiment in our selves got the Ideas of Existence and Duration of Knowledge and Power, of Pleasure and Happiness, and of several other Qualities and Powers, which it is better to have than to be without when we would frame an Idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being we enlarge every one of these with our Idea of Infinity and so putting them together, make our Complex Idea of God.'

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of Spiritual Perfection besides those which are lodged in an human Soul but it is impossible that we should have Ideas of any kinds of Perfection except those of which we have some small Rays and short imperfect Strokes in our selves. It would be therefore a very high Presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more Attributes than those which enter in our Conceptions of him. This is certain that if there be any kind of Spiritual Perfection which is not marked out in an human Soul it belongs in its Fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philosophers have imagined that the Soul in her separate State may have new Faculties springing up in her which she is not capable of exerting during her present Union with the Body and whether these Faculties may not correspond with other Attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new Matter of Wonder and Adoration we are altogether ignorant. Thus, as I have said before we ought to acquiesce in that the Sovereign Being the great Author of Nature has in him all possible Perfection as well in Kind as in Degree, to speak according to our Methods of reasoning.<sup>1</sup> I shall only add under this Head that when we have raised our Notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the Mind of Man to go it will still infinitely short of what He really is. *There is no end of his Greatness.* The most exalted Creature he has made is only capable of adoring it none but himself can comprehend it.

The Advice of the Son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this Light *by his Word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short wherefore in sum, he is all.* How

shall we be able to glorify him? For he is great above all his Works. The Lord is terrible and very great, and unsearchable in his Power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can, for he yet will be far exceed. And when he exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary, for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can number him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these, for we have seen but a few of his Works.

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the Light of Reason and Philosophy. If we would see him in all the Wonders of his Mercy we must have recourse to Revelation, which represents him to us not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Just in his Dispensations towards Man but as this is a Theory which falls under every one's Consideration, tho' indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual Worship and Veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty being. We should often refresh our Minds with the Thought of him, and annihilate our selves before him, in the Contemplation of our own Worthlessness, and of his transcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our Minds such a constant and uninterrupted Awe and Veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant Prayer, and reasonable Humiliation of the Soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little Seeds of Pride, Vanity, and Self conceit, which we apt to shoot up in the Minds of such whose Thoughts turn more on those comparative Advantages which they enjoy over some of their Fellow-Creatures, than on that infinite Distance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all Perfection. It would likewise quicken our Desires and Endeavours of uniting our selves to him by all the Acts of Religion and Virtue.

Such an habitual Homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing Impiety of using his Name on the most trivial Occasions.

I find the following Passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the Funeral of a Gentleman who was in Honour to his Country, and a more diligent as well as successful Enquirer into the Works of Nature, than any other our Nation has ever produced.<sup>2</sup> 'He had the profoundest Veneration for the Great God of Heaven and Earth that I have ever observed in any Person. The very Name of God was never mentioned by him without a Pause and a visible Stop in his Discourse, in which, one that knew him most particularly above twenty Years, has told me, that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.'

Every one knows the Veneration which was paid by the Jews to a Name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious Discourses. What can we then think of

<sup>1</sup> Human Understanding, Book II ch. xxi

§ 33 [concerning him]

<sup>2</sup> Eccles. viii. 26—32

<sup>3</sup> Bishop Burnet's sermon at the funeral of the Hon. Robert Boyle (who died in 1691)

those who make use of so tremendous Names in the ordinary Expressions of their Anger, Mirth, and most impertinent Passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar Questions and Assertions, ludicrous Phrases and Works of Humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn Perjuries? It would be an Affront to Reason to endeavour to set forth the Horror and Propriety of such a Practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the Light of Nature, not to say Religion, is not utterly extinguished. O

No 532 ] Monday, November 30, 1712 [Steele

*Fungor vice cotis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exorsu ipsa secunda*  
Hor

IT is a very honest Action to be studious to produce other Men's Merit, and I make no scruple of saying I have as much of this Temper as any Man in the World. It would not be a thing to be bragg'd of, but that it is what any Man may be Master of who will take Pains enough for it. Much Observation of the Unworthiness in being pained at the Excellence of another, will bring you to a Scorn of yourself for that Unwillingness. And when you have got so far, you will find it a greater Pleasure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the Fame and Welfare of the Praise worthy. I do not speak thus as pretending to be a mortified self-denying Man, but as one who has turned his Ambition into a right Channel. I claim to my self the Merit of having extorted excellent Productions from a Person of the greatest Abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other Means to have animated a few young Gentlemen into worthy Pursuits, who will be a Glory to our Age and at all Times, and by all possible Means in my Power, undermined the Interests of Ignorance, Vice, and Folly, and attempted to substitute in their Stead, Learning, Piety, and good Sense. It is from this honest Heart that I find myself honoured as a Gentleman Usher to the Arts and Sciences. Mr Tiddell and Mr Pope have, it seems, this Idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent Paper of Verses in Praise, forsooth, of my self and the other enclosed for my perusal an admirable Poem<sup>2</sup> which, I hope, will shortly see the Light. In the mean time I cannot suppress any Thought of his, but insert his Sentiment about the dying Words of *Adrian*. I won't determine in the Case he mentions, but have thus much to say in favour of his Argument, that many of his own Works which I have seen, convince me that very pretty and very sublime Sentiments may be lodged in the same Bosom without diminution to its Greatness.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I was the other day in Company with five or six Men of some Learning where chancing to

<sup>1</sup> Addison

<sup>2</sup> The Temple of Fame.

mention the famous Verses which the Emperor *Adrian* spoke on his Death bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a Piece of Gayety unworthy that Prince in those Circumstances. I could not but dissent from this Opinion. Methinks it was by no means a gay, but it a very serious Soliloquy to his Soul at the Port of his Departure. in which Sense I naturally took the Verses at my first reading when I was very young and before I knew what Interpretation the World generally put upon them.

*At vuls vagula, Hardi la,  
Hæses Cœmæque cerperis,  
Quæ r ore abilis in loco!  
Pallidula, rigida, r idula,  
Nec (ut soles) dabis Teena!*

Alas, my Soul! the pleasing Companion of this Body, thou'st fleeing thing that art now deserting it! either art thou flying to what unknown Region? Thou art all trembling, fearful, and distrustful. Now what is become of thy former Wit and Humour? thou'st all just and be gay & rior. I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the Trisling in all this 'tis the most natural and obvious Reflection imaginable to a dying Man and if we consider the Emperor was a Heathen, that Doubt concerning the future Fate of his Soul will seem so far from being the Effect of Want of Thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise not to mention that here is a plain Confession included of his Belief in its Immortality. The diminutive Epithets of *Vagula, Pallidula*, and the rest, appear not to me as Expressions of Levity, but rather of Endearment and Concern, such as we find in *Catullus*, and the Authors of *Heavenly Pleasures* after him, where they are used to express the utmost Love and Tenderness for their Mistresses. ---- If you think me right in my Opinion of the last Words of *Adrian*, be pleased to insert this in the *Spectator*, if not, to suppress it.

I am, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Pope republished this in his 'Letters' in 1735, adding a metrical translation of *Adrian's* lines

*At, fleeing spirit! wandering fire,  
That long has warm'd my tender breast,  
Must thou no more this frame inspire?  
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest!  
Wither, ah, wither art thou flying,  
To what dark, undiscover'd shore?  
Thou seem'st all trembling, allivering, dying,  
And wilt and I must be no more*

Two days after the insertion of this letter from Pope, Steele wrote to the young poet (Nov. 12) 'I have read over your "Temple of Fame" twice, and cannot find anything amiss of weight enough to call a fault but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr Addison shall see it tomorrow after his perusal of it I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of a few like yourself

To the supposed Author of the *Spectator*  
*In Court's silent no, and a show dress Stage,*  
*How long the Wars shall wait with Virtue's age!*  
*How kante by this prostituted Fair,*  
*Our Youth run headlong in the fatal Snare*

'If your thoughts are unexpressed I shall explain myself further.' This design was the *Grand in*, which Steele was about to establish as the successor to the *Spectator*, and here we find him at work on the foundations of his new Journal while the finishing strokes are being given to the *Spectator*. Pope in his reply to Steele said (Nov. 16) 'I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind which, I am sure, all you do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure for I am perfectly idle (as soon I have not much capacity)'. 'If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service of every one's esteem he must be assured already.' About a fortnight later, returning to the subject of Adnan's verses, Pope wrote to Steele in reply to subsequent private discussion of the subject (Nov. 29) 'I am sorry you published that notion about Adnan's verses as mine had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only wrote to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I disavow.' Then after defending his view of the poem, and commenting upon the Latin diminutives, he adds, 'perhaps I should be much better pleased if I were told you called me "your little friend," than if you complimented me with the title of "a great genius," or "an eminent mind," as Jacob, [Johnson] does "all his authors."' Steele's general reply produced from Pope, as final result of the above letter to the *Spectator*, one of the most popular of his short pieces. Steele wrote (Dec. 4) 'This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit that is to say, the Emperor Adnan's "animus trigula," put into two or three stanzas for music. If you will comply with this and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige RICHARD STRETT.' This was written two days before the appearance of the last number of the *Spectator*. Pope answered, 'I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me, and sent his poem of three stanzas, called *THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL*.

'Vital spark of heavenly flame, &c.

These two letters were published by Warburton, but are not given by Pope in the edition of his correspondence, published in 1737, and the poem has no place in the collected works of 1717. It has been said that if the piece had been written in 1712 Steele would have inserted it in the *Spectator*. But it was not received until the last number of the *Spectator* had been published. Three months then elapsed before the appearance of the *Guardian* to which Pope contributed eight papers. Pope, on his part, would be naturally unwilling to connect with the poem the few words he had sent with it to Steele, saying, 'You have it (as Conley

*In height of Rapture clasp unheeded Pains,*  
*And sick Pollution thro' their veins*

*Thy spotless Thoughts unshackled the Priest*  
*may hear,*

*And the pure Vestal in her Bosom wear*  
*To couch as blushes and diminished Pride,*  
*Thy Glass betrays what teach you Love would*  
*hide;*

*Nor has it thy Precepts, but infused by stealth*  
*Pleasure while they cure, and cheat us into Health*  
*Thy Works in China's Title gain a part,*  
*And as 'tis far for share the Jostling Heart*  
*Lark in thy Satire the generous Cit*  
*Laughs at himself, as if finds no Fault in Wit*  
*From Felt in Gan enters the rim Squared free,*  
*And Urtain gives her new'd O. Is to thee*  
*His Min the fresh I grow I dread to trust,*  
*Or his third Cure the shellow Temp'lar trust,*  
*And to run Fool to sorrow the beaten Road,*  
*Dares quike at Thunder, and confess his God*

*The thoughtless Stripling, who, esp' d to Fern,*  
*Dan'd the stiff C. lace at 18, and with Go in*  
*And by thy Name, is danc'd, and thrice a Week*  
*Spells us with Latin, and pretends to Greek*  
*A sauntering Iride, suh born to write Latin's,*  
*With Yea and No in Sentences hold Debates*  
*A length despised, each to his icks returns,*  
*For in the Dogs, and King an icks the Squires,*  
*From Pert to Stupid sinks rapidly do we,*  
*In 10 with a Coxcomb, and in Age a Clove*

*Such Readers scorn'd, thou art not thy damn'd*  
*lick*

*Store the Stars, and tread at the 10 fields of 10*  
*Kane, Mea, and Hell, are 10 called Theme,*  
*And Vision such as Jove himself might dream,*  
*Star sunk to Slav'ry, tho' to Glory born,*  
*Heretofore's Pride when upright, and deprav'd his*  
*Scorn*

*Such 10 is 10 could British Virgils lend,*  
*And then also deserve from such a Friend*  
*A Debt so borrow'd, is illustrious Shame,*  
*And Fame's then shar'd with him is double Fame*  
*So finish'd in 10 Sweet's, by Beauty's Queen Le-*  
*st, wd,*

*With more than mortal Charms A new glow'd*

'calls it just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning. Yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I hail in my head not only the verses of Adnan, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.' The &c. being short for Thomas Flattman, whose name would not have stood well by that of Sappho, though he was an accomplished man in his day, who gave up law for poetry and painting, and died in 1688, one of the best miniature painters of his time, and the author of 'Songs and Poems,' published in 1674, which in ten years went through three editions. Flattman had written—

'When on my sick-bed I languish,  
 'Full of sorrow, full of anguish,  
 'Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,  
 'Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,  
 'Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,  
 "'Be not fearful, come away!"

*Such generous Strifes Eugene and Marlbro' try,  
And as in Glory, so in Friendship vie*

*Permit these Lines by Thee to live—nor blame  
A Muse that pants and languishes for Fame,  
That fears to sink when humbler Thymes she  
sings,*

*Lost in the Mass of mean forgotten things  
Received by Thee, I prophesy my Rhymes  
The Praise of Virgins in succeeding Times  
Mixed with thy Works, their Life so Bonnets  
shall see,*

*But stand protected, as inspir'd by thee*

*So some weak Shoot, which else would poorly rise,  
Jove's Tree adopts, and lifts him to the Skies,  
Through the new Pupil just rung Juices flow,  
Thrust forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow  
Aloft, immortal reigns the Plant unknown,  
With borrow'd Life, and Vigour not his own.*

#### TO THE SPECTATOR GENERAL

*Mr John Sly humbly sheweth,*

That upon reading the Deputation given to the said Mr John Sly all Persons passing by his Observatory behaved themselves with the same Decorum, as if your Honour your self had been present

That your said Officer is preparing, according to your Honour's secret Instructions, Hats for the several kind of Heads that make figures in the Realms of Great Britain, with Cocks significant of their Powers and Faculties

That your said Officer has taken due Notice of your Instructions and Admonitions concerning the Internals of the Head from the outward Form of the same His Hats for Men of the Faculties of Law and Physick do but just turn up, to give a little Life to their Sincerity his military Hats glare full in the Face and he has prepared a familiar easy Cock for all good Compositions between the above-mentioned Extremes For this End he has consulted the most Learned of his Acquaintance for the true Form and Dimensions of the *Lepidum Caput*, and made a Hat fit for it

Your said Officer does further represent, That the young Divines about Town are many of them got into the Cock Military, and desires your Instructions therein

That the Town has been for several Days very well behaved, and further your said Officer saith not.

No 533 ] Tuesday, Nov ember 11, 1712 [ Steele

*Inno diuas dabo, inquit ille, una si parvum est  
Et si diuini panislibet, adduntur diu — Plaut*

#### TO THE SPECTATOR

SIR,

YOU have often given us very excellent Discourses against that unnatural Custom of Parents, in forcing their Children to marry contrary to their Inclinations My own Case, without further Preface, I will lay before you, and

<sup>1</sup> From Thomas Tickell

'leave you to judge of it My Father and Mother both being in declining Years would fain see me, their eldest Son, as they call it settled I am as much for that as they can be, but I must be settled it seems, not according to my own, but their liking Upon this account I am teas'd every Day, because I have not yet fallen in love, in spite of Nature, with one of a neighbouring Gentleman's Daughters, for out of their abundant Generosity, they give me the choice of four Iack, begins my Father, Mrs Catherine is a fine Woman—Yes, Sir, but she is rather too old—She will make the more discreet Manager, Boy Then my Mother phys her part Is not Mrs Betty exceeding fair? Yes, Madam, but she is of no Conversation, she has no Fire, no agreeable Vivacity, she neither speaks nor looks with Spirit Iack, Son but for those very Reasons, she will be in easy, soft, obliging, tractable Creature After all, cries an old Aunt, (who belongs to the Class of those who read Plays with Spectacles on) what think you, Nephew, of proper Mrs Dorothy? What do I think? why I think she cannot be above six foot two inches high Well, well, you may bunter as long as you please, but Height of Stature is commanding and majestic Come, come, says a Cousin of mine in the Family, I'll fit him *Fidelia* is yet behind—Pretty Miss Fiddy must please you—Oh! your very humble Servant, dear Cos she is as much too young as her eldest Sister is too old Is it so indeed, quoth she, good Mr Pert? You who are but barely turned of twenty two, and Miss Fiddy in half a Year's time will be in her Teens, and she is capable of learning any thing Then she will be so observant, she'll cry perhaps now and then, but never be angry Thus they will think for me in this matter, wherein I am more particularly concerned than any Body else If I name any Woman in the World, one of these Daughters has certainly the same Qualities You see by these few Hints, Mr SPECTATOR, what a comfortable Life I lead To be still more open and free with you, I have been passionately fond of a young Lady (whom give me leave to call *Miranda*) now for these three Years I have often urged the Matter home to my Parents with all the Submission of a Son, but the Impatience of a Lover Pray, Sir, think of three Years what inexpressible Scenes of Inquietude, what Variety of Misery must I have gone thro' in three long whole Years? *Miranda's* Fortune is equal to those I have mention'd but her Relations are not Intimates with mine Ah! there's the Rub *Miranda's* Person, Wit, and Humour, are what the nicest Fancy could imagine and though we know you to be so elegant a Judge of Beauty, yet there is none among all your various Characters of fine Women preferable to *Miranda* In a Word, she is never guilty of doing any thing but one amiss, (if she can be thought to do amiss by me) in being as blind to my Faults, as she is to her own Perfections

I am, SIR,

Your very humble obedient Servant,  
Dustericus

'but as far as I can remember, the whole Dispute about me has been, whether such a thing was proper for the Child to do, or not? Or whether such or such Food was the more wholesome for the young Lady to eat? This was ill for my Shape, that for my Complexion, and t'other for my Eyes I am not extravagant when I tell you, I do not know that I have trod upon the very Earth since I was ten Years-old A Corell or Chair I am obliged to for all my Motions from one Place to another ever since I can remember All who had to do to instruct me, have ever been bringing Stories of the notable things I have said and the Womanly manner of my behaving my self upon such and such an Occasion This has been my State, till I came towards Years of Womanhood, and ever since I grew towards the Age of Fifteen, I have been abused after another Manner Now, forsooth, I am so killing, no one can safely speak to me Our House is frequented by Men of Sense, and I love to ask Questions when I fall into such Conversation but I am cut short with something or other about my bright Eyes There is, Sir, a Language particular for talking to Women in and none but those of the very first good Breeding (who are very few, and who seldom come into my way) can speak to us without regard to our Sex Among the generality of those they call Gentlemen, it is impossible for me to speak upon any subject whatsoever, without provoking somebody to say, *Oh! to be sure fine Mrs such a-one must be very particularly acquainted with all that, all the World will contribute to her Entertainment and Information* Thus, Sir, I am so handsome, that I murder all who approach me, so wise, that I want no new Notices and so well bred, that I am treated by all that know me like a Fool, for no one will answer as if I were their Friend or Companion Pray, Sir, be pleased to take the part of us Beauties and Fortunes into your Consideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our Senses I have got an Hussey of a Maud, who is most craftily given to this ill Quality I was at first diverted with a certain Absurdity the Creature was guilty of in every thing she said She is a Country Girl, and in the Dialect of the Shire she was born in, would tell me that every body reckon'd her Lady had the purest Red and White in the World Then she would tell me, I was the most like one *Susly Dobson* in their Town, who made the Miller make away with himself, and walk afterwards in the Corn Field where they used to meet With all this, this cunning Hussey can lay Letters in my way, and put a Billet in my Gloves, and then stand in it she knows nothing of it I do not know, from my Birth to this Day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought and if it were not for a few Books which I delight in, I should be at this Hour a Novice to all common Sense Would it not be worth your while to lay down Rules for Behaviour in this Case, and tell People, that we Fair ones expect honest plain Answers as well as other People? Why must I, good Sir, because I have a good Air, a fine Complexion, and am in the Bloom of my Years, be mus-led in all my

'Actions? and have the Notions of Good and Ill confounded in my Mind, for no other Offence, but because I have the Advantages of Beauty and Fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the silly Homage which is paid to us by the sort of People I have above spoken of, and the utter Negligence which others have for us, the Conversation of us young Women of Condition is no other than what must expose us to Ignorance and Vanity, if not Vice All this is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,  
Sharlot Wealthy

Mr SPECTATOR, Will's Coffee house  
'Pray, Sir, it will serve to fill up a Paper, if you put in this, which is only to ask, whether that Copy of Verses, which is a Paraphrase of *Isaiah*, in one of your Speculations, is not written by Mr Pope? Then you get on another Line, by putting in, with proper Distances, as at the end of a Letter,

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,  
Abraham Dapperwit

Mr Dapperwit,  
'I am glad to get another Line forward, by saying that excellent Piece is Mr Pope's, and so, with proper Distances,

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

S-----

Mr SPECTATOR,  
'I was a wealthy Grocer in the City and as fortunate as diligent, but I was a single Man, and you know there are Women One in particular came to my Shop who I wished might, but was afraid never would, make a Grocer's Wife I thought however, to take an effectual Way of Courting, and sold to her at less Price than I bought that I might buy at less Price than I sold She, you may be sure, often came, and helped me to many Customers at the same Rate, fancying I was obliged to her You must needs think this was a good living Trade, and my Riehes must be vastly improved In fine, I was nigh being declared Bankrupt, when I declared my self her Lover, and she herself married I was just in a Condition to support my self, and am now in Hopes of growing rich by losing my Customers

Yours,  
Jeremy Comfit

Mr SPECTATOR,  
'I am in the Condition of the Idol you was once pleased to mention, and Bar keeper of a Coffee-house I believe it is needless to tell you the Opportunities I must give, and the Importunities I suffer But there is one Gentleman who besieges me as close as the French did *Boncham* His Gravity makes him work cautious, and his regular Approaches denote a good Engineer You need not doubt of his Oratory, as he is a Lawyer and especially since he has had so little Use of it at Westminster, he may spare the more for me

'What then can weak Woman do? I am will-

ing to surrender, but he would have it at Discretion, and I with Discretion. In the meantime, whilst we partly our several Interests are neglected. As his Siege grows stronger, my Liegsmen sicker, and while he pleads at my Bar, none come to him for Counsel but in *Form* *Paupers*. Dear Mr SPECTATOR, advise him not to insist upon hard Articles, nor by his irregular Desires, contradict the well meaning Lines of his Countenance. If we were agreed we might settle to something, as soon as we could determine where we should get most, by the Law, at the Coffee house, or at *Westminster*.  
*Your humble Servant,*  
 Lucinda Parly

*A Mimus from Mr John Sly*

'The World is pretty regular for about forty Rod 1st, and ten West of the Observatory of the said Mr Sly, but he is credibly informed, that when they are got beyond the Pass into the Strand or those who move City-ward are not within Temple Bar, they are just as they were before. It is therefore humbly proposed that Moving Centries may be appointed all the busy Hours of the Day between the Exchange and Westminster, and report what passes to your Honour or your subordinate Officers, from Nine to Time

*Ordered,*

That Mr Sly name the said Officers, provided he will answer for their Principles and Morals. F

No 535 ] Thursday, November 13, 1712 [Addison

*Spem longam recusat* — Hor

MY Four Hundred and Seventy First Spectator turned upon the Subject of Hope in general. I design this Paper as a Speculation upon that vain and foolish Hope, which is misemployed on Temporal Objects, and produces many Sorrows and Calamities in human Life.

It is a Precept several times inculcated by *Horace*, that we should not entertain in Hope of any thing in Life which lies at a great Distance from us. The Shortness and Uncertainty of our Time here, makes such a kind of Hope unreasonable and absurd. The Grave lies unseen between us and the Object which we reach after. Where one Man lives to enjoy the Good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the Pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unhappily, that one Hope no sooner dies in us but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular Enjoyments but either by reason of their Emptiness, or the natural Inquietude of the Mind we have no sooner gained one Point but we extend our Hopes to another. We still find new inviting Scenes and Landscapes lying behind those which at a Distance terminated our View.

The natural Consequences of such Reflections are these that we should take Care not to let our

Hopes run out into too great a Length, that we should sufficiently weigh the Objects of our Hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their Fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our Life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a Distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by Death in our Progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our Disappointment will be greater than our Pleasure in the Fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make Life a greater Dream and Shadow than it really is.

Many of the Miseries and Misfortunes of Life proceed from our Want of Consideration, in one or all of these Particulars. They are the Rocks on which the raucous Tribe of Lovers daily split, and on which the Bankrupt, the Politician, the Alchemist and Projector are cast away in every Age. Men of warm Imaginations and towering Thoughts are apt to overlook the Goods of Fortune (which are) near them for something that glitters in the Sight at a distance to neglect solid and substantial Happiness, for what is showy and superficial, and to contemn that Good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its Schemes for a long and durable Life presses forward to imaginary Points of Bliss, and grasps at Impossibilities and consequently very often ensnares into Peggry, Ruin and Dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a Moral to an *Arabian Fable*, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The Fable has in it such a wild, but natural Simplicity, that I question not but my Reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several Amusements of Hope which have sometimes pressed in his Mind, as a near Relation to the *Persian Glass* Man.

*Alnaschar*, says the Fable, was a very idle Fellow, that never would set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian Money*. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, hid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest Earthen Ware. These he piled up in a large open Basket, and having made choice of a very little Shop, placed the Basket at his Feet, and leaned his Back upon the Wall, in Expectation of Customers. As he sat in this Posture with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was overheard by one of his Neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner. *This Basket, says he, cost me at the Wholesale Merchant's an Hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while rise to four*

<sup>1</sup> [that he]

<sup>2</sup> Arabian Nights, translated by Antony Galland, who died 1715



Hundred, which of course will amount in time to four Thousand Four Thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making Light Thousand As soon as by this means I am Master of Ten Thousand, I will lay aside my Trade of a Glass Man, and turn Jeweller I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all sorts of rich Stones When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest House I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs and Horses I shall then begin to enjoy my self, and make a noise in the World I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my Traffick, till I have got together an Hundred Thousand Drachmas When I have thus made my self Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set my self on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Visier's Daughter in Marriage, after having represented to that Minister the Information which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Discretion, and other high Qualities which his Daughter possesses I will let him know at the same time, that it is my Intention to make him a Present of a thousand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage-Night As soon as I have married the Grand Visier's Daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for Money I must afterwards make my Father-in-Law a Visit with a great Train and Equipage And when I am placed at his Right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to Honour his Daughter, I will give him the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great Surprise, will present him another Purse of the same Value, with some short Speech, as, Sir, you see I am a Man of my Word I always give more than I promise

When I have brought the Princess to my House, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due Respect for me, before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance To this end I shall confine her to her own Apartment, make her a short Visit, and talk but little to her Her Women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my Unkindness, and beg me with Tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me, but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my Back upon her all the first Night Her Mother will then come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am seated upon my Sofa The Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will sing herself at my Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Person, draw up my Legs and spurn her from me with my Foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several Paces from the Sofa

Anaschar was entirely swallowed up in this Chimerical Vision, and could not forbear acting with his Foot what he had in his Thoughts So that unluckily striking his Basket of brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kicked his Glasses to a great distance from him into the Street, and broke them into ten thousand Pieces

O

No 536 ] Friday, November 14, 1712 [Addison

*O veræ Phrygiæ neque enim Phryges I— Virg*

AS I was the other day standing in my Bookseller's Shop, a pretty young Thing about Eighteen Years of Age, stepped out of her Coach, and brushing by me, beck'ned the Man of the Shop to the further end of his Counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive Look, and at the same time presented him with a Letter After which, pressing the End of her Fan upon his Hand, she delivered the remaining part of her Message, and withdrew I observed, in the midst of her Discourse, that she flushed, and cast an Eye upon me over her Shoulder, having been informed by my Bookseller, that I was the Man of the short Free, whom she had so often read of Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming Creature smiled in my Face, and dropped me a Curtsie She scarce gave me time to return her Salute, before she quitted the Shop with an easy Scuttle, and stepped again into her Coach, giving the Footman Directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her Departure, my Bookseller gave me a Letter, superscribed *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had desired him to deliver into my own Hands, and to tell me that the speedy Publication of it would not only oblige her self, but a whole Tea-Table of my Friends I opened it therefore, with a Resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure, if any of my Male Readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as my self, had they seen the Face of the pretty Senbe

MR SPECTATOR, London, Nov 1712  
 'You are always ready to receive any useful Hint or Proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to employ the most idle part of the Kingdom I mean that part of Mankind who are known by the Name of the Womens-Men or Beaus, &c  
 MR SPECTATOR, you are sensible these pretty Gentlemen are not made for any Manly Employments, and for want of Business are often as much in the Vapours as the Ladies Now what I propose is this, that since Knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty Amusement, that you would recommend it to these Gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the Ladies they admire And since 'tis not inconsistent with any Game, or other Diversion, for it may be done in the Play-house, in their Coaches, at the Tea-Table, and, in short, in all Places where they come for the sake of the Ladies (except at Church, be pleased to forbid it there, to prevent Mistakes) it will be easily complied with 'Tis beside an Employment that allows, as we see by the Fair Sex, of many Grievs, which will make the Beaus more readily come int'it, it shews a white Hand and Diamond Ring to great advantage, it leaves the Eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the Thoughts, and the Tongue In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that 'tis needless to

'in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable Beauty into the most odious Monster

'It is very disingenuous to level the best of Mankind with the worst, and for the Fruits of Particulars to degrade the whole Species. Such Methods tend not only to remove a Man's good Opinion of others, but to destroy th<sup>t</sup> Reverence for himself, which is a great Guard of Innocence, and a Spring of Virtue

'It is true indeed that there are surprising Mixtures of Beauty and Deformity, of Wisdom and Folly, Virtue and Vice, in the Human M<sup>a</sup>le such a Disparity is found among Numbers of the same Kind, and every Individual, in some Instances, or at some Times, is so unequal to himself, that Man seems to be the most varying and inconsistent Being in the whole Creation. So that the Question in Morality, concerning the Dignity of our Nature, may at first sight appear like some difficult Questions in Natural Philosophy in which the Arguments on both Sides seem to be of equal Strength. But as I began with considering this Point as it relates to Action, I shall here borrow an admirable Reflection from Monsieur Pascal, which I think sets it in its proper Light

'It is of dangerous Consequence, says he, to represent to Man how near he is to the Level of Beasts, without shewing him at the same time his Greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his Greatness, without his Meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either, but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both. Whatever Imperfections we may have in our Nature, it is the Business of Religion and Virtue to rectify them, as far as is consistent with our present State. In the mean time, it is no small Encouragement to generous Minds to consider that we shall put them all off with our Mortality. That sublime Manner of Salutation with which the Jews approached their Kings,

'O King, live for ever!

'may be addressed to the lowest and most despised Mortal among us, under all the Infirmit<sup>y</sup>s and Distresses with which we see him surrounded. And whoever believes the Immortality of the Soul, will not need a better Argument for the Dignity of his Nature, nor a stronger Incitement to Actions suitable to it

'I am naturally led by this Reflection to a Subject I have already touched upon in a former Letter, and cannot without pleasure call to mind the Thoughts of Cicero on this purpose, in the close of his Book concerning Old Age. Every one who is acquainted with his Writings, will remember that the elder Cato is introduced in that Discourse as the Speaker, and Scipio and Lelius as his Auditors. This venerable Person is represented looking forward as it were from the Verge of extreme Old Age, into a future State, and rising into a Contemplation on the unperishable Part of his Nature, and its Existence after Death. I shall collect Part of his Discourse. And as you have formerly offered some Argu-

'ments for the Soul's Immortality, agreeable both to Reason and the Christian Doctrine, I believe your Readers will not be displeased to see how the same great Truth shines in the Pomp of Roman Eloquence

"This, says Cato, is my firm Persuasion, that since the Human Soul exerts it self with so great Activity, since it has such a Remembrance of the Past, such a Concern for the Future, since it is enriched with so many Arts, Sciences and Discoveries, it is impossible but the Being which contains all these must be Immortal

"The elder Cato, just before his Death, is represented by XENOPHON speaking after this Manner. 'I think not, my dearest Children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more, but remember, that my Soul, even while I lived among you, was sensible to you, yet by my Actions you were sensible I existed in this Body. Believe it therefore existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the Honours of illustrious Men perish after Death, if their Souls performed nothing to preserve their Fame! For my own part, I never could think that the Soul while in a mortal Body, lives, but when departed out of it, dies, or that its Consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious Habitation. But when it is freed from all corporeal Alliance, then it truly exists. Further, since the Human Frame is broken by Death, tell us what becomes of its Parts? It is visible whether the Materials of other Beings are translated, namely to the Source from whence they had their Birth. The Soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the Object of our Eyes

"Thus Cato. But to proceed. No one shall persuade me, Scipio, that your worthy Father, or your Grandfathers Paulus and Africanus, or Africanus his Father, or Uncle, or many other excellent Men whom I need not name, performed so many Actions to be remembered by Posterity without being sensible that Futurity was their Right. And, if I may be allowed an old Man's Privilege, to speak of my self, do you think I would have endured the Fatigue of so many wearisome Days and Nights both at home and abroad, if I imagined that the same Boundary which is set to my Life must terminate my Glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my days in Ease and Tranquility, free from Labour, and without Emulation? But I know not how, my Soul has always raised it self, and looked forward on Futurity, in this View and Expectation, that when it shall depart out of Life, it shall then live for ever and if this were not true, that the Mind is immortal, the Souls of the most worthy would not, above all others, have the strongest Impulse to Glory. What besides this is the Cause that the wisest Men die with the greatest Acquiescence, the ignorant with the greatest Concern? Does it not seem that those Minds which have the most extensive Views, foresee they are removing to a happier Condition, which those of a narrower Sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am

"transported with the Hope of seeing your Ancestors, whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent Persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written nor would I be detained from so pleasing a Journey. O happy Day, when I shall escape from this Croud, this Heap of Pollution, and be admitted to that Divine Assembly of exalted Spirits! When I shall go not only to those great Persons I have named but to my *Cato*, my Son, thron whom a better Man was never born, and whose Funeral Rites I myself performed, when as he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his Soul deserted me, but, seeming to cast back. Look on me, is gone before to those Habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have born my Loss with Courage, I was not unaffected with it, but I comforted myself in the Assurance that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more.

I am, SIR, &c

*I question not but my Reader will be very much pleased to hear, that the Gentleman who has obtained the World-will the foregone Letter, and who was the Author of the 210th Speculation on the Immortality of the Soul, (the 375th on Virtue in Distress,) the 525th on Conjugal Love, and two or three other very fine ones among those which are not lettered at the end, will soon publish a noble Poem, intitled An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.*

No 538] Monday, Nov 17, 1712 [Addison

—Ultra  
Finem te dei. opus —Hor

**SURPRIZE** is so much the Life of Stories, that every one runs at it, who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth Delivery, an elegant Choice of Words, and a sweet Arrangement, are all beautifying Graces, but not the particulars in this Point of Conversation which either long command the Attention, or strike with the Violence of a sudden Passion, or occasion the burst of Laughter which recompenses Humour. I have sometimes fancied that the Mind is in this case like a Traveller who sees a fine Seat in Haste he acknowledges the Delightfulness of a Walk set with Regularity, but would be uneasy, if he were obliged to pass it over, when the first View had let him into all its Beauties from one End to the other.

However, a knowledge of the Success which Stories will have when they are attended with a Turn of Surprise, as it has happily made the Characters of some, so has it also been the Ruin of the Characters of others. There is a Set of Men who outrage Truth, instead of affecting us with a Manner in telling it, who over-leap the Line of Probability, that they may be seen to mote

out of the common Road, and endeavour only to make their Hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of Nonsense against the Philosophy of Nature, or such a Heap of Wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one Man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this Observation by a Company into which I fell accidentally. The Subject of *Antipathus* was a proper Field wherein such false Surprizes might exsert, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full Extent of traditional History. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our Consideration the miraculous Powers which the Effluvia of Cheese have over Bodies whose Pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of Cheese, but not the Taste for which they brought a Reason from the Milk of their Nurses. Others again discours'd, without endeavouring at Reasons, concerning an unconquerable Aversion which some Stomachs have against a Joint of Meat when it is whole, and the eager Inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the Shape which had affected them is altered. I from hence they passed to Eels, then to Parsnips, and so from one Aversion to another, till we had work'd up our selves to such a pitch of Complaisance, that when the Dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every Dish, and hop'd it would be no Offence to any in Company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this Civility amongst us turned the Discourse from Cabbages to other sorts of Aversions and the eternal Cat, which plagues every Conversation of this nature, began then to engross the Subject. One had sweeted at the Sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant Cupboard and he who cropp'd the whole set of these Stories, reckon'd him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may all be satisfy'd of my invincible Aversion to a Cat, I shall give an unanswerable Instance. As I was going through a Street of London, where I had never been till then, I felt a general Damp and Faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to cast my Eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a Sign-Post on which the Picture of a Cat was hung.

The Extravagance of this Turn in the way of Surprise, gave a stop to the Talk we had been carrying on. Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own Way so that the Gentleman had Opportunity to press the Belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said, but yet I thought some in the Company had been endeavouring who should pitch the Bar farthest, that it had for some time been a measuring Cast and at last my Friend of the Cat and Sign post had thrown beyond them all.

I then consider'd the Manner in which this Story had been received, and the Possibility that

it might have pass'd for a Jest upon others, if he had not labour'd against himself. From hence, thought I there are two Ways which the well-bred World generally takes to correct such a Practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general Silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the Effect of Prudence in avoiding a Quarrel, when they see another drive so fast, that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the Effect of Weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of Mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some over-bearing Spirits would persuade themselves; and if the Authority of a Character or a Caution against Danger make us suppress our Opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our Thoughts of them. If a Man who has endeavour'd to amuse his Company with Improbabilities could but look into their Minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their Sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his Attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their Expence becomes a Ground of Quarrel, and the Scorn and Indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate Punishment. And indeed (if we should even go no further) Silence, or a negligent Indifference has a deeper way of wounding than Opposition, because Opposition proceeds from an Anger that has a sort of generous Sentiment for the Adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some Esteem in your Mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with. But Silence, or a negligent Indifference, proceeds from Anger, mixed with a Scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other Method which the World has taken for correcting this Practice of false Surprise, is to over-shoot such Talkers in their own Bow, or to raise the Story with further Degrees of Impossibility, and set up for a Voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a Discourse was once managed upon the Effects of Fear. One of the Company had given an account how it had turn'd his Friend's Hair grey in a Night, while the Terrors of a Shipwreck encompassed him. Another taking the Hint from hence, began, upon his own Knowledge, to enlarge his Instances of the like nature to such a Number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them, and as he still grounded these upon different Causes, for the sake of Variety, it might seem at last, from his Share of the Conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the Passion of Fear should all his Life escape so common an Effect of it. By this time some of the Company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him. But one rebuked the rest with an appearance of Severity, and with the known old Story in his Head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the Fear of any thing can make a Man's Hair grey, since he knew one whose Periwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the Talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same Method taken to bring us to

Shame, which we fondly take to increase our Character. It is indeed a kind of Mimicry, by which another puts on our Air of Conversation to show us to our selves. He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a Resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the Imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious Shame for what you have been saying, when it is that you are inwardly grieved at the Sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against your self, the Laugh of the Company runs against you, the censuring World is oblig'd to you for that Triumph which you have allow'd them at your own Expence and Truth, which you have injured, has a new way of being revenged on you, when by the bare Repetition of your Story you become a frequent Diversion for the [Publick].

Mr SPECTATOR,

'The other Day, walking in Pancras Church-yard, I thought of your Paper wherein you mention Epitaphs, and am of opinion this has a Thought in it worth being communicated to your Readers

*Here Innocence and Beauty lies, whose Breath  
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely Death  
Hence did she go, just as she did begin  
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin  
Death, that does Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,  
Is the next Blessing to a Life well spent*

[I am, SIR,  
Your Servant]

No 539] Tuesday, Nov 18, 1712 [Burdell

*Heteroclyta sunt* — Quæ Genus.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I AM a young Widow of a good Fortune and Family, and just come to Town where I find I have Clusters of pretty Fellows come already to visit me, some dying with Hopes, others with Fears, tho' they never saw me. Now what I would beg of you, would be to know whether I may venture to use these pert Fellows with the same Freedom as I did my Country Acquaintance. I desire your Leave to use them as to me shall seem meet, without Imputation of a Jilt, for since I make Declaration that not one of them shall have me, I think I ought to be allow'd the Liberty of insulting those who have the Vanity to believe it is in their power to make me break that Resolution. There are Schools for learning to use Foils, frequented by those who never design to fight, and this useless way of aiming at the Heart, without design to wound it on either side, is the Play with which I am resolv'd to divert myself. The Man who pretends to win, I shall use like him who comes into

2 [Publick

I am, Sir, your Servant]

'a Fencing-School to pick a Quarrel I hope, upon this Foundation, you will give me the free use of the natural and artificial Force of my Eyes, Looks, and Gestures. As for verbal Promises, I will make none, but shall have no mercy on the conceited Interpreters of Glances and Motions. I am particularly skill'd in the down-cast Eye, and the Recovery into a sudden full Aspect, and was again as you may have seen sometimes practis'd by us Country Beauties, because all that you have observed in Courts and Cities. Add to this, Sir, that I have a ruddy, bloodless Look, which covers Artifice the best of any thing. Tho' I can dance very well, I affect a tottering untaught way of walking, by which I appear an easy Prey and never exert my instructed Charms till I find I have engaged a Pursuer. Be pleas'd, Sir, to print this Letter, which will certainly begin the Chase of a rich Widow. The many Foldings, Escapes, Returns and Doublings which I make, I shall from time to time communicate to you, for the better Instruction of all Lovers who set up, like me, for reducing the present exorbitant Power and Insolence of Man.

I am,  
SIR,  
Your faithful Correspondent,  
Relicta Lovely

Dear Mr SPECTATOR,  
'I depend upon your profess'd Respect for virtuous Love, for your immediate answering the Design of this Letter, which is no other than to lay before the World the Severity of certain Parents who desire to suspend the Marriage of a discreet young Woman of eighteen, three Years longer, for no other reason but that of her being too young to enter into that State. As to the consideration of Riches, my Circumstances are such, that I cannot be suspected to make my Address to her on such low Motives as Avarice or Ambition. If ever Innocence, Wit and Beauty, united their utmost Charms, they live in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on this Subject, and admonish her Parents that it may be from the very Imperfection of Human Nature it self, and not any personal Faults of her or me, that our Inclinations bustle at present one way alter and while we are arguing with our selves to put off the Enjoyment of our present Passions, our Afflictions may change their Objects in the Operation. It is a very delicate Subject to talk upon but if it were but limited, I am in hopes it would give the Parties concern'd some Reflection that might expedite our Happiness. There is a Possibility, and I hope I may say it without Imputation of Immodesty to her, I love with the highest Honour. I say, there is a Possibility this Delay may be as painful to her as it is to me. If it be as much, it must be more, by reason of the severe Rules the Sex are under in being denied even the Relief of Complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise you a Piece at my Wedding, and a Treatment suitable to your Spectatorial Dignity.

Your most humble Servant,  
Eustace

SIR,  
'I Yesterday heard a young Gentleman, that look'd as if he was just come to the Town, and a Scarf, upon Livel speaking which Subject, you know, Archbishop Tillotson has so nobly handled in a Sermon in his Folio. As soon as ever he had named his Text and had opened a little the Drift of his Discourse, I was in great hopes he had been one of Sir ROBERTS Chaplains. I have conceived so great an Idea of this charming Discourse above, that I should have thought one part of my Sabbath very well spent in hearing a Repetition of it. But alas! Mr SPECTATOR, this Reverend Divine gave us his Grace's Sermon, and yet I don't know how even I that I am sure have read it at least twenty times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a loss sometimes to guess what the Man would do. He was so just indeed, as to give us all the Heads and the Sub divisions of the Sermon, and further I think there was not one beautiful Thought in it but what we had. But then, Sir, this Gentleman made so many pretty Additions, and he could never give us a Paragraph of the Sermon, but he introduc'd it with something which, notwithstanding, look'd more like a Design to show his own Ingenuity, than to instruct the People. In short, he added and curtail'd in such a manner that he vexed me, so much that I could not forbear thinking (what, I confess I ought not to have thought of in so holy a Place) that this young Spark was as justly blamable as Bullock or Penckethman when they mend a noble Play of Shakespear or Jonson. Pray, Sir, take this into your Consideration and if we must be entertained with the Works of any of these great Men, desire these Gentlemen to give them us as they find them; that so, when we read them to our Families at home, they may the better remember they have heard them at Church.

SIR,  
Your humble Servant

No 540 ] Wednesday, November 19, 1712 [ Steele

—Non Defect Alter—Virg

MR SPECTATOR,  
'THERE is no Part of your Writings which I have in more Esteem than your Criticism upon Milton. It is in honourable and candid Endeavour to set the Works of our Noble Writers in the graceful Light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind Inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the Eucoumion of Spenser also, or at least indulge my Passion for that charming Author so far as to print the loose Hints I now gave you on that Subject. Spenser's general Plan is the Representation of six Virtues: Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy, in six Legens by six Persons. The six Personages are supposed under proper Allegories suitable to their respective Characters, to do all that is necessary for the full Manifestation of the respective Virtues which they are to exert.

'These one might undertake to shew under the several Heads, are admirably drawn, no Images improper, and most surprizingly beautiful. The Red-cross Knight runs through the whole Steps of the Christian Life. Guyon does all that Temperance can possibly require, Britomartis (a Woman) observes the true Rules of unaffected Chastity, Artillegal is in every Respect of Life strictly and wisely just, Calidore is rightly courteous.

'In short, in *Fairy Land*, where Knights Errant have a full Scope to range, and to do even what *Ariosto's* or *Orlando's* could not do in the World without breaking into Credibility, *Spencer's* Knights have, under those six Heads, given a full and a truly Poetical System of Christian, Public, and Low Life.

'His Legend of Friendship is more diffuse, and yet even there the Allegory is finely drawn, only the Heads various, one Knight could not there support all the Parts.

'To do honour to his Country, Prince *Arthur* is an Universal Hero in Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, and Justice super excellent. For the same Reason, and to compliment Queen *Elizabeth*, *Gloriana*, Queen of Furies, whose Court was the Asylum of the Oppressed, represents that Glorious Queen. At her Commands all these Knights set forth, and only at her's the Red cross Knight destroys the Dragon. *Guyon* overturns the Bower of Bliss, *Artillegal* (i. e. Justice) beats down *Geizenco* (i. e. *Phil II* King of Spain) to rescue *Belge* (i. e. Holland) and he beats the *Grantorbo* (the same *Philip* in another Light) to restore *Ireua* (i. e. Peace to Europe).

'Chastity being the first Female Virtue, *Britomartis* is a *Britann*, her Part is fine, though it requires Explication. His stiles very Poetical, no Puns Affections of Wit, forced Antitheses, or any of that low Tribe.

'His old Words are all true English, and numbers exquisite, and since of Words there is the *Mulla Renascentur*, since they are all proper, such a Poem should not (any more than *Milton's*) subsist all of it of common ordinary Words. See Instances of Descriptions.

Causeless Jealousy in *Britomartis*, V 6, 14, in its Restlessness

Like as a wayward Child whose sounder Sleep  
Is broken with some fearful Dream's Affright,  
With forward Will doth set himself to weep,  
Ne can be still'd for all his Nurse's Might,  
But kicks, and squalls, and shrieks for fell  
Despight,  
Now scatcheth her, and her loose Locks mis  
using,  
Now seeking Darkness, and now seeking  
Light,  
Then craving Such, and then the Snick refusing  
Such was this Lady's Loves in her Love's fond  
accusing

Curiosity occasioned by Jealousy, upon occasion of her Lover's Absence. *Ibid* Stan 8, 9

Then as she looked long, at last she spy'd  
One coming towards her with hasty Speed,

Well wend'd she then, e'er him she plain descri'd,  
That it was one sent from her Love indeed,  
Whereat her Heart was fill'd with Hope and  
Dread,

Ne woult she stay till he in Place could come,  
But ran to meet him forth to know his Tidings  
somme,  
Even in the Door him meeting, she began,  
And where is he, thy Lord, and how far hence?  
Deceive at once, and hath he lost or won?

Care and his House are described thus,

IV 6, 33, 34, 35

Not far away, not meet for any Guest,  
They spy'd a little Cottage, like some poor Man's  
Nest

34

There entering in, they found the Good-Man's  
self,

Full busily unto his Work went,  
Who was so well a wretched wearish Elf,  
With hollow Eyes and raw bone Cheeks for-  
spent,  
As if he had in Prison long been pent  
Full black and grievously did his Face appear,  
Besmear'd with Smoke that night his Light  
sight blent,  
With ragged Beard and Hoary shaggy Hair,  
The which he never woult to comb, or comely  
shear

35

Rude was his Garment and to Rags all runt,  
Ne better had he, ne for better cared,  
His blistred Hands amongst the Cudlers bent,  
And Fingers filthy, with long Nails prepared,  
Right fit to rend the Food on which he fed,  
His Name was Care, a Blacksmith by his Trade,  
That neither Day nor Night from working  
spared,  
But to small purpose Iron Wedges made  
These be unquiet Thoughts that careful Minds  
invade

'Homer's Epithets were much admired by An-  
tiquity. See what great Justness and Variety  
there is in these Epithets of the Trees in the  
Forest where the Red cross Knight lost Truth,  
'B I Cant. i St 8, 9.

The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,  
The Vine prof Elm, the Poplar never dry,  
The Builder Oak, sole King of Forests all  
The Aspine good for Staves, the Cypress Fu-  
neral

9

The Laurel, Meed of mighty Conquerors,  
And Poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,  
The Willow worn of forlorn Pariaours,  
The Yew obedient to the Bender's Will  
The Birch for Shafts, the Sallow for the Mill,  
The Myrrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter Wound,  
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,  
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantane round,  
The Carver Holm, the Maple seldom inward  
sound

'I shall trouble you no more, but desire you to  
let me conclude with these Verses, though I

'think they have already been quoted by you.  
'They are Directions to young Ladies oppress'd  
with Calumny VI 6, 14

*The best* (said he, *that I can give you is, use,  
Is to avoid the Occasion of the Ill,  
I repeat the Cause I leave to each arise  
Removal is, the Effect, increase still  
Abstain from Pleasure and restrain your Will,  
Satisfy your Desire and cradle loose Delight,  
Use wanted Diet and forbear your Fill,  
Shun Secrecy, and look in open Sight,  
So shall you soon refer your Prison to a Flight*

No 545 Thursday, Nov. 20, 1712 [John Hughes]

*Forma enim Natura prout est ita ut non omni  
Forma arum locum in se habet, aut in se habet  
Aut ad hunc non in errore gratia deducit et angit,  
Post effectum animi non interpretatur lingua*

Hor

MY Friend the Tempter whom I have so often mentioned in these Writings, having determined to lay aside his Poetical Studies, in order to a closer Pursuit of the Law has put together, as a Farewell Essay, some Thoughts concerning *Proclamation and Action*,<sup>1</sup> which he has given me leave to communicate to the Publick. They are chiefly collected from his favourite Author, Cicero, who is known to have been an intimate friend of Roscius the Actor, and a good Judge of *Dramatick* Performances, as well as the most eloquent Pleader of the Time in which he lived.

Cicero concludes his celebrated Books de Oratore with some Precepts for Pronunciation and Action, without which Part he asserts that the best Orator in the World can never succeed and an indifferent one, who is Master of this, shall gain much greater Applause. What could make a stronger Impression, says he, than those Exclamations of Gracchus—*Whether shall I turn? Where's that I am? In what Place betake my self? Shall I go to the Capitol?—Alas! it is too costly to spill my Brother's Blood! Or shall I retire to my House? Yet there I behold my Mother slain and in misery, weeping and despairing!* These Breaks and Turns of Passion, it seems, were so enforced by the Eyes, Voice, and Gesture of the Speaker, that his very Enemies could not refrain from Tears. I must, says Tully, upon this the rather, because our Orators, who are as it were Actors of the Truth itself, have quitted this manner of speaking and the Players, who are but the Imitators of Truth, have taken it up.

I shall therefore pursue the Hint he has here given me, and for the Service of the British Stage I shall copy some of the Rules which this great Roman Master has laid down, yet, without

confining my self wholly to his Thoughts or Words, and to adapt this Essay the more to the Purpose for which I intend it, instead of the Examples he has inserted in his Discourse out of the ancient Tragedies, I shall make use of parallel Passages out of the most celebrated of our own.

The Design of Art is to assist Nature as much as possible in the Representation of Nature, for the Appearance of Reality is that which moves us in all Representations, and these have always the greater Force, the nearer they approach to Nature, and the less they shew of Imagination.

Nature herself has assigned to every Emotion of the Soul its peculiar Cast of the Countenance, Tone of Voice, and Manner of Gesture, and the whole Person, all the Features of the Face and Tones of the Voice, answer, like Strings upon musical Instruments, to the Impressions made on them by the Mind. Thus the Sounds of the Voice according to the various Touches which raise them form themselves into an Acute or Grave Quick or Slow, Loud or Soft Tone. These too may be subdivided into various kinds of Tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuse, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt winding, softened, or elevated. Every one of these may be employed with Art and Judgment, and all supply the Actor, as Colours do the Painter, with an expressive Variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar Voice in an acute, raised and hurrying sound. The passionate Character of King Lear is admirably drawn by Shakspeare, abounds with the strongest Instances of this kind.

—Death's Confusion!

*Ferry! what Quality?—why Gloster! Gloster! I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his Wife*

*Ire is your form of this! My breath and Flood! Fury! the fiery Duke!—&c.*

Sorrow and Complaint demand a Voice quite different, flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful Tone, as in that pathetic Soliloquy of Cardinal Wolsey on his Fall.

*Farewel!—a long Farewel to all my Greatness! It is the State of Man!—to-day I sit in forth The tender Leazes of Hopes, to-morrow blossoms,*

*And tears his blessing Honours thick upon him, The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost, It drenches his white, good easie Man, full surely His Greatness is a ripening, ripe his Root, And then he falls as I do*

We have likewise a fine Example of this in the whole Part of *Andronicus* in the Distress Mother, particularly in these Lines

*I'll go, and in the Arms of my Heart I'll cherish my Child!—If he must die, my Life Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive 'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd I see, Grov'd in Captivity, and out-br'd Hector Yes, my Aspy mix, we'll go together! Together to the Heavens of Night we'll go There to thy winking Eyes it's Sure I'll show, At a point I run out among the Shades below*

<sup>1</sup> [Action and Pronunciation]

<sup>2</sup> [Dramatick], and in first reprint

Fear expresses it self in a low, hesitating and abject Sound. If the Reader considers the following Speech of Lady *Macbeth*, while her husband is about the Murder of *Duncan* and his Grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the Sound of her own Voice, while she is speaking it.

*Alas! I am afraid they have arriv'd,  
And 'tis not done, th' Attempt, and not the  
Deed,  
Confound us — Hark! — I laid the Daggers  
ready,  
He should not miss them. Had he not resembled  
My Father as he slept, I had done it*

Courage assumes a louder tone, as in that Speech of *Don Sebastian* <sup>1</sup>

*Here sat ate all your Fury,  
Let Fortune empty her whole Over on me,  
I have a Soul that like an ample Shield  
Can take in all, and 'Verge enough for more*

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, tender, and joyous Modulation as in the following Lines in *Carus Marinus* <sup>2</sup>

*Lavinia! O thou'st'st'st'st in the Name,  
That soft'ning me to infant Tenderness,  
Makes my Heart spring, like the first Leaps of  
Life*

And Perplexity is different from all these grave, but not becoming, with an earnest uniform Sound of Voice, as in that celebrated Speech of *Hamlet*

*To be, or not to be — that is the Question  
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer  
The Shings and Arrows of a outrageous Fortune,  
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,  
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep,  
No more, and by a Sleep to say we end  
The Heart ach, and the thousand natural Shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a Consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep —  
To sleep, perchance to dream! Ay, there's the Rub*

*For in that sleep of Death what Dreams may  
come,  
When we have shuffled off this Mortal Coil,  
Must gaze us pause — I have's the Respect  
I hat makes Calan its of so long Life,  
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of  
Time,  
Th' Oppressor's Wrongs, the proud Man's Con-  
tinuety,  
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,  
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns  
That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his Quicquid mul-  
With a bare Bodkin? Who would in Mules Lear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?  
But that the Dread of something after Death,  
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn  
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,  
And makes us rather choose those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of*

<sup>1</sup> Dryden's.

<sup>2</sup> Otway's

As all these Varieties of Voice are to be directed by the Sense, so the Action is to be directed by the Voice, and with a beautiful Propriety, as it were to enforce it. The Arm, which by a strong Figure *Tully* calls *The Orator's Weapon*, is to be sometimes raised and extended, and the Hand by its Motion, sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow the Words, as they are uttered. The Stamping of the Foot too has its proper Expression in Contention, Anger, or absolute Command. But the Face is the Epitome of the whole Man, and the Eyes are as it were the Epitome of the Face, for which Reason, he says, the best Judges among the *Romans* were not extremely pleased, even with *Asinius* himself in his Masque. No Part of the Body, besides the Face, is capable of so many Changes: as there are different Emotions in the Mind, and of expressing them all by those Changes. Nor is this to be done without the Freedom of the Eyes, therefore *Thophrastus* call'd one, who barely rehearsed his Speech with his Eyes fix'd, an *absent actor*.

As the Countenance admits of so great Variety, it requires also great Judgment to govern it. Not that the Form of the Face is to be shifted on every Occasion, lest it turn to Farcy and Buffoonery, but it is certain that the Eyes have a wonderful Power of varying the Emotions of the Mind, sometimes by a steadfast Look, sometimes by a careless one, now by a sudden Regard, then by a joyful Sparkling, as the Sense of the Words is diversified for Action is, as it were, the Speech of the Features, and Limbs, and must therefore conform itself always to the Sentiments of the Soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the Gesture, there is a wonderful Force implanted by Nature, since the Vulgar, the Unskillful, and even the most Barbarous are easily affected by this. None are moved by the Sound of Words, but those who understand the Language, and the Sense of many things is lost upon Men of a dull Apprehension: but Action is a kind of Universal Language. All Men are subject to the same Passions, and consequently know the same Marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

Perhaps some of my Readers may be of Opinion, that the Hints I have here made use of, out of *Cicero*, are somewhat too refin'd for the Play-ers on our Theatre. In answer to which, I venture to lay it down as a Maxim, that without Good Sense no one can be a good Player, and that he is very unfit to personate the Dignity of a *Roman Hero*, who cannot enter into the Rules for Pronunciation and Gesture delivered by a *Roman Orator*.

There is another thing, which my Author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical, and that is the right *pitch* of the Voice. On this occasion he tells the Story of *Gracchus* who employed a Servant with a little Ivory Pipe to stand behind him, and give him the right Pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper Modulation. Every Voice, says *Tully*, <sup>1</sup> has its particular Medium and Compass, and the Sweetness of Speech consists in

<sup>1</sup> Near the end of the *De Oratore*



SIR,

'I was this Morning in a Company of your Well-wishers, when we read over, with great Satisfaction, *Tully's* Observations on Action adapted to the *British* Theatre. Though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed of another Member of your Club. Poor Sir Roger is dead, and the worthy Clergyman dying. Captain *Sentry* has taken Possession of a fair Estate, *Will Honeycomb* has married a Farmer's Daughter, and the *Templar* withdraws himself into the Business of his own Profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no Good to the Publick. Unless you very speedily fix a Day for the Election of new Members, we are under Apprehensions of losing the *British Spectator*. I hear of a Party of Ladies who intend to address you on this Subject, and question not, if you do not give us the Slip very suddenly, that you will receive Addresses from all Parts of the Kingdom to continue so useful a Work. Pray deliver us out of this Perplexity, and among the Multitude of your Readers you will particularly oblige

Your most Sincere Friend and Servant,

Philo Spec

No 543] Saturday, Nov 22, 1712 [Addison

———*Fautes non omnibus una*  
*Nec diversa tamen*——— Ov

THOSE who were skillful in Anatomy among the Ancients, concluded from the outward and inward Make of the Human Body, that it was the Work of a Being transcendently Wise and Powerful. As the World grew more enlightened in this Art, their Discoveries gave them fresh Opportunities of admiring the Conduct of Providence in the Formation of the Human Body. *Galen* was converted by his Dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a Survey of this his Handy-work. There were, indeed, many Parts of which the old Anatomists did not know the certain Use, but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable Art to their several Functions, they did not question but those, whose Uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same Wisdom for respective Ends and Purposes. Since the Circulation of the Blood has been found out, and many other great Discoveries have been made by our modern Anatomists, we see new Wonders in the Human Frame, and discern several important Uses for those Parts, which the Ancients knew nothing of. In short, the Body of Man is such a Subject as stands the utmost Test of Examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest Wisdom, upon the most superficial Survey of it, it still mends upon the Search, and produces our Surprise and Amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an Human Body, may be applied to the Body of every Animal which has been the Subject of Anatomical Observations.

The Body of an Animal is an Object adequate

to our Senses. It is a particular System of Providence, that lies in a narrow Compass. The Lye is able to comprehend it, and by successive Enquiries can search into all its Parts. Could the Body of the whole Earth, or indeed the whole Universe, be thus submitted to the Examination of our Senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our Enquiries, too unwieldy for the Management of the Lye and Hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a Frame as that of an Human Body. We should see the same Concentration and Subserviency, the same Necessity and Usefulness, the same Beauty and Harmony in all and every of its Parts, as what we discover in the Body of every single Animal.

The more extended our Reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense Objects, the greater still are those Discoveries which it makes of Wisdom and Providence in the Work of the Creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the Miracle of the Present Age, can look through a whole Planetary System, consider it in its Weight, Number, and Measure, and draw from it as many Demonstrations of infinite Power and Wisdom, as a more confined Understanding is able to deduce from the System of an Human Body.

But to return to our Speculations on Anatomy. I shall here consider the Fabric and Texture of the Bodies of Animals in one particular View, which, in my Opinion, shows the Hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their Formation, with the Evidence of a thousand Demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an uncontested Principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual Uniformity and Consistence with itself. If one should always sling the same number with ten thousand Dice, or we every Throw just five times less, or five times more in Number than the Throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible Power which directs the Cast? This is the Proceeding which we find in the Operations of Nature. I very kind of Animal is diversified by different Magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different Species. Let a Man trace the Dog or Lion kind, and he will observe how many of the Works of Nature are published, if I may use the Expression, in a variety of Editions. If we look into the Reptile World, or into those different Kinds of Animals that fill the Element of Water, we meet with the same Repetitions among several Species, that differ very little from one another, but in Size and Bulk. You find the same Creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several Proportions, and ending in Minature. It would be tedious to produce Instances of this regular Conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural History of Animals. The magnificent Harmony of the Universe is such, that we may observe innumerable Divisions running upon the same Ground. I might also extend this Speculation to the dead Parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter disposed into many similar Systems, as well in our Survey of Stars and Planets, as of Stones, Vegetables, and other sublimary Parts of the Creation.

'Mind, and the Satisfaction I promise to my self in the Possession of my new Fortune I have continued all Sir ROBERT'S Servants, except such as it was a Relief to disengage into little Beings within my Manor. Those who are in a List of the good Knights own Hand to be taken care of by me, I have quartered upon such as have taken new Leases of me, and added so many Advantages during the Lives of the Persons so quartered, that it is the Interest of those whom they are joined with, to cherish and befriend them upon all Occasions. I find a considerable Sum of ready Money, which I am trying out among my Dependents in the common Interest, but with a Design to lend it according to their Merit rather than according to their Ability. I shall lay a Tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become Security to me for such of their own poor Youth, whether Male or Female, as want Help towards getting into some Place in the World. I hope I shall be able to manage my Affairs so, as to improve my Fortune every Year by doing Acts of Kindness. I will lend my Money to the Use of none but indigent Men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the Favour of my Family or my self. What makes this the more practicable, is, that if they will do any one Good with my Money, they are welcome to it upon their own Security. And I make no Reception against it, because the Persons who enter into the Obligations do it for their own Interest. I have had out four thousand Pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a Crowd of People are obliged by it. In Cases where Sir ROBERT has recommended I have lent Money to put out Children, with a Charge which makes void the Obligation, in case the Infant dies before he is out of his Apprenticeship, by which means the Kindred and Masters are extremely careful in breeding him to Industry, that he may repay it himself by his Labour, in three Years Journey-work after his Time is out for the Use of his Securities. Opportunities of this kind are all that have occurred since I came to my Estate. But I assure you I will preserve a constant Disposition to catch at all the Occasions I can to promote the Good and Happiness of my Neighbourhood.

But give me leave to say before you a little Establishment which has grown out of my past Life, that I doubt not, will administer great Satisfaction to me in that Part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

There is a Prejudice in favour of the Way of Life to which a Man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome. It is like a Partiality to the Interest of one's own Country before that of any other Nation. It is from an Habit of Thinking, grown upon me from my Youth spent in Arms, that I have ever held Gentlemen, who have preserved Modesty, Good nature, Justice, and Humanity in a Soldier's Life to be the most valuable and worthy Persons of the human Race. To pass through imminent Dangers, suffer painful Watchings, frightful Alarms, and laborious Marches for the greater part of a Man's Life, and pass the rest in a Sobriety conformable to the Rules of

the most virtuous civil Life, is a Merit too great to deserve the Treatment it usually meets with among the other part of the World. But I assure you Sir, were there not very many who have this Worth, we could never have seen the glorious Events which we have in our Days. I need not say more to illustrate the Character of a Soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrivance to hunt you observe, loud, noisy, and overbearing in a red Coat about Town. But I was going to tell you, that in Honour of the Profession of Arms, I have set apart a certain Sum of Money for a Table for such Gentlemen as have served their Country in the Army, and will please from Time to Time to adjourn all, or any Part of the Year, a *Council*. Such of them as will do me that Honour, shall find Horses, Servants, and all things necessary for their Accommodation and Enjoyment of all the Conveniences of Life in a pleasant various Country. If Colonel *Campbell* be in Town, and his Abilities are not employed another way in the Service, there is no Man would be more welcome here. That Gentleman is thorough Knowledge in his Profession, together with the Simplicity of his Manners and Goodness of his Heart, would induce others like him to honour my Abode. And I should be glad my Acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their Characters have an Affinity to his.

I would have all my Friends know, that they need not fear (though I am become a Country Gentleman) I will trespass against their Temperance and Sobriety. No Sir I shall return so much of the good Sentiments for the Conduct of Life, which are cultivated in each other at our Club, as to condemn all inordinate Pleasures. But particularly remember, with our beloved *Tully* that the Delight in Food consists in Desire, not Satiety. They who most passionately pursue Pleasure, seldom arrive at it. Now I am writing to a Philosopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the Satisfaction I took in the Passage I read yesterday in the same *Tully*. A Nobleman of Athens made a Compliment to Plato the Morning after he had supped at his House, *You entertainments are only please when you leave them, but also the Day after*

I am,

My worthy Friend,

Your most obedient humble Servant,  
WILLIAM SPONTY

No 545 ] Tuesday, November 25, 1712 [ Steele

*Quin fo'tus Pacem Aeternam fac'osque Hy-  
menaeos  
Exercemus* — Virg

I CANNOT but think the following Letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope of Rome, proposing a Coalition of the Chinese and Roman Churches, will be acceptable to the Curious. I must confess I myself being of opinion that the Emperor has as much Authority to be

"Moon let her Stature be equal to thirt of an  
 "Ear of green Corn, and her Girth a Handful  
 "We will send our *Mandarine's* Embassadors  
 "to clothe her, and to conduct her to us, and we  
 "will meet her on the Bank of the great River,  
 "marking her to leap up into our Chariot. She  
 "may with us worship her own God together  
 "with twenty four Virgins of her own choosing  
 "and she may sing with them, as the *Psalm* in  
 "the Spring. You, O Father and Friend, com-  
 "plying with this our Desire, may be an occasion  
 "of uniting in perpetual Friendship our high Em-  
 "pire with your *Europeau* Kingdoms, and we  
 "may embrace your Laws as the *Tree* embraces  
 "the Tree, and we our selves may scatter our  
 "Royal Blood into your Provinces, warming the  
 "chief of your Princes with the amorous Fire of  
 "our *Amazons*, the resembling Pictures of some  
 "of which our said *Mandarine's* Embassadors  
 "shall convey to you

"We exhort you to keep in Peace two good  
 "Religious Families of *Missionaries*, the black  
 "Sons of *Ignatius*, and the white and black Sons  
 "of *Dominicus*, that the Counsel, both of the  
 "one and the other, may serve as a Guide to us  
 "in our Government, and a Light to interpret the  
 "Divine Law, as the Oil cast into the Ser pro-  
 "duces Light

"To conclude, we rising up in our Throne to  
 "embrace you we declare you our Ally and Con-  
 "federate and have ordered this Letter to be  
 "sealed with our Imperial Signet, in our Royal  
 "City the Head of the World, the 8th Day of  
 "the third Lunnation, and the 4th Year of our  
 "Reign

Letters from *Rome* say, the whole Convera-  
 tion both among Gentlemen and Ladies has turned  
 upon the Subject of this Epistle, ever since it  
 arrived. The Jesuit who translated it says, it  
 loses much of the Majesty of the Original in the  
*Italian*. It seems there was an Offer of the same  
 nature made by a Predecessor of the present Em-  
 peror to *Levis* the XIIIth of *France*, but no  
 Lady of that Court would take the Voyage, that  
 Sex not being at that time so much used in polit-  
 tick Negotiations. The manner of treating the  
 Pope is, according to the *Chinese* Ceremonial  
 very respectful. For the Emperor writes to him  
 with the Quill of a Virgin *Ostrich*, which was  
 never used before but in Writing Prayers. In-  
 structions are preparing for the Lady who shall  
 have so much Zeal as to undertake this Pilgrim-  
 age, and be an Empress for the sake of her Reli-  
 gion. The Principal of the *Indian* Missionaries  
 has given in a List of the reigning Sins in *China*,  
 in order to prepare the Indulgences necessary to  
 this Lady and her Retinue, in advancing the In-  
 terests of the *Roman Catholic Religion* in those  
 Kingdoms

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL

May it please your Honour,

'I have of late seen *French* Hats, of a pro-  
 digious Magnitude, pass by my Observatory.  
 T John Sly

No 546 ] Wednesday, Nov 26, 1712 [ Steele

*Omnia patefacienda ut ne quid omnino quod  
 creditor norat, ex flos ignoret* — I will

IT gives me very great Scandal to observe,  
 I where ever I go, how much Skill, in buying  
 all in manner of Goods, there is necessary to defend  
 yourself from being cheated in what ever you see  
 exposed to Sale. My Reading makes such a  
 strong impression upon me that I should think  
 my self a Cheat in my Way, if I should transcribe  
 any thing from another Tongue, and not acknow-  
 ledge it to my Readers. I understood from a com-  
 mon Report, that Mr *Cibber* was introducing a  
*French* Play upon our Stage, and thought my  
 self concerned to let the Town know what was  
 his, and what foreign. When I came to the Re-  
 lictress, I found the House so partial to one of  
 their own Intermity that they gave every thing  
 which was said such Grace, Emphasis, and Force  
 in their Action, that it was no easy matter to  
 make any Judgment of the Performance. Mrs  
*Oldfield*, who, it seems is the Heroick Daughter,  
 had so just a Conception of her Part, that her  
 Action made what she spoke appear decent, just,  
 and noble. The Passions of Jealousy and Com-  
 passion, they made me believe were very artfully  
 raised, and the whole Conduct of the Play artful  
 and surprising. We Authors do not much relish  
 the Indignities of Players in this kind but have  
 the same Dilemma as Physicians and Lawyers  
 have when Attorneys and Apothecaries give Ad-  
 vice. *Cibber* himself took the liberty to tell me,  
 that he expected I would do him Justice, and  
 allow the Play well prepared for his Spectators,  
 whatever it was for his Readers. He added very  
 many Particulars not unseasonable concerning the  
 manner of taking an Audience, and having writ  
 not only for their superficial Applause, but also

<sup>1</sup> *Alpina* or the Heroick Daughter, a Tragedy  
 taken from the *Cut* of Corneille by Colley Cib-  
 ber. The play was not published until after  
 Steele's pamphlet, 'The Crisis,' had exposed him  
 to political and as it necessarily followed in those  
 days, personal detraction. Cibber then dedicated  
 his play to Steele, referring to the custom of  
 his calumniators since they could not deny his  
 literary services to transfer all the merit of them  
 to Addison upon whom he had so generously  
 heaped more than the half of his own fame, and  
 said "Your Enemies therefore, thus knowing  
 that your own consent had partly justified their  
 insinuations, saved a great deal of their malice  
 from being ridiculous, and fairly left you to apply  
 to such your singular conduct what Mark An-  
 tony says of Octavius in the play—

*Fool that I was! upon my Eagle's wings  
 I bore this Wren, till I was tired with bearing,  
 And now, he mounts above me'*

True hearted Steele never read his relation to  
 his friend in this fashion. With how fine a dis-  
 regard of conventional dignity is the latter part of  
 this paper given by Steele to the hind effort to  
 help in setting a fallen man upon his legs again!

'Wash, Powder, Cosmetick, &c It is certainly  
'the best Beautifier in the World

*Maria Glover*

'I Samuel Self, of the Parish of *St James's*  
'having a Constitution which naturally abounds  
'with Acids made use of a Paper of Directions  
'marked No 177 recommending a healthful  
'Exercise called *Good Nature*, and have found it  
'a most excellent Sweetener of the Blood

'Whereas I, *Elizabeth Raines*, was troubled  
'with that Distemper in my Head which about a  
'Year ago was pretty Epileptical among the  
'Ladies, and discover'd it self in the Colour of  
'their Hoods, having made use of the Doctor  
'Cephralin Lincture, which he exhibited to the  
'Publick in one of his last Years Papers I re-  
'cover'd in a very few Days

'I George Gloom have for a long time been  
'troubled with the Spleen, and being ravish'd by  
'my Friends to put my self into a Course of  
'Steels, did for that end make use of Remedies  
'convey'd in me several Mornings, in short  
'I letters, from the Hands of the invisible Doctor  
'They were marked at the bottom *Nathaniel*  
'*Hearnes*, *Alice Threadneedle*, *Rebecca Nettl-*  
'*top*, *Fam Loless*, *Mary Mearwell*, *Thomas*  
'*Smooty*, *Anthony Freeman*, *Tom Mccogot*,  
'*Kustick Sprightly*, &c which have had so good  
'an Effect upon me, that I now find my self  
'cheerful, lightsome and easy and therefore do  
'recommend them to all such as labour under the  
'same Distemper

Not having room to insert all the Advertise-  
ments which were sent me, I have only picked  
out some few from the Third Volume, reserving  
the Fourth for another Opportunity

O

No 548] Friday, November 28, 1712 [

*Virtus et mo sine rascitur, optimus illo*  
*Qui minimus in gelur* Hor

Mr SPECTATOR, No<sup>r</sup> 27, 1712  
I HAVE read this Day's Paper with a great  
deal of Pleasure, and could send you an Ac-  
count of several Elixirs and Antidotes in your  
third Volume, which your Correspondents have  
not taken Notice of in their Advertisements, and  
at the same time must own to you that I have  
seldom seen a Shop furnished with such a Variety  
of Medicaments, and in which there are fewer  
Soporifics. The several Vehicles you have in-  
vented for conveying your unacceptable Truths to  
us, are what I most particularly admire, as I am  
afraid they are Secrets which will die with you  
I do not find that any of your Critical Papers are  
taken Notice of in this Paper, notwithstanding I

Unreknownledged, but doubtless by Addison,  
who took this indirect way of answering Dennis.  
Addison's hand is further shown by the addition  
made to the reprint

look upon them to be excellent Cleansers of the  
Brain, and could venture to superscribe them with  
an Advertisement which I have lately seen in one  
of our News Papers wherein there is an Account  
given of a Sovereign Remedy for restoring the  
Taste of all such Persons whose Palates have been  
vitiated by Distempers, unwholesome Food, or  
any the like Occasions. But to let fall the Al-  
lusion notwithstanding your Criticisms, and par-  
ticularly the Candour which you have discover'd  
in them are not the least taking Part of your  
Works, I find your Opinion concerning *Patual*  
*Just* is it is expressed in the first Part of your  
*Fortieth Spectator*, is controverted by some  
erminent Critics and as you now seem, to our  
great Grief of Heart, to be winning up your Bot-  
tom, I hoped you would have enlarg'd a little  
upon that Subject. It is indeed but a single Para-  
graph in your Works, and I believe those who  
have read it with the same Attention I have done,  
will think there is nothing to be objected against  
it. I have however drawn up some additional  
Arguments to strengthen the Opinion which you  
have there deliver'd, having endeavour'd to go to  
the Bottom of that Matter which you may either  
publish or suppress as you think fit

*Horace* in my Motto says, that all Men are  
'vicious, and that they differ from one another,  
'only as they are more or less so. *Bacon* has  
'given the same Account of our Wisdom, as *Ho-*  
*race* has of our Virtue

*Tous les Hommes sont fous, et, malgré tous leurs*  
*sens,*  
*Ne different entre eux, que du plus et du moins*

All Men, says he, are Fools, and, in spite of their  
Indevours to the contrary, differ from one an-  
other only as they are more or less so

Two or three of the old *Greek* Poets have  
'given the same turn to a Sentence which de-  
'scribes the Happiness of Man in this Life

*Τὸ ζῆν ἀλὺπτος, ἀνδάνος ἐστὶ ευρυχοῦς*

That Man is most happy who is the least miser-  
able. It will not perhaps be unentertaining to  
the Polite Reader to observe how these three  
beautiful Sentences are form'd upon different  
Subjects by the same way of thinking but I  
'shall return to the first of them

Our Goodness being of a comparative, and not  
an absolute nature, there is none who in strict-  
ness can be called a Virtuous Man. Every one  
has in him a natural Alloy, tho' one may be fuller  
of Dross than another. For this reason I cannot  
think it right to introduce a perfect or a faultless  
Man upon the Stage not only because such a  
Character is improper to move Compassion, but  
because there is no such a thing in Nature.  
This might probably be one Reason why the  
*SPECTATOR* in one of his Papers took notice of  
that late invented Term called *Poetical Justice*,  
and the wrong Notions into which it has led some  
Irregular Writers. The most perfect Man has  
Vices enough to draw down Punishments upon  
his Head, and to justify Providence in regard to  
any Miseries that may befall him. For this  
reason I cannot think, but that the Instruction

'and Moral are much finer, where a Man who is virtuous in the main of his Character falls into Distress and sinks under the Blows of Fortune at the End of a Tragedy, than when he is represented as Happy and Triumphant. Such an Example corrects the Insolence of Human Nature, softens the Mind of the Beholder with Sentiments of Pity and Compassion, comforts him under his own private Affliction, and teaches him not to judge Mens Virtues by their Successes. I cannot think of one real Hero in all Antiquity so far raised above Human Infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a Tragedy as plunged in Misfortunes and Calamities. The Poet may still find out some prevailing Passion or Indiscretion in his Character, and shew it in such a Manner, as will sufficiently requit the Gods of any Injustice in his Sufferings. For as *Horace* observes in my Text, the best Man is faulty, tho' not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious Men.

If such a strict Poetical Justice, as some Gentlemen insist upon, was to be observed in this Art, there is no manner of Reason why it should not extend to Heroick Poetry, as well as Tragedy. But we find it so little observed in *Homer*, that his *Achilles* is placed in the greatest point of Glory and Success, though his Character is Morally Vicious, and only Poetically Good, if I may use the Phrase of our modern Critics. The *Aeneid* is filled with Innocent, unhappy Persons *Nisus* and *Lirialus*, *Lansus* and *Pallas* come all to unfortunate Ends. The Poet takes Notice in particular, that in the Sacking of *Troy*, *Riphe* is sell, who was the most just Man among the *Trojans*.

—*Cadit et lapsus justissimus unus,  
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus Aequi  
Dys aliter visum est*—

'And that *Pantheus* could neither be preserved by his transcendent Piety, nor by the holy Fillets of *Apollo*, whose Priest he was.

—*nec Te tna plurima Panthen  
Labente pietas, nec Apollinis insula teat*

ÆN 1 2

'I might here mention the Practice of ancient Tragick Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, but as this Particular is touched upon in the Paper above mentioned, I shall pass it over in Silence. I could produce Passages out of *Aristotle* in favour of my Opinion, and if in one Place he says that an absolute, Virtuous Man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not vs ife any one who shall think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous Man upon the Stage. Those who are acquainted with that Author's Way of Writing, know very well, that to take the whole extent of his Subject into his Divisions of it, he often makes use of such Cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to Practice. He himself declares that such Tragedies are ended unhappily bore away the Prize in Theatrical Contentions, from those which ended happily, and for the fourth Speculation which I am now considering, as it

'has given Reasons why these are more apt to please an Audience, so it only proves that these are generally preferable to the other, tho' at the same time it affirms that many excellent Tragedies have and may be written in both kinds.

[I shall conclude with observing that though the *Spectator* above-mentioned is so far against the Rule of Poetical Justice, as to affirm, that good Men may meet with an unhappy Catastrophe in Tragedy, it does not say that all Men may go off unpunished. The Reason for this Distinction is very plain, namely, because the best of Men are vicious enough to justify Providence for any Misfortunes and Afflictions which may befall them, but there are many Men so criminal that they can have no Claim or Pretence to Happiness. The best of Men may deserve Punishment, but the worst of Men cannot deserve Happiness.]

No 549] Saturday, Nov 29, 1712 [Addiscu

*Quamvis digressus veteris confusus amici,  
Laudo tamen*— Juvenal

I BELIEVE most People begin the World with a Resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of Solitude or Retirement, when they have made themselves easie in it. Our Unhappiness is, that we find out some Excuse or other for deferring such our good Resolutions till our intended Retreat is cut off by Death. But among all kinds of People there are none who are so hard to part with the World, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of Riches. Their Minds are so warped with their constant Attention to Gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their Souls another Bent, and convert them towards those Objects, which, though they are proper for every Stage of Life, are so more especially for the last. *Horace* describes an old Usurer as so charmed with the Pleasures of a Country Life, that in order to make a Purchase he called in all his Money, but what was the Event of it? Why in a very few Days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this Series of Thought by a Discourse which I had last Week with my worthy Friend Sir ANDREW TRIFFORT, a Man of so much natural Eloquence, good Sense, and Probity of Mind, that I always hear him with a particular Pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining Members of our Club, Sir ANDREW gave me an Account of the many busy Scenes of Life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky Hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good Fortune, but in the Temper of Mind he was then, he termed them Mercies, Favours of Providence, and Blessings upon an honest Industry. Now, says he, you must know my good Friend, I am so used to consider my self as Creditor and Debtor, that I often state my Accounts after the same manner with regard to Heaven and my own Soul. In this case, when I look upon the Debtor side, I find such innumerable Articles, that I want

raise the Credit of that Fund I have several Letters, dated from *Jenny Man's*, by Gentlemen who are Candidates for Crisp SENTRY'S Place, and as many from a Coffee-House in *Paul's Church-yard* of such who would fill up the Vacancy occasioned by the Death of my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular Respect.

Having maturely weighed these several Particulars, with the many Remonstrances that have been made to me on this Subject, and considering how invidious an Office I shall take upon me, if I make the whole Election depend upon my single Voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those Clamours, which, on such an Occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for Partiality, Injustice, Corruption and other Qualities which my Nature abhors, I have formed to myself the Project of a Club as follows.

I have thoughts of issuing out Writs to all and every of the Clubs that are established in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, requiring them to chuse out of their respective Bodies a Person of the greatest Merit, and to return his name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to sit upon Business.

By this means I may have Reason to hope, that the Club over which I shall preside will be the very Flower and Quintessence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my Project to none but a particular Friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his Happiness in that kind of Wit which is commonly known by the Name of a Pun. The only Objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up Enemies to myself if I act with so regal an Air, and that my Detractors, instead of giving me the usual Title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended Project. It is very well known that I at first set forth in this Work with the Character of a silent Man and I think I have so well preserved my Taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three Sentences in the space of almost two Years. As a Monosyllable is my Delight, I have made very few Excursions in the Conversations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this Means my Readers have lost many good things which I have had in my Heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my Character, and to shew the World how well I can talk if I have a Mind, I have I thought of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under Consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this Affair, I design, upon the first Meeting of the said Club, to have a *Mouth opened* in for as intending to regulate myself in this Particular by a certain Ritual which I have by me, that contains all the Ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the Mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his Scholars, after an Apprenticeship of Silence, was made free of his Speech. In the mean time, as I have of the found my Name in foreign Gazettes upon less Specious, I question not but in their next Arti-

cles from *Great Britain*, they will inform the World that the SPECTATOR'S Mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next<sup>1</sup>. I may perhaps publish a very useful Paper at that Time of the Proceedings in that Solemnity, and of the Persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter. O

No 551 ] Tuesday, December 2, 1712 [

*Sic Honor et Nomen divinus vatibus atque  
Carminibus venit*—HOR

MR SPECTATOR,  
WHEN Men of worthy and exelling Genius's have obliged the World with be utiful and instructive Writings, it is in the nature of Gratitude that Praise should be returned them, as one proper consequent Reward of their Performances. Nor has Mankind ever been so degenerately sunk, but they have made this Return and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous Endeavour so as to receive the Advantages designed by it. This Praise, which arises first in the Mouth of particular Persons, spreads and lasts according to the Merit of Authors and when it thus meets with a full Success changes its Denomination, and is called *Fame*. They who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, enflamed by the Acknowledgments of others, and spurred on to new Undertakings for the Benefit of Mankind, notwithstanding the Detraction which some sordid Tempers would cast upon them. But when they de cease, their Characters being freed from the Shadow which *Envy* laid them under, begin to shine out with greater Splendour, their Spirits survive in their Works, they are admitted into the highest Companies, and they continue pleasing and instructing Posterity from Age to Age. Some of the best gain a Character, by being able to shew that they are no Strangers to them and others obtain a new Warmth to labour for the Happiness and Ease of Mankind, from a Reflection upon those Honours which are paid to their Memories.

The Thought of this took me up as I turned over those Epigrams which are the Remains of several of the *Wits of Greece*, and perceived many dedicated to the Fame of those who had excelled in beautiful poetick Performances. Wherefore, in pursuance to my Thought, I concluded to do something along with them to bring their Prises into a new Light and Language, for the Encouragement of those whose modest Tempers may be deterred by the Fear of Envy or Detraction from fair Attempts, to which their Parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of Epitaphs, a sort of Writing which is wholly set apart for a short pointed Method of Praise.

<sup>1</sup> On the twelfth of the following March appeared the first number of Steele's *Guardian*. Addison's attempt to revive the *Spectator* was not made until June, 1714.

of himself (withdrawn from the World, and dead to all the Interests of it) as of a Man really deceased. At the same time it is an Instruction how to leave the Publick with a good Grace

Epitaphium Vivi Authoris

*Hic, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo  
Coniatus hic est conditus, hic jacet  
Defunctus Humanum Laborem  
Sorte, superueniente Vita,  
Non Indecora pauperie nitens,  
Et in meriti Nobilis Otio,  
Vanoque dilectis popello  
Divitis animosus hostis  
Possit ut illum dicere mortuum  
En Terra jam nunc Quantula suffit. Et  
Exemplum sit Curis, Viator,  
Terra sit illa laevis, piccare  
Hic sparge Flores, sparge brèves Rosas,  
Nam Vita gaudet Mortui Floribus,  
Herbisque Odoratis Corona  
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem*

[The Publication of these Criticisms having procured me the following Letter from a very ingenious Gentleman I cannot forbear inserting it in the Volume, though it did not come soon enough to have a place in any of my single Papers.

MR SPECTATOR,

Having read over in your Paper, No 552 some of the Epigrams made by the Grecian Wits, in commendation of their celebrated Poets, I could not forbear sending you another, out of the same Collection, which I take to be as great a Compliment to Homer, as any that has yet been paid him

Τῆς ποθ' ὁ τὸν Τροίης πόλεμον, &c

*Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan War,  
And wise Ulysses' Acts, O Jove, make known  
For since 'tis certain, Him those Poems are,  
No more let Homer boast they are his own*

If you think it worthy of a Place in your Speculations, for ought I know (by that means) it may in time be printed as often in English, as it has already been in Greek. I am (like the rest of the World)

SIR,

4th Dec

Your great Admirer,  
G R

The Reader may observe that the Beauty of this Epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An Irony is look'd upon as the finest Palliative of Praise, and very often conveys the noblest Panegyric under the Appearance of Satire. Homer is here seemingly accused and treated as a Plagiary, but what is drawn up in the form of an Accusation is certainly, as my Correspondent observes, the greatest Compliment that could have been paid to that Divine Poet.]

Dear MR SPECTATOR,

I am a Gentleman of a pretty good Fortune, and of a Temper impatient of any thing which I think an Injury, however I always quarrelled according to Law, and instead of attacking my

Adversary by the dangerous Method of Sword and Pistol, I made my Assaults by that more secure one of Writ or Warrant. I cannot help telling you, that either by the Justice of my Causes, or the Superiority of my Council, I have been generally successful, and to my great Satisfaction I can say it, that by three Actions of Slunder, and half a dozen Responses, I have for several Years enjoy'd a perfect Tranquility in my Reputation and Estate. By these means, tho I have been made known to the Judges, the Serjeants of our Circuit are my intimate Friends, and the Ornamental Counsel pry a very profound Respect to one who has made so great a Figure in the Law. Affairs of Consequence having brought me to Town, I had the Curiosity to other day to visit Westminster-Hall, and having placed myself in one of the Courts, expected to be most agreeably entertained. After the Court and Counsel were, with due Ceremony, seated, up stands a learned Gentleman, and began, When this Matter was last stirr'd before your Lordship. The next humbly moved to quash an Indictment, another complain'd that his Adversary had snatch'd a Judgment, the next inform'd the Court that his Client was stripp'd of his Possession, another begg'd Leave to requir't his Lordship, that they had been saddled with Costs. At last upgot a grave Serjeant, and told us his Client had been hung up a whole Term by a Writ of Error. At this I could bear it no longer, but came forth, and resolv'd to apply myself to your Honour to interpose with these Gentlemen, that they would leave off such low and unnatural Expressions. For surely tho' the Lawyers subscribe to hideous French and false Latin, yet they should let their Clients have a little decent and proper English for their Money. What Man that has a Value for a good Name would like to have it ruin'd in a publick Court, that Mr such a one was stripp'd, saddled or hung up? This being what has escap'd your Spectatorial Observation, be pleas'd to correct such unliberal Cant among profess'd Speakers, and you'll infinitely oblige

Joe's Coffee house, Your humble Servant,

November 28

Philonicus

No 552 ] Wednesday, December 3, 1712 [Stock

Quae praegravat arces

Infra se positas extinctus amabitur idem — Hor

AS I was tumbling about the Town the other Day in an Hackney Coach, and delighting myself with busy Scenes in the Shops of each Side of me, it came into my Head, with no small Remorse, that I had not been frequent enough in the Mention and Recommendation of the industrious Part of Mankind. It very naturally, upon this Occasion, touch'd my Conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted myself to my Friend Mr Peter Motteux. That industrious

'the Number of Thirty Subscribers he compleated  
'and that the Subscribers he served with Globes  
'in the Order in which they subscribed

'IV That a Pair of these Globes shall not  
'hereafter be sold to any Person but the Sub  
'scribers under Thirty Pounds

'V That if there be not thirty Subscribers  
'within four Months after the first of Decem  
'ber, 1712, the Money paid shall be return'd on  
'Demand by Mr John Warner Goldsmith near  
'Temple-Bar, who shall receive and pay the  
'same according to the above mention'd Articles

T

No 553] Thursday, Dec 4, 1712 [Addison

*Nec lussus pudet, sed non incidere ludum* — Hor

THE Project which I published on Monday last has brought me in several Packets of Letters. Among the rest I have received one from a certain Projector, wherein after having represented, that in all probability the Solemnity of opening my Mouth will draw together a great Confluence of Beholders, he proposes to me the hiring of *Statioer's Hall* for the more convenient exhibiting of that Publick Ceremony. He undertakes to be at the Charge of it himself, provided he may have the erecting of Galleries on every side, and the letting of them out upon that Occasion. I have a Letter also from a Bookseller petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he may have the Printing of the Speech which I shall make to the Assembly upon the first opening of my Mouth. I am informed from all Parts, that there are great Canvassings in the several Clubs about Town, upon the chusing of a proper Person to sit with me on those arduous Affairs to which I have summoned them. Three Clubs have already proceeded to Election whereof one has made a double Return. If I find that my Enemies shall take Advantage of my Silence to begin Hostilities upon me, or if any other Emergency of Affairs may so require, since I see Elections in so great a forwardness, we may possibly meet before the Day appointed or if matters go on to my Satisfaction, I may perhaps put off the Meeting to a further Day but of this Publick Notice shall be given.

In the mean time, I must confess that I am not a little grieved and oblig'd by this Concern which appears in this great City upon my present Design of lying down this Paper. It is likewise with much Satisfaction, that I find some of the most outlying Parts of the Kingdom alarm'd upon this Occasion having received Letters to expostulate with me about it from several of my Readers of the remotest Boroughs of *Great Brittain*. Among these I am very well pleas'd with a Letter dated from *Berwick upon Tweed*, wherein my Correspondent compares the Office which I have for some time executed in these Realms to the Wedding of a great Garden which, says he, it is not sufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the Work must be continued duly, or the same Spots of

Ground which are cleared for a while, will in a little time be over run as much as ever. Another Gentleman lays before me several Enormities that are already sprouting, and which he believes will discover themselves in their Growth immediately after my Disappearance. There is no doubt, says he, but the Ladies Heads will shoot up as soon as they know they are no longer under the Spectator's Eye and I have already seen such monstrous broad-brimmed Hats under the Arms of Foreigners, that I question not but they will overshadow the Island within a Month or two after the dropping of your Paper. But among all the Letters which are come to my hands, there is none so handsomely written as the following one, which I am the more pleas'd with, as it is sent me from Gentlemen who belong to a Body which I shall always Honour, and where I cannot speak it without a secret Pride; my Speculations have met with a very kind Reception. It is usual for Poets upon the publishing of their Works to print before them such Copies of Verses as have been made in their Praise. Not that you must imagine they are pleas'd with their own Commendations, but because the elegant Compositions of their Friends should not be lost. I must make the same Apology for the Publication of the ensuing Letter, in which I have suppress'd no Part of those Praises that are given my Speculations with too lavish and good natured a Hand, though my Correspondents can witness for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out those Parts in the Letters which I have received from them. [O]

MR SPECTATOR, Oxford, Nov 25  
In spite of your Invincible Silence you have found out a Method of being the most agreeable Companion in the World. That kind of Conversation which you hold with the Town, has the good Fortune of being always pleasing to the Men of Taste and Leisure, and never offensive to those of Hurry and Business. You are never heard, but at what *Horace* calls *dextro tempore*, and have the Happiness to observe the politick Rule, which the same discerning Author gave his Friend, when he enjoin'd him to deliver his Book to *Augustus*.

*Si valider si latus erat si denique poscet*  
You never begin to talk, but when People are desirous to hear you and I defy any one to be out of humour till you leave off. But I am led now ares into Reflections, foreign to the original Design of this Epistle which was to let you know, that some unassigned Admirers of your immutable Papers, who could, without any Flattery, greet you with the Salutation used to the Eastern Monarchs, viz *O Spec, li- for ever*, have lately been under the same Apprehensions, with Mr *Philo Spec* that the haste you have made to dispatch your best Friends portends no long Duration to your own short Vantage. We could not, indeed, find any just Grounds for Complaint in the Method you took to dissolve that venerable Body. No, the World was not worthy of your Divine WILL. *HOMERUS* could not, with any Reputation, live single any longer. It was high time for the *IE PLAR* to turn himself



'in *Coke*. And Sir ROGER's dying was the wisest thing he ever did in his Life. It was, however, matter of great Grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so Elegant and Valuable an Entertainment. And we could not, without Sorrow, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to interrupt our Sips in a Morning, and to suspend our Coffee in mid way, between our Lips and Right Ear, but the ordinary Irish of News Papers. We resolved, therefore, not to part with you so. But since, to make use of your own Allusion, the Cherries begin now to crowd the Market, and their Season was almost over, we consulted our future Enjoyments, and endeavoured to in the exquisite Pleasure that delicious Fruit gave our Taste as lasting as we could, and by drying them protect their stay beyond its natural Date. We own that thus they have not a Flavour equal to that of their juicy Bloom; but yet, under this Disadvantage, they pique the Palate, and become a Silver better than any other Fruit at its first Appearance. To speak plain, there are a Number of us who have begun your Works afresh, and meet two Nights in the Week in order to give you a Rehearing. We never come together without drinking your Health, and is seldom part without general Expressions of Thanks to you for our Night's Improvement. This we conceive to be a more useful Institution than any other Club whatever, not excepting even that of *ugly Faces*. We have one manifest Advantage over that renowned Society, with respect to Mr *Spectator's* Company. For though they may brag, that you sometimes make your personal Appearance amongst them, it is impossible they should ever get a Word from you. Whereas you are with us the Reverse of what *Phaedra* would have his Mistress be in his Rival's Company, *Present in your Absence*. We make you talk as much and as long as we please, and let me tell you, you seldom hold your Tongue for the whole Evening. I promise my self you will look with an Eye of Favour upon a Meeting which owes its Original to a mutual Emulation among its Members, who shall shew the most profound Respect for your Paper, not but we have a very great Value for your Person, and I dare say you can nowhere find four more sincere Admirers, and humble Servants, than

T F, G S, J T, E T

No 554] Friday, Dec 5, 1712 [John Hughes

*tantanda Via est, quæ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, Victorque virum solitare per  
Ora—Virg*

I AM obliged for the following Essay, as well as for that which lays down Rules out of Truly for Prouincialism and Action, to the Ingenious Author of a Poem just Published, Entitled, *An Ode to the Creator of the World occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus*

It is a Remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated French Author, that *no Man ever pushed*

*his Capacity as far as it was able to extend*. I shall not enquire whether this Assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that Men of the greatest Application and Acquirements can look back upon many vacant Spaces, and neglected Parts of Time, which have slipped away from them unemployed, and there is hardly any one considering Person in the World, but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his Life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

The Mind is most provoked to cast on it self this ingenuous Reproach, when the Examples of such Men are presented to it, as have far outshot the generality of their Species, in Learning, Arts, or any valuable Improvements.

One of the most extensive and improved Geniuses we have had is an Instance of in our own Nation, or in any other was that of Sir *Francis Bacon Lord Verulam*. This great Man, by an extraordinary Force of Nature, Compass of Thought, and indefatigable Study, had amassed to himself such stores of Knowledge as we cannot look upon without Amazement. His Capacity seems to have grasped All that was revealed in Books before his Time, and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new Tracks of Science, too many to be travelled over by any one Man, in the Compass of the longest Life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect Coastings in Maps, or supposed Points of Land, to be further discovered, and ascertained by the Industry of After-Ages, who should proceed upon his Notices or Conjectures.

The Excellent Mr *Boyle* was the Person, who seems to have been designed by Nature to succeed to the Labours and Enquiries of that extraordinary Genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable Experiments He, in a great Measure filled up those Plans and Out-Lines of Science which his Predecessor had sketched out. His Life was spent in the Pursuit of Nature, through a great Variety of Forms and Changes, and in the most rational, as well as devout Adoration of its Divine Author.

It would be impossible to name many Persons who have extended their Capacities so far as these two, in the Studies they pursued. But my learned Readers on this Occasion, will naturally turn their Thoughts to a *Phidias*, who is yet living, and is likewise the Glory of our own Nation. The Improvements which others had made in Natural and Mathematical Knowledge have so vastly increased in his Hands, as to afford at once a wonderful Instance how great the Capacity is of a Human Soul, and how inexhaustible the Subject of its Enquiries, so true is that Remark in Holy Writ, that, though a wise Man seek to find out the Works of God from the Beginning to the End, yet shall he not be able to do it.

I cannot help mentioning here one Character more, of a different kind indeed from these, yet such a one as may serve to shew the wonderful Force of Nature and of Application, and is the most singular Instance of an Universal Genius I have ever met with. The Person I mean is *Leonardo da Vinci*, an Italian Painter, descended

from a noble Family in *Tuscany*, about the beginning of the sixteenth Century. In his Profession of History Painting he was so great a Master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him [It is certain] that he roused the Envy of *Michael Angelo*, who was his Contemporary, and that from the Study of his Works *Raphael* himself learned his best Manner of Designing. He was a Master too in Sculpture and Architecture, and skilful in Anatomy, Mathematics, and Mechanicks. The Aqueduct from the River *Adda* to *Milan*, is mentioned as a Work of his Contrivance. He had learned several Languages, and was acquainted with the Studies of History, Philosophy, Poetry, and Musick. Though it is not necessary to my present Purpose, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewise his Perfections of Body. The Instances of his Strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well formed Person, and a Master of all genteel Exercises. And lastly, we are told that his moral Qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual Endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous Mind, adorned with great Sweetness of Manners. I might break off the Account of him here, but I imagine it will be an Entertainment to the Curiosity of my Readers, to find so remarkable a Character distinguished by so remarkable a Circumstance at his Death. The Fame of his Works having gained him an universal Esteem, he was invited to the Court of *France*, where, after some time he fell sick, and *Francis the First* coming to see him, he roused himself in his Bed to acknowledge the Honour which was done him by that Visit. The King embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the same Instant, expired in the Arms of that great Monarch.

It is impossible to attend to such Instances as these, without being roused into a Contemplation on the wonderful Nature of our Human Mind, which is capable of such Progressions in Knowledge, and can contain such a Variety of Ideas without Perplexity or Confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its Divine Original? And whilst we find unthinking Matter endowed with a Natural Power to last for ever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine, that a Being so much Superior to it should not have the same Privilege?

At the same time it is very surprizing, when we remove our Thoughts from such Instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the Accounts of barbarous Nations among the *Indians*, where we find Numbers of People who scarce shew the first Glimmerings of Reason, and seem to have few Ideas above those of Sense and Appetite. These, methinks, appear like large Wilds, or vast uncultivated Tracts of Human Nature, and when we compare them with Men of the most exalted Characters in Arts and Learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are Creatures of the same Species.

Some are of Opinion that the Souls of Men are all naturally equal, and that the great Disparity we so often observe, arises from the different Organization or Structure of the Bodies to which they are United. But whatever constitutes this

first Disparity, the next great Difference which we find between Men in their several Acquisitions is owing to accidental Differences in their Education, Fortunes, or Course of Life. The Soul is a kind of rough Diamond, which requires Art, Labour, and Time to polish it. For want of which, many a good natural Genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a Jewel in the Mine.

One of the strongest Incitements to excel in such Arts and Accomplishments is in the highest Esteem among Men, is the natural Passion which the Mind has for Glory, which, though it may be faulty in the Excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some Moralists are too severe in beating down this Principle, which seems to be a Sprung implanted by Nature to give Motion to all the latent Powers of the Soul, and is always observed to exert it self with the greatest Force in the most generous Dispositions. The Men whose Characters have shone the brightest among the ancient *Ammans*, appear to have been strongly animated by this Passion. *Cicero*, whose Learning and Services to his Country are so well known, was enflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses *Lucretius*,<sup>1</sup> who was composing a History of those Times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the Story of his Consulship, and to execute it speedily, that he might have the Pleasure of enjoying in his Life-time some Part of the [Honour] which he foresaw would be paid to his Memory. This was the Ambition of a great Mind, but he is faulty in the Degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the Historian upon this Occasion to neglect the strict Laws of History, and, in praising him, even to exceed the Bounds of Truth. The younger *Pliny* appears to have had the same Passion for Fame, but accompanied with greater Chastity and Modesty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a Friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great Work, is exquisitely beautiful, and raises him to a certain Grandeur above the Imputation of Vanity. *I must confess, says he, that nothing employs my Thoughts more than the Desire I have of perpetuating my Name - which in my Opinion is a Design worthy of a Man, at least of such a one, who being conscious of no Guilt, is not afraid to be remembered by Posterity*<sup>2</sup>.

I think I ought not to conclude, without interesting all my Readers in the Subject of this Discourse. I shall therefore lay it down as a Maxim that though all are not capable of shining in Learning or the Politer Arts, yet every one is capable of excelling in something. The Soul has in this Respect a certain vegetative Power, which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not led out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful Garden, it will of it self shoot up in Weeds or Flowers of a wilder Growth.

<sup>1</sup> Epist ad Diversos v 12

<sup>2</sup> [Glory]

<sup>3</sup> Lib v ep 8, to Titinius Capito. In which, also, *Pliny* quotes the bit of *Virgil* taken for the motto of this paper.

No 555 ] Saturday, December 6, 1712 [ Steele

*Resque quod non es ——— Pers*

ALL the Members of the imaginary Society which were described in my First Papers, having disappear'd one after another, it is high time for the *Spectator* himself to go off the Stage. But, now I am to take my Leave, I am under much greater Anxiety than I have known for the Work of any Day since I undertook this Province. It is much more difficult to converse with the World in a real than in a personated Character. That might pass for Humour in the *Spectator*, which would look like Arrogance in a Writer who sets his Name to his Work. The Fictitious Person might condemn those who disapproved him, and extoll his own Performances, without giving Offence. He might assume a mock Authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The Praises or Censures of himself fall only upon the Creature of his Imaginations: and if any one finds fault with him, the Author may reply with the Philosopher of old, *Thou dost but bat the Case of Anaxarchus*. When I speak in my own private Sentiments I cannot but address my self to my Readers in a more submissive manner, and with a just Gratitude, for the kind Reception which they have given to these Daily Papers that have been published for almost the space of two Years last past.

I hope the Apology I have made as to the Licence allowable to a feigned Character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these Discourses of the *Spectator* and his Works, but the Imputation of the grossest Vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some Account by what Means I was enabled to keep up the Spirit of so long and approv'd a Performance. All the Papers marked with A, C, in L, an I, or in O, that is to say, all the Papers which I have distinguished by any Letter in the name of the Muse *CLIO*, were given me by the Gentleman, of whose Assistance I formerly boasted in the Preface and concluding Leaf of my *Tattlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long continued Friendship, than I should be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a Work written by us both which should bear the Name of the *Amourant*, in Memory of our Friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, were as Honorary to that Sacred Name as Learning, Wit, and Humanity under those Pieces which I have taught the Reader how to distinguish for his. When the Play above mentioned was first Acted there were so many applauded Stricks in it which I had from the same Hand, that I thought very meanly of my self that I had never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other Friends upon importuning him to publish Dramauch, as well as other Writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this Head, by giving my Reader this Hint for

the better judging of my Productions, that the best Comment upon them would be in Account when the Patron to the *Tender Husband* was in England, or Abroad.

The Reader will also find some Papers which are marked with the Letter X, for which he is oblig'd to the Ingenious Gentleman who diverted the Town with the Epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*. I might have owned these several Papers with the free Consent of these Gentlemen, who did not write them with a design of being known for the Authors. But as a candid and sincere Behaviour ought to be preferred to all other Considerations, I would not let my Heart reproach me with a Consciousness of having acquired a Praise which is not my Right.

The other Assistances which I have had, have been conveyed by Letter, sometimes by whole Papers, and other times by short Hints from unknown Hands. I have not been able to trace Favours of this kind, with any Certainty, but to the following Names, which I place in the Order wherein I received the Obligation, tho' the first I am going to name, can hardly be mentioned in a List wherein he would not deserve the Precedence. The Persons to whom I am to make these Acknowledgments are Mr *Henry Martin*, Mr *Pope*, Mr *Hughes*, Mr *Cary* of *New-College* in *Oxford*, Mr *Tickell* of *Queen's* in the same University, Mr *Parnelle*, and Mr *Eusden* of *Trinity* in *Cambridge*. Thus, to speak in the Language of my late Friend Sir *ANDREW FREEMANTLE*, I have Ballanced my Accounts with all my Creditors for Wit and Learning. But as these excellent Performances would not have seen the Light without the means of this Paper, I may still arrogate to my self the Merit of their being communicated to the Publick.

I have nothing more to add, but having swelled this Work to five hundred and fifty five Papers, they will be disposed into seven Volumes, four of which are already publish'd, and the three others in the Press. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off tho' I must own my self oblig'd to give an Account to the Town of my Time hereafter since I retire when their Partiality to me is so great, that an Edition of the former Volumes of *Spectators* of above Nine thousand each Book is already sold off, and the 12 on each half Sheet has brought into the Stamp Office one Week with another above 200 1-Week arising from this single Paper, notwithstanding it is first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually Printed before this Price was laid.

I humbly beseech the Continuance of this Inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in many Occurrences of Life tasted so deeply of Pain and Sorrow, that I am Proof against much more prosperous Circumstances than my Advantages to which my own Industry can possibly exalt me.

I am,

My Good natur'd Reader,

Your most Obedent,

Most Oblig'd Humble Servant,

Richard Steele

[*Vos valete et plaudite*] Ter

Transposed in the volume to this place In

[The following Letter'] regards an ingenious Set of Gentlemen, who have done me the Honour to make me one of their Society

Mr SPECTATOR, Dec 4, 1712

'The Academy of *Painting*, lately established in *London*, having done you and themselves the Honour to chuse you one of their Directors, that Noble and Lovely Art, which before was entituled to your Regards, as a *Spectator*, has an additional Claim to you, and you seem to be under a double Obligation to take some Care of her Interests

'The Honour of our Country is also concerned in the matter I am going to lay before you we (and perhaps other Nations as well as we) have a National false Humility as well as a National Van Glory, and tho' we boast ourselves to excel all the World in things wherein we are out done abroad, in other things we attribute to others a Superiority which we ourselves possess This is what is done, particularly, in the Art of *Portrait* or *Face Painting*

'*Painting* is an Art of a vast Extent, too great by much for any mortal Man to be in full possession of, in all its Parts, 'tis enough if any one succeed in painting Faces, History, Battels, Landscapes, Sea Pieces, Fruit, Flowers, or Drolls, &c Nay, no Man ever was excellent in all the Branches (tho' [many] in Number) of these several Arts, for a distinct Art I take upon me to call every one of those several Kinds of *Painting*

'And as one Man may be a good Landscape-Painter, but unable to paint a Face or a History tolerably well, and so of the rest one Nation may excel in some kinds of *Painting*, and other Lands may thrive better in other Climates

'*Italy* may have the Preference of all other Nations for History-Painting *Holland* for Drolls, and a neat finished manner of Working, *France*, for Gav, Janty, Fluttering Pictures, and *England* for Portraits but to give the Honour of every one of these kinds of *Painting* to any one of those Nations on account of their Excellence in any of these parts of it, is like adjudging the Prize of Heroick, Dramatick, Lyrick, or Burlesque Poetry, to him who has done well in any one of them

'Where there are the greatest Genius's, and most Helps and Encouragements, 'tis reasonable to suppose in Art will arrive to the greatest Perfection By this Rule let us consider our own Country with respect to Face-Painting No Nation in the World delights so much in having their own, or Friends, or Relations Pictures, whether from their National Good Nature, or having a love to *Painting*, and not being encouraged in the great Artiele of Religious Pictures, which the Purity of our Worship refuses the free use of, or from whatever other Cause Our Helps are not inferior to those of any other

the number it stood last, following the next letter

[Give me leave before I conclude to insert a Letter which]

[few]

'People, but rather they are greater, for what the Antique Statues and Bas-reliefs which *Italy* enjoys are to the History-Painters, the Beautiful and noble Faces with which *England* is confessed to abound, are to Face-Painters and besides we have the greatest number of the Works of the best Masters in that kind of any People, not without a competent number of those of the most excellent in every other part of *Painting* And for Encouragement, the Wealth and Generosity of the *English* Nation affords that in such a degree, as Artists have no reason to complain

'And accordingly in Fact, Face *Painting* is no where so well performed as in *England* know not whether it has lain in your way to observe it, but I have, and pretend to be a tolerable Judge I have seen what is done abroad, and can assure you, that the Honour of that Branch of *Painting* is justly due to us I appeal to the judicious Observers for the Truth of what I assert If Foreigners have oftentimes or even for the most part excelled our Natives, it ought to be imputed to the Advantages they have met with here, join'd to their own Ingenuity and Industry nor has any one Nation distinguished themselves so as to ruse an Argument in favour of their Country but it is to be observed, that neither *French* nor *Italians*, nor any one of either Nation, notwithstanding all our Prejudices in their favour have, or ever had, for any considerable time, any Character among us as Face Painters

'This Honour is due to our own Country, and has been so for near an Age So that instead of going to *Italy*, or elsewhere, one that designs for Portrait-Painting ought to study in *England* Hither such should come from *Holland*, *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, &c as he that intends to practice any other kind of *Painting*, should go to those Parts where 'tis in greatest Perfection 'Tis said the Blessed Virgin descended from Heaven, to sit to St *Luke*, I dare venture to affirm, that if she should desire another *Madonna* to be painted by the Life, she would come to *England*, and am of opinion that your present President, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, from his Improvement since he arrived in this Kingdom, would perform that Office better than any Foreigner living I am, with all possible Respect,

SIR,

Your most Humble, and  
Most Obedient Servant, &c.

The ingenious Letters sign'd the Weather-Glass, with several others, were receiv'd, but came too late

#### [POSTSCRIPT]

It had not come to my Knowledge, when I left off the *Spectator*, that I owe several excellent Sentiments and agreeable Pieces in this Work to Mr *Ince* of *Grey's-Inn*

R. STEELE.]

Mr Richard Ince, a good Greek scholar, who became Comptroller of Army Accounts, and inherited a fortune, died in 1758

No 556 ] FRIDAY, June 18, 1714 [Addison<sup>1</sup>

To be continued every Monday, Wednesday,  
and Friday

*Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala grammata fastus,*

*Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegit,  
Nunc positus i ovis exuvius, nitidusque jure cula,  
Lubrica convolvit sub lato pectore terga  
Ardens ad solem, et linguis micat ore transleis*  
Virg.

UPON trying down the Office of SPECTATOR, I requinted the World with my Design of electing a new Club, and of opening my Mouth in it after a most solemn Manner. Both the Election and the Ceremony were unaw part but not finding it an easy as I at first imagined, to break thro' a fifty Years Silence, I would not venture into the World under the character of a Man who pretends to talk like other People, till I had arrived at a full Freedom of Speech.

I shall reserve for another time the History of such Club or Clubs as which I am now a Tal-  
lative, but unworthy Member, and shall here give an Account of this surprising Change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an Accident as any recorded in History, since that which happened to the Son of *Crasus*, after having been many Years as much Tongue tied as myself.

Upon the first opening of my Mouth, I made a Speech consisting of about half a Dozen well turned Periods, but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three Days together, instead of finding the use of my Tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual Extension of my Muscles on this Occasion, made my Neck ache on both Sides to such a Degree, that nothing but an invincible Resolution and Perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my Monosyllables.

I afterwards made several Essays towards speaking, and that I might not be startled at my own Voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my Chamber, and have often stood in the Middle of the Street to call a Coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own Voice, I had hold of all Opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole Attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every Morning in the Mall, and talk in Chorus with a Parcel of Frenchmen. I found my Modesty greatly relieved by the communicative Temper of this Nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better Company, than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great Benefit from Female Conversation, and that I should have a Convenience of talking with the greater

Freedom, when I was not under any Impediment of thinking. I therefore threw myself into an Assembly of Ladies, but could not for my Life get in a Word among them, and found that if I did not change my Company, I was in Danger of being reduced to my primitive Intimacy.

The Coffee houses have ever since been my chief Places of Resort, where I have made the greatest Improvements, in order to which I have taken a particular Care never to be of the same Opinion with the Man I conversed with. I was a Tory at *Butter's*, and a Whig at *Child's*, a Friend in the *Englishman*, or an Advocate for the *Examiner*, as it best served my Turn, some fancy me a great Enemy to the *French King*, though, in reality, I only make use of him for a Help in Discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for Exercise and have carried this Point so far that I was once like to have been run through the Body for making a little too free with my Betters.

In a Word, I am quite another Man to what I was.

—Nil sibi inquam  
Tam dispar sibi—

My old Acquaintance scarce know me any I was asked the other Day by a *Jew at Jonathan's*, whether I was not related to a dumb Gentleman who used to come to that Coffee house? But I think I never was better pleased in my Life than about a Week ago, when, as I was battling it across the Table with a young Templar, his Companion gave him a Pull by the Sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old Prig would talk him to Death.

Being now a very good Proficient in Discourse, I shall appear in the World with this Addition to my Character, that my Countrymen may reap the Fruits of my new acquired Loquacity.

Those who have been present at public Disputes in the University, know that it is usual to maintain Heresies for Arguments sake. I have heard a Man a most impudent Socinian for Half an Hour, who has been an Orthodox Divine all his Life after. I have taken the same Method to accomplish myself in the Gift of Utterance, having talked above a Twelve month, not so much for the Benefit of my Hearers as of myself. But since I have now graced the Faculty, I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right Use of it and shall think myself obliged, for the future, to speak always in Truth and Sincerity of Heart. While a Man is learning to fence, he practises both on Friend and Foe, but when he is a Master in the Art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right Side.

That this last Allusion may not give my Reader a wrong Idea of my Design in this Paper, I must here inform him, that the Author of it is of no Faction, that he is a Friend to no Interests but those of Truth and Virtue, nor a Foe to any but those of Vice and Folly. Though I make more Noise in the World than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent SPECTATOR. It is not my Ambition to encrease the Number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good Men, and I could heartily wish there were not

<sup>1</sup> Addison's papers are marked on the authority of Tickell.

Faults common to both Parties which afford me sufficient Matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety, we ought to think our selves the securest Nation in the World. Most of our Garrets are inhabited by Statesmen, who watch over the Liberties of their Country, and make a Shift to keep them selves from straying by taking into their Care the Properties of their Fellow Subjects.

As these Politicians of both Sides have already worked the Nation into a most unnatural Ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater Height, than on the contrary, it shall be the chief Tendency of my Papers, to inspire my Countrymen with a mutual Good will and Benevolence. Whichever Faults either Party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those Reproaches, which they cast upon one another. The most likely Method of rectifying any Man's Conduct, is, by recommending to him the Principles of Truth and Honour, Religion and Virtue: and so long as he acts with an Eye to these Principles, whatever Party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good *Libertarian*, and a Lover of his Country.

As for the Persons concerned in this Work, the Names of all of them or at least of such as desire it shall be published hereafter. Till which time I must entreat the courteous Reader to suspend his Curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary Preliminaries with my Reader I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory Discourses, but proceed in my old Method and entertain him with Speculations on every useful Subject that falls in my Way.

No 557]

[London

From FRIDAY, July 18, to MONDAY, July 21, 1734

To be continued every Monday, Wednesday,  
and Friday

*Quippe domus tunc ambigua, Lyricæque  
bilingue*—Virg

THERE is a saying, says Plato so delightful, as the learning or the speaking of Truth. For this Reason there is no Conversation so agreeable as that of the Man of Integrity who hears without any Intention to betray, and speaks without any Intention to deceive.

Among all the Accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his Honour than the following Passage related by *Plutarch*. As an Advocate was pleading the Cause of his Client before one of the Pretors, he could only produce a single Witness in a Point where the Law required the Testimony of two Persons upon which the Advocate insisted on the Integrity of that Person whom he had produced. But the Pretor told him, That where the Law required two Witnesses he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himself. Such a Speech from a Person who sat at the Head of a Court of

Justice, while *Cato* was still living, shews us more than a thousand Examples, the high Reputation this great Man had gained among his Contemporaries upon the Account of his Sincerity.

When such an inflexible Integrity is a little softened and qualified by the Rules of Conversation and Good breeding, there is not a more shining Virtue in the whole Catalogue of Social Duties. A Man however ought to take great Care not to polish himself out of his Veracity, nor to refine his Behaviour to the Prejudice of his Virtue.

This Subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant Sermon of the great *British* Preacher. I shall beg Leave to transcribe out of it two or three Sentences as a proper Introduction to a very curious Letter, which I shall add the chief Entertainment of this Speculation.

The old *English* Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, which always argues true Greatness of Mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a great Measure lost among us.

The Dialect of Conversation is now a-days so swelled with Vanity and Compliment and so corrupted (as I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago should return into the World again, he would really want a Dictionary to help him in understanding his own Language: and to know the true intrinsick Value of the Phrase in Fashion and would hardly, at first, believe it what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions of Kindness impenetrable do commonly pass in current Payment, and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good Countenance and a good Conscience, to converse with Men upon equal Terms and in their own Way.

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curiosity, and which may serve as an Accomplishment to the foregoing Passage, cited out of this most excellent Prelate. It is said to have been written in King *Charles II*'s Reign by the Ambassador of *Siam*, a little after his Arrival in England.

Master,

The People, where I now am, have Tongues farther from their Hearts than from I suppose to *Siam*, and thou knowest the Inhabitants of one of these Places does not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, because we speak what we mean, and account themselves a civilized People, because they speak one thing and mean another. Truth they call Barbaity, and Falshood Politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the King of this Place to meet me told me, That he is extremely sorry for the Storm I had met with just before my Arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself

1 Tillotson The Sermon 'Of Sincerity Towards God and Man' Works, Vol II, p 6, folio ed  
2 In 1682

upon my Account but in less than a Quarter of an Hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my Interpreter, *He should be glad to do me any Service that lay in his Power*. Upon which I desired him to carry one of my Portmanteaus for me, but instead of serving me according to his Promise he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first Week, in the House of one, who desired me to *think my self at home, and to consider his House as my own*. Accordingly, I the next Morning began to knock down one of the Walls of it, in order to let in the fresh Air, and had pack'd up some of the Household Goods, as which I intended to have made thee a Present. But the false Varlet no sooner saw me falling to Work, but he sent Word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such Doings in his House. I had not been long in this Nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain Favour from the Chief of the King's Servants, whom they here call the Lord Treasurer, That I had eternally obliged him. I was so surpris'd at his Gratitude that I could not forbear saying, What Service is there which one Man can do for another, that can oblige him to all Eternity? However I only asked him, for my Reward, that he would lend me his eldest Daughter during my Stay in this Country. But I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his Countrymen.

At my first going to Court, one of the great Men almost put me out of Countenance, by asking *ten thousand Pardons* of me for only intruding by Accident upon my Toe. They call this kind of Lye a Compliment for when they are civil to a great Man, they tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of thy Officers of State to receive a hundred Blows upon his Foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this People, since there is so little Credit to be given to 'em. When I go to see the King's Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' perhaps I saw him go into his House almost the very Moment before. Thou wouldst fancy that the whole Nation are Physicists, for the first Question they always ask me, is *how I do*. I have this Question put to me above a hundred times a Day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my Health, but wish it in a more solemn Manner, with a full Glass in their Hands, every time I sit with them at Table, tho' at the same time they would persuade me to drink their Liquors in such Quantities as I have found by Experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy Health also in the same Manner. But I have more Reason to expect it from the Goodness of thy Constitution, than the Sincerity of their Wishes. May thy Slave escape in Safety from this doubled-tongued Race of Men, and live to lay himself once more at thy Feet in thy Royal City of *Bantam*.

No 558 ] WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1714 [Addison.

*Qua fit, Maxenas, ut rem o, quam sibi sortem  
Sen ratio dederit, sen fors objecerit, sita  
Contentus et al laude de eria seg ien'es?  
O fortunati mercatores, grm s a iis  
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra lalere  
Contra mercator, et u jactantibus anstris,  
Militia est pot or Qui enim i concurrat?*

*Mon ento cita mors venit, ant victoria late  
Agricola in idat jurs legu que perit is,  
Sub galli cantum consullor uli estie falsa  
Ille, ault cadibus, qui r n extractus u ur' ei i  
est,*

*Solos feli s r'er'es clai a' u i r'e  
Catera de g: ere hec (adeo suri multe) legi acen  
Delassare valent labium Ne t's orr, auci  
Q o rem deducan Si quis De s, ei ego e act,  
Jam faciat iq ied vultus eris tu, qui modo viles,  
Merator tu coisultus iodo, rusti s i iu c  
tos*

*Ios hie mutatis ascendit parit is Eja,  
Quia status? Nolint Atq ie licet esse leatis  
Hor*

It is a celebrated Thought of *Socrates*, that if all the Misfortunes of Mankind were cast into a publick Stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole Species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the Share they are already possess'd of, before that which would fall to them by such a Division. *Horace* has earned this Thought a great deal further in the Motto of my Paper, which implies that the Hardships or Misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other Person who could be, in case we could change Conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two Remarks, and seated in my Elbow-Chair, I insensibly fell asleep when, on a sudden, methought there was a Proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every Mortal should bring in his Griets and Calamities, and throw them together in a Heap. There was a large Plain appointed for this Purpose. I took my Stand in the Center of it, and saw with a great deal of Pleasure the whole human Species marching one after another and throwing down their several Loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious Mountain that seemed to rise above the Clouds.

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy Shape, who was very active in this Solemnity. She carried a magnifying Glass in one of her Hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing Robe, embroidered with several Figures of Fiends and Spectres, that discovered themselves in a Thousand chimerical Shapes, as her Garment hovered in the Wind. There was something wild and distracted in her Look. Her Name was *FALCY*. She led up every Mortal to the appointed Place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his Pack, and laying it upon his Shoulders. My Heart melted within me to see my Fellow-Creatures groaning under their respective Burthens,

Face for a lost Reputation But on all these Occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new Blemish, as soon as he had got it into her Possession, much more disagreeable than the old one I made the same Observation on every other Misfortune or Calamity, which every one in the Assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with, whether it be that all the Evils which befall us are in some Measure suited and proportioned to our Strength, or that every Evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine

I could not for my Heart forbear pitying the poor hump-back'd Gentleman mention'd in the former Paper, who went off a very well-shap'd Person with a Stone in his Bladder, nor the fine Gentleman who had struck up this Bargain with him, that lump'd thro' a whole Assembly of Ladies, who used to admire him, with a Pair of Shoulders peeping over his Head

I must not omit my own particular Adventure My Friend with the long Visage had no sooner taken upon him my short Face, but he made such a grotesque Figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at my self, insomuch that I put my own Face out of Countenance The poor Gentleman was so sensible of the Ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done On the other Side I found that I my self had no great Reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my Forehead I missed the Place, and clipp'd my Finger upon my upper Lip Besides, as my Nose was exceeding Prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky Knocks as I was playing my Hand about my Face, and among at some other Part of it I saw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous Circumstances These had made a foolish Swap between a Couple of thick brndy Legs, and two long Trapsticks that had no Calfs to them One of these looked like a Man walking upon Stilts, and was so lifted up into the Air above his ordinary Height that his Head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward Circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new Supporters Observing him to be a pleasant Kind of Fellow, I snuck my Cane in the Ground, and told him I would lay him a Bottle of Wine, that he did not march up to it on a Line, that I drew for him, in a Quarter of an Hour

The Heap was at last distributed among the two Sexes, who made a most piteous Sight, as they wandered up and down under the Pressure of their several Burthens The whole Plan was filled with Murmurs and Complaints, Groans and Lamentations Jupiter at length, taking Compassion on the poor Mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their Loads, with a Design to give every one his own again They discharged themselves with a great deal of Pleasure, after which, the Phantome who had led them into such gross Delusions, was commanded to disappear There was sent in her stead a Goddess of a quite different figure Her Motions were steady and composed and her Aspect serious but cheerful She every now and then cast her Eyes towards Heaven, and fixed them upon Ju-

piter Her name was *PATIENCE* She had no sooner plac'd her self by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole Heap sunk to such a Degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before She afterwards returned every Man his own proper Calamity and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious Manner, he march'd off with it contentedly, being very well pleas'd that he had not been left to his own Choice, as to the kind of Evils which fell to his Lot

Besides the several Pieces of Morality to be drawn out of this Vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own Misfortunes, or to envy the Happiness of another, since it is impossible for any Man to form a right Judgment of his Neighbour's Sufferings, for which Reason also I have determin'd never to think too lightly of another's Complaints but to regard the Sorrows of my Fellow Creatures with Sentiments of Humanity and Compassion

No 560 ] MONDAY, June 28, 1714 [Addison

—Verba intermissa retentat—Ov Met.

EVERY one has heard of the Famous Conjuror, who according to the Opinion of the Vulgar, has studied himself *dumb*, for which Reason as it is believed he delivers out all his Oracles in Writing Be that as it will, the blind *Tucias* was not more famous in *Greece*, than this dumb Artist has been, for some Years last past, in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster* Thus much for the profound Gentleman who honours me with the following Epistle.

SIR, From my Cell, June 24, 1714

'Being inform'd that you have lately got the 'Use of your Tongue, I have some Thoughts of 'following your Example, that I may be a *Fortune teller* properly speaking I am grown 'weary of my *Fortunismy*, and having served my 'Country many Years under the Title of the 'dumb Doctor, I shall now prophesie by Word of 'Month, and (as Mr *Lee* says of the *Magpie*, 'who you know was a great Fortune teller among 'the Ancients) *chat'ter* Futurity I have hitherto 'chosen to receive Questions and return Answers 'in Writing, that I might avoid the Tediousness 'and Trouble of Debates, my Querists being 'generally of a Humour to think, that they have 'never Predictions enough for their Money In 'short, Sir, my Case has been something like 'that of those decreet Animals the Monkeys, 'who, as the *Indians* tell us can speak if they 'would, but purposely avoid it that they may not 'be made to work I have hitherto gain'd a 'Livelyhood by holding my Tongue, but shall 'now open my Mouth in order to fill it If I appear 'a little Word bound in my first Solutions and 'Responses, I hope it will not be imputed to any 'Want of Foresight, but to the long Disuse of 'Speech I doubt not by this Invention to have 'all my former Customers over again, for if I 'have promised any of them Lovers or Husbands,



'Riches or good Luck, it is my Design to confirm to them - I have what I have already given them under my Hand. If you will honour me with a Visit, I will compliment you with the first opening of my Mouth and if you please you may make an entertaining Dialogue out of the Conversation of two dumb Men. Excuse this Trouble, worthy Sir from one who has been a long time

Your Silent Admirer,  
Cornelius Agrippa.

I have received the following Letter, or rather *bulletin*, from a very young Bachelor, who congratulates with me upon the same Occasion

Dear Mr Pate, *June 23, 1714*  
'I am a Member of a single Society who call ourselves the *Claret Club*, and am ordered by the whole Sisterhood, to congratulate you upon the Use of your Tongue. We have all of us a mighty Mind to hear you talk, and if you will take your Place among us for an Evening, we have unanimously agreed to allow you one Minute in ten, witho'ut Interruption.

I am, SIR,  
Your Humble Servant

S 7

P.S. 'You may find us at my Lady Betty Clack's, who will leave Orders with her Porter, that if an elderly Gentleman will a short Time enquire for her, he shall be admitted and a Question asked

At this particular Paper shall consist wholly of what I have received from my Correspondents. I shall fill up the remaining Part of it with other congratulatory Letters of the same Nature

SIR, *Oxford, June 24, 1714*

'We are here wonderfully pleased with the Opening of your Mouth, and very frequently open ours in Approbation of your Design especially since we find you are resolved to preserve your Taciturnity as to all Party Matters. We do not question but you are as great an Orator as Sir Hudibras, of whom the Poet sweetly sings,

— He could rattle  
His Mouth, but cut there flew a Trope

'If you will send us down the Half dozen well turned Periods, that produced such dismal Effects in your Muscles, we will deposit them near an old Manuscript of *Tully's Orations*, among the Archives of the University for we all agree with you, that there is not a more remarkable Accident recorded in History, since that which happened to the Son of *Crispus* my, I believe you might have gone higher, and have added *Salomon's Ass*. We are impatient to see more of your Productions, and expect what Words will next fall from you, with as much attention as those, who were set to watch the speaking Head which *Frax Lacus* formerly erected in this Place. We are,

Worthy Sir,

Your most humble Servants,  
B R T D, &c

Honest Sir, *Middle-Temple, June 23*

'I am very glad to hear that thou beginnest to prate and find, by thy Yesterday's Vision, thou art so used to it, that thou canst not forbear talking in thy Sleep. Let me only advise thee to speak to either Men, for I am afraid thou wilt be very Queer, if thou dost not intend to use the Phrases in Fashion, as thou callest them in thy Second Paper. Hast thou a Mind to pass for a Quaker, or to make us all Quakers? I do assure thee, Dear Sir, I am not Pleased out of my Veracity when I subscribe myself

Thy Constant Admirer,  
and humble Servant,

Frank Lowly

No 361 } WEDNESDAY, June 30, 1714 [Addison

— Paulatim abolere Sichemum  
Incipit, et vivo tentat praeferenda amore  
Jampridem reudes annis des tetaque corda  
Virg

SIR

'I AM a tall broad shoulder'd, impudent, black Iellow and as I thought, every way qualified for a rich Widow. But, after having tried my Fortune for above three Years together, I have not been able to get one single Relief in the Mind. My first Attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the Word *Settlement*. Though I have not improved my Fortune this way, I have my Experience, and have learnt several Secrets which may be of use to those unhappy Gentlemen, who are commonly distinguished by the Name of Widow hunters, and who do not know that this Tribe of Women are, generally speaking as much upon the Catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the Mysteries of a certain Female Cabal of this Order, who call themselves the *Widow's Club*. This Club consists of nine experienced Dunces, who take their Places once a Week round a large oval Table

'I Mrs President is a Person who has disposed of six Husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh being of Opinion that there is as much Virtue in the Lough of a seventh Husband as of a seventh Son. Her Comrades are as follow

'II Mrs Staff, who has four Jointures, by four different bed fellows, of four different Shires. She is at present upon the Point of Marriage with a *Mei Essex* Man and is said to have an Ambition of extending her Possessions through all the Counties in England on this Side the Trent

'III Mrs Medler, who after two Husbands and a Gallant, is now wedded to an old Gentleman of Sixty. Upon her making her Report to the Club after a Week's Collaboration, she is still allowed to sit as a Widow, and accordingly takes her Place at the Board

'IV The Widow Quack, married within a Fortnight after the Death of her last Husband

'Her *Wife* have served her thrice, and are still as good as new

'V *Lady Catherine Scallow* She was a Widow at Eighteen, and has since buried a second Husband and two Coachmen

'VI *The Lady Waddle* She was married in the 15th Year of her Age to Sir *Simon Waddle*, Knight, aged Three-score and Twelve, by whom she had *Winn* nine Months after his Decease. In the 55th Year of her Age she was married to *Tanis Spindle* Esq., a Youth of One and Twenty, who did no out live the Honey-Moon

'VII *Deborah Conquest* The Case of this Lady is something particular. She is the Relict of Sir *Samson Conquest*, some time Justice of the *Quar*. Sir *Samson* was seven Foot high, and two Foot in Breadth from the Tip of one Shoulder to the other. He had married three Wives who all of them died in Child bed. This terrified the whole Sex, who none of them durst venture on Sir *Samson*. At length Mrs. *Deborah* undertook him, and gave so good an Account of him that in three Years time she very furly lud him o t, and measured his Length upon the Ground. This Exploit has gained her so great a Reputation in the Club, that they have added Sir *Samson's* three Victories to hers, and give her the Merit of a fourth Widowhood and she takes her Place accordingly.

'VIII *The Widow Widdere*, Relict of Mr. *John Widdere*, Fox-hunter, who broke his Neck over a six Bar Gate. She took his Death so much to Heart, that it was thought it would have put an End to her Life, had she not diverted her Sorrows by receiving the Addresses of a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood who made Love to her in the second Month of her Widowhood. This Gentleman was discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a young *Terraplar*, who had the Possession of her for six Weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken Officer, who likewise gave up his Place to a Gentleman at Court. The Courtier was as short lived a Favourite as his Predecessors, but had the Pleasure to see himself succeeded by a long Series of Lovers, who followed the Widow *Widdere* to the 37th Year of her Age, at which time there ensued a Cessation of ten Years, when *John Fell*, Haberdasher, took it in his Head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry her off.

'IX The last is pretty Mrs. *Kunne*, who broke her first Husband's Heart before she was sixteen, at which time she was entered of the Club, but soon after left it, upon Account of a Second, who she made so quick a Dispute of, that she returned to her Seat in less than a Twelvemonth. This young Mistress is looked upon as the most rising Member of the Society, and will probably be in the President's Chair before she dies.

'These Ladies, upon their first Institution, resolved to give the Pictures of their deceased Husbands to the Club-Room, but two of them being in their Dead at full Length, they cover'd all the Walls Upon which they came to a second Resolution, that every Nation

should give her own Picture, and set it round with her Husbands in Miniature.

'As they have most of them the Misfortune to be troubled with the Cholick, they have a noble Celler of Cordials and strong Waters. When they grow Muddled, they are very apt to commemorate their former Partners with a Letter. But ask them which of their Husbands they Condole, they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do not Weep so much for the Loss of a Husband, as for the want of One.

'The principal Rule, by which the whole Society are to govern themselves is this, to cry up the Pleasures of a single Life upon all Occasions, in order to deter the rest of their Sex from Marriage, and engross the whole Male World to themselves.

'They are obliged, when any one makes Love to a Member of the Society, to communicate his Name, at which time the whole Assembly sit upon his Reputation, Person, Fortune, and good Humour, and if they find him qualified for a Sister of the Club, they lay their Heads together how to make him sure. By this Means they are acquainted with all the Widow hunters about Town, who often afford them great Diversion. There is in honest *Irish* Gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this Society, but at different times has made Love to the whole Club.

'Their Conversation often turns upon their former Husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their several Arts and Stratagems, with which they amused the Jealous, perfidious the Cholick, or wheedled the Good natured Man, till at last, to use the Club Phrase, *They sent him out of the House with his Heels foremost*.

'The Politeness which are most cultivated by this Society, of *She Machiavels*, relate chiefly to these two Points. How to treat a Lover, and how to manage a Husband. As for the first Set of Artifices, they are too numerous to come within the Compass of your Paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a Second Letter.

'The Management of a Husband is built upon the following Doctrines, which are Universally assented to by the whole Club. Not to give him his Head at first. Not to allow him too great Freedoms and Familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw Girl, but as a Woman that knows the World. Not to lessen anything of her former Figure. To celebrate his Generosity, or any other Virtue, of a deceased Husband, which she would recommend to his Successor. To turn away all his old Friends and Servants, that she may have the Dear Man to her self. To make him disinherit the undutiful Children of any former Wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his Affection, till he has made over to her all his Goods and Chattels. After so long a Letter, I am, without more Ceremony,

Your Humble Servant, &c.



fusion to find that all his Jokes had passed through several Editions, and that what he thought was a new Conceit, and had appropriated to his own Use, had appeared in Print before he or his ingenious Friends were ever heard of. This had so good an Effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a Man of plain Sense in his ordinary Conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his Company.

No 563 ] MONDAY, July 5, 1714 [

—Magni nominis Umbra—Lucan

I SHALL entertain my Reader with two very curious Letters. The first of them comes from a chimerical Person, who I believe never went to any Body before.

SIR,  
I am descended from the Ancient Family of the *Blanks*, a Name well known among all Men of Business. It is always read in those little white Spaces of Writing which want to be filled up, and which for that Reason are called *blank* Spaces, as of right appertaining to our Family. For I consider myself as the Lord of a Manor, who lays his Claim to all Wastes or Spots of Ground that are unappropriated. I am a near Kinsman to *John a Styles* and *John a Nokes*, and they, I am told, came in with the Conquerour. I am mentioned oftner in both Houses of Parliament than any other Person in Great Britain. My Name is written, or more properly speaking, not written, thus, I am one that can turn my Hand to every thing, and appear under any Shape whatsoever. I can make my self Man, Woman, or Child. I am sometimes metamorphosed into a Year of our Lord, a Day of the Month, or an Hour of the Day. I very often represent a Sum of Money, and am generally the first Subsidy that is granted to the Crown. I have now and then supplied the Place of several Thousands of Land Soldiers, and have as frequently been employed in the Sea Service.

Now, Sir, my Complaint is this, that I am only made use of to serve a Turn, being always discarded as soon as a proper Person is found out to fill up my Place.

If you have ever been in the Play-house before the Curtain rises, you see most of the Front Boxes filled with Men of my Family, who forthwith turn out and resign their Stations upon the Appearance of those for whom they are retained.

But the most illustrious Branch of the *Blanks* are those who are planted in high Posts, till such time as Persons of greater Consequence can be found out to supply them. One of these *Blanks* is equally qualified for all Offices: he can serve in time of Need for a Soldier, a Politician, a Lawyer, or what you please. I have known in my time many a Brother *Blank* that has been born under a lucky Planet, heap up great Riches, and swell into a Man of Figure and Importance, before the Grandees of his Party could agree

among themselves which of them should step into his Place. Nay, I have known a *Blank* continue so long in one of these vacant Posts, (for such it is to be reckoned all the time a *Blank* is in it) that he has grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

But to return to myself, since I am so very commodious a Person, and so very necessary in all well-regulated Governments, I desire you will take my Case into Consideration, that I may be no longer made a Tool of, and only employed to stop a Gap. Such Usage, without a Pun, makes me look very blank. For all which Reasons I humbly recommend myself to your Protection, and am

Your most obedient Servant,  
*Blank*

P S I herewith send you a Paper, drawn up by a Country Attorney employed by two Gentlemen, whose Names he was not acquainted with, and who did not think fit to let him into the Secret which they were transacting. I heard him call it a *Blank* Instrument, and read it after the following Manner. You may see by this single Instance of what Use I am to the busy World.

I T *Blank, Esq. of Blank Town, in the County of Blank, do own my self indebted in the Sum of Blank, to Goodman Blank, for the Service he did me in procuring for me the Goods following, Blank. And I do hereby promise the said Blank to pay unto him the said Sum of Blank, on the Blank Day of the Month of Blank, next ensuing, under the Penalty and Forfeiture of Blank.*

I shall take Time to consider the Case of this my imaginary Correspondent, and in the mean while shall present my Reader with a Letter which seems to come from a Person that is made up of Flesh and Blood.

Good Mr SPECTATOR,

I am married to a very honest Gentleman that is exceedingly good natured, and at the same time very choleric. There is no standing before him when he is in a Passion, but as soon as it is over he is the best-humoured Creature in the World. When he is angry, he breaks all my China-Ware that chanceth to lie in his Way, and the next Morning sends me in twice as much as he broke the Day before. I may positively say, that he has broke me a Child's Fortune since we were first married together.

As soon as he begins to fret down goes every thing that is within Reach of his Cane. I once prevailed upon him never to carry a Stick in his Hand, but this saved me nothing, for upon seeing me do something that did not please him, he kicked down a great Jarr, that cost him above Ten Pound but the Week before. I then laid the Fragments together in a Heap, and gave him his Cane again, desiring him that if he chanced to be in Anger, he would spend his Passion upon the China that was broke to his Hand. But the very next Day upon my giving a wrong Message to one of the Servants, he flew into such a Rage, that he swept down a Dozen Tea-Dishes, which,

'to my Misfortune, stood very convenient for a Side-Blow

'I then removed all my Cloths into a Room which he never frequents but I got nothing by this neither, for my Looking Glasses immediately went to Rack

'In short, Sir, whenever he is in a Passion he is angry at every thing that is brittle and if on such Occasions he had nothing to vent his Rage upon, I do not know whether my Bones would be in Safety Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether there be any Cure for this unaccountable Distemper or if not, that you will be pleased to publish this Letter For my Husband having a great Veneration for your Writings, will by that means know you do not approve of his Conduct

I am,  
Your most humble Servant, &c.

No 564 ] WEDNESDAY, July 7, 1714 [

Adst  
*Regula, peccatis quæ fecas irroget aquas  
Ne Scintilla dignum horribili sectere flagello*

Hor

IT is the Work of a Philosopher to be every Day subduing his Passions, and laying aside his Prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon Men and their Actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private Interest But while I am thus employed my self, I cannot help observing, how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by Prejudice and Inclination, how readily they pronounce on every Man's Character, which they can give in two Words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into humane Nature will find it much more difficult to determine the Value of their Fellow-Creatures, and that Mens Characters are not thus to be given in general Words There is indeed no such thing as a Person entirely good or bad Virtue and Vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or less Proportion, in every one, and if you would search for some particular good Quality in its most eminent Degree of Perfection, you will often find it in a Mind, where it is darkened and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular Passions

Men have even no Character at all, says a celebrated Author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves They find it easier to join Extremities, than to be uniform and of a Piece This is finely illustrated in *Xenophon's* Life of *Cyrus* the Great That Author tells us, that *Cyrus* having taken a most beautiful Lady named *Panthea*, the Wife of *Abdastus*, committed her to the Custody of *Araspas*, a young Persian Nobleman, who had a little before maintained in Discourse, that a Mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Passion The young Gentleman had not long been in Possession of his fair Captive, when a Complaint was

made to *Cyrus*, that he not only solicited the Lady *Panthea* to receive him in the Room of her absent Husband, but that finding his Entreaties had no Effect, he was preparing to make use of Force *Cyrus*, who loved the young Man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle Manner representing to him his Fault, and putting him in Mind of his former Assertion, the unhappy Youth, confounded with a quick Sense of his Guilt and Shame, burst out into a Flood of Tears, and spoke as follows

*Oh Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two Souls Love has taught me this Piece of Philosophy If I had but one Soul, it could not at the same time part after Virtue and Vice, wish and abhor the same thing It is certain therefore we have two Souls When the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions, but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forced to do Evil All I can say at present is, that I find my good Soul, encouraged by your Presence, has got the Better of my bad*

I know not whether my Readers will allow of this Piece of Philosophy but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different Passions in one and the same Soul, as can be supposed in two We can hardly read the Life of a great Man who lived in former Ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our Contemporaries, that is not an Instance of what I am saying

But as I have hitherto only argued against the Partiality and Injustice of giving our Judgment upon Men in gross, who are such a Composition of Virtues and Vices, of Good and Evil, I might carry this Reflection still farther, and make it extend to most of their Actions If on the one Hand, we fairly weighed every Circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that Action we at first Sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with If on the other Hand we nicely examined such Actions as appear most dazzling to the Eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several Parts, produced by a bad Ambition, or directed to an ill End The very same Action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punished Those who compiled the Laws of *England* were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first Maxims, *It is better suffering a Mischief than an Inconvenience*, which is as much as to say in other Words That since no Law can take in or provide for all Cases, it is better private Men should have some Injustice done them, than that a public Grievance should not be redressed This is usually pleaded in Defence of all those Hardships which fall on particular Persons in particular Occasions, which could not be foreseen when a Law was made To remedy this however as much as possible, the Court of Chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the Teeth of the Common Law, in Cases of Men's Properties, while in Criminal Cases there is a Power of pardoning still lodged in the Crown

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large Government to distribute Rewards and

Punishments strictly proportioned to the Merits of every Action. The *Spartan* Commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this Particular and I do not remember in all my Reading to have met with so nice an Example of Justice as that recorded by *Plutarch*, with which I shall close my Paper for this Day.

The City of *Sparta* being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful Army of *Thebans*, was in very great Danger of falling into the Hands of their Enemies. The Citizens suddenly gathering themselves into a Body, fought with a Resolution equal to the Necessity of their Affairs, yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this Occasion, as the Amazement of both Armies, as *Isa-das* the Son of *Phalidas*, who was at that time in the Bloom of his Youth, and very remarkable for the Comeliness of his Person. He was coming out of the Bath when the Alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his Cloaths, much less his Armour, however transported with a Desire to serve his Country in so great an Emergency, snatching up a Spear in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies. Nothing could withstand his Fury, in what Part soever he fought he put the Enemies to Flight without receiving a single Wound. Whether, says *Plutarch*, he was the particular Care of some God, who rewarded his Valour that Day with an extraordinary Protection, or, that his Enemies, struck with the Unusualness of his Dress and Beauty of his Shape, supposed him something more than Man, I shall not determine.

The Gallantry of this Action was judged so great by the *Spartans*, that the *Ephors*, or chief Magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a Garland but as soon as they had done so, fired him a thousand Drachmas for going out to the Battle unarmed.

No 565] FRIDAY, July 9, 1714. [Addison

—*Deum nan que ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cunctumque profundi*—*Aug*

I WAS Yesterday about Sun set walking in the open Fields, till the Night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amazed myself with all the Richness and Variety of Colours, which appeared in the Western Parts of Heaven. In Proportion as they faded away and went out several Stars and Planets appeared one after another, till the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Whiteness of the *Ether* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Season of the Year, and by the Rays of all those Luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful White. To complete the Scene the full Moon rose at length in that clouded Majesty, which *Milton* takes Notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer Lights than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her

Brightness and taking her Progress among the Constellations, a Thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs Men of serious and contemplative Natures. *David* himself fell into it in that Reflection. *When I consider the Heavens the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?* In the same manner when I considered that infinite Host of Stars, or, to speak more Philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me with those innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving round their respective Suns. When I still enlarged the Idea, and supposed another Heaven of Suns and Worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior Firmament of Luminaries, which are placed at so great a Distance, that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us. In short, whilst I pursued this Thought I could not but reflect on that little insignificant Figure which I myself bore amidst the Immensity of God's Works.

Were the Sun which enlightens this Part of the Creation, with all the Host of Planetary Worlds, that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of Sand upon the Sea-shore. The Space they possess is so exceedingly little, in Comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a Blank in the Creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an Eye, that could take in the whole Compass of Nature, and pass from one end of the Creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a Sense in our selves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at present more exalted than our selves. We see many Stars by the help of Glasses, which we do not discover with our naked Eyes, and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our Discoveries. *Huigenius* carries this Thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be Stars whose Light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first Creation. There is no Question but the Universe has certain Bounds set to it but when we consider that it is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodness, with an infinite Space to exert itself in, how can our Imagination set any Bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first Thought, I could not but feel upon myself with secret Horror, as a Being that was not worth the smallest Regard of one who had so great a Work under his Care and Superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the Immensity of Nature, and lost among that infinite Variety of Creatures, which in all Probability swarm through all these immeasurable Regions of Matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying Thought, I considered that it took its Rise from those narrow Conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We our selves cannot attend to many different Objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some Things, we must of Course neglect others. This Imperfection which we observe in our selves, is an Imperfection that cleaves in some Degree to

Creatures of the highest Capacities as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures. The Presence of every created Being is confined to a certain Measure of Space, and consequently his Observation is stunted to a certain number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move and act, and understand, is of a wider Circumference to one Creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the Scale of Existence. But the widest of these our Spheres has its Circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this Imperfection in our selves that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of Imperfection. Our Reason indeed assures us that his Attributes are Infinite, but the Poorness of our Conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting Bounds to every Thing it contemplates, till our Reason comes again to our Succour and throws down all those little Prejudices which rise in us unawares and are natural to the Mind of Man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy Thought of our being overlooked by our Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works and the Infinity of those Objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first Place, that he is Omnipresent, and in the second that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence. His Being passes through, actuates and supports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconceivable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His Substance is within the Substance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that Being is to it self. It would be an Imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himself from any Thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffused and spread abroad to Infinity. In short, to speak of him in the Language of the old Philosopher, he is a Being whose Centre is every where and his Circumference no where.

In the second Place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence, he cannot but be conscious of every Motion that arises in the whole material World, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every Thought that is stirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Morrists have considered the Creation as the Temple of God which he has built with his own Hands, and which is filled with his Presence. Others have considered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the Habitation of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted Way of considering this infinite Space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Sensoria* or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the Presence and perceive the Actions of a few Objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Observation turns within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but

perceive and know every Thing in which he resides, Infinite Space gives Room to Infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniscience.

Were the Soul separate from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought should start beyond the Bounds of the Creation, should it for Millions of Years continue its Progress through Infinite Space with the same Activity it would still find it self within the Embrace of its Creator and encompassed round with the Immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the Body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* says Job. *Behold I go forvara, but he is not there, and back ward, but I cannot perceive him.* On the left hand, *where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.* In short, Reason as well as Revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this Consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience every uncomfortable Thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every Thing that has Being, especially such of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occasion. For, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his Creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an Eye of Mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

No 566] MONDAY, July 12, 1714 [

*Militia Species Amor est* — Ovid

AS my Correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think my self obliged to take some Notice of them, and shall therefore make this Paper a Miscellany of Letters. I have, since my resuming the Office of SPECTATOR, reciev'd abundance of Epistles from Gentlemen of the Blade, who, I find, have been so used to Action that they know not how to lie still. They seem generally to be of Opinion that the Fair at home ought to reward them for their Services abroad, and that, till the Cause of their Country calls them again into the Field, they have a sort of Right to Quarter themselves upon the Ladies. In Order to favour their Approaches, I am desir'd by some to enlarge upon the Accomplishments of their Profession, and by others to give them my Advice in the carrying on of their Attacks. But let us hear what the Gentlemen say for themselves.

My SPECTATOR,  
'Tho' it may look somewhat perverse amidst the Arts of Peace, to talk too much of War, it is but Gratitude to pay the last Office to its *Manes*,

'since even Peace it self is, in some Measure, obliged to it for its Being

'You have, in your former Papers, always recommended the Accomplished to the Favour of the Fur and, I hope, you will allow me to represent some Part of a Military Life not altogether unnecessary to the forming a Gentleman. I need not tell you that in France, whose Fashions we have been formerly so fond of, almost every one derives his Pretences to Merit from the Sword and that a Man has scarce the Face to make his Court to a Lady, without some Credentials from the Service to recommend him. As the Profession is very ancient, we have Reason to think some of the greatest Men, among the old Romans, derived many of their Virtues from it, their Commanders being frequently, in other Respects, some of the most shining Characters of the Age

'The Army not only gives a Man Opportunities of exercising those two great Virtues *Patience* and *Courage*, but often produces them in Minds where they had scarce any Footing before. I must add, that it is one of the best Schools in the World to receive a general Notion of Mankind in, and a certain Freedom of Behaviour, which is not so easily acquired in any other Place. At the same Time I must own, that some Military Airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a Man who goes into the Army a Coxcomb will come out of it a Sort of Publick Nuisance. But a Man of Sense, or one who before had not been sufficiently used to a mixed Conversation generally takes the true Turn. The Court has in all Ages been allowed to be the Standard of Good-breeding and I believe there is not a juster Observation in *Monsieur Rochefoucault*, than that *A Man who has been bred up wholly to Business, can never get the Air of a Courtier at Court, but will immediately catch it in the Camp*. The Reason of this most certainly is, that the very Essence of Good-breeding and Politeness consists in several Niceties, which are so minute that they escape his Observation, and he falls short of the Original he would copy after, but when he sees the same Things charged and aggravated to a Fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the Pattern which is set before him, than, though he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally rests where in reality he ought. I was two or three Days ago, mightily pleased with the Observation of an humorous Gentleman upon one of his Friends, who was in other Respects every way an accomplished Person, that *he was tired nothing but a Dash of the Coxcomb in him*, by which he understood a little of that Alertness and Uncare in the common Actions of Life, which is usually so visible among Gentlemen of the Army, and which a Campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

'You will easily guess Sir, by this my Panegyric upon a Military Education, that I am myself a Soldier, and indeed I am so, I remember, within three Years after I had been in the Army, I was ordered into the Country a Recruiting. I had very particular Success in this Part of the Service, and was over and above assured at my going away, that I might have taken a young

'Lady, who was the most considerable Fortune in the County along with me. I preferred the Pursuit of Fame at that time to all other Considerations, and tho' I was not absolutely bent on a Wooden Leg, resolved at least to get a Scar or two for the good of Europe. I have at present as much as I desire of this Sort of Honour, and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the Remainder of my Days in the Arms of some dear kind Creature and upon a pretty Estate in the Country. This, as I take it, would be following the Example of *Licinius Cincinnatus*, the old Roman Dictator, who at the End of a War left the Camp to follow the Plow. I am, Sir, with all imaginable Respect,

Your most Obedient,  
Humble Servant,  
Will Warly

MR SPECTATOR,

'I am an Half-pay Officer, and am at present with a Friend in the Country. Here is a rich Widow in the Neighbourhood, who has made Fools of all the Fox hunters within fifty Miles of her. She declares she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the Man she could like. She usually admits her humble Admirers to an Audience of two, but after she has once given them Denial will never see them more. I am assured by a Female Relation, that I shall have fair Play, at her but as my whole Success Depends on my first Approaches, I desire your Advice, whether I had best *Storm* or proceed by way of *Sap*.

I am, SIR,  
Yours, &c.

'P S I had forgot to tell you, that I have already carried one of her Outworks, that is, secured her Maid

MR SPECTATOR,

'I have assisted in several Sieges in the Low-Countries, and being still willing to employ my Talents, as a Soldier and Engineer lay down this Morning at Seven a Clock before the Door of an unfortunate Female who had for some time refused me Admittance. I made a Lodgment in an outer Parlour about Twelve. The Enemy retired to her Bed-Chamber yet I still pursued, and about two a-Clock this Afternoon she thought fit to Capitulate. Her Demands are indeed somewhat high, in Relation to the Settlement of her Fortune. But being in Possession of the House, I intend to insist upon *Carle Blaise*, and am in hopes, by keeping off all other Pretenders for the Space of twenty four Hours to starve her into a Compliance. I beg your speedy Advice, and am,

SIR, Yours,  
Peter Push.

From my Camp in Red-Lion Square, Saturday 4, in the Afternoon.



No 567] WEDNESDAY, July 14, 1714 [Addison

—*Incipit clamor fructuum Istantes*—VIRG

I HAVE received private Advice from some of my Correspondents, that if I would give my Paper a general Run, I should take care to season it with Scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few Writings sell which are not filled with great Names and illustrious Titles. The Reader generally casts his Eye upon a new Book, and if he finds several Letters separated from one another by a Dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great Satisfaction. An *M* and an *A*, an *S* and an *R*, with a short Line between them, has sold many an Inspired Pamphlet. Nay I have known a whole Edition go off by virtue of two or three well written *S*—s.

A sprinkling of the Words *Faction*, *Fract*, *man*, *Epist*, *Pund*, *er*, and the like significant Terms in an Italic Character, have also a very good Effect upon the Eye of the Purchaser. Just to an *ent*ion *Scriller*, *Lerr* *Ro* *us*, *Rescal*, *As* *e*, and *Pilla* *n* without which it is impossible to carry on a Modern Controversie.

Our Party writers are so sensible of the secret Virtue of an Innuendo to recommend their Productions, that of late they never mention the *Q*—n or *P*—t at length, though they speak of them with Honour, and with that Deference which is due to them from every private Person. It gives a secret Satisfaction to a Peruser of these mysterious Works, that he is able to decipher them without help and, by the Strength of his own natural Parts, to fill up a Blank-Space or strike out a Word that has only the first or last Letter to it.

Some of our Authors indeed, when they would be more Satirical than ordinary, omit only the Vowels of a great Man's Name, and fill most unmercifully upon all the Consonants. This way of Writing was first of all introduced by *T—m Brown*, of facetious Memory, who, after having gutted a proper Name of all its intermediate Vowels, used to plant it in his Work, and take as free with it as he pleased, without any Danger of the Statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated Authors, and publish a Paper which shall be more striking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious Libel, in which a Reader of Penetration will find a great deal of concealed Satire, and if he be acquainted with the present Posture of Affairs, will easily discover the Meaning of it.

If there are four Persons in the Nation who endeavour to bring all things into Confusion, and ruin their native Country, I think every honest *Engl* *s* *m* *u* ought to be upon his Guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me who hears me name \*\*\* with his first Friend and Favourite \*\*\*, not to mention \*\*\* nor \*\*\*. These People may cry *Ch—rch*, *Ch* *rch*, as long as they please, but, to make use of a

<sup>1</sup> For 'Marlborough' and 'Treasurer'  
<sup>2</sup> [Reader]

'homely Proverb. The Proof of the *P—dd—ng* is in the eating. This I am sure of, that if a *cer—* *ti* *in* *Pr* *a* should concur with a certain *Pr* *elate*, (and we have Monsieur *Z—n*'s Word for it) our Posterity would be in a sweet *P—ckle*. Must the *br* *is*! *N* *u* *on* suffer in sooth, because my Lady *Q—t* has been disobligh'd? Or is it reasonable that our *Engl* *ish* Fleet, which used to be the Terror of the Ocean, should be Wind-bound for the sake of a — I love to speak out and declare my Mind clearly, when I am talking for the Good of my Country. I will not make my Court to an ill Man tho' he were a *R—g* or a *S—t*. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a Politician, a *T* *r* *u* *st* *r*, an Enemy to his Country, and a *M* *l* *d* *r* *h* *s*, &c. &c.

The remaining Part of this Political Treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the Publick at a more convenient Season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious Reader, as some ingenious Writers do their Lectures, and if any sagacious Person can fairly puzzle it, I will print his Explanation, and if he pleases, acquaint the World with his Name.

I hope this short Essay will convince my Reader, it is not for want of Abilities that I avoid State-tricks, and that if I would apply my Mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a Master of the Political Scratch as any the most eminent Writer of the Age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this Modern Race of *S* *m* *p* *t* *s*, and thoroughly content my *F* *r* *g* *u* *e* *s* Readers, I intend shortly to publish a *S* *p* *e* *c* *t* *a* *t* *o* *r*, that shall not have a single Vowel in it.

No 568] FRIDAY, July 16, 1714. [Addison

—*Dum recitas, incipit esse Tuus*—MART

I WAS Yesterday in a Coffee-House not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three or four in close Conference over a Pipe of Tobacco upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little Wax Candle that stood before them, and after having thrown in two or three Whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the Company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a Man's Pipe at the same Candle, is looked upon among Brother smokers as an Overture to Conversation and Friendship. As we here lay our Heads together in a very amicable Manner, being intrenched under a Cloud of our own rising, I took up the last SPECTATOR, and casting my Eye over it, *The SPECTATOR*, says I, is *very witty to-day*, upon which a lusty lethargick old Gentleman, who sat at the Upper-end of the Table, having gradually blown out of his Mouth a great deal of Smoke, which he had been collecting for some Time before, *As*, says I, *more w* *l* *t* *y* *if* *an* *s* *w* *i* *s* *e* *I* *a* *m* *a* *f* *r* *a* *i* *d*. His Neighbour who sat at his right Hand immediately coloured and being an angry Politician, laid down his Pipe with so much Wrath that he

broke it in the Middle, and by that Means furnished me with a Tobacco stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the Face, made use of it from Time to Time all the while he was speaking. *This fellow, says he, can't for his Life keep out of Politics. Do you see how he abuses four great Men here?* I fix'd my Eye very attentively on the Paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by Asterisks. *Asterisks, says he, do you call them? they are all of them Stars. He might as well have put Garters to 'em. Then pray do but muddle the two or three next Lines!* *Ch-rch and P dding in the same Sentence!* *Our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild Disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his Heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the SPECTATOR neither. *For, says he, you find he is very cautious of giving Offence, and has therefore put two Dashes into his Pudding. A Fig for his Dash, says the angry Politician. In his next Sentence he gives a plain Innuendo, that our Posterity will be in a sweet P-ckle. What does the Fool mean by his Pickle? Why does not he write it at length, if he means honestly?* I have read over the whole Sentence, says I, but I look upon the Parenthesis in the Belly of it to be the most dangerous Part, and as full of Insinuations as it can hold. *But who, says I, is my Lady Q-p-t-s?* *Az, Answer that if you can, Sir,* says the furious Statesman to the poor Whig that sits over-against him. But without giving him Time to reply, *I do assure you, says he, were I my Lady Q-p-t-s, I would sue him for Scandalum Magnatum. What is the World come to? Must every Body be allowed to—?* He had by this time filled a new Pipe and applying it to his Lips, when we expected the last Word of his Sentence, put us off with a Whiff of Tobacco which he redoubled with so much Rage and Impudation, that he almost stifled the whole Company. After a short Pause, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing so many Letters of my Lady Q-p-t-s's Name, but however, says I, he has made a little Amends for it in his next Sentence, where he leaves a blank Space without so much as a Consonant to direct us? I mean, says I, after those Words, The Fleet, that used to be the Terror of the Ocean, should be Wind bound for the sake of a— after which ensues a Chasm, that in my Opinion looks modest enough. Sir, says my Antagonist, you may easily know his Meaning by his Gaping, I suppose he designs his Chasm, as you call it, for an Hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his Turn. Who can endure to see the great Officers of State, the B-y's and T's treated after so scurrilous a Manner? I can't for my Life, says I, imagine who they are the SPECTATOR means? Not says he, — Your humble Servant, Sir! Upon which he flung himself back in his Chair after a contemptuous Manner, and smiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his left Hand, who I found was his great Admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a Good will towards me, and seeing my Pipe out, very generously offered me the Use of his Box, but I declined it

with great Civility, being obliged to meet a Friend about that Time in another Quarter of the City.

At my leaving the Coffee house, I could not forbear reflecting with my self upon that gross Tribe of Fools who may be termed the *Over-raise*, and upon the Difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious Age which a weak Head may not construe into private Satyr and personal Reflection.

A Man who has a good Nose at an Innuendo, smells Treason and Sedition in the most innocent Words that can be put together, and never sees a Vice or Folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his Acquaintance pointed at by the Writer. I remember an empty pragmatical Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over the whole Duty of Man, had written the Names of several Persons in the Village at the Side of every Sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author so that he had converted one of the best Books in the World into a Libel against the 'Squire Church-wardens, Overseers of the Poor, and all other the most considerable Persons in the Parish. This Book with these extraordinary marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never seen it before, upon which there arose a current Report that Somebody had written a Book against the 'Squire and the whole Parish. The Minister of the Place having at that Time a Controversy with some of his Congregation upon the Account of his P'sthes, was under some Suspicion of being the Author, till the good Man set his People right by shewing them that the satyrical Passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring Villages, and that the Book was writ against all the Sinners in England.

No 569] MONDAY, July 19, 1724 [Addison

*Reges dicuntur multis urgere cubillis  
Et torquere viro, quem perspexisse laborent  
An sit amicitia dignus* — Hor

NO Vices are so incurable as those which Men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how Drunkenness should have the good Luck to be of this Number. *Anaecharis*, being invited to a Match of Drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the Prize very humorously because he was drunk before any of the rest of the Company for, says he, when we run a Race, he who arrives at the Goal first is entitled to the Reward. On the contrary, in this thirsty Generation, the Honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest Quantity of Liquor, and knocks down the rest of the Company. I was the other Day with honest *Will Funnell* the *West Saxon*, who was reel- ing up how much Liquor had past through him in the last twenty Years of his Life, which, according to his Computation, amounted to twenty three Hogsheads of October, four Ton of Port, half a Kilderkin of small Peer, nineteen Barrels of Cider, and three Glasses of Champagne, besides which, he had assisted at four hundred Bowls of Punch, not to mention Sips, Drams,

and Whets without Number I question not but every Reader's Memory will suggest to him several ambitious young Men, who are as run in this Particular as *Will Funnell*, and can boast of as glorious Exploits

Our modern Philosophers observe that there is a general Decay of Moisture in the Globe of the Earth. Thus they chiefly ascribe to the Growth of Vegetables, which incorporate into their own Substance many fluid Boies that never return again to their former Nature. But, with Submission, they ought to throw into their Account those innumerable rational Beings which fetch their Nourishment chiefly out of Liquids, especially when we consider that Men, compared with their Fellow Creatures, drink much more than comes to their Share

But however highly this Tribe of People may think of themselves, a drunken Man is a greater Monster than any that is to be found among all the Creatures which God has made: as indeed there is no Character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the Eyes of all reasonable Persons, than that of a Drunkard. *Bonatus*, one of our own Countrymen, who was addicted to this Vice, having set up for a Share in the *Roman Empire*, and being defeated in a great Battle, hang'd himself. When he was seen by the Army in this melancholy Situation, notwithstanding he had belied himself very bravely the common Jest was, that he hung upon the gallows as if he were a Bottle.

This Vice has very fatal Effects on the Mind, the Body, and Fortune of the Person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the Mind it first of all discovers every Fault in it. The sober Man, by the Strength of Reason, may keep under and subdue every Vice or Folly to which he is most inclined, but Wine makes every latent Seed sprout up in the Soul, and shew it self. It gives Fury to the Passion, and force to those Objects which are apt to produce them. When a young Fellow complained to an old Philosopher that his Wife was not handsome, Put less Water in your Wine, says the Philosopher, and you'll quickly make her so. Wine heightens Indifference into Love, Love into Jealousy, and Jealousy into Madness. It often turns the Good natured Man into an Idiot and the Cholerick into an Assassin. It gives Bitterness to Resentment, it makes Vanity unportable and displays every little Spot of the Soul in its utmost Deformity.

Nor does this Vice only betray the hidden Faults of a Man, and shew them in the most odious Colours, but often occasions Faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of Lorn than of Truth in a Saying of *Serena*, That Drunkenness does not produce but discover Faults. Common Experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a Man out of himself, and infuses Quibbles into the Mind, which she is a Stranger to in her sober Moments. The Person you converse with, after the third Bottle is not the same Man who at first sat down at Table with you. Upon this Maxim is founded one of the prettiest Sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to *Publius Syrus*, *Qui ebrium ludificat latet absentem, He*

*who jests upon a Man that is drunk, injures the Absent*

Thus does Drunkenness set in direct Contradiction to Reason, whose Business it is to clear the Mind of every Vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the Approaches of any that endeavours to make its Entrance. But besides these ill Effects which this Vice produces in the Person who is actually under its Dominion, it has also a bad Influence on the Mind even in its sober Moments, as it insensibly weakens the Understanding, impairs the Memory, and makes those Faults habitual which are produced by frequent Excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill Effects which this Vice has on the Bodies and Fortunes of Men: but these I shall reserve for the Subject of some future Paper.

No 570 ] WEDNESDAY, July 21, 1714 [

—Nugae canore—Hor

THERE is scarce a Man living who is not actuated by Ambition. When this Principle meets with an honest Mind and great Abilities, it does infinite Service to the World on the contrary, when a Man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous Creature. I shall here confine my self to that petty kind of Ambition, by which some Men grow eminent for odd Accomplishments and trivial Performances. How many are there whose whole Reputation depends upon a Pun or a Quibble? You may often see an Artist in the Streets gain a Circle of Admirers, by carrying a long Pole upon his Chin or Forehead in a perpendicular Posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their Feet, and others to walk upon their Hands. Some tumble into Fame, others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a Hoop.

*Cetera de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, leguacem Delassari valent I absum—*

I am led into this Train of Thought by an Adventure I lately met with.

It was the other Day at a Tavern where the Master of the House accommodating us himself with every thing we wanted I accidentally fell into a Discourse with him, and talking of a certain great Man, who shall be nameless, he told me, that he had sometimes the Honour to treat him with a Whistle, (adding by the way of Parenthesis) *For you must know Gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any Man in Europe*. This naturally put me upon desiring him to give us a Sample of his Art, upon which he called for a Case-Knife, and applying the Edge of it to his Mouth, converted it into a musical Instrument, and entertained me with an Italian Solo. Upon laying down the Knife, he took up a Pur of clean Tobacco Pipes and after having shd the small

<sup>2</sup> Named Daintry. He was of the truned bands, and commonly known as Captain Daintry.

End of them over the Table in a most melodious Trill, he fetch'd a Tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in Consort. In short, the Tobacco Pipes became *Musical Pipes* in the Hands of our Virtuoso, who confessed to me ingenuously, he had broke such Quantities of them, that he had almost broke himself, before he had brought this Piece of Musick to any tolerable Perfection. I then told him I would bring a Company of Friends to dine with him the next Week, as an Encouragement to his Ingenuity upon which he thanked me, saying, that he would provide himself with a new Frying-Pan against that Day. I replied, that it was no matter, Roast and Boiled would serve our Turn. He smiled at my Simplicity, and told me, That it was his Design to give us a Tune upon it. As I was surpris'd at such a Promise, he sent for an old Frying Pan, and grating it upon the Board, whistled to it in such a melodious Manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a Base-Viol. He then took his Seat with us at the Table, and hearing my Friend that was with me humm over a Tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out he would accompany his Voice with a Tobacco-Pipe. As my Friend has an agreeable Base, he chose rather to sing to the Frying-Pan, and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary Consort. Finding our Landlord so great a Proficient in Kitchen Musick, I asked him if he was Master of the Tongs and Key. He told Me that he had laid it down some Years since, as a little unfashionable but that if I pleas'd he would give me a Lesson upon the Gridiron. He then inform'd me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in order to give it a greater Compass of Sound and I perceived was as well pleas'd with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute. To be short, I found that his whole Kitchen was furnish'd with musical Instruments, and could not but look upon this Artist as a kind of Burlesque Musician.

He afterwards of his own Accord fell into the Imitation of several Singing-Birds. My Friend and I toasted our Mistresses to the Nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surpris'd with the Musick of the Thrush. He next proceeded to the Sky-Lark, mounting up by a proper Scale of Notes, and afterwards falling to the Ground with a very easy and regular Descent. He then contract'd his Whistle to the Voice of several Birds of the smallest Size. As he is a Man of a larger Bulk and higher Stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a Giant when you look'd upon him, and a Tom Tit when you shut your Eyes. I must not omit acquainting my Reader, that this accomplished Person was formerly the Master of a Toy-shop near *Temple-Bar*, and that the famous *Charles Mathers* was bred up under him. I am told that the Misfortunes which he has met with in the World, are chiefly owing to his great Application to his Musick, and therefore cannot but recommend him to my Readers as one who deserves their Favour, and may afford them great Diversion over a Bottle of Wine, which he sells at the Queen's Arms, near the End of the little Piazza in *Covent Garden*.

No 571 ] FRIDAY, July 23, 1714 [Addison

—*Calum quid querimus ultra?*—Luc

AS the Work, I have engag'd in, will not only consist of Papers of Humour and Learning, but of several Essays Moral and Divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR,<sup>1</sup> and sent me by a particular Friend, not questioning but it will please such of my Readers, as think it no Disparagement to their Understandings to give way sometimes to a serious Thought

SIR,

In your Paper of *Friday* the 9th Instant you had Occasion to consider the Ubiquity of the God-head, and at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Existence, or, in other Words, that his Omnipotence and Omnipresence are coexistent, and run together through the whole Infinitude of Space. This Consideration might furnish us with many Incentives to Devotion and Motives to Morality, but as this Subject has been handled by several excellent Writers, I shall consider it in a Light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

*First*, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence?

*Secondly*, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other Effects from this his Presence but such as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation?

*Thirdly*, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving kindness?

*First*, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence? Every Particle of Matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The Heavens and the Earth, the Stars and Planets, move and gravitate by Virtue of this great Principle within them. All the dead Part of Nature are invigorated by the Presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective Qualities. The several Instincts, in the brute Creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several Ends which are agreeable to them, by this Divine Energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his Presence, receives none of those Advantages from it, which are perfective of his Nature, and necessary to his Well being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no Advantage to him. It is the same thing to a Man without Religion, as if there were no God in the World. It is indeed impossible for an in-

<sup>1</sup> No 565, and see Nos 580, 590, and 628

No 572 ] MONDAY, July 26, 1714 [Z Pearce<sup>1</sup>

*Quod medicorum est  
Promittant medici*—— Hor

I AM the more pleased with these my Papers, since I find they have encouraged several Men of Learning and Wit to become my Correspondents. I Yesterday received the following Essay against Quacks, which I shall here communicate to my Readers for the Good of the Publick, begging the Writers Pardon for those Additions and Retrenchments which I have made in it.

The Desire of Life is so natural and strong a Passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great Encouragement which the Practice of Physick finds among us. Well-constituted Governments have always made the Profession of a Physician both honourable and advantageous. *Homer's Machaon* and *Virgil's Japis* were Men of Renown, Heroes in War, and made at least as much Havock among their Enemies as among their Friends. Those who have little or no Faith in the Abilities of a Quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell Health at a reasonable Profit, or because the Patient, like a drowning Man, catches at every Twig, and hopes for Relief from the most Ignorant, when the most able Physicians give him none. Though Impudence and many Words are necessary to these Itinerary *Galeas* as a faced Hat or a Merry *Andrew*, yet they would turn very little to the Advantage of the Owner, if there were not some inward Disposition in the sick Man to favour the Pretensions of the Mountebank. Love of Life in the one, and of Money in the other, creates a good Correspondence between them.

There is scarce a City in *Great-Britain* but has one of this Tribe, who takes it into his Protection, and on the Market-Day harangues the good People of the Place with Aphorisms and Receipts. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private Interest, but out of a particular Affection to the Town. I remember one of those Public-spirited Artists at *Hammersmith*, who told his Audience 'that he had been born and bred there, and that having a special Regard for the Place of his Nativity, he was determined to make a Present of five Shillings to as many as would accept of it.' The whole Crowd stood agape, and ready to take the Doctor at his Word, when putting his Hand into a long Bag, as every one was expecting his Crown Piece, he drew out an handful of little Packets, each of which he informed the Spectators was constantly sold at five Shillings and six pence, but that he would bate the odd five Shillings to every Inhabitant of that Place. The whole Assembly immediately closed with this generous Offer, and took off all his Physick, after the Doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no Foreign-

ers among them, but that they were all *Hammersmith-Men*.

There is another Branch of Pretenders to this Art, who, without either Horse or Pickle Herring, lie snug in a Garret, and send down Notice to the World of their extraordinary Parts and Abilities by printed Bills and Advertisements. These seem to have derived their Custom from an Eastern Nation which *Herodotus* speaks of, among whom it was a Law, that whenever any Cure was performed, both the Method of the Cure, and an Account of the Distemper, should be fixed in some Publick Place: but as Customs will corrupt, these our Moderns provide themselves of Persons to attest the Cure, before they publish or make an Experiment of the Prescription. I have heard of a Porter, who serves as a Knight of the Post under one of these Operators, and tho' he was never sick in his Life, has been cured of all the Diseases in the Dispensary. These are the Men whose Sagacity has invented Elixirs of all sorts, Pills and Lozenges, and take it as an Affront if you come to them before you are given over by every Body else. Their Medicines are infallible, and *et cetera* *sal of Success*, that is of enouncing the Doctor, and setting the Patient effectually at Rest.

I lately dropt into a Coffee house at *Westminster*, where I found the Room hung round with Ornaments of this Nature. There were Elixirs, Tinctures, the *Anodyne Tonic*, *English Pills*, Electuaries, and, in short, more Remedies than I believe there are Diseases. At the Sight of so many Inventions, I could not but imagine my self in a kind of Arsenal or Magazine, where store of Arms were repositied against any sudden Invasion. Should you be attacked by the Enemy Side-ways, here was an infallible Piece of defensive Armour to cure the Pleurisie. Should a Distemper beat up your Head Quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable Helmet, or, in the Language of the Artist, a Cephalic Tincture. If your moun Body be assaulted, here are various Kinds of Armour in Case of various Onsets. I began to congratulate the present Age upon the Happiness Men might reasonably hope for in Life, when Death was thus in a manner Defeated, and when Pain it self would be of so short a Duration, that it would but just serve to enhance the Value of Pleasure. While I was in these Thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a Story of an Ingenious Gentleman of the last Age, who being violently afflicted with the Gout, a Person came and offered his Service to Cure him by a Method, which he assured him was Infallible. The Servant who received the Message carried it up to his Master, who enquiring whether the Person came on Foot or in a Chariot and being informed that he was on Foot, Go, says he, send the Knaave about his Business. Was his Method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his Coach and Six. In like manner I concluded, that had all these Advertisers arrived to that Skill they pretend to, they would have had no Need for so many Years successively to publish to the World the Place of their Abode, and the Virtues of their Medicines. One of these Gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual Cure for Leanness

<sup>1</sup> Dr Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, with alterations by Addison

What Effects it may have had upon those who have try'd it I cannot tell but I am credibly informed that the Call for it has been so great, that it has effectually cured the Doctor himself of that Distemper. Could each of them produce so good an Instance of the Success of his Medicines, they might soon persuade the World into an Opinion of them.

I observe that most of the Bills agree in one Expression, viz. that *(in the God's Blessing)* they perform such and such Cures. This Expression is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a Cure is performed on a Patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater Share in it than *Virgil's Jafus* in the curing of *Aneas*, he tried his Skill, was very cautious about the Wound, and indeed was the only visible Means that relieved the Hero. But the Poet assures us it was the particular Assistance of a Deity that speeded the Operation. An English Reader may see the whole Story in Mr. Dryden's Translation.

*Prop'd on his Larce the pensiv' Herce stood,  
And heard, and saw unincor'd, the Mourner's  
Cry.*

*The Jew'd Physician tucks his Robes aroun'd,  
With ready Hands, and has us to the Wound  
With gentle Touches he performs his Part,  
This Way and that, soliciting the Darts,  
And exercises all his Heav'nly Art.*

*All soothing Simples, known of Sovereign Use,  
He presses out, and pours the noble Juice,  
These first infus'd, to lensthe the Pain,  
He tugs with Pinners, & if he tugs in vain  
Then to the Patron of his Art he pray'd,  
The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.*

*But now the Goddess Mother, mov'd with  
Grief,*

*A pierc'd with Pity, hastens her Relief  
A Branch of Healing Dittany she brought,  
Which in the Cretan Fields with Care she soget  
Rough is the Stem, which coolly Leazes sur-  
round.*

*The Leafs with Fleurs, the Fleurs with Pur-  
ple crown'd*

*Well known to wounded Goats a sure Relief  
To draw the pointed Steel, and ease the Grief  
This Venus brings, in Clouds involc'd, and  
twines*

*Th' extracted Lig'or with Ambrosian Deas,  
And od'rous Panacea Unseen she stands,  
Tempering the Mixture with her heavenly  
Hands*

*And pours it in a Bowl, already crown'd  
With Juice of medicinal Herbs, prepared to bathe  
the Wound.*

*The Leech, in knowing of superior Art,  
Which aids the Cure, with this foment the  
Part,*

*And in a Moment ceas'd the raging Smart  
Stanch'd the Blood, and in the bottom stands  
The Steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender  
Hands,*

*Moves up, and follows of its own Accord,  
And Health and Vigour are at once restor'd  
Taps first perc'd the closing Wound,  
And first the Footsteps of a God he found*

*Arms, Arms! he cries, the Sword and Shield  
prepare,  
And send the willing Chief, renc'd to War  
This is no mortal Work, no cure of mine,  
Nor Art's effect, but done by Hands Divine*

No 573 | WEDNESDAY, July 28, 1714 |

—Castigate remordent—Juv

MY Paper on the Club of Widows has brought me in several Letters and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, is follows.

My dear Sir,

'You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us Widows. And you seem to ground your Story on our receiving Consolation so soon after the Death of our Deary, and the Number we are pleased to admit for our Companions, but you never reflect what Husbands we have buried, and how short a Sorrow the Loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own Part, Mrs. President as you call me, my first Husband I was marry'd to at fourteen, by my Uncle and Guardian (as I afterwards discovered) by way of Sale, for the third part of my Fortune. This Fellow looked upon me as a meer Child, he might breed up after his own Fancy if he liked my Chamber-Maid before my Face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any Hurt in it? When he came home Roaring Drunk at five in the Morning, 'twas the Custom of all Men that live in the World. I was not to see a Penny of Money, for, poor Thing how could I manage it? He took a handsome Cousin of his into the House, (as he said) to be my House-keeper, and to govern my Servants, for how should I know how to rule a Family? and while she hid what Money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the Trouble she was at for my Good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike Familiarity and Kindness between near Relations. I was too great a Coward to contend, but not so ignorant a Child to be thus imposed upon. I resented his Contempt as I ought to do, and in most poor pass we blinded Wives do, till it pleased Heaven to take away my Tyrant, who left me free Possession of my own Land, and a large Jointure. My Youth and Money brought me many Lovers, and several endeavour'd to establish an Interest in my Heart while my Husband was in his last Sickness. The Honourable Edward Watfort was one of the first who addressed to me, advised to it by a Cousin of his that was my intimate Friend and knew to a Penny what I was worth. Mr. Watfort is a very agreeable Man, and every Body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his Esteem and Love is all taken up, and by such an Object, as 'tis impossible to get the better of. I men in myself. He made no doubt of marrying me within Four or Five Months, and begun to proceed with such assured ease Air, that piqued my Pride not to banish him, quite contrary, out of pure Malice, I

'heard his first Declaration with so much innocent Surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very Heart, and he thought me the best-natured Silly poor thing on Earth. When a Man has such a Notion of a Woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was overjoy'd to be thus revenged on him, for designing on my Fortune, and finding it was in my Power to make his Heart ache, I resolv'd to compleat my Conquest, and entertain'd several other Pretenders. The first Impression of my undesigned Innocence was so strong in his Head, he attributed all my Followers to the inevitable Force of my Charms, and from several Blushes and side Glances, concluded himself the Favourite, and when I used him like a Dog for my Diversion, he thought it was all Prudence and Fear, and pitied the Violence I did my own Inclinations to comply with my Friends, when I marry'd Sir Nicholas Friddle of Sixty Years of Age. You know, Sir, the Case of Mrs Medlar, I hope you would not have had me cry out my Eyes for such a Husband. I shed Tears enough for my Widowhood a Week after my Marriage, and when he was put in his Grave, reckoning he had been two Years dead, and my self a Widow of that Standing, I married three Weeks afterwards John Sturdy, Esq, his next Heir. I had indeed some Thoughts of taking Mr Waitfort, but I found he could stry, and besides he thought it indecent to ask me to marry again till my Year was out, so privately resolving him for my Fourth, I took Mr Sturdy for the present. Would you believe it, Sir, Mr Sturdy was just Five and Twenty, about Six Foot high, and the stoutest Fox hunter in the Country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for my old Friddle again. He was following his Dogs all the Day, and all the Night keeping them up at Table with him and his Companions. However I think my self oblig'd to them for lending him a Chase in which he broke his Neck. Mr Waitfort began his Addresses anew, and I verily believe I had married him now, but there was a young Officer in the Guards, that had debauched two or three of my Acquaintance, and I could not forbear being a little vain of his Courtship. Mr Waitfort heard of it, and read me such an insolent Lecture upon the Conduct of Women, I married the Officer that very Day, out of pure Spight to him. Half an Hour after I was married I received a Penitential Letter from the Honourable Mr Edward Waitfort, in which he begged Pardon for his Passion, as proceeding from the Violence of his Love. I triumphed when I read it, and could not help, out of the Pride of my Heart, shewing it to my new Spouse, and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! my Mirth lasted a short time, my young Husband was very much in Debt when I marry'd him, and his first Action afterwards was to set up a gilt Chariot and Six, in fine Trappings before and behind. I had married so hastily, I had not the Prudence to reserve my Estate in my own Hands. My ready Money was lost in two Nights at the Groom Porter's. And my Diamond Necklace which was stole I did not know how, I met in the Street upon Jenny Whaddell's Neck.

'My Plate vanished Piece by Piece, and I had been reduced to downright Pewter, if my Officer had not been deliciously killed in a Duel, by a Fellow that had cherted him of Five Hundred Pounds, and afterwards, at his own Request, stusify'd him and me too, by running him through the Body. Mr Waitfort was still in Love, and told me so again, and to prevent all Fears of ill Usage, he desir'd me to reserve every thing in my own Hands. But now my Acquaintance begun to wish me Joy of his Constancy, my Chums were declining, and I could not resist the Delight I took in shewing the young Flirts about Town, it was yet in my Power to give Pain to a Man of Sense. This, and some private Hopes he would hurt himself, and what a Glory would it be for me, and how I should be envy'd, made me accept of being third Wife to my Lord Fraday. I proposed from my Rank and his Estate, to live in all the Joys of Pride, but how was I mistaken? he was neither extravagant, nor ill-natured, nor debauched? I suffered however more with him than with all my others. He was splanatick. I was forced to sit whole Days hearkening to his imaginary Ails, it was impossible to tell what would please him, what he liked when the Sun shined, made him sick when it rained. he had no Distemper, but lived in constant Fear of them all. my good Genius dictated to me to bring him requirited with Doctor Gruel, from that Day he was always contented, because he had Names for all his Complaints, the good Doctor furnished him with Reasons for all his Pains, and Prescriptions for every Fancy that troubled him. in hot Weather he lived upon Juleps, and let Blood to prevent Fevers, when it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a Consumption, to shorten the History of this wretched Part of my Life, he ruined a good Constitution by endeavouring to mend it, and took several Medicines, which ended in taking the grand Remedy, which cured both him and me of all our Uneasinesses. After his Death, I did not expect to hear any more of Mr Waitfort, I knew he had renounced me to all his Friends, and been very wily upon my Choice, which he affected to talk of with great Indifferency, I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was engaged with a pretty Woman and a great Fortune, it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect the Advice of my Cousin Washwell, that came to see me the Day my Lord went into the Country with Russel. she told me experimentally, nothing put in unfaithful Lover and a dear Husband so soon out of ones Head, as a new one. and, at the same time, propos'd to me a Kinsman of hers. You understand enough of the World (said she) to know Money is the most valuable Consideration. he is very rich and I am sure cannot live long. he has a Cough that must carry him off soon. I knew afterwards she had given the self same Character of me to him. but however I was so much persuaded by her, I trusted on the Match, for fear he should die before the time came. he had the same Fears, and was so pressing, I married him in a fortnight, resolving to keep it private a fortnight longer. During this fortnight Mr Waitfort came to



'make me a Visit, he told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that Respect for me, he would not interrupt me in the first Day of my Affliction for my dead Lord that as soon as he heard I was at Liberty to make another Choice, he had broke off a Match very advantageous for his Fortune, just upon the Point of Conclusion, and was forty times more in Love with me than ever I never received more Pleasure in my Life than from this Declaration, but I composed my Face to a grave Air, and said the News of his Engagement had touched me to the Heart, that in a rash jealous Fit, I had married a Man I could never have thought on if I had not lost all hopes of him Good natured Mr *Waitfort* had like to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an Air as plainly shewed me he had all the Blame upon himself, and hated those Friends that had advised him to the fatal Application, he seemed as much touched by my Misfortune as his own, for he had not the least Doubt I was still passionately in Love with him The Truth of the Story is, my new Husband gave me Reason to repent I had not staid for him he had married me for my Money, and I soon found he loved Money to Distraction, there was nothing he would not do to get it, nothing he would not suffer to preserve it the smallest Expence keep him awake whole Nights and when he paid a bill, twas with as many Sighs, and after as many Delays, as a Man that endures the Loss of a Limb I heard nothing but Reproofs for Extravagance whatever I did I saw very well that he would have starved me, but for losing my Jointures and he suffered Agonies between the Grack of seeing me have so good a Stomach, and the Fear that if he made me fast, it might prejudice my Health I did not doubt he would have broke my Heart, if I did not break his, which was allowed by the Law of Self defence The Way was very easy I resolved to spend as much Money as I could, and before he was aware of the Stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand Pound Diamond Neck lace he said nothing, but went quietly to his Chamber, and as it is the right, composed himself with a Dose of Opium I behaved myself so well upon the Occasion, that to this Day I believe he died of an Apoplexy Mr *Waitfort* was resolved not to be too late this time, and I heard from him in two Days I am almost out of my Weed at this present Writing, and am very doubtful whether I'll marry him or no I do not think of a Seventh, for the ridiculous Reason you mention, but out of pure Morality that I think so much Constancy should be rewarded, tho' I may not do it after all perhaps I do not believe all the unreasonable Malice of Mankind can give a Pretence why I should have been constant to the Memory of any of the Deceased, or have spent much time in grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, extravagant splenatick, or covetous Husband, my first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me and the sixth would have starved me If the other Ladies you name would thus give in their Hus-

'bands Pictures at length, you would see they have had as little Reason as my self to lose their Hours in weeping and wailing

No 574] FRIDAY, July 30, 1714 [Addison

*Non possidenteum iuncta vocaveris  
Rectis Beatum, rectius occupat  
Nomen Beati, qui Deorum  
Muneribus sapienter uti  
Duramque callet pauperiem pati. —Hor*

I WAS once engaged in Discourse with a *Rosicrusian* about the great Secret As this kind of Men (I mean those of them who are not professed Cheats) are over run with Enthusiasm and Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious Adept descending on his pretended Discovery He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit which lived within an Emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest Perfection it is capable of It gives a Lustre, says he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond It irritates every Metal, and enriches Lead with all the Properties of Gold It heightens Smoke into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into Glory He further added, that a single Ray of it dissipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy from the Person on whom it falls In short, says he, its Presence naturally changes every Place into a kind of Heaven After he had gone on for some Time in this unintelligible Cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral Ideas together into the same Discourse, and that his great Secret was nothing else but Content

This Virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those Effects which the Alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's Stone and if it does not bring Riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the Desire of them If it cannot remove the Disquietudes arising out of a Man's Mind, Body, or Fortune, it makes him ease under them It has indeed a kindly Influence on the Soul of Man, in respect of every Being to whom he stands related It extinguishes all Murmur, Repining, and Ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his Part to act in this World It destroys all inordinate Ambition, and every Tendency to Corruption, with regard to the Community wherein he is placed It gives Sweetness to his Conversation, and a perpetual Serenity to all his Thoughts

Among the many Methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this Virtue, I shall only mention the two following First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants, and Secondly, How much more unhappy he might be than he really is

First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants I am wonderfully pleased with the Reply which *Aristippus* made to one who condoled him upon the Loss of a Farm, *Why*, said he, *I have three Farms still, and you have but one, so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me* On the contrary, foolish Men are more apt



to consider what they have lost than what they possess, and to fix their Eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater Difficulties. All the real Pleasures and Conveniences of Life lie in a narrow Compass but it is the Humour of Mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the Start of them in Wealth and Honour. For this Reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want, there are few rich Men in any of the politer Nations but among the middle Sort of People, who keep their Wishes within their Fortunes, and have more Wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher Rank live in a kind of splendid Poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because instead of requesting in the solid Pleasures of Life, they endeavour to outvie one another in Shadows and Appareances. Men of Sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of Mirth this silly Game that is playing over their Heads, and by contracting their Desires, enjoy all that secret Satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The Truth is, this ridiculous Chace after imaginary Pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great Source of those Evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a Man's Estate be what it will, he is a poor Man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to Sale to any one that can give him his Price. When *Pyttacus*, after the Death of his Brother, who had left him a good Estate, was offered a great Sum of Money by the King of *India*, he thanked him for his Kindness, but told him he had already more by Half than he knew what to do with. In short, Content is equivalent to Wealth, and Luxury to Poverty, or, to give the Thought a more agreeable Turn, *Content is natural Wealth*, says *Socrates*, to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial Poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the Consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary Enjoyments, and will not be at the Trouble of contracting their Desires, an excellent Saying of *Bon the Philosopher*, namely, *That no Man has so much Care, as he who endeavours after the most Happiness*.

In the second Place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former Consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the Means to make themselves ease, this regards such as actually lie under some Pressure or Misfortune. These may receive great Alleviation from such a Comparison as the unhappy Person may make between himself and others, or between the Misfortune which he suffers, and greater Misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the Story of the honest *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his Leg by a Fall from the Minnistr, told the Standers-by, It was a great Mercy that 'twas not his Neck. To which, since I am got into Quotations, give me leave to add the Saying of an old Philosopher, who, after having invited some of his Friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his Wife that came into the Room in a Passion, and threw down the Table that stood before them, *Every one*, says he, *has his Calam-*

*ity, and he is a happy Man that has no greater than this*. We find an Instance to the same Purpose in the Life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good Man was troubled with a Complication of Distempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the Stone, and when he had the Stone, that he had not both these Distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this Essay without observing that there was never any System besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the Mind of Man the Virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present Condition, many of the ancient Philosophers tell us that our Discontent only hurts our selves, without being able to make any Alteration in our Circumstances, others, that whatever Evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal Necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject whilst others very gravely tell the Man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the Harmony of the Universe, and that the *Scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like Considerations, rather silence than satisfy a Man. They may shew him that his Discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give Despair than Consolation. In a Word, a Man might reply to one of these Comforters, as *Augustus* did to his Friend who advised him not to grieve for the Death of a Person whom he loved, because his Grief could not fetch him again. *It is for that very Reason*, said the Emperor, *that I grieve*.

On the contrary, Religion bears a more tender Regard to humane Nature. It prescribes to every miserable Man the Means of bettering his Condition: nay, it shews him, that the bearing of his Afflictions is he ought to do will naturally end in the Removal of them. It makes him ease here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented Mind is the greatest Blessing a Man can enjoy in this World, and if in the present Life his Happiness arises from the subduing of his Desire, it will arise in the next from the Gratification of them.

No 575 ] MONDAY, August 2, 1714 [Addison

—Nec morti esse locum— Virg

A LEWD young Fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable Condition if there is not another World*. True, Son, said the Hermit, *but what is thy Condition if there is?* Man is a Creature designed for two different States of Being, or rather, for two different Lives. His first Life is short and transient, his second permanent and lasting. The Question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two Lives it is our chief Interest to make our selves happy? Or, in other Words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to our selves the Pleasures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and

uncertain and at its utmost Length of a very inconsiderable Duration, or to secure to our selves the Pleasures of a Life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the first hearing of this Question, I now, very well which S de of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Question. We make Provisions for this Life as tho' it were never to have an End, and for the other Life as tho' it were never to have a Beginning.

Should a Spirit of superior Rank who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants what would his Notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this World to get Riches and Honours? Would not he think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station, and Title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Punishment, and enjoined to pursue our Pleasures under Pain of Damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Dunes quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly according to such an Imagination, he must conclude that we are a Species of the most obedient Creatures in the Universe that we are constant to our Duty and that we keep a steady Eye on the End for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his Astonishment when he learnt that we were Beings not designed to exist in this World above threescore and ten Years? and that the greatest Part of this busy Species fall short even of that Age? How would he be lost in Horror and Admiration, when he should know that this Set of Creatures who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which scarce deserves the Name of Existence, when, I say, he should know that this Set of Creatures are to exist to all Eternity in another Life, for which they make no Preparation? Nothing can be a greater Disgrace to Reason, than that Men, who are per-wisdomed of these two different States of Being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of threescore and ten Years, and neglecting to make Provision for that which after many Myriads of Years will be still new, and still beginning, especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our Happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make our selves happy in the other Life, we are sure that our Endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our Hope.

The following Question is started by one of the Schoolmen. Supposing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Mass of the finest Sand, and that a single Grain or Particle of this Sand should be annihilated every thousand Years. Supposing then that you had it in your Choice to be happy all the while this prodigious Mass of Sand was consuming by this slow Method till

there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you were to be miserable for ever after, or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on Condition you would be miserable till the whole Mass of Sand were thus annihilated at the Rate of one Sand in a thousand Years. Which of these two Cases would you make your Choice?

It must be confessed in this Case, so many Thousands of Years are to the Imagination as a kind of Eternity tho' in reality they do not bear so great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as a Unite does to the greatest Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of those Sands to the supposed Heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any Manner of Hesitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However, as I have before intimated, our Reason might in such a Case be so overset by the Imagination, as to dispose some Persons to sink under the Consideration of the great Length of the first Part of this Duration, and of the great Distance of that second Duration which is to succeed it. The Mind, I say, might give it self up to that Happiness which is at Hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten Years, I might say of only a Day or an Hour, and miserable to all Eternity, or, on the contrary, miserable for this short Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity. What Words are sufficient to express that Folly and want of Consideration which in such a Case makes a wrong Choice?

I here put the Case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a Course of Virtue makes us miserable in this Life. But if we suppose (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy even in this Life than a contrary Course of Vice, how can we sufficiently admire the Stupidity or Madness of those Persons who are capable of making so absurd a Choice?

Every wise Man therefore will consider this Life only as it may conduce to the Happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the Pleasures of a few Years to those of an Eternity.

No 576 ] WEDNESDAY, August 4, 1714 [Addison

*Nitor ad adversum, nec me, qui cetera, vincit  
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evohor Orbi*  
Ovid

I REMEMBER a young Man of very lively Parts, and of a sprightly Turn in Conversation, who had only one Fault, which was an inordinate Desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many Amours, and consequently into many Distempers. He never went to Bed till two a Clock in the Morning, because he would not be a queer Fellow and was every now and then knocked down by a Constable, to signalize his Vivacity. He was initiated into Half a Dozen Clubs before he was One and twenty, and so improved in them his natural Gayety of Temper,

that you might frequently trace him to his Lodgings by a range of broken Windows, and other the like Monuments of Wit and Gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his Reputation of being a very agreeable Rake, he died of old Age at Five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a Man into so many Errors and Inconveniences as the Desire of not appearing singular, for which Reason it is very necessary to form a right Idea of Singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first Place, every Man of Sense will agree with me, that Singularity is laudable, when, in Contradiction to a Multitude, it adheres to the Dictates of Conscience, Morality, and Honour. In these Cases we ought to consider, that it is not Custom, but Duty, which is the Rule of Action, and that we should be only so far *sociabilis*, as we are reasonable Creatures. Truth is never the less so, for not being attended to, and it is the Nature of Actions, not the Number of Actors, by which we ought to regulate our Behaviour. Singularity in Concerns of this Kind is to be looked upon as heroic Bravery, in which a Man leaves the Species only as he soars above it. What greater Instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous Temper, than for a Man to pass his whole Life in Opposition to his own Sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity therefore is only vicious when it makes Men act contrary to Reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by Trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their Singularity in things of no Importance, as in Dress, Behaviour, Conversation, and all the little Intercourses of Life. In these Cases there is a certain Deference due to Custom, and notwithstanding there may be a Colour of Reason to deviate from the Multitude in some Particulars, a Man ought to sacrifice his private Inclinations and Opinions to the Practice of the Publick. It must be confessed that good Sense often makes a Humourist, but then it unqualifies him for being of any Moment in the World, and renders him ridiculous to Persons of a much inferior Understanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the North of England, who was a remarkable Instance of this foolish Singularity. He had laid it down as a Rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent Parts of Life according to the most abstracted Notions of Reason and Good Sense, without any Regard to Fashion or Example. This Humour broke out at first in many little Oddnesses. He had never any stated Hours for his Dinner, Supper or Sleep, because, said he, we ought to attend to the Calls of Nature, and not set our Appetites to our Merits, but bring our Meals to our Appetites. In his Conversation with Country Gentlemen, he would not make use of a Phrase that was not strictly true. He never told any of them, that he was his humble Servant, but that he was his Well-wisher, and would rather be thought a Misanthrope, than drink the Kings

Health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his Head out of his Chamber-Window every Morning, and after having gaped for fresh Air about half an Hour, repeat fifty Verses as loud as he could bawl them for the Benefit of his Lungs to which End he generally took them out of *Hommer*, the *Greek Tongue*, especially in that Author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to Expectoration, than any other. He had many other Particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical Reasons. As this Humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a Turban instead of a Perriwig, concluding very justly, that a Bandage of clean Linnen about his Head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the Caul of a Wig, which is soiled with frequent Perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many Ligatures in our English Dress must naturally check the Circulation of the Blood for which Reason he made his Breeches and his Doublet of one continued Piece of Cloth, after the Manner of the *Mussars*. In short, by following the pure Dictates of Reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his Countrymen, and indeed from his whole Species, that his Friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his Estate, but the Judge being informed that he did no Harm, contented himself with issuing out a Commission of Lunacy against him, and putting his Estate into the Hands of proper Guardians.

The Fate of this Philosopher puts me in Mind of a Remark in Monsieur *Fountainell's* Dialogues of the Dead. *The Ambitious and the Covetous* (says he) are Madmen to all Intent and Purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark Rooms, but they have the good Luck to have Numbers on their Side, whereas the Frenzy of one who is given up for a Lunatick, is a Frenzy hors d'œuvre that is, in other Words, something which is singular in its Kind, and does not fall in with the Madness of a Multitude.

The Subject of this Essay was occasioned by a Letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of Room at present, I shall insert in my next Paper.

No 577 ] FRIDAY, August 6, 1714 [

—*Hoc tolerabile, si non  
Et furere iucipias*— Juv

THE Letter mentioned in my last Paper is as follows.

SIR,

'You have so lately decried that Custom, too much in use among most People, of making themselves the Subjects of their Writings and Conversation, that I had some difficulty to persuade myself to give you this Trouble, till I had considered that tho' I should speak in the First Person, yet I should not be justly charged with Vanity, since I shall not add my Name, as also, because what I shall write will not, to say the best, redound to my Praise, but is only designed to remove a Prejudice conceived against

me, as I hope, with very little Foundation My short History is this

I have lived for some Years last past altogether in London, till about a Month ago an Acquaintance of mine, for whom I have done some small Services in Town, invited me to pass part of the Summer with him at his House in the Country. I accepted his Invitation and found a very hearty Welcome. My Friend, an honest plain Man, not being qualified to pass away his Time without the Reliefs of Business, has grafted the Farmer upon the Gentleman, and brought himself to submit even to the servile Parts of that Employment such as inspecting his Plough, and the like. This necessarily takes up some of his Hours every Day, and as I have no Relish for such Diversions I used at these Times to retire either to my Chamber, or a shady Walk near the House, and entertain myself with some agreeable Author. Now you must know, Mr SPECTATOR, that when I read, especially if it be Poetry, it is very usual with me when I meet with any Passage or Expression which strikes me much to pronounce it aloud, with that Tone of the Voice which I think agreeable to the Sentiments there expressed, and to this I generally add some Motion or Action of the Body. It was not long before I was observed by some of the Family in one of these heroic Fits, who thereupon received Impressions very much to my Disadvantage. This however I did not soon discover, nor should have done probably, had it not been for the following Accident. I had one Day shut my self up in my Chamber, and was very deeply engrossed in the Second Book of Milton's Paradise Lost. I would to God from the Book in my Hand, and, to speak the Truth, I fear I made no little Noise when presently coming to the following Line,

— On a sudden open'd,  
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sides,  
Flung several Doors, and on their Hinges grate  
Hail! Thunder, &c.

I in great Transport threw open the Door of my Chamber, and found the first Part of the Family standing on the Outside in a very great Consternation. I was in no less Confusion, and begged Pardon for having disturbed them, addressing my self particularly to comfort one of the Children, who received an unlucky Fall in this Action, whilst he was too intently surveying my Meditations through the Key hole. To be short, after this Adventure I early observed that great Part of the Family, especially the Women and Children looked upon me with some Apprehensions of Fear, and my Friend himself though he still continued his Civilities to me, did not seem altogether easy. I took Notice, that the Butler was never after this Accident ordered to leave the Bottle upon the Table after Dinner. Add to this, that I frequently overheard the Servants mention me by the Name of the crazed Gentleman the Gentleman a little touched, the mad Londoner, and the like. This made me think it high Time for me to shift my Quarters, which I resolved to do the first handsome Opportunity and was confirmed in this Resolution

by a young Lady in the Neighbourhood who frequently visited us, and who one Day, after having heard all the fine Things I was able to say, was pleas'd with a scornful Smile to bid me go to sleep.

The first Minute I got to my Lodgings in Town I set Pen to Paper to desire your Opinion, whether, upon the Evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can bring Certificates that I behave my self soberly before Company, and I hope there is at least some Merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look you Sir, I am contented to be esteemed a little touched, as they phrase it, but should be sorry to be madder than my Neighbours therefore, pray let me be as much in my Senses as you can afford. I know I could bring you self as an Instance of a Man who has confided talking to himself, but yours is a particular Case, and cannot justify me, who have not kept Silence any Part of my Life. What if I should own my self in Love? You know Lovers are always allowed the Comfort of Soliloquy ——— But I will say no more upon this Subject because I have long since observed, the ready Way to be thought Mad is to contend that you are not so, as we generally conclude that a Man drunk, who takes Pains to be thought sober I will therefore leave my self to your Determination but am the more desirous to be thought in my Senses that it may be no Discredit to you when I assure you that I have always been very much

Your Admirer

P. S. If I must be mad, I desire the young Lad, may believe it is for her

The humble Petition of John a Nokes and John a Stiles,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners have had Causes depending in Westminster Hall above five hundred Years, and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an Issue. That your Petitioners have not been involved in these Law Suits out of any litigious Temper of their own, but by the Instigation of contentious Persons, that the young Lawyers in our Inns of Court are continually setting us together by the Ears, and think they do us no Hurt, because they plead for us without a Fee. That many of the Gentlemen of the Robe have no other Clients in the World besides us two, That when they have nothing else to do, they make us Plaintiffs and Defendants, tho' they were never retained by either of us. That they traduce, condemn, or accuse us, without any manner of Regard to our Reputations and good Names in the World. Your Petitioners therefore (being thereunto encouraged by the favourable Reception which you lately gave to our Kinsman Blunk) do humbly pray, that you will put an End to the Controversies which have been so long depending between us your said Petitioners, and that our Unity may not endure from Generation to Generation it being our Resolution to live hereafter as it becometh Men of peaceable Dispositions. And your Petitioners (as in Duty bound) shall ever Pray, &c.

No 578 ] MONDAY, August 9, 1714. [

—*Egm feris humana in corpora transit,*  
*Inque feras Noster*— Ovid

THERE has been very great Reason, on several Accounts, for the learned World to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose *personal Identity*

Mr Lock, after having premised that the Word *Person* properly signifies a thinking intelligent Being that has Reason and Reflection, and can consider it self as it self, concludes That it is Consciousness alone, and not an Identity of Substance, which makes this personal Identity of Sameness. Had I the same Consciousness (says that Author) that I saw the Ark and Noah's Flood, as thut I saw an Overflowing of the *Thames* last Winter or as that I now write, I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the *Thames* overflow last Winter, and that viewed the Flood at the general Deluge, was the same *Self*, place that *Self* in what Substance you please, than that I who write this am the same *My self* now whilst I write, (whether I consist of all the same Substance material or immaterial or no) that I was Yesterday. For as to this Point of being the same *Self*, it matters not whether this present *Self* be made up of the same or other Substances.

I was mightily pleased with a Story in some Measure applicable to this Piece of Philosophy, which I read the other Day in the *Persian Tales* as they are lately very well translated by Mr *Philips*, and with an Abridgement whereof I shall here present my Readers

I shall only premise that these Stories are writ after the Eastern Manner, but somewhat more correct.

*Fadlallah*, a Prince of great Virtues, succeeded his Father *Bur Ortoe*, in the Kingdom of *Monsel*. He reigned over his faithful Subjects for some time, and lived in great Happiness with his beauteous Consort Queen *Zenronde*, when there appeared at his Court a young *Dervus* of so lively and entertaining a Turn of Wit, as won upon the Affections of every one he conversed with. His Reputation grew so fast every Day, that it at last raised a Curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that common Fame had flatter'd him, he was soon convinc'd that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the Truth.

*Fadlallah* immediately lost all Manner of Relish for the Conversation of other Men, and as he was every Day more and more satisfied of the Abilities of this Stranger, offer'd him the first Posts in his Kingdom. The young *Dervus*, after having thank'd him with a very singular Modesty, desired to be excus'd, as having made a Vow never to accept of any Employment, and preferring a free and independent State of Life to all other Conditions.

The King was infinitely charmed with so great an Example of Moderation and tho' he could not get him to engage in a Life of Business,

made him however his chief Companion and first Favourite.

As they were one Day hunting together, and happen'd to be separated from the rest of the Company, the *Dervus* entertained *Fadlallah* with an Account of his Travels and Adventures. After having related to him several Curiosities which he had seen in the *Indies*, It was in this Place, says he, that I contracted an Acquaintance with an old Brahman, who was slided in the most hidden Powers of Nature. He died within my Arms, and with his parting Breath, communicat'd to me one of the most valuable of his Secrets, on Condition I should never reveal it to any Man. The King immediately reflecting on his young Favourite's having refused the late Offers of Greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the Power of making Gold. No Sir, says the *Dervus*, it is something more wonderful than that, it is the Power of re animating a dead Body, by flinging my own Soul into it.

While he was yet speaking a Doe came bounding by them and the King, who had his Bow ready, shot her through the Heart telling the *Dervus*, that a fair Opportunity now offer'd for him to show his Art. The young Man immediately left his own Body breathless on the Ground, while at the same Instant that of the Doe was re animated, she came to the King, fawn'd upon him, and after having play'd several wanton Tricks, fell again upon the Grass, at the same Instant the Body of the *Dervus* recovered its Life. The King was infinitely pleas'd at so uncommon an Operation, and conjur'd his Friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The *Dervus* at first made some Scruple of violating his Promise to the dying *Brahman*, but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a Prince after having oblig'd him therefore by an Oath to Secrecy, he taught him to repeat two Cabalistical Words, in pronouncing of which the whole Secret consisted. The King, impatient to try the Experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an Instant found himself in the Body of the Doe. He had but little Time to contemplate himself in this new Being for the treacherous *Dervus* shooting his own Soul into the Royal Corps, and bending the Prince's own Bow against him, had laid him dead on the Spot, had not the King, who perceiv'd his Intent, fled swiftly to the Woods.

The *Dervus*, now triumphant in his Villany, returned to *Monsel*, and filled the Throne and Bed of the unhappy *Fadlallah*.

The first thing he took Care of, in order to secure himself in the Possession of his newly-acquired Kingdom, was to issue out a Proclamation, ordering his Subjects to destroy all the Deer in the Realm. The King had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his Pursuers by re-animating the Body of a Nightingale which he saw lie dead at the Foot of a Tree. In this new Shape he winged his Way in Safety to the Palace, where perching on a Tree which stood near his Queen's Apartment, he filled the

Smell, (say the Historians) that they could discern whether the Persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and faun upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the Friends of their Master *Vulcan*, but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the Temple.

My Manuscript gives the following Account of these Dogs, and was probably designed as a Comment upon this Story.

'These Dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his Sister *Diana*, the Goddess of Hunting and of Chastity, having bred them out of some of her Hounds, in which she had observed this natural Instinct and Sagacity. It was thought she did it in Spight to *Venus*, who, upon her Return home, always found her Husband in a good or bad Humour, according to the Reception which she met with from his Dogs. They lived in the Temple several Years, but were such snappish Curs that they frightened away most of the Votaries. The Women of *Sicily* made a solemn Deputation to the Priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the Temple with their annual Offerings unless he muzzled his Mastiffs, and at last compromised the Matter with him, that the Offering should always be brought by a Chorus of young Girls, who were none of them above seven Years old. It was wonderful (says the Author) to see how different the Treatment was which the Dogs gave to these little Misses, from that which they had shown to their Mothers. It is said that the Prince of *Syracuse*, having married a young Lady, and being naturally of a jealous Temper, made such an Interest with the Priests of this Temple, that he procured a Whelp from them of this famous Breed. The young Puppy was very troublesome to the fair Lady at first, inasmuch that she solicited her Husband to send him away, but the good Man cut her short with the old *Sicilian* Proverb, *Love me love my Dog*. From which Time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The Ladies of *Syracuse* were very much annoyed with him, and several of very good Reputation refused to come to Court till he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that defied his Sagacity, but it was observed, though he did not actually bite them, he would growl at them most confoundedly. To return to the Dogs of the Temple. After they had lived here in great Repute for several Years, it so happened, that as one of the Priests, who had been making a charitable Visit to a Widow who lived on the Promontory of *Lilybeum*, return'd home pretty late in the Evening the Dogs flew at him with so much Fury, that they would have worried him if his Brethren had not come in to his Assistance. Upon which, says my Author, the Dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original Instinct.

I cannot conclude this Paper without wishing that we had some of this Breed of Dogs in *Great Britain*, which would certainly do Justice, I should say Honour, to the Ladies of our Country, and shew the World the difference between Pagan Women and those who are instructed in sounder Principles of Virtue and Religion.

No 580] FRIDAY, August 13, 1714 [Addison

—*Si verbo audacia detur,  
Non metuum magni dixisse palatii Caeli*  
Ovid Met

SIR,  
'I CONSIDERED in my two last Letters<sup>1</sup> that awful and tremendous Subject, the Ubiquity or Omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all Places throughout the whole Extent of infinite Space. This Doctrine is so agreeable to Reason, that we meet with it in the Writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might show at large, were it not already done by other Hands. But tho' the Deity be thus essentially present through all the Immensity of Space, there is one Part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible Glory. This is that Place which is marked out in Scripture under the different Appellations of *Paradise*, the *third Heaven*, the *Throne of God*, and the *Habitation of his Glory*. It is here where the glorified Body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial Hierarchies, and the innumerable Hosts of Angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the Seat of God with *Hallelujahs* and Hymns of Praise. This is that Presence of God which some of the Divines call his Glorious, and others his Majestatical Presence. He is indeed essentially present in all other Places as in this, but it is here where he resides in a sensible Magnificence, and in the midst of those Splendors which can affect the Imagination of created Beings.

It is very remarkable that this Opinion of God Almighty's Presence in Heaven, whether discovered by the Light of Nature, or by a general Tradition from our first Parents, prevails among all the Nations of the World, whatsoever different Notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into *Homer*, that is, the most ancient of the *Greek* Writers, you see the supreme Powers seated in the Heavens, and encompassed with inferior Deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his Throne. Who does not here see the main Strokes and Outlines of this great Truth we are speaking of? The same Doctrine is shadowed out in many other Heathen Authors, tho' at the same time, like several other revealed Truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of Fables and human Inventions. But to pass over the Notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, those more enlightened Parts of the Pagan World, we find there is scarce a People among the late discovered Nations who are not trained up in an Opinion, that Heaven is the Habitation of the Divinity whom they worship.

As in *Solomon's Temple* there was the *Sacred Sanctum*, in which a visible Glory appeared among the Figures of the Cherubims, and into which none but the High Priest himself

<sup>1</sup> See Nos 565, 571, 592, and 628

'have kept Holy the Sabbath-Day, in a more particular Manner than any other of the Seven. These, and the like Speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a Desire of becoming Inhabitants of this delightful Place.

'I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters treated on the most serious Subject that can employ the Mind of Man, the Omnipresence of the Deity, a Subject which if possible should never depart from our Meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits Infinity as he dwells among his Work, as he is present to the Mind of Man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious Manner among the Regions of the Blest. Such a Consideration should be kept awake in us at all Times, and in all Places, and possess our Minds with a perpetual Awe and Reverence. It should be interwoven with all our Thoughts and Perceptions, and become one with the Consciousness of our own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the Coldness of Philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest Prostration before him, who is so astonishingly Great, Wonderful, and Holy.

No 581 ] MONDAY, August 16, 1714 [Addison

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*  
Quæ leges ——— Mart

I AM at present sitting with a Heap of Letters before me, which I have received under the Character of SPECTATOR. I have Complaints from Lovers, Schemes from Projectors, Scandal from Ladies, Congratulations, Compliments, and Advice in abundance.

I have not been thus long an Author, to be insensible of the natural Fondness every Person must have for their own Productions, and I begin to think I have treated my Correspondents a little too uncivilly in Stringing them all together on a File, and letting them lie so long unregarded. I shall therefore, for the future, think my self at least obliged to take some Notice of such Letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the end of every Month.

In the mean time, I intend my present Paper as a short Answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The Publick however is not to expect I should let them into all my Secrets, and though I appear abstruse to most People, it is sufficient if I am understood by my particular Correspondents.

My Well-wisher *Van Nath* is very arch, but not quite enough so to appear in Print.

*Philadelphus* will in a little time, see his Query fully answered by a Treatise which is now in the Press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. G.

Miss *Kitty* must excuse me.

The Gentleman who sent me a Copy of Verses on his Mistress's Dancing, is I believe too thoroughly in Love to compose correctly.

I have too great a Respect for both the Universities to praise one at the Expence of the other. *Tom Numble* is a very honest Fellow, and I desire him to present my humble Service to his Cousin *Jill Bumper*.

I am obliged for the Letter upon Prejudice. I was in due time animadvert on the Case of *Grace Grumle*.

The Petition of *P. S. granted*.  
That of *Sarah Loveit, refused*.

The Papers of *A. S.* are returned.

I thank *Aristippus* for his kind Invitation.

My Friend at *Bedstock* is a bold Man, to undertake for all within Ten Miles of him.

I am afraid the Entertainment of *Tom Turn-o-ver* will hardly be relished by the good Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

I must consider further of it before I indulge *W. F.* in those freedoms he takes with the Ladies Stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious Gentleman who sent me an Ode on the Subject of a late SPECTATOR, and shall take particular Notice of his last Letter.

When the Lady who wrote me a Letter, dated July the 20th, in relation to some Passages in a *Loser*, will be more particular in her Directions, I shall be so in my Answer.

The poor Gentleman, who fancies my Writings could reclaim an Husband who can abuse such a Wife as he describes, has I am afraid too great an Opinion of my Skill.

*Philantropos* is, I dare say, a very well-meaning Man, but a little too prolix in his Compositions. *Scissantius* himself must be the best Judge in the Affair he mentions.

The Letter dated from *Lincoln* is received. *Arctura* and her Friend may hear further from me.

*Celia* is a little too lively.

*Harriot* is a good Girl, but must not Curtsie to Folks she does not know.

I must ingeniously confess my Friend *Samson Bentstaff* has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long Letter which I cannot comprehend one Word of.

*Collidan* must also explain what he means by his *Druggling*.

I think it beneath my Spectatorial Dignity, to concern my self in the Affair of the boiled Dumpling.

I shall consult some *Literati* on the Project sent me for the Discovery of the Longitude.

I know not how to conclude this Paper better, than by inserting a Couple of Letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the smartest Pieces I have received from my Correspondents of either Sex.

Brother SREC.

'While you are surveying every Object that falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with one. Had that Sage, who demanded what Beauty was, lived to see the dear Angel I love, he would not have asked such a Question. Had another seen her, he would himself have loved the Person in whom Heaven has made Virtue visible, and were you your self to be in her Company, you could never, with all your Loquacity, say

'enough of her good Humour and Sense I send you the Outlines of a Picture, which I can no more finish than I can sufficiently admire the dear Original I am

*Your most Affectionate Brother,  
Constantino Spec*

*Good Mr Pert,*

I will allow you nothing till you resolve me the following Question Pray what is the Reason that while you only talk now upon *Weekdays*, *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*, you pretend to be a greater Idler, than when you spoke every Day as you formerly used to do? If this be your plunging into it of your Truthty, pray let the Length of your Speeches compensate for the Scarceness of them

*I am*

*Go to Mr Pert,  
Your Admirer, if you will be large enough for Me,  
Amanda Lovelength*

No 532] WEDNESDAY, August 18, 1714. [

*Tenet in sabule multas  
Scribaulis Cacoethes* ———— *Juv*

**T**HERF is a certain Distemper, which is mentioned neither by *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, nor to be met with in the *Israen Dispensary Journal*, in the Motto of my Paper, terms it a *Cacoethes*, which is a hard Word for a Disease called in plain English, the *Plague of Writing*. This *Cacoethes* is indeed the Small Pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their Lives. There is, however, this Difference in these two Distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time never returns again, whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the Blood, seldom comes out of it. The *British Nation* is very much afflicted with this Malady, and tho' very many Remedies have been applied to Persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with Satyrs and Lampoons, but have received little or no Benefit from them, others have had their Heads fastened for an Hour together between a Cleft Board, which is made use of as a Cure for the Disease when it appears in its greatest Malignity. There is indeed one kind of this Malady which has been sometimes removed, like the Sting of a Tarantula, with the sound of a musical Instrument, which is commonly known by the Name of a Cat Call. But if you have a Patient of this kind under your Care, you may assure your self there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of Pen, Ink, and Paper.

But to drop the Allegory before I have tired it out, there is no Species of Scribes more offensive, and more incurable, than your Periodical Writers whose Works return upon the Publick on certain Days and at stated Times. We have not the

<sup>1</sup> Put in the Pillory

Consolation in the Petul of these Authors, which we find at the reading of all others, (namely) that we are sure if we have but Patience, we may come to the End of their Labours. I have often admired a humorous Saying of *Diogenes*, who railing a dull Author to several of his Friends, when every one began to be tired, smiling he was almost come to a blink left at the End of it, cried, *Cour ce, Lads, I see Laid*. On the contrary, our Progress through that kind of Writers I am now speaking of is never at an End. One Day makes Work for another, we do not know when to promise our selves Rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the Art of Printing which might be the greatest Blessing to Mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter Prejudice and Ignorance through a People, instead of conveying to them Truth and Knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical Treatise, entitled, *William Rousey's* Vindication of Astrology. This profound Author, among many mystical Passages, has the following one. 'The Absence of the Sun is not the Cause of Night so much as his Light is so great that it may illuminate the Earth all over at once as clear as broad Day, but there are tenebrious and dark Stars, by whose Influence Night is brought on, and which do ray out Darkness and Obscurity upon the Earth, as the Sun does Light.'

I consider Writers in the same View this sage Astrologer does the Heavenly Bodies. Some of them are Stars that scatter Light as others do Darkness. I could mention several Authors who are tenebrious Stars of the first Magnitude, and point out a knot of Gentlemen, who have been dull in Consort and may be looked upon as a dark Constellation. The Nation has been a great while benighted with several of these Antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their Darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a Resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the *British Hemisphere*.

No 533] FRIDAY, August 20, 1714 [Addison

*Ipse thymum pinoque ferens de montibus altis,  
Iacta serit laet circum, cui talia Cure  
Ipse labore manum duro terat, ipse feroces  
Iugat Iume plantas, et amicos irratet In bris*  
*Virg*

**E**VERY Station of Life has Duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by Choice to any particular kind of Business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by Necessity, but both are under an equal Obligation of fixing on Employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others. No one of the Sons of *Adam* ought to think himself exempt from that Labour and Industry which were denominated to our first Parent, and in him to all his Posterity. Those to whom Birth or Fortune may seem to make such an Appli-



tion unnecessary, ought to find out some Calling or Profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a Burden on the Species, and be the only useless Parts of the Creation.

Many of our Country Gentlemen in their busie Hours apply themselves wholly to the Chase, or to some other Diversion which they find in the Fields and Woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent *English* Writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of Curse pronounced to them in the Words of *Go'iah*, *I will give thee to the Fowls of the Air, and to the Beasts of the Field*.

Tho' Exercise of this kind when indulged with Moderation, may have a good Influence both on the Mind and Body, the Country affords many other Amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in it self, and beneficial to the Publick, than that of *PLANTING*. I could mention a Noble man whose Fortune has placed him in several Parts of *England*, and who has always left these visible Marks behind him, which show he has been there. He never hired a House in his Life, without leaving all about it the Seeds of Wealth, and bestowing Legacies on the Posterity of the Owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* made the same Improvements upon their Estates, our whole Country would have been at this time as one great Garden. Nor ought such an Employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for Men of the highest Rank. There have been Heroes in this Art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of *Cyrus* the Great, that he planted all the Lesser *Asia*. There is indeed something truly insignificant in this kind of Amusement. It gives a nobler Air to several Parts of Nature, it fills the Earth with a Variety of beautiful Scenes and has something in it like Creation. For this Reason the Pleasure of one who Plants is something like that of a Poet, who, as *Aristotle* observes, is more delighted with his Productions than any other Writer or Artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one Advantage in them which is not to be found in most other Works, as they give a Pleasure of a more lasting Date and continually improve in the Eye of the Planter. When you have finished a Building or any other Undertaking of the like Nature, it immediately decays upon your Hands: you see it brought to its utmost Point of Perfection, and from that time hastening to its Ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your Plantations, they are still arriving at greater Degrees of Perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding Year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this Art to Men of Estates as a pleasing Amusement, but as it is a kind of Virtuous Employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral Motives particularly from the Love which we ought to have for our Country, and the Regard which we ought to bear to our Posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the Increase of Forest Trees does by no Means bear a Proportion to the Destruction of them, insomuch that in a few Ages the Nation may be at a Loss to supply it self with Timber

sufficient for the Fleets of *England*. I know when a Man talks of Posterity in Matters of this Nature, he is looked upon with an Eye of Ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of Mankind. Most People are of the Humour of an old Fellow of a College, who when he was pressed by the Society to enter into something that might redound to the good of their Successors, grew very peevish, *We are always doing, says he, something for Posterity, but I could just see Posterity do something for us*.

But I think Men are inexorable, who fail in a Duty of this Nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a Man considers that in putting a few Twigs into the Ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the World about Fifty Years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own Descendants easy or rich, by no inconsiderable an Expence, if he finds him selfaverse to it he must conclude that he has a poor and base Heart void of all generous Principles and is lost to Mankind.

There is one Consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest Minds that are naturally disposed to do good in the World, and become benighted to Mankind complain within themselves that they have not Talent for it. This therefore is a good Office which is suited to the meanest Capacities, and which may be performed by Multitudes who have not Abilities sufficient to deserve well of their Country, and to recommend themselves to their Posterity, by any other Method. It is the Phrase of a Friend of mine, when my useful Country Neighbour dies, that *you may trace him* which I look upon as a good funeral Oration, at the Death of an honest Husbandman, who hath left the Impressions of his Industry behind him, in the Place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing Considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the Subject of this Paper as a kind of Moral Virtue. Which, as I have already shown, recommends it self likewise by the Pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent Pleasures which is apt to gratify a Man in the heats of Youth: but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with Prospects of our own making, and to walk under those Shades which our own Industry has raised. Amusements of this Nature compose the Mind, and lay it Rest all those Passions which are unuseful to the Soul of Man, besides that they naturally engender good Thoughts, and dispose us to laudable Contemplations. Many of the old Philosophers passed away the greatest Parts of their Lives among their Gardens. *Epicurus* himself could not think sensual Pleasure attainable in any other Scene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, the greatest Geniuses of all Antiquity, knows very well with how much Rapture they have spoken on this Subject: and that *Virgil* in particular has written a whole Book on the Art of Planting.

This Art seems to have been more especially adapted to the Nature of Man in his Primitive State, when he had Life enough to see his Pro-

'let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful Shades, and fill every Quarter of them with Sons and Daughters. Remember, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, that the Age of Man is but a thousand Years: that Beauty is the Admiration but of a few Centuries. It flourishes as a Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the Top of *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred Years will fade away, and never be thought of by Posterity, unless a young Wood springs from its Roots. Think well on this, and remember thy Neighbour in the Mountains.

Having here inserted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet doux* now extant, I shall in my next Paper give the Answer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

No 585 ] WEDNESDAY, Aug 25, 1714 [Addison

*Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant  
Intonsi montes ipsæ jam carmina rufes,  
Ipsæ sonant arbusta* Virg

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum and Hilpa

THE Letter inserted in my last had so good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that she answered it in less than a Twelvemonth, after the following Manner

Hilpa, Mistress of the Vallies, to Shalum,  
Master of Mount *Tirzah*

In the 789th Year of the Creation

'What have I to do with thee, O *Shalum*? Thou praisest *Hilpa's* Beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the Verdure of her Meadows? Art thou not more affected with the Prospect of her green Vallies, than thou wouldst be with the Sight of her Person? The Lowings of my Herds, and the Bleatings of my Flocks, make a pleasant Echo in thy Mountains, and sound sweetly in thy Ears. What tho' I am delighted with the Wavings of thy Forests, and those Breezes of Perfumes which flow from the Top of *Tirzah*. Are these like the Riches of the Valley?

'I know thee, O *Shalum*, thou art more wise and happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy Dwellings are among the Cedars, thou searchest out the Diversity of Soils, thou understandest the Influences of the Stars, and markest the Change of Seasons. Can a Woman appear lovely in the Eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O *Shalum*, let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly Possessions which are fallen to my Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. May thy Trees increase and multiply, mayest thou add Wood to Wood, and Shade to Shade, but tempt not *Hilpa* to destroy thy Solitude, and make thy Retirement populous.

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat lasted for two Years, and is said to have cost *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thousand Ostriches, and a thousand Tun of Milk, but what most of all recommended it, was that Variety

of delicious Fruits and Pot-herbs, in which no Person then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

He treated her in the Tower which he had planted amidst the Wood of Nightingales. This Wood was made up of such Fruit-Trees and Plants as are most agreeable to the several Kinds of Singing Birds, so that it had drawn into it all the Musick of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the most agreeable Consort in Season.

He shewed her every Day some beautiful and surprising Scene in this new Region of Woodlands, and as by this Means he had all the Opportunities he could wish for of opening his Mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her Departure she made him a kind of Promise, and gave him her Word to return him a positive Answer in less than fifty Years.

She had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when she received new Overtures, and at the same Time a most splendid Visit from *Mishpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every House was made for at least a thousand Years, nay there were some that were lasted out for three Lives, so that the Quantity of Stone and Timber consumed in this Building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of musical Instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Tambrel. He also presented her with several domestic Utensils wrought in Brass and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Convenience of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very unwise with himself, and was sorely displeased at *Hilpa* for the Reception which she had given to *Mishpach*, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*, but finding that this Intercourse went no further than a Visit, he again renewed his Addresses to her, who during his long Silence is said very often to have cast a wishing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah*.

Her Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Mishpach*, for tho' her Inclinations favoured the former, her Interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unsettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that stood in the City of *Mishpach* having caught Fire by a Flash of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Ashes. *Mishpach* resolved to rebuild the Place whatever it should cost him, and having already destroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have Recourse to *Shalum*, whose Forests were now two hundred Years old. He purchased these Woods with so many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with such a vast Extent of Fields and Pastures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Mishpach*, and therefore appeared so charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah's* Daughter, that she no longer refused him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raised a most prodigious Pile of Cedar and of every sweet smelling Wood, which reached above

'perswade my Countrymen to reap some Advantage from so many unregarded Hours, and as such you will encourage it

'I shall conclude with giving you a Sketch or two of my Way of proceeding

'If I have any Business of consequence to do to-morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to-night but I am in the midst of it, and when awake I consider the whole Procession of the Affair, and get the Advantage of the next Day's Experience before the Sun has risen upon it

'There is scarce a great Post but what I have some Time or other been in, but my Behaviour while I was Master of a College pleases me so well, that whenever there is a Province of that Nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can

'I have done many Things that would not pass Examination, when I have had the Art of Flying, or being invisible, for which Reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary Qualities

'Lastly, Mr SPECTATOR, I have been a great Correspondent of yours, and have read many of my Letters in your Paper which I never wrote you If you have a Mind I should really be so, I have got a Parcel of Visions and other Miscellanies in my Noctuary, which I shall send you to enrich your Paper with on proper Occasions  
*Oxford, Aug 20 I am, &c*

Jolin Shadow

No 587] MONDAY, Aug 30, 1714 [John Byrem

*Intus, et in Cute novi — Pers*

THO' the Author of the following Vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the Work of that ingenious Gentleman, who promised me, in the last Paper, some Extracts out of his Noctuary

SIR,

'I was the other Day reading the Life of *Mr. homel* Among many other Extravagancies, I find it recorded of that Impostor, that in the fourth Year of his Age the Angel *Gabriel* caught him up, while he was among his Play fellows, and, carrying him aside, cut open his Breast, plucked out his Heart, and wrung out of it that black Drop of Blood, in which, say the *Turkish* Divines, is contained the *Fomes Peccati*, so that he was free from Sin ever after I immediately said to myself, tho' this Story be a Fiction, a very good Moral may be drawn from it, would every Man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his Heart whatever Sins or ill Qualities he finds in it.

'While my Mind was wholly taken up with this Contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing Slumber, when methought two Porters entered my Chamber, carrying a large Chest between them After having set it down in the middle of the Room they departed I immediately endeavourd to open what was sent me, when a Shape, like that in which we paint our

'Angels, appeared before me, and forbade me Enclosed, said he are the Hearts of several of your Friends and Acquaintance but before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the Failings of others, you must be pure your self whereupon he drew out his Incision Knife, cut me open, took out my Heart, and began to squeeze it I was in a great Confusion, to see how many things, which I had always cherished as Virtues, issued out of my Heart on this Occasion In short, after it had been thoroughly squeezed, it looked like an empty Bladder, when the Phantome, breathing a fresh Particel of Divine Air into it, restored it safe to its former Repository and having sewed me up, we began to examine the Chest

'The Hearts were all enclosed in transparent Phials, and preserved in a Liquor which looked like Spirits of Wine The first which I cast my Eye upon, I was afraid would have broke the Glass which contained it It shot up and down, with incredible Swiftness, thro' the Liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the Side of the Phial The *Fomes*, or Spot in the Middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery Colour, and seemed to be the Cause of these violent Agitations That, says my Instructor, is the Heart of *Tom Drad-Nought*, who behaved himself well in the late Wars, but has for these Ten Years last past been ruming at some Post of Honour to no Purpose He is lately retired into the Country, where, quite choked up with Spicen and Choler, he rails at better Men than himself, and will be for ever uncase, because it is impossible he should think his Merit sufficiently rewarded The next Heart that I examined was remarkable for its Smallness it lay still at the Bottom of the Phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all The *Fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole Heart This, says my Interpreter, is the Heart of *Dick Gloomy*, who never thirsted after any thing but Money Notwithstanding all his Endeavours, he is still poor This has flung him into a most deplorable State of Melancholy and Despair He is a Composition of Envy and Idleness, hates Mankind, but gives them their Revenge by being more uncase to himself, than to any one else

'The Phial I looked upon next contained a large fur Heart which beat very strongly The *Fomes* or Spot in it was exceeding small, but I could not help observing, that which way soever I turned the Phial it always appeared uppermost and in the strongest Point of Light The Heart you are examining, says my Companion, belongs to *Will Worthly* He has, indeed, a most noble Soul, and is possessed of a thousand good Qualities The Speck which you discover is *Vanity*

'Here, says the Angel, is the Heart of *Freelove*, your intimate Friend *Freelove* and I, said I, are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the Heart of a Man, which I fear is overcast with Rancour My Teacher commended me to look upon it I did so, and to my unspeakable Surprise, found that a small swelling Spot, which I at first took to be *Ill-Will* towards me, was only *Passion*, and

that upon my nearer Inspection it wholly disappeared upon which the Phantome told me *Isidore* was one of the best natured Men alive.

This, says my Fencer, is a Female Heart of your Acquaintance. I found the *Femur* in it of the largest Size, and of a humilid different Colours, which were still varying every Moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the Heart of *Crquettill*.

I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *Femur* at first Sight to be very small, but was amazed to find, that as I looked stedfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the Heart of *Melissa*, a noted Prude who lives the next Door to me.

I show you this, says the Phantome, because it is indeed a Rarity, and you have the Happiness to know the Person to whom it belongs. He then put into my Hands a large Chrystal Glass, that enclosed an Heart in which, though I examined it with the utmost Nicety, I could not perceive any Memish. I made no Scruple to affirm that it must be the Heart of *Scraphia* and was glad but not surprized, to find that it was so. She is, indeed continued my Guide, the Ornament, as well as the Envy, of her Sex, at these last Words, he pointed to the Hearts of several of her Female Acquaintance which lay in different Phials and had very large Spots in them, all of a deep Blue. You are not to wonder, says he that you see no Spot in an Heart, whose Innocence has been Proof against all the Corruptions of a depraved Age. If it has any Memish, it is too small to be discovered by Human Eyes.

I laid it down, and took up the Hearts of other Females, in all of which the *Femurs* ran in several Veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed Figure. I asked the Meaning of it and was told it represented *Decent*.

I should have been glad to have examined the Hearts of several of my Acquaintance whom I knew to be particularly addicted to Drinking, Gaming, Intrexyng, &c, but my Interpreter told me I must let that alone till another Opportunity, and flung down the Cover of the Chest with so much violence, as immediately awoke me.

No 588 ] WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2, 1714 [H. Grove.]

*Dicitur, Onnis in Inutilitate est et Gratia, et Caritas*—Cicero de Nat. Deor. L.

MAN may be considered in two Views, as a Reasonable, and as a Social Being, capable of becoming himself either happy or

miserable, and of contributing to the Happiness or Misery of his Fellow Creatures. Suitably to this double Capacity, the Contriver of Human Nature hath wisely furnished it with two Principles of Action. Self love and Benevolence, designed one of them to render Man wakeful to his own personal Interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost Assistance to all engaged in the same Pursuit. This is such an Account of our Frame, so agreeable to Reason, so much for the Honour of our Maker, and the Credit of our Species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce Men to represent human Nature as they do under Characters of Disadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and sordid Aspect, what Pleasure they can possibly take in such a Picture. Do they reflect that 'tis their Own, and, if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the Original? One of the first that talked in this lofty Strain of our Nature was *Epicurus*. Benevolence, would his Followers say, is all founded in Weakness and, whatever be pretendell, the Kindness that passeth between Men and Men is by every Man directed to himself. This it must be confessed is of a Piece with the rest of that hopeful Philosophy, which having patch'd Man up out of the four Elements, attributes his Being to Chance, and derives all his Actions from an unintelligible Declination of Atoms. And for these glorious Discoveries the Poet is hey and measure transported in the Praises of his Hero as if he must needs be something more than Man, only for an Endeavour to prove that Man is in nothing superior to Beasts. In this School was Mr *Hobbs* instructed to speak after the same Manner, if he did not rather draw his Knowledge from an Observation of his own Temper for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a Rule, 'That from the Similitudes of Thoughts and Passions of one Man to the Thoughts and Passions of another, whosoever looks into himself and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c, and upon what Grounds he shall hereby read and know what are the Thoughts and Passions of all other Men upon the like Occasions.' Now we will allow Mr *Hobbs* to know best how he was inclined, but in earnest, I should be heartily out of Convent with my self, if I thought my self of this unamiable Temper, as he affirms, and should have as little Kindness for my self as for any Body in the World. Hitherto I always imagin'd that kind and benevolent Propensions were the original Growth of the Heart of Man, and, however checked and overtopped by co-inter Inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some Force in the worst of Tempers, and a considerable Influence on the best. And, methinks, it's a far Step towards the Proof of this,

on Saving Faith, an Essay on the Soul's Immortality, and miscellanies in prose and verse, including Nos 588, 601, 626, and 625 of the *Spectator*. He received also £50 a year for ministering to two small congregations in the neighbourhood of Taunton. His wife died in 1736, and he in the year following. His works appeared in 1740 in 4 vols 8vo.

The Rev Henry Grove was a Presbyterian minister, who kept school at Taunton. He was born there in 1683 became a teacher at the age of 23 already married, and worked for the next 18 years in the Taunton Academy, his department Ethics and Pneumatology. He spent his leisure in religious controversy, writing an 'Essay on the Terms of Christian Communion,' a Discourse

that the most beneficent of all Beings is He who hath an absolute Fullness of Perfection in Himself, who gave Existence to the Universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which He communicated, without diminishing from the Plenitude of his own Power and Happiness. The Philosophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this Argument, for, praising the Gods in a State of the most elevated Blessedness, they describe them as Selfish as we poor miserable Mortals can be, and shut them out from all Concern for Mankind, upon the Score of their having no Need of us. But if He that sitteth in the Heavens wants not us, we stand in continual Need of Him, and surely, next to the Survey of the immense Treasures of his own Mind, the most exalted Pleasure He receives is from beholding Millions of Creatures, lately drawn out of the Gulph of Non existence rejoicing in the various Degrees of Being and Happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious Character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable Creature He would not, if possible, suffer his Image to pass out of his Hands adorned with a Resemblance of Himself in this most lovely Part of his Nature. For what Complacency could a Mind, whose Love is as unbounded as his Knowledge, have in a Work so unlike Himself? A Creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast Circle of Objects, and love none but Himself? What Proportion would there be between the Head and the Heart of such a Creature, its Affections, and its Understandings? Or could a Society of such Creatures, with no other Bottom but Self Love on which to maintain a Commerce, ever flourish? Reason, 'tis certain, would oblige every Man to pursue the general Happiness, as the Means to procure and establish his own, and yet if, besides this Consideration, there were not a natural Instinct, prompting Men to desire the Welfare and Satisfaction of others Self-Love, in Defiance of the Admonitions of Reason, would quickly run all Things into a State of War and Confusion. As nearly interested as the Soul is in the Fate of the Body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant Returns of Hunger and Thirst, those importunate Appetites to put it in Mind of its Charge. Knowing, that if we should eat and drink no other than cold abstracted Speculation should put us upon these Exercises, and then leave it to Reason to prescribe the Quantity, we should soon refine our selves out of this bodily Life. And indeed, 'tis obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unless carried to it by Inclinations which anticipate our Reason, and, like a Bias, draw the Mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual Intercourse of Benefits amongst Mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous Prepossession of Benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its Impossibility? Is it inconsistent with Self-Love? Are their Motions contrary? No more than the diurnal Rotation of the Earth is opposed to its Annual or its Motion round its own Center, which may be improved as an Illustration of Self-Love,

to that which whirls it about the common Center of the World, answering to universal Benevolence. Is the Force of Self-Love abated, or its Interest prejudiced by Benevolence? So far from it, that Benevolence, though a distinct Principle, is extremely servicable to Self Love, and then doth most Service when 'tis last designed.

But to descend from Reason to Matter of Fact, the Pity which arises on Sight of Persons in Distress, and the Satisfaction of Mind which is the Consequence of having removed them into a happier State, are instead of a thousand Arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested Benevolence. Did Pity proceed from a Reflection we make upon our Liableness to the same ill Accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present Purpose, but this is assigning an artificial Cause of a natural Passion, and can by no Means be admitted as a tolerable Account of it, because Children and Persons most Thoughtless about their own Condition, and incapable of entering into the Prospects of Futurity, feel the most violent Touches of Compassion. And then as to that charming Delight which immediately follows the giving Joy to another, or relieving his Sorrow, and is, when the Objects are numerous, and the kindness of Importance really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but a Consciousness of a Man's having done something Praiseworthy, and expressive of a great Soul? Whereas, if in all this he only Sacrificed to Vanity and Self-Love, as there would be nothing brave in Actions that make the most shining Appearance, so Nature would not have rewarded them with this divine Pleasure nor could the Commendations, which a Person receives for Benefits done upon selfish Views, be at all more Satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without Design, because in both Cases the Ends of Self-Love are equally answered. The Conscience of approving ones self a Benefactor to Mankind is the noblest Recompence for being so doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own Advantage, notwithstanding which, the Inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The Pleasure which attends the Gratification of our Hunger and Thirst, is not the Cause of these Appetites, they are previous to any such Prospect, and so likewise is the Desire of doing Good with this Difference, that being seated in the intellectual Part, this last, though Antecedent to Reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwise a Virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the Dignity of that Nature that has the Honour to partake of, and, after all the Evidence produced, think I have a Right to conclude, against the Motto of this Paper, that there is such a thing as Generosity in the World. Though if I were under a Mistake in this, I should say as Cicero in Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, I will ingly err, and should believe it very much for the Interest of Mankind to lie under the same Delusion. For the contrary Notion naturally tends to dispirit the Mind, and sink it into a Meanness fatal to the Godlike Zeal of doing good. As on the other hand, it teaches People to be Ungrateful, by possessing them with a Perswasion concerning

'he might be entertained as her Lover The Hamadryad, not much displeased with the Request, promis'd to give him a Meeting, but commanded him for some Days to abstain from the Embraces of all other Women, adding that she would send a Bee to him, to let him know when he was to be Happy Rhacius as, it seems, too much addicted to Gaming, and happened to be in a Run of ill Luck when the faithful Bee came buzzing about him, so that instead of mending his kind Invitation, he had like to have killed him for his Puns The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own Disappointment, and the ill Usage of her Messenger, that she deprived Rhacius of the Use of his Limbs However, says the Story, he was not so much a Cripple, but he made a shift to cut down the Tree, and consequently to sell his Mistress.

No 590] MONDAY, Sept 6, 1714 [Addison

—Assiduo labuntur tempora motu  
Non secus ac flumen Neque enim consistere  
flumen,  
Nec levis ora potes sed ut unda impellit ar  
unda,  
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,  
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque se  
quuntur  
Et nova sunt semper Nam quod fuit arte, re  
lictum est,  
Fugite quod hand fuerat momentaque cuncta  
noantur Ov Met

The following is Discourse comes from the same  
Has d'with the Essays upon Insuper

WE consider infinite Space as an Expansion without a Circumference. We consider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a Line that has neither a Beginning nor an End In our Speculations of infinite Space, we consider that particular Place in which we exist, as a kind of Center to the whole Expansion In our Speculations of Eternity, we consider the Time which is present to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts For this Reason, many witty Authors compare the present Time to an Isthmus or narrow Neck of Land, that rises in the midst of an Ocean, immeasurably diffused on either Side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common Sense, naturally throws Eternity under two Divisions, which we may call in English, that Eternity which is past, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of *Aeternitas a Parte ante*, and *Aeternitas a Parte post*, may be more amusing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those Words, an Eternity that is past, and an Eternity that is to come Each of these Eternities is bounded at the one Extremity or, in other Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Beginning.

Let us first of all consider that Eternity which

<sup>2</sup> See Nos 565, 571, 580, and 628

is past, reserving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceivable by the Mind of Man Our Reason demonstrates to us that it is as *less*, but at the same Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is b g with Absurdity and Contradiction We can have no other Conception of any Duration which is past, than that all of it is as once present, and whatever was once present, is at some certain Distance from us, and whatever is at any certain Distance from us, be the Distance never so remote, cannot be Eternity The very Notion of any Duration's being past, implies that it is as once present, for the Idea of being once present, is actually included in the Idea of its being past. This therefore is a Depth not to be sounded by human Understanding We are sure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict our selves when we measure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we shall find, that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity proceed from this single Reason, That we can have no other Idea of any kind of Duration than that by which we our selves, and all other created Beings, do exist which is, a successive Duration made up of past, present, and to come There is nothing which exists after this Manner, all the Parts of whose Existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain Number of Years applied to it We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our Being to that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come up to any Fountain Head of Duration, to any Beginning in Eternity But at the same Time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the Reach of Numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that Purpose We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lie at a certain Distance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined Distance from us. The Distance in both Cases may be immensurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself Here therefore is that Difficulty which Human Understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from Eternity, and are at the same Time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our Notion of Existence, can have existed from Eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in such an abstracted Speculation but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God And tho' there are many other Demonstrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to try aside any Proofs in this Matter which the Light of Reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Understanding, and which appears altogether

and observed it in all its different Shapes and Appearances, from the Fifteenth to the Forty Fifth Year of his Age

He assures me with an Air of Confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real Abilities, that he does not doubt of giving Judgment to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned, on the most nice and intricate Cases which can happen in an Amour as,

How great the Contraction of the Fingers must be before it amounts to a Squeeze by the Hand

What can be properly termed an absolute Denial from a Maid, and what from a Widow

What Advances a Lover may presume to make, after having received a Patt upon his Shoulder from his Mistress's Fan

Whether a Lady, at the first Interview, may allow an Humble Servant to kiss her Hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the Maid in order to succeed with the Mistress

What Constructions a Man may put upon a Smile, and in what Cases a Frown goes for nothing

On what Occasions a sheepish Look may do Service, &c

As a farther Proof of his Skill, he has also sent me several Maxims in Love, which he assures me are the Result of a long and profound Reflection some of which I think myself obliged to communicate to the Publick, not remembering to have seen them before in any Author

'There are more Calamities in the World arising from Love than from Hatred

'Love is the Daughter of Idleness, but the Mother of Disquietude

'Men of grave Natures (says Sir Francis Bacon) are the most constant, for the same Reason

'Men should be more constant than Women

'The Gay Part of Mankind is most amorous, the Serious most loving

'A Coquet often loses her Reputation, whilst she preserves her Virtue

'A Prude often preserves her Reputation when she has lost her Virtue

'Love refines a Man's Behaviour, but makes a Woman's ridiculous

'Love is generally accompanied with Good will in the Young, Interest in the Middle aged, and a Passion too gross to Name in the Old

'The Endeavours to revive a decaying Passion generally extinguish the Remains of it.

'A Woman who from being a Slattem becomes over neat, or from being over-neat becomes a Slattem, is most certainly in Love

I shall make use of this Gentleman's Skill as I see Occasion and since I am got upon the Subject of Love, shall conclude this Paper with a Copy of Verses which were lately sent me by an unknown Hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary Run of Sonneteers

The Author tells me they were written in one of his despairing Fits and I find entertains some Hope that his Mistress may pity such a Passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself *Corinna*

*Conceal, fond Man, conceal the mighty Smart,  
Nor tell Corinna she has fir'd thy Heart*

*In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend  
To ask a Pity which she must not lend  
She's too much thy Superior to comply,  
And too far too to let thy Passion dye  
Languish in Secret, and with dumb Surprise  
Drink the resistless Glances of her Eyes  
At awful Distance entertain thy Grief,  
Be still in Pain, but never ask Relief  
Ne'er tempt her Scorn of thy consuming State,  
Be any way undone, but fly her Hate  
Thou must submit to see thy Charnier bless  
Some happier Youth that shall admire her less,  
Who in that lovely Form, that Heav'nly Mind,  
Shall miss ten thousand Beauties thou could'st  
find*

*Who with low Fancy shall approach her Charms,  
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his Arms  
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler Fire,  
Whom she, and whom the Muses do inspire,  
Her Image only shall thy Breast employ,  
And fill thy captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy,  
Direct thy Dreams by Night, thy Thoughts by Day,  
And never, never, from thy Bosom stray*<sup>1</sup>

No 592] FRIDAY, Sept 10, 1714 [Addison

—*Studium sine droite Vena*—Hor

I LOOK upon the Play-house as a World within I itself They have lately furnished the Middle Region of it with a new Sett of Meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies I was there last Winter at the first Rehearsal of the new *Thunder*,<sup>2</sup> which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of They have a *Salmonus* behind the Scenes, who plays it off with great Success Their Lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore their Clouds are also better furbelow'd, and more voluminous, not to mention a violent Storm locked up in a great Chest that is designed for the *Tempest* They are also provided with above a Dozen Showers of Snow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unsuccessful Poets artfully cut and shreaded for that Use Mr *Rimmer's Edgar* is to fall in Snow at the next acting of *King Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the Distress of that unfortunate Prince and to serve by way of Decoration to a Piece which that great Critick has written against

I do not indeed wonder that the Actors should be such professed Enemies to those among our Nation who are commonly known by the Name of Criticks, since it is a Rule among these Gentlemen to fall upon a Play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a Maxim, That whatever Dramatick Performance has a long Run, must of Necessity be good for nothing as though the first Precept in Poetry were *not to please* Whether this Rule

<sup>1</sup> These verses were by Gilbert Budgell, second brother of Eustace

<sup>2</sup> John Dennis's invention, of which he said with exultation, 'That's my thunder'





'another Landſkip of Life is that does of Con-  
 'trivances, and tho' its Appearances may ſeem ſtrange-  
 'ly jumbled together, we may often obſerve ſuch  
 'Traces and Footſteps of noble Thoughts, as, if  
 'carefully purſued, might lead us into a proper  
 'Path of Action. There is ſo much Rapture and  
 'Ecſtaſy in our fancied Bliss, and ſomething ſo  
 'diſmal and ſhocking in our fancied Miſery, that  
 'tho' the Inactivity of the Body has given Occa-  
 'ſion for calling Sleep the Image of Death, the  
 'Briskneſs of the Fancy affords us a ſtrong Inti-  
 'mation of ſomething within us that can never die.

'I have wondered, that Alexander the Great,  
 'who came into the World ſufficiently dreamt of  
 'by his Parents, and had himſelf a tolerable  
 'Knack at dreaming, ſhould often ſay, that Sleep  
 'was one thing which made him ſenſible he was  
 'Mortal. I who have not ſuch Fields of Action  
 'in the Day-time to divert my Attention from  
 'this Matter, plainly perceive, that in thoſe  
 'Occaſions of the Mind, while the Body is at  
 'reſt, there is a certain Vastneſs of Conception  
 'very ſuitable to the Capacity, and demonſtrative  
 'of the Force of that Divine Part in our Composi-  
 'tion which will laſt for ever. Neither do I much  
 'doubt but had we a true Account of the Wonders  
 'the Hero juſt mentioned performed in his Sleep,  
 'his conquering this little Globe would hardly be  
 'worth mentioning. I may affirm, without Vanity,  
 'that when I compare ſeveral Actions in *Quintus*  
 '*Curtius* with ſome others in my own Nocturny,  
 'I appear the greater Hero of the two.

I ſhall cloſe this Subject with obſerving, that  
 while we are awake we are at Liberty to fix our  
 Thoughts on what we pleaſe; but in Sleep we  
 have not the Command of them. The Ideas  
 which ſtrike the Fancy, riſe in us without our  
 Choice, either from the Occurrences of the Day  
 paſt, the Temper we lye down in, or it may be  
 the Direction of ſome ſuperior Being.

It is certain the Imagination may be ſo differ-  
 ently affected in Sleep, that our Actions of the  
 Day might be either rewarded or puniſhed with  
 a little Apt of Happineſs or Miſery. *St. Auſtin*  
 was of Opinion, that if in *Paradiſe* there was the  
 ſame Vicſſitude of ſleeping and waking as in the  
 preſent World, the Dreams of its Inhabitants  
 would be very happy.

And ſo far at preſent our Dreams are in our  
 Power, that they are generally conformable to  
 our waking Thoughts, ſo that it is not impoſſible to  
 convey our ſelves in a Conſort of Miſery, the  
 Conſideration of Diſtant Friends, or any other  
 Entertainment which has been before lodged in  
 the Mind.

My Readers, by applying theſe Hints will find  
 the Neceſſity of making a good Day of it, if they  
 heartily wiſh themſelves a good Night.

I have often conſider'd *Marcus's* Prayer, and  
*Lucan's* Account of *Cato*, in this Light.

*Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the*  
*Juſt,*  
*Watch round his Couch, and ſoften his Repoſe,*  
*Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul*  
*With eaſe Dreams, remember all his Virtues!*  
*And ſhew Mankind that Goodneſs is your Care*  
*Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous*  
*Man!*

*O Marcia, I have ſeen thy Godlike Father*  
*Some Pow'r unviſible ſupports his Soul,*  
*And bears it up in all its wretched Greatneſs*  
*A ſound reſreſhing Sleep is fall'n upon him*  
*I ſaw him ſtretcht at Eaſe, his Face loſt*  
*In pleaſing Dreams, as I drew near his Couch,*  
*He ſmild, and cry'd, Caſt thou canſt not hurt*  
*me!*

Mr *Shadow* acquaints me in a Poſtſcript, that  
 he has no manner of Title to the Viſion which  
 ſucceeded his firſt Letter: but adds, that as the  
 Gentleman who wrote it Dreams very ſenſibly,  
 he ſhall be glad to meet him ſome Night or other,  
 under the great Elm Tree, by which *Virgil* has  
 given us a fine Metaphorical Image of Sleep, in  
 order to turn over a few of the Leaves together,  
 and oblige the Publick with an Account of the  
 Dreams that lie under them.

No 594 ] WEDNESDAY, Sept 25, 1714 [

—*Absentem qui redit amicum,*  
*Qui non defendit, alio culante, ſolutoſ*  
*Qui caſtat rursus hen u m, ſamaſ ique dicatis,*  
*I ſuperi qui non riſa ſoleſt, commiſſa tacere*  
*Qui requit, hic niger eſt hinc tu Romane*  
*car' eſt — Hor*

WHEN all the Deviations of Life put together,  
 we ſhould find that a great Part of them  
 proceed from thoſe Calumnies and Reproches  
 which we ſpread abroad concerning one another.

There is ſcarce a Man living who is not, in  
 ſome Degree, guilty of this Offence: tho', at the  
 ſame time, how ever we treat one another, it muſt  
 be confeſſed, that we all conſent in ſpeaking ill of  
 the Perſons who are notorious for this Practice.  
 It generally takes its Riſe either from an ill will  
 to Mankind, a private Inclination to make our  
 ſelves eſteem'd, an Oſtentation of Wit, a Vanity  
 of being thought in the Secrets of the World, or  
 from a Deſire of gratifying any of theſe Diſ-  
 poſitions of Mind in thoſe Perſons with whom we  
 converſe.

The Publisher of Scandal is more or leſs odious  
 to Mankind, and criminal in himſelf, as he is  
 influenced by any one or more of the foregoing  
 Motives. But whatever may be the Occaſion of  
 ſpreading theſe falſe Reports, he ought to con-  
 ſider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudi-  
 cial and pernicious to the Perſon at whom they  
 are aimed. The Injury is the ſame tho' the  
 Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himſelf with too much  
 Indulgence, when he preſſes a Judgment on his  
 own Thoughts or Actions, and as very few would  
 be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding,  
 which is ſo univerſally practis'd, and, at the ſame  
 time, ſo univerſally blamed, I ſhall lay down  
 three Rules by which I would have a Man ex-  
 amine and ſearch into his own Heart before he  
 ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil Diſpoſition  
 of Mind which I am here mentioning.

Fiſt of all, Let him conſider whether he does  
 not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others

from a Pen, and being lashed in a Satyr, he was resolved to have them both at any Rate, and so uttered this compleat Piece of Nonsense. It will most effectually discover the Absurdity of these monstrous Unions, if we will suppose these Metaphors or Images actually Painted. Imagine then a Hand holding a Pen, and several Lashes of Whipcord falling from it, and you have the true Representation of this sort of Eloquence. I believe, by this very Rule, a Reader may be able to judge of the Union of all Metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are Homogeneous and which Heterogeneous or to speak more plainly, which are Consistent, and which Inconsistent.

There is yet one Evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of Metaphors into tedious Allegories which, though an Error on the better Hand, causes Confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the Lustre of one Word leads a Writer out of his Road, and makes him wander from his Subject for a Page together. I remember a young Fellow, of this Turn, who having said by Chance that his Mistress had a *World* of Charms thereupon took Occasion to consider her as one possessed of Frigid and Torrid Zones, and pursued her from the one Pole to the other.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter written in that enormous Style, which I hope my Reader hath by this time set his Heart against. The Epistle hath heretofore received great Applause, but after what hath been said, let any Man commend it if he dare.

SIR,

'After the many heavy *Lashes* that have fallen from your *Pen*, you may justly expect in return all the *Load* that my *Ink* can lay upon your Shoulders. You have *Quartered* all the foul *Language* upon me, that could be *raked* out of the Air of *Billingsgate*, without knowing who I am, or whether I deserve to be *Crippled* and *Scarified* at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn your *Eyes* where you please, you shall never *Smell* me out. Do you think that the *Panicks*, which you *sow* about the Parish, will ever *build* a Monument to your Glory? No, Sir, you may *Fight* these Battles as long as you will, but when you come to *Balance* the Account you will find that you have been *Fishing* in troubled Waters, and that an *Ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have *built* upon a sandy Foundation, and brought your *Hogs* to a fair Market.

I am, SIR,  
Yours, &c

No 596 ] MONDAY, September 20, 1714 ]

*Molle meum levibus Cor est violabile Felis*  
Ovid

THE Case of my Correspondent who sends me the following Letter has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my Readers better than by laying it before them.

SIR,

'I am fully convinced that there is not upon Earth a more impertinent Creature than an importunate Lover. We are daily complaining of the Severity of our Fate, to People who are wholly unconcerned in it, and hourly improving a Passion, which we would persuade the World is the Torment of our Lives. Notwithstanding this Reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear requirunt you with my own Case. You must know then, Sir, that even from my Childhood, the most prevailing Inclination I could perceive in myself, was a strong Desire to be in Favour with the Fair Sex. I am at present in the one and twentieth Year of my Age, and should have made Choice of a She Bed fellow many Years since, had not my Father, who has a pretty good Estate of his own getting, and passes in the World for a prudent Man, been pleased to lay it down as a Maxim, That nothing spoils a young Fellow's Fortune so much as marrying early, and that no Man ought to think of Wedlock 'till six and twenty. Knowing his Sentiments upon this Head, I thought it in vain to apply my self to Women of Condition, who expect Settlements, so that all my Amours have hitherto been with Ladies who had no Fortunes. But I know not how to give you so good an Idea of me, as by laying before you the History of my Life.

'I can very well remember, that at my School-mistresses, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining my self with the Miss who *Lay in*, and was constantly one of the first to make a Party in the *Ply of Husband and Wife*. This Passion for being well with the Females still increased as I advanced in Years. At the Dancing-School I contracted so many Quarrels by struggling with my Fellow-Scholars for the Partner I liked best, that upon a Ball Night, before our Mothers made their Appearance, I was usually up to the Nose in Blood. My Father, like a discreet Man, soon removed me from this Stage of Softness to a School of Discipline, where I learnt *Latin* and *Greek*. I underwent several Severities in this Place, 'till it was thought convenient to send me to the University, though, to confess the Truth, I should not have arrived so early at that Seat of Learning, but from the Discovery of an Intrigue between me and my Master's House-keeper, upon whom I had employed my Rhetorick so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly Lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my Arrival at *Oxford*, I found Logic so dry, that, instead of giving Attention to the Dead, I soon fell to addressing the Living. My first Amour was with a pretty Girl whom I shall call *Parthenope*. Her Mother sold Ale by the Town Wall. Being often caught there by the Proctor, I was forced at last, that my Mistress's Reputation might receive no Blemish, to confess my Addresses were honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent Home, but *Parthenope* soon after marrying a Shoe-maker, I was again suffered to return. My next Affair was with my Taylor's Daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young Barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular Friends of this

'Misfortune, the cruel Wngg made a meer Jest of  
'my Calumny, and asked me with a Smile,  
'*Where the Needle should turn but to the Polt?*  
'After this I was deeply in Love with a Millner,  
'and at last with my Bad-maker, upon which I  
'was sent away, or in the University Phrase,  
'*Rusticated* for ever

'Upon my coming home, I settled to my Studies  
'so heartily, and contracted so great a Reserved-  
'ness by being kept from the Company I most  
'affected, that my Father thought he might ven-  
'ture me at the *Temple*

'Within a Week after my Arrival I began to  
'shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty  
'pretty Creature, who had every thing but Money  
'to recommend her Having frequent Oppor-  
'tunities of uttering all the soft things which an  
'Heart formed for Love could inspire me with, I  
'soon grined her Consent to treat of Marriage  
'but unfortunately for us all, in the Absence of  
'my Charmer I usually talked the same Language  
'to her elder Sister, who is also very pretty  
'Now I assure you, Mr SPECTATOR, this did  
'not proceed from any real Affection I had con-  
'ceived for her, but being a perfect Stranger to  
'the Conversation of Men, and strongly addicted  
'to associate with the Women, I knew no other  
'Language but that of Love I should however  
'be very much obliged to you, if you could free  
'me from the Perplexity I am at present in I  
'have sent Word to my old Gentleman in the  
'Country, that I am desperately in Love with the  
'younger Sister and her Father, who knew no  
'better, poor Man! requited him by the same  
'Post, that I had for some time made my Ad-  
'dresses to the Elder Upon this old Testy sends  
'me up Word, that he has heard so much of my  
'Exploits, that he intends immediately to order  
'me to the *South Sea* Sir, I have occasionally  
'talked so much of dying, that I began to think  
'there is not much in it, and if the old Squire  
'persists in his Design, I do hereby give him  
'Notice that I am providing myself with proper  
'Instruments for the Destruction of despairing  
'Lovers let him therefore look to it, and con-  
'sider that by his Obstinacy he may himself lose  
'the Son of his Strength, the World in hopeful  
'Lawyer, my Mistress a passionate Lover, and  
'you, Mr SPECTATOR,

Middle Temple,  
Sept 18

Your constant Admirer,

Jeremy Lovemore

No 597] WEDNESDAY, Sept 22, 1714 [Byron

—Mens sine Pondere ludis—Petr

SINCE I received my Friend *Shadow's* Letter,  
several of my Correspondents have been  
pleased to send me an Account how they have  
been employed in Sleep, and what notable Ad-  
ventures they have been engaged in during that  
Moonshine in the Brain I shall by before my  
Readers an Abridgment of some few of their Ex-

<sup>1</sup> Sign of a Barber's shop

travagancies, in hopes that they will in Time ac-  
custom themselves to dream a little more to the  
Purpose

One who styles himself *Gladio*, complains  
heavily that his Fair One charges him with In-  
constancy, and does not use him with half the  
Kindness which the Sincerity of his Passion may  
demand the said *Gladio* having by Valour and  
Stratagem put to Death Tyrants, Inchanters,  
Monsters, Knights, &c without Number, and  
exposed himself to all manner of Dangers for her  
Sake and Safety He desires in his Postscript to  
know, whether, from a constant Success in them,  
he may not promise himself to succeed in her  
Esteem at last

Another who is very profane in his Narrative  
writes me Word, that having sent a Venture be-  
yond Sea, he took Occasion one Night to fancy  
himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden  
the richest Man in all the *Indies* Having been  
there about a Year or two, a Gust of Wind that  
forsook open his Casement blew him over to his  
native Country again, where walking at Six a  
Clock, and the Change of the Air not agreeing  
with him, he turned to his Left Side in order to a  
second Voyage but e'er he could get on Ship-  
board, he was unfortunately apprehended for steal-  
ing a Horse, try'd and condemn'd for the Fact,  
and in a fair way of being executed, if some Body  
stepping hastily into his Chamber had not brought  
him a Reprieve This Fellow too wants Mr  
*Shadow's* Advice, who, I dare say, would bid him  
be content to rise after his first Nap, and learn to  
be satisfied as soon as Nature is

The next is a publick spirited Gentleman, who  
tells me, that on the Second of *September* at  
Night the whole City was on Fire, and would cer-  
tainly have been reduced to Ashes again by this  
Time, if he had not flown over it with the *New*  
*River* on his Back, and happily extinguished the  
Flames before they had prevailed too far He  
would be informed whether he has not a Right to  
petition the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for a Re-  
ward

A Letter dated *September* the Ninth acquaints  
me, That the Winter being resolved to try his  
Fortune, had fasted all that Day, and that he might  
be sure of dreaming upon something at Night,  
procured in handsome Sheet of Bride Cake, which  
he placed very conveniently under his Pillow In  
the Morning his Memory happen'd to fail him,  
and he could recollect nothing but an odd Fancy  
that he had eaten his Cake, which being found  
upon Search reduced to a few Crums, he is re-  
solved to remember more of his Dreams another  
Time, believing from this that there may possibly  
be somewhat of Truth in them

I have received numerous Complaints from  
several delicious Dreamers, desiring me to invent  
some Method of silencing those noisy Slaves,  
whose Occupations lead them to take their early  
Rounds about the City in a Morning, doing a deal  
of *Mischief* and working strange Confusion in  
the Affairs of its Inhabitants Several Monarchs  
have done me the Honour to requant me, how  
often they have been shook from their respective  
Thrones by the rattling of a Coach or the rumbling  
of a Wheel barrow And many private Gentle-

men, I find, have been baul'd of vast Estates by Fellows not worth Three-pence. A fair Lady was just upon the Point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious Nobleman, when an impertinent Tinker passing by, forbid the Bruns, and a hopeful Youth, who had been newly advanced to great Honour and Preferment, was forced by a neighbouring Cobler to resign all for an old Song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable Rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of Marriages and spoiling of Fortunes, impoverishing rich and ruining great People, interrupting Revenues in the midst of their Conquests, and Generals in the Course of their Victories. A boisterous Peripatetic hardly goes through a Street without waking half a Dozen Kings and Princes to open their Shops or clean Shoes, frequently transforming Scorpions into Pruning-Shovels, and Proclamations into Bills. I have by me a Letter from a young Statesman, who in five or six Hours came to be Emperor of Europe, after which he made War upon the Great Turk, routed him Horse and Foot, and was crowned Lord of the Universe in Constantinople. The Conclusion of all his Successes is, that on the 12th Instant about Seven in the Morning, his Imperial Majesty was deposed by a Chumney-Sweeper.

On the other hand, I have Epistolary Testimonies of Gratitude from many miserable People, who owe to this clamorous Tribe frequent Deliverances from great Misfortunes. A Small gentleman, by waking one of these distressed Gentlemen, saved him from ten Years Imprisonment. An honest Watchman bidding aloud Good morrow to another, freed him from the Malice of many potent Enemies, and brought all their Designs against him to nothing. A certain Violet-dunarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore Throat by the Horseiness of a Curran, and relieved from a Fit of the Gout by the Sound of old Shoes. A noisy Puppy that plagued a sober Gentleman all Night long with his Impertinence, was silenced by a Cinder-Wench with a Word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this Order of Mortals, I would propose it to my Readers to make the best Advantage of their Morning Salutations. A famous Macedonian Prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good Fortune, had a Youth to wail on him every Morning, and bid him remember that he was a Man. A Citizen who is waked by one of these Criers, may regard him as a kind of Remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the Circumstances he has overlooked all the Night time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the Condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no Notice of any Imaginary Adventures that do not happen while the Sun is on this Side the Horizon. For which Reason I stifle *Prutilla's* Dream at Church last Sunday, who while the rest of the Audience were enjoying the Benefit of an excellent Discourse, was losing her

Money and Jewels to a Gentleman at Play, till after a strange Run of ill Luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty Children for her last Stake. When she had thrown them away, her Compassion went off, discovering himself by his usual Tokens, a cloven Foot and a strong Smell of Brimstone, which last proved only a Bottle of Spirits, which a good old Lady applied to her Nose, to put her in a Condition of hearing the Preacher's third Head concerning Time.

If a Man has no Mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real Circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of Observation which my Onocroticall Correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the Imagination through all its Extravagancies, whether in Sleeping or Waking, is no improper Method of correcting and bringing it to act in Subordinancy to Reason, so as to be delighted only with such Objects as will affect it with Pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

No 598 ] FRIDAY, Sept 24, 1714 [Addison

*Janne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus aller  
Ridebat, quoties a lumine moverat unum  
Protuleratque pedem flebat contrarius aller?*  
Jun

**M**ANKIND may be divided into the Merry and the Serious, who, both of them, make a very good Figure in the Species, so long as they keep their respective Humours from degenerating into the neighbouring Extreme: there being a natural Tendency in the one to a melancholy Moroseness, and in the other to a fastidious Levity.

The merry Part of the World are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a Cheerfulness through Conversation at proper Seasons and on proper Occasions: but on the contrary, a great Grievance to Society, when they infect every Discourse with insipid Mirth, and turn into Ridicule such Subjects as are not suited to it. For though Laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the Property of Reason, the Excess of it has been always considered as the Mark of Folly.

On the other Side, Seriousness has its Beauty whilst it is attended with Cheerfulness and Humanity, and does not come in unreasonably to pall the good Humour of those with whom we converse.

These two Sets of Men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective Characters, are apt to bear a natural Aversion and Antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear Men of serious Tempers and austere Morals, enlarging upon the Vanities and Follies of the young and gay Part of the Species: whilst they look with a kind of Horror upon such Poms and Diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the Mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a Passage in the Account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own Life, wherein he represents it as a great Blessing,

\* Thomas Bntton (Old Note.) Why lie in particular?

succeeded by a young Rake of the *Middle-Temple*, who was brought to me by his Grandmother, but to her great Sorrow and Surprise, he came out a *Quaker*. Seeing my self surrounded with a Body of *Free-thinkers*, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober Looks and thoughtful Brows of those who had been in the Cave, I thrust them all in, one after another, and locked the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all looked, as if they had been frightened out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious Thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Custody of their Friends 'till that happy Change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young Woman, who at the first Sight of my short Face fell into an immoderate fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my Closet, while your Mother tells me your Case. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begged Pardon for the Girl's Rudeness, told me, that she often treated her Father and the gravest of her Relations in the same manner, that she would sit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one End of a Tragedy to the other nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the Middle of a Sermon, and set the whole Congregation a staring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a composed Countenance, and a low Curtsie. She was a Girl of such exuberant Mirth, that her Visit to *Trophonius* only reduced her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and saw all my Patients walking by themselves in a very Pensive and musing Posture, so that the whole Place seem'd covered with Philosophers. I was at length resolv'd to go into the Cave my self, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful Effects upon the Company, but as I was stooping at the Entrance, the Door being something low, I gave such a Nodd in my Chair, that I awak'd. After having recovered my self from my first Startle, I was very well pleas'd at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have spoiled my SPECTATORS.



No 600 ] WEDNESDAY, Sept 29, 1714 [Addison

—Solemne sum, sua sidera norunt—Virg

I HAVE always taken a particular Pleasure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religions, different Ages, and different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happiness which they

promise themselves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors human Nature lies under we find that either Reason, or Irritation from our first Parents, has discovered to all People something in these great Points which bears Analogy to Truth, and to the Doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately discoursing on this Subject with a learned Person who has been very much conversant among the Inhabitants of the more Western Parts of *Africk*. Upon his conversing with several in that Country, he tells me that their Notion of Heaven or of a future State of Happiness is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such Nature that they require Variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same Objects. The Supreme Being therefore, in Compliance with this Taste of Happiness which he has planted in the Soul of Man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every Gratification which it is in the Humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in Groves or Bowers, among running Streams or Falls of Water, we shall immediately find our selves in the midst of such a Scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with Musick and the Melody of Sounds, the Consort rises upon our Wish, and the whole Region about us is filled with Harmony. In short, every Desire will be followed by Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in Conformity to our Wishes, or whether he only produces such a Change in our Imagination, as makes us believe our selves conversant among those Scenes which delight us. Our Happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external Objects, or from the Impressions of the Deity upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account which I have received from my learned Friend. Notwithstanding this System of Belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the Influence of a Divine Being on a Human Soul. It has also, like most other Opinions of the Heathen World upon these important Points, it has, I say, its Foundation in Truth, as it supposes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happiness, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitless Wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular Circumstance which I am most pleas'd with in this Scheme, and which arises from a just Reflection upon Human Nature, is that Variety of Pleasures which it supposes the Souls of good Men will be possessed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reason and Revelation. The Soul consists of many Faculties, as the Understanding, and the Will, with all the Senses both outward and inward, or to speak more Philosophically, the Soul can exert herself in many different Ways of Action. She can understand, will, imagine, see and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like

<sup>1</sup> Addison's father, who wrote an account of West Barbary, died in 1703

Faculties of different Kinds and Natures, but what is more to be considered, the Soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite Pleasure and Satisfaction from the Exercise of any of these its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects. It can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as distinct Taste in the Mind and hath Objects recommended to its proper Relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the Happiness of the West, because God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by Ten thousand different Ways. Besides these several Avenues to Pleasure which the Soul is endowed with in this Life, it is not impossible, according to the Opinions of many eminent Divines, that there may be new Faculties in the Soul of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senses in their glorified Bodies. Thus we are sure of, that there will be new Objects offered to all these Faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take Notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Variety of Objects. The Understanding, for Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of Moral, Natural, Mathematical and other Kinds of Truth. The Memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite Multitude of Objects, especially when the Soul shall have passed through the Spire of many Millions of Years, and shall reflect with Pleasure on the Days of its former Life. Every other Faculty may be considered in the same Manner.

We cannot question but that the Happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is not endowed with any Faculties which are to be useless and unemployed. The Happiness is to be the Happiness of the whole Man, and we may easily conceive to our selves the Happiness of the Soul, who's any one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Good. The Happiness may be of a more exalted Nature in Proportion as the Faculty employed is so but the whole Soul is in the Fruition of any of its particular Powers the whole Soul is happy in the Pleasure which issues from any of its particular Acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken Notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers, we divide the Soul into several Powers and Faculties there is no such Division in the Soul itself, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the Memory, Understanding, Will, Imagination, and the like Faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted Subjects of Speculation, not that there is any such Division in the Soul itself.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different Faculties, or in other Words, many different Ways of acting, that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different Faculties, or Ways of acting, that it may be endowed with several latent Faculties, which it is not at

present in a Condition to exert, that we cannot believe the Soul is endowed with any Faculty which is of no Use to it, and that whenever any one of these Faculties is transcendently pleased, the Soul is in a State of Happiness, and in the last Place considering that the Happiness of another World is to be the Happiness of the whole Man, who can question but that there is an infinite Variety in those Pleasures we are speaking of, and that this Fullness of Joy will be made up of all those Pleasures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving.

We shall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we observe the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man. The Soul does not cease to be always in the same bent. The Faculties receive one another by Turns, and receive an additional Pleasure from the Novelty of those Objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this Notion under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happiness. In the Description of the Throne of God, it represents to us all those Objects which are able to gratify the Senses and Imagination. In very many Places it intimates to us all the Happiness which the Understanding can possibly receive in that State, where all Things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known, the Raptures of Devotion of Divine Love, the Pleasure of conversing with our Blessed Saviour, with an innumerable Host of Angels and with the Spirits of just Men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several Parts of the Holy Writings. There are also mentioned those Hierarchies or Governments in which the Blest shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great Part of our Happiness will likewise consist, for it will not be there as in this World where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority, but on the contrary, every one will find that Station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other Station. Here and many other Particulars are revealed in Divine Revelation as the several Degrees of our Happiness in Heaven, which all imply such a Variety of Joys and such a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a Set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a Set of Angels who love most. Whether this Distinction be not altogether Imaginary, I shall not here examine, but it is highly probable that among the Spirits of good Men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the Employment of one Faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepest Root.

I might here apply this Consideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with relation to the Pain which they shall suffer in every one of their Faculties, and the respective Miseries which shall be appropriated to each Faculty in particular. But leaving this to the Reflection of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to

be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of Pleasure by so many different Ways We see by what a Variety of Passages, Joy and Gladness may enter into the Thoughts of Man, how wonderfully a human Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfaction, and taste the Goodness of its Creator We may therefore look into our selves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our Gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a Profusion of Blessings, and opened in us so many Capacities of enjoying them

There cannot be a stronger Argument that God has designed us for a State of future Happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving so much Bliss He would never have made such Faculties in vain, and have endowed us with Powers that were not to be exerted on such Objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward Frame and Constitution of our Minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite Variety of Pleasures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life We should therefore at all times take Care that we do not disappoint thus his gracious Purpose and Intention towards us, and make those Faculties which he formed as so many Qualifications for Happiness and Rewards, to be the Instruments of Pain and Punishment

NO 601] FRIDAY, Oct 1, 1714 [Henry Grotz

Ἡ ἀνθρωπος ἐνεργετὸς πεφυκῶς  
Antonin Lib 9

THE following Essay comes from an Hand which has entertained my Readers once before

Notwithstanding a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains most in the World, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characterstiek of Mankind, because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happiness at second hand, or by rebound from other, than by direct and immediate Sensation Now tho' these Heroic Souls are but few, and to Appearance so far advanced above the groveling Multitude, as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the same, moved by the same Springs, and endowed with all the same essential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated Water is the same fluid Body in Winter and in Summer when it stands stiffened in Ice as when it flows along in gentle Streams gladdening a thousand Fields in its Progress 'Tis a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffusive Its kind Wishes spread abroad over the Face of the Creation, and if there be those, as we may ob-

serve too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible Concern for their Species, let us suppose that their Good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of some contrary Quality restrained in its Operations I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal Checks upon this generous Propension of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method, this most useful Principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native Freedom of Exercise

The first and leading Cause is an unhappy Complexion of Body The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even by the Almighty Mind who, when He came to fashion it into a World of Beings, must take it as he found it This Notion, as most others of theirs, is a Composition of Truth and Error That Matter is eternal, that from the first Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great Errors, occasioned by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Dispositions of the Soul depend to a great Degree, on the bodily Temper As there are some Fools, others are Knaves, by Constitution, and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal Cast of Mind, the Matter that composes them is tedious as Birdlime, and a kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unless to grasp at more 'Tis a melancholy Lot this but attended with one Advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to these Men to perform them that whereas Persons naturally Beneficent often mistake Instinct for Virtue, by reason of the Difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, Men of the opposite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action If they cannot confer a Benefit with that Ease and Frankness which are necessary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in requital, the real Merit of what they do is enhanced by the Opposition they surmount in doing it The Strength of their Virtue is seen in rising against the Weight of Nature, and every time they have the Resolution to discharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conscience, which is always too grateful to let its Followers go without suitable Marks of its Approbation Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more possible, than of some Distempers that descend by Inheritance However, a great deal may be done by a Course of Beneficence obstinately persisted in this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral Habit, which shall be somewhat of a Counterpoise to the Force of Mechanism Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any Pretence whatsoever, the Custom of doing Good, in regard if there be the least Cessation, Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the Ground it was so long in quitting For there is this Difference between mental Habits, and



'aloud in the Boxes at a Play, is in a fair way of being a Favourite. I have known a young Fellow make his Fortune by knocking down a Constable and may venture to say, tho' it may seem a Paradox, that many a Fair One has died by a Duel in which both the Combatants have survived.

About three Winters ago I took Notice of a young Lady at the Theatre, who conceived a Passion for a notorious Rake that headed a Party of Cat-calls, and am credibly informed, that the Emperor of the Mohocks married a rich Widow within three Weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the Cities of London and Westminster. Scowring and breaking Windows have done frequent Execution upon the Sex, but there is no Set of these Male Charmers who make their way more successfully, than those who have gained themselves a Name for Intrigue, and have ruined the greatest Number of Reputations. There is a strange Curiosity in the female World to be acquainted with the dear Man who has been loved by others, and to know what it is that makes him so agreeable. His Reputation does more than half his Business. Every one that is ambitious of being a Woman of Fashion, looks out for Opportunities of being in his Company, so that to use the old Proverb, When his Name is up he may lie a-Bed.

I was very sensible of the great Advantage of being a Man of Importance upon these Occasions on the Day of the King's Entry, when I was seated in a Balcony behind a Cluster of very pretty Country Ladies, who had one of these showy Gentlemen in the midst of them. The first Trick I caught him at was bowing to several Persons of Quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the Impudence to hem at a Blue Garter who had a finer Equipage than ordinary, and seemed a little concerned at the Impertinent Huzzas of the Mob, that hindered his Friend from taking Notice of him. There was indeed one who pulled off his Hat to him, and upon the Ladies asking who it was, he told them, it was a Foreign Minister that he had been very merry with the Night before: whereas in Truth, it was the City Common Hunt.

He was never at a Loss when he was asked any Person's Name tho' he seldom knew any one under a Peer. He found Dukes and Earls among the Aldermen, very good-natured Fellows among the Privy Counsellors, with two or three agreeable old Rakes among the Bishops and Judges.

In short, I collected from his whole Discourse, that he was acquainted with every Body, and knew no Body. At the same Time, I am mistaken if he did not that Day make more Advances in the Affections of his Mistress, who sat near him, than he could have done in half a Year's Courtship.

Ovid has finely touched this Method of making Love, which I shall here give my Reader in Mr Dryden's Translation

Page the Eleventh

*Thus Love in Theatres did first improve,  
And Theatres are still the Scene of Love*

*Nor shun the Chariots, and the Coursers Race,  
The Circus is no inconvenient Place  
Nor Need is there of talking on the Hand,  
Nor Nods nor Sighs, which Lovers understand,  
But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide,  
Close as you can to hers, and Side by Side  
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no Matter, crowding sit,  
For so the Larv of publick Shows permit  
Then find Occasion to begin Discourse,  
Enquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse,  
To a late over Side she is inclin'd,  
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mirth,  
Like what she likes, from thence your Court begin,  
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.*

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

*O when will come the Day, by Heaven design'd,  
When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,  
Drawn by white Horses, shalt in Triumph ride,  
With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side,  
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight,  
O glorious Object! O surprizing Sight!  
O Day of publick Joy, too good to end in Night!  
On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee  
Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see,  
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,  
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their Idden Springs,  
Answer to all thou knowest, and, if Need be,  
Of Things unknown: seen to speak knowingly  
This is Euphrates, crown'd with Reeds, and there  
Flows the sanst Tigris, with his Sea-green Hairs.  
Invent new Names of Things unknown before,  
Call this Armenia, that, the Caspian Shore  
Call it is a Mede, and that a Parthian Youth,  
Talk probably, no Matter for the Truth.*

No 603 ] WEDNESDAY, October 6, 1714. [Byron

*Ducite ad Urbe Domum, mea Carrina, ducite  
Daphnuri—Virg*

THE following Copy of Verses comes from one of my Correspondents, and has something in it so Original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my Readers.

I.

*My Tune, O ye Muses, was happily spent,  
When Phoebe went with me wherever I went,  
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast!  
Sure I ever fond Sleplerd like Colin was blest!  
But now she is gone, and has left me behind  
What a marvellous Charge on a sudden I find!  
When things were as fine as could possibly be,  
I thought 'twas the Spring, but alas! it was she.*

II.

*With such a Compassion, to tend a few Sheep,  
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep*

It is said that John Byron wrote these verses in honour of Joanna, daughter of his friend, Dr Richard Bentley, Master of Trinity.



I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,  
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day  
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
So strangely increase as ever was known  
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all  
drown'd,  
And my Heart—I am sure it weighs more than  
a Pound

## III

The Foatman that wont to run sweetly along,  
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,  
Now is lost, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,  
'Tis as Pleasure to look at, 'tis as sick to hear  
But now she is absent, I weep by its Side,  
And still as it murmurs no nothing but of  
de,  
Must yet be so cheerful, while I go in Pain!  
Peace there with your Bulbling, and hear me  
complain

## IV

When my Lamblers around me would often  
times play,  
As did Phebe and I were as joyful as they,  
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the  
Time,  
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in  
their Prime!

But now in the r Froicks when by me they pass,  
I sting at their Fleeces an hateful of Grass,  
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,  
To see you so merry, while I am so sad

## V

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see  
Cen e wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me,  
As did Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,  
Come hither, poor Fellow, and pat'd his Head  
But now, when I see him wagging, I will, a sour Look  
Cry, Straggle, and give him a Blow with my  
Crook  
As I'll give him another, for why should not  
I say  
Be as dull as his Master, when Phebe's away?

## VI

When walking with Phebe, what Sights have  
I seen?  
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the  
Green!  
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the  
Shade,  
The Corn fields and Hedges, and every thing  
made!

But now she has left me, tho' all are still then,  
They none of 'em now so delightful appear  
'Tis as nought but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes,  
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise

## VII

Sweet Music sweet with us loth all the Wood  
thro,  
The Lark, Linnet, Thrush, and Nightingale  
too,  
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did blent,  
And chirp'd the Grasshopper in our Feet  
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone  
Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,  
Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound

## VIII

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?  
And where is the white's beautiful Blue?  
Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile,  
That Maids, those Daisies, why do they not  
smile?

Al! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest  
And in ade so yourselves fit for, a Place in her  
Breast

You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,  
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die

## IX

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phebe re-  
turn!

While amidst the soft Zephyr's cold Breezes I  
burn,

Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,  
I could kick brattle on his Wings, and 't would melt  
down the Lead

Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,  
And rest so much longer for I when she is here  
At Colin's old Time is full of Delay,

Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst  
say

## X

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,  
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?  
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy Passion re-  
more!

But 'tis at Sorrow is so silly to live without Love!  
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,  
For he craves poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn  
Al! What shall I do? I shall die with Despair,  
Take heed, all ye Saxons, for ye love one so fair

No 604 ] FRIDAY, October 8, 1714 [

Tu ne quassaris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem  
tibi,  
Finem Du dederint, Lenconæ, & cæ Bathyliæ  
Pentaris numeros— Hor

THE Desire of knowing future Events is one  
of the strongest Inclinations in the Mind of  
Man. Indeed in Ability of foreseeing probable  
Accidents is what, in the Language of Men is  
called Wisdom and Prudence. But, not satisfied  
with the Light that Reason holds out, Mankind  
hath endeavour'd to penetrate more compendi-  
ously into Futurity. Magic, Oracles, Omens,  
luck, Hours, and the various Arts of Superstition,  
owe their Rise to this powerful Cause. As this  
Principle is founded in Self-Love, every Man is  
sure to be solicitous in the first Place about his  
own Fortune, the Course of his Life, and the Time  
and Manner of his Death.

If we consider that we are free Agents, we shall  
discover the Absurdity of such Enquiries. One of  
our Actions, which we might have performed or  
neglected, is the Cause of another that succeeds  
it, and so the whole Chain of Life is link'd to-  
gether. Pain, Poverty, or Infamy, are the natural  
Product of vicious and imprudent Acts, as the  
contrary Blessings are of good ones so that we

cannot suppose our Lot to be determined without Impiety. A great Enhancement of Pleasure arises from its being unexpected, and Pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other Accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this Portion bestowed on us to adore the Hand that hath fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not more display'd his Goodness in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

It is not unworthy Observation, that superstitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or less, in proportion to the Improvement of liberal Arts and useful Knowledge in the several Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*, in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their second Sight, and several of our own Countrymen see abundance of Furies. In *Asia* this Credulity is strong, and the greatest Part of refined Learning there consists in the Knowledge of Amulets, Incantations, occult Numbers, and the like.

When I was at *Grand Cairo*, I fell into the Acquaintance of a good natured Musulman, who promised me many good Offices, which he designed to do me when he became the Prime Minister, which was a Fortune bestowed on his Immigration by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Solicitations I went to learn my Destiny of this wonderful Sage. For a small Sum I had his Promise, but was required to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a strong Propensity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Vision, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found my self in an unbounded Plain, where met together the whole World, in several Habits and with different Tongues, was assembled. The Multitude glided swiftly along and I found in my self a strong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid Figures. Several in rich Castans and glittering Turbans bustled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of those they threw down. till to my great Surprise I found that the great Race they went only hastened them to a Scaffold or a Bowstring. Many beautiful Damazels on the other Side moved forward with great Gravity, some danced till they fell all along, and others pruned their Faces till they lost their Noses. A Tribe of Creatures with busy Looks falling into a Fit of Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies, I turn'd my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more, these Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Discontent.

This Prospect of human Misery struck me dumb for some Miles. Then it was that, to disburthen my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath since happen'd under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing my self for the Good of Mankind, I was surpris'd to meet with very unsuitable Returns from my Fellow Creatures. Never was poor Author so beset with Pamphleteers, who sometimes march'd

directly against me, but often shot at me from strong Bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in Ambush. They were of all Characters and Capacities, some with Ensins of Dignity and others in Liveries; but what most surpris'd me, was to see two or three in black Gowns among my Enemies. It was no small Trouble to me, sometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwise. Many became my Luemies for not being particularly pointed out, as there were others who resented the Satyr which they imagined I had directed against them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found since, were the Club which I have so often mentioned in my Papers. I laughed often at Sir *Roger* in my Sleep, and was the more diverted with *Will Hoagcom's* Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) because I had foreseen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter. The Regret which arose in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many Calumnies still steeling before my Eyes made me repent my Curiosity when the Minister entered the Room, and rewarded me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

*A B* I have only deliver'd the Proplecity of that Part of my Life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second Part 'till a more proper Opportunity.

No 605] MO DAY, Oct 11, 1734 [Budgell

*Exuerunt sibi extremam in unum, cultuque frequentem  
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequitur* Virg

HAVING perus'd the following Letter, and finding it to run upon the Subject of Love, I refer'd it to the I earned *Cassius*, whom I have return'd in my Service for Speculations of that kind. He return'd it to me the next Morning with his Report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my Reader.

*M<sup>r</sup> SPECTATOR,*  
Finding that you have Entertained an useful Person in your Service in quality of *Love Cassius*, I apply my self to you, under a very great Difficulty, that hath for some Months perplexed me. I have a Couple of humble Servants, one of which I have no Aversion to, the other I think of very kindly. The first hath the Reputation of a Man of good Sense, and is one of those People that your Sex are apt to Value. My Spark is reckoned a Coxcomb among the Men, but is a Favourite of the Ladies. If I marry the Man of Worth, as they call him, I shall oblige my Parents and improve my Fortune, but with my dear Beau I promise myself Happiness, altho' not a Jointure. Now I would

Lady promised him to bring her Daughter to his Bed the next Night, though in her Heart she abhor'd so infamous an Office. It was no sooner said than she convey'd into his Room a young Maid of no disagreeable Figure, who was one of her Attendants, and did not want Address to improve the Opportunity for the Advancement of her Fortune. She made so good use of her Time, that when she offered to rise a little before Day, the King could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding herself under a Necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so hand some a Manner, that his Majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his Protection: insomuch that our Chronicles tell us he carried her along with him, made her his first Minister of State, and continued true to her alone, 'till his Marriage with the beautiful *Elfrida*.

No 606 ] WEDNESDAY, Oct 13, 1714 [

—longum cantu solata laborem  
*Arguto Coniux percurrit pectus Telas*—Virg

Mr SPECTATOR,

I HAVE a couple of Nieces under my Direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I don't know where to have them. Their Dress, their Tea, and their Visits take up all their Time, and they go to Bed as tired with doing nothing, as I am after quilting a whole Under-Petticoat. The only time they are not idle, is while they read your SPECTATORS which being dedicated to the Interests of Virtue, I desire you to recommend the long neglected Art of Needle-work. Those Hours which in this Age are thrown away in Dress, Play, Visits, and the like, were employ'd, in my time, in writing out Receipts, or working Beds, Chairs, and Hangings for the Family. For my Part, I have ply'd my Needle these fifty Years, and by my good Will would never have it out of my Hand. It grieves my Heart to see a couple of proud idle Flirts sipping their Tea, for a whole Afternoon, in a Room hung round with the Industry of their Great Grand-mother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable Mystery of Embroidery into your serious Consideration, and as you have a great deal of the Virtue of the last Age in you, continue your Endeavours to reform the present

I am, &c.

In Obedience to the Commands of my venerable Correspondent, I have duly weigh'd this important Subject, and promise myself, from the Arguments here laid down, that all the fine Ladies of England will be ready, as soon as their Mourning is over, to appear covered with the Work of their own Hands.

What a delightful Entertainment must it be to the Fair Sex, whom their native Modesty, and the Tenderness of Men towards them, exempts from Publick Business, to pass their Hours in imitating Fruits and Flowers, and transplanting all the

Beauties of Nature into their own Dress, or raising a new Creation in their Closets and Apartments. How pleasing is the Amusement of walking among the Shades and Groves planted by themselves, in surveying Heroes slain by their Needle, or little *Cypids* which they have brought into the World without Pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a Lady can shew a fine Genius, and I cannot forbear wishing, that several Writers of that Sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to Tapestry than Rhime. Your Pastoral Poetesses may vent their Fancy in Rural Landships, and place despairing Shepherds under silken Willows, or drown them in a Stream of Mohair. The Heroick Writers may work up Battles as successfully, and inflame them with Gold or stain them with Crimson. Even those who have only a Turn to a Song or an Epigram, may put many valuable Stitches into a Purse, and crowd a thousand Graces into a Pair of Garters.

If I may, without breach of good Manners, imagine that any pretty Creature is void of Genius, and would perform her Part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of Harm's way.

Another Argument for busying good Women in Works of Fancy, is, because it takes them off from Scandal, the usual Attendant of Tea-Tables, and all other unactive Scenes of Life. While they are forming their Birds and Beasts, their Neighbours will be allowed to be the Fathers of their own Children. And *Whig* and *Tory* will be but seldom mentioned, where the great Dispute is whether Blue or Red is the more proper Colour. How much greater Glory would *Sophronia* do the General, if she would chuse rather to work the Battle of *Blenheim* in Tapestry, than signalize her self with so much Vehemence against those who are *Frenchmen* in their Hearts.

A Third Reason that I shall mention, is the Profit that is brought to the Family where these pretty Arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of Life not only keeps fair Ladies from running out into Expences, but is at the same time an actual Improvement. How memorable would that Matron be, who should have it Inscrubed upon her Monument, 'that she Wrought out the whole Bible in Tapestry, and died in a good old Age, after having covered three hundred Yards of Wall in the Mansion-House.

The Premises being consider'd, I humbly submit the following Proposals to all Mothers in Great Britain.

I That no young Virgin whatsoever be allow'd to receive the Addresses of her first Lover, but in a Suit of her own Embroidering.

II That before every fresh Servant, she be oblig'd to appear with a new Stomacher at the least.

III That no one be actually married, till she hath the Child-bed Pillows, &c. ready Stitched, as likewise the Mantle for the Boy quite finished.

These Laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decay'd Art of Needle-work, and make the Virgins of Great Britain exceedingly Nimble finger'd in their Business.

<sup>1</sup> Public Mourning for Q. Anne, who died Aug 1, 1714

There is a memorable Custom of the *Grecian* Ladies in this particular, preserved in *Homer*, which I hope will have a very good Effect with my Country women. A Widow in Ancient Times could not, without Indecency, receive a second Husband till she had Woven a Shroud for her deceased Lord, or the next of kin to him. Accordingly, the *Christie Penelope*, having as she thought, lost *Ulysses* as she employed her time in preparing a Winding-sheet for *Laertes* the Father of her Husband. The Story of her Web being very famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several Circumstances, I shall give it to my Reader, as *Homer* makes one of her Woe-ers relate it.

*Sweet Hope she gave to me Youth apart,  
With well-ang'd Looks, and a deceitful Heart  
A Web she wove of many a slender Twine  
Of curious Texture, and perplex'd Design,  
My Youth she cry'd, my Lord but newly dead,  
Forbear a while to court my widow'd Bed,  
'Till I have wov'n, as *Selenus* Verses require,  
This Web, a Shroud for poor *Ulysses* Sirr.  
His Lutes, when Fate the Hero's Soul demands,  
Shall claim this Labour of his Daughters' Hands.*

*Let all the Dames of Greece in Nuptial dress,  
While the great King without a Covering lies  
Thus she Nor did my Friends mistrust the Guile*

*All Day she sped the long laborious Toil  
But when the burning Lamp supply'd the Sun,  
Each Night unweav'd what the Day began  
Three or four Summers did the Thread prevail  
The Fourth her Maidens told the amazing Tale  
These Eyes beheld, as close I took my Stand,  
The backward Labours of her faithless Hand  
'Till it held at length, and press'd on every Side,*

*Her Task she ended, and continu'd a Bride*

No 607 ] FRIDAY, October 15, 1714 [

*Dicite Io Paan, et Io bis dicite Paan  
Decidit in casses praeda petita meos — OVID*

MR SPECTATOR,

HAVING in your Paper of Monday last published my Report on the Case of Mrs *Fanny Pickle*, wherein I have taken Notice, that Love comes after Marriage, I hope your Readers are satisfied of this Truth, that as Love generally produces Matrimony, so it often happens that Matrimony produces Love.

It perhaps requires more Virtues to make a good Husband or Wife, than what go the finishing any the most shining Character whatsoever.

Discretion seems absolutely necessary, and accordingly we find that the best Husbands have been most famous for their Wisdom. *Homer*, who hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a prudent Man to make it the more complete, hath celebrated him for the just Returns of Fidelity and

Truth to his *Penelope*, inasmuch that he refused the Cresses of a Goddess for her sake, and to use the Expression of the best of Pagan Authors, *etulam suam proit illi Immortalitati*, his old Woman was dearer to him than Immortality.

Virtue is the next necessary Qualification for this domestick Character, as it naturally produces Constancy and mutual Esteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Porcia* were more remarkable for Virtue and Affection than any others of the Age in which they lived.

Good Nature is a third necessary Ingredient in the Marriage State, without which it would inevitably sower upon a thousand Occasions. When Greatness of Mind is joined with this amiable Quality, it attracts the Admiration and Esteem of all who behold it. Thus *Cesar*, not more remarkable for his Fortune and Valour than for his Humanity, stole into the Hearts of the Roman People, when breaking through the Custom, he pronounced an Oration at the Funeral of his first and best beloved Wife.

Good Nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and recompanied with an Evenness of Temper, which is, above all things, to be preserved in this Friendship contracted for Life. A Man must be easy within himself, before he can be so to his other self. *Socrates*, and *Alarcus Aurelius*, are Instances of Men, who, by the Strength of Philosophy, having entirely composed their Minds and subdued their Passions, are celebrated for good Husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with *Antipater*, and the other with *Iustina*. If the wedded Pair would but habituate themselves for the first Year to bear with one another's Faults, the Difficulty would be pretty well conquer'd. This mutual Sweetness of Temper and Complacency, was finely recommended in the Nuptial Ceremonies among the Heathens, who, when they sacrificed to *Juno* at that Solemnity, always tore out the Gail from the Entrails of the Victim, and cast it behind the Altar.

I shall conclude this Letter with a Passage out of Dr Plot's *Natural History of Staffordshire*, not only as it will serve to fill up your present Paper, but if I find my self in the Humour, may give Rise to another, I having by me an old Register, belonging to the Place here under-mentioned.

Sir *Philip de Souerby* held the Manors of *Whicheur*, *Seireseot*, *Ridswari*, *Netherton*, and *Corble*, all in Com *Stafford*, of the *Barons of Lancaster*, by this memorable Service. The said Sir *Philip* shall find, maintain and sustain, one *Bacon Fitch*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenore* ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in Lent, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be past, in I or in following.

Whosoever that any one such before named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Person, they shall come to the Bailiff, or to the Porter of the Lordship of *Whichenore*, and shall say to them in the manner ensueth.

Bailiff, or Porter, I doo you to know, that I am come for my self, to demand one *Bacon Flyke* hanging in the Hall of the Lord of

*Whichenovre*, after the Form threunto belong-  
ing

After which Relation, the Bayliff or Porter shall assign a Day to him, upon Promise by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbours. And in the mean Time the said Bailiff shall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and they three shall go to the Manor of *Rudlow*, belonging to *Robert Knightleye*, and there shall summon the aforesaid *Knightleye*, or his Bayliff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage, that is to say, a Horse and a Saddle, a Sack and a Pryke, for to convey the said Breon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Costages. And then the said Bailiff shall, with the said Freeholders, summon all the Tenants of the said Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre*, for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Breon. And at the Day assigned, all such as owe Services to the Breon, shall be ready at the Gate of the Manor of *Whichenovre*, from the Sun-rising to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the Breon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets and to all those which shall be there, to do their Services due to the Breon. And they shall lead the said Demandant with Trumps and Tambours, and other manner of Minstrels to the Hall-Door, where he shall find the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, ready to deliver the Breon in this Manner.

He shall enquire of him, which demandeth the Breon, if he have brought twain of his Neighbours with him. Which must answer, *They be here ready*. And then the Steward shall cause these two Neighbours to swear, if the said Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a Man wedded and if since his Marriage one Year and a Day be past and if he be a Free-man, or a Villain. And if his said Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all these three Points rehearsed then shall the Breon be taken down and brought to the Hall Door, and shall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Breon shall kneel upon his Knee, and shall hold his right Hand upon a Book, which Book shall be laid upon the Breon and the Corn, and shall make Oath in this manner.

'Here ye, Sir *Philip de Somerville*, Lord of *Whichenovre*, mayntener and gyver of this Baconne. Thrt I A sithe I Wedded B my Wife, and sithe I had hyr in my keeping, and at my Wylle by a Year and a Day after our Marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other, frer ne fowler, richer, ne pourer, ne for none other descended of greater Lynage sleeping ne waking at noo tyme. And if the seyd B were sole and I sole I would take her to be my Wife before all the Wymen of the Worlde, of wht condicions soever they be good or evylle, as help me God ond his Seyntes, and this Flesh and all Fleshes.

And his Neighbours shall make Oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found

by his Neighbours before named that he be a Free man, there shall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and a Cheese, and if he be a Villain, he shall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheese. And then shall *Knightleye* the Lord of *Rudlow* be called for, to carry all these Things tofore rehearsed and the said Corn shall be laid on one Horse and the Bacon above it and he to whom the Breon uppartaineth shall ascend upon his Horse, and shall take the Cheese before him if he have a Horse. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* shall cause him to have one Horse and Saddle, to such time as he be past his Lordship and so shall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabourets, and other manner of Minstrelsie. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* shall Conduet him to be prised the Lordship of *Whichenovre*. And then shall they all return, execept him, to whom uppartaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford*, at the Costs of his Lord of *Whichenovre*.

No 608 ] MONDAY, October 18, 1714 [Addison<sup>2</sup>

—*Perjuria ridet Amanthum*—Ovid

MR SPECTATOR,  
ACCORDING to my Promise, I herewith transmit to you a List of several Persons, who from time to time demanded the *Fitch* of *Bacon* of Sir *Philip de Somerville* and his Descendants as it is preserved in an ancient Manuscript under the title of *The Register of Whichenovre-Hall, and of the Bacon Fitch there maintained*.

In the Beginning of this Record is recited the Law or Institution in Form, as it is already printed in your last Paper. To which are added Two By-Laws, as a Comment upon the General Law, the Substance whereof is, that the Wife shall take the same Oath as the Husband, *mutatis mutandis*, and that the Judges shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross examine the Witnesses. After this proceeds the Register in Manner following.

'Aubrey de Falsaff, Son of Sir John Falstaff, *Kt south Dame Maude his Wife, were the first that demanded the Breon, he having bribed twain of his Father's Companions to swear falsely in his Behoof, whereby he gained the Fitch. But he and his said Wife falling immediately into a Dispute how the said Bacon should be dressed, it was by Order of the Judges taken from him, and hung up again in the Hall*

<sup>2</sup> Lord Macaulay, in a letter published p 1433 \* \* \* of Mr Bohn's edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, calls this paper 'undoubtedly Addison's, and one of his best,' although not claimed, because he could not own it without admitting what Lord Macaulay rightly considered quite as obvious, his authorship of No 623 Addison wrote, evidently, some other of these unappropriated papers

'Nobility to keep a certain Number of Chaplains  
'are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten  
'of those reverend Gentlemen have any Relation  
'to the noble Families their Scarfs belong to, the  
'Right generally of creating all Chaplains except  
'the Domestick, where there is one, being nothing  
'more than the Perquisite of a Steward's Place  
'who, if he happens to out live any considerable  
'Number of his noble Masters, shall probably, at  
'one and the same Time, have fifty Chaplains, all  
'in their proper Accoutrements, of his own Cre-  
'ation, though perhaps there hath been neither  
'Grace nor Prayer said in the Family since the  
'Introduction of the first Coronet.

I am, &c

MR SPECTATOR,  
'I WISH you would write a Philosophical Pa-  
'per about Natural Antipathies, with a Word  
'or two concerning the Strength of Imagination  
'I can give you a List upon the first Notice, of a  
'Rational China Cup, of an Egg that walks upon  
'two Legs and a Quart Pot that sings like a  
'Nightingale. There is in my Neighbourhood a  
'very pretty prutting Shoulder of Veal, that  
'squawks out at the Sight of a Knife. Then as  
'for Natural Antipathies, I know a General Officer  
'who was never conquered but by a smother'd  
'Rabbit, and a Wife that domineers over her  
'Husband by the Help of a Breast of Mutton. A  
'Story that relates to my self on this Subject may  
'be thought not unentertaining, especially when I  
'assure you that it is literally true. I had long  
'made Love to a Lady, in the Possession of whom  
'I am now the happiest of Mankind, whose Hand  
'I should have gained with much Difficulty with-  
'out the Assistance of a Cat. You must know  
'then, that my most dangerous Rival had so  
'strong an Aversion to this Species, that he unfa-  
'libly swooned away at the Sight of that harmless  
'Creature. My Friend Mrs Lucy, her Maid,  
'having a greater Respect for me and my Purse  
'than she had for my Rival, always took Care to  
'pin the Tail of a Cat under the Gown of her  
'Mistress, whenever she knew of his coming,  
'which had such an Effect, that every Time he  
'entered the Room, he looked more like one of the  
'Figures in Mrs Salmon's Wax work, than a  
'desirable Lover. In short, he grew Sick of her  
'Company which the young Lady taking Notice  
'of, (who no more knew why, than he did) she  
'sent me a Challenge to meet her in Lincoln's-  
'Inn Chappel, which I joyfully accepted, and  
'have (amongst other Pleasures) the Satisfaction  
'of being praised by her for my Stratagem, I am,  
'&c

From the Hoop

Tom Nibble

MR SPECTATOR,  
'The Virgins of Great Britain are very much  
'oblig'd to you for putting them upon such tedious  
'Drudgeries in Needlework, as were fit only for  
'the *Hilpas* and the *Nilpas* that lived before  
'the Flood. Here's a stir indeed with your His-  
'tories in Embroidery, your Groves with Shades  
'of Silk and Streams of Mohair! I would have  
'you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred  
'Lovers before the best Housewife in England  
'can stitch out a Battel, and do not fear but to

'provide Boys and Girls much faster than your  
'Disciples can embroider them. I love Birds and  
'Beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy  
'them when they are really made. What do you  
'think of Gilt Leather for Furniture? There's  
'your pretty Hangings for a Chamber? and what  
'is more, our own Country is the only Place in  
'Europe where Work of this kind is tolerably  
'done. Without minding your dusty Lessons  
'I am this Minute going to *Paul's Church-Yard*  
'to bespeak a Skreen and a Set of Hangings  
'and am resolv'd to encourage the Manufacture  
'of my Country.

Yours,  
CLFORA

No 650 ] FRIDAY, October 22, 1714 [

*Sic, cum transierint mei  
Nullo cum strepitu dies,  
Plebeius moriar serex  
Illi mors grata inculat,  
Qui, nolus nimis omnibus,  
Ignotus moritur sibi* — Seneca

I HAVE often wondered that the *Jesus* should  
contrive such a worthless Greatness for the  
Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up  
in external Pomp and Pageantry, and represent  
him to their Imagination, as making Havock  
amongst his Creatures, and acted with the poor  
Ambition of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*. How  
much more illustrious doth he appear in his real  
Character, when considered as the Author of un-  
iversal Benevolence among Men, as refining our  
Passions, exalting our Nature, giving us vast Ideas  
of Immortality, and teaching us a Contempt of  
that little showy Grandeur, wherein the *Jesus*  
made the Glory of their *Messiah* to consist!

*Nothing* (says *Longinus*) can be Great, the  
Contempt of which is Great. The Possession of  
Wealth and Riches cannot give a Man a Title to  
Greatness, because it is looked upon as a Great-  
ness of Mind, to contemn these Gifts of Fortune,  
and to be above the Desire of them. I have there-  
fore been inclin'd to think, that there are greater  
Men who lie conceal'd among the Species, than  
those who come out, and draw upon themselves  
the Eyes and Admiration of Mankind. *Virgil*  
would never have been heard of, had not his Do-  
mestick Misfortunes driven him out of his Ob-  
scurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are Spirits or Angels  
who look into the Ways of Men, as it is highly  
probable there are, both from Reason and Revela-  
tion, how different are the Notions which they  
entertain of us, from those which we are apt to  
form of one another? Were they to give us in  
their Catalogue of such Worthies as are now liv-  
ing, how different would it be from that, which  
any of our own Species would draw up?

We are dazzled with the Splendour of Titles,  
the Ostentation of Learning, the Noise of Vic-

<sup>2</sup> There was at this time a celebrated manu-  
factory of tapestry at Chelsea

tories, They, on the contrary, see the Philosopher in the Cottage, who possesses his Soul in Patience and Thankfulness, under the Pressures of what little Minds call Poverty and Distress. They do not look for great Men at the Head of Armies or among the Pumps of a Court, but often find them out in Shades and Solitudes in the private Walks and By-roads of Life. The Livings's Will of a wise Man is more illustrious in their Sight, than the March of a General at the Head of a hundred thousand Men. A Contemplation of God's Works a voluntary Act of Justice to our own Detriment, a generous Concern for the Good of Mankind, Tears that are shed in Silence for the Misery of others, a private Desire or Resentment broken and subdued, in short, an unfeigned Exercise of Humility, or any other Virtue, are such Actions as are glorious in their Sight, and denominate Men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with Pity, with Contempt, or with Indignation while those who are most obscure among their own Species, are regarded with Love, with Approbation and Esteem.

The Moral of the present Speculation amounts to this, That we should not be led away by the Censure, and Applauses of Men, but consider the Figure that every Person will make, at that Time when Wisdom shall be justified of her Children, and nothing pass for Great or Illustrious, which is not an Ornament and Perfection to humane Nature.

The Story of Gyges the rich Lydian Monarch, is a memorable Instance to our present Purpose. The Oracle being asked by Gyges, who was the happiest Man, replied Aglaüs Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this Occasion, was much surprized, and very curious to know who this Aglaüs should be. After much Enquiry he was found to be an obscure Countryman who employ'd all his Time in cultivating a Garden, and a few Acres of Land about his House.

Corueley's agreeable Relation of this Story shall close this Day's Speculation.

Thus Aglaüs (a Man unknown to Men,  
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)  
Thus he'd obscurely then without a Name,  
Aglaüs, now consign'd to eternal Fame  
For Gyges, the rich King, wick'd as it great,  
Presum'd at verse Apollo's Delphick Seat,  
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's  
Eye,

See st thou a Man that happier is than I?  
The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,  
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,  
In a proud Rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?  
We've heard as yet of no such King as he  
And true it was, through the whole Earth  
around,

No King of such a Name was to be found  
Is some old Hero of that Name alive,  
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?  
Is it some mighty Gen'ral, that has done  
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won?  
Is it some Man of endless Wealth? said he  
None, none of these; who can that Aglaüs be?

After long Search, and vain Enquiries past,  
In an obscure Arcadian Vale at last,  
(The Arcadian Life has always staid been)  
Near Sopho's Town (which he but once had seen)  
This Aglaüs, who Monarchs envy'd, did  
Whose Happiness the Gods stood witness to  
It was myself Aglaüs was lab'ring found,  
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground  
So, gracious God, if it may lawful be  
Among those foolish Gods to mention thee)  
So let me act, on such a private Stage,  
The last of all Scenes of my declining Age,  
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,  
This quiet Port let my toss'd Vessel gain,  
Of heavenly Rest, this Earnest to me lend,  
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End

No 611] MONDAY, October 25, 1714 [

*Perfide sed duris gemitu caute horrens  
Caucasus, Hircanaque admixta tigris*  
Virg

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least Service for the Deserving and Unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following Letter to be inserted in my Paper the Moment that it came to my Hands, without altering one Tittle in an Account which the Lady relates so handsomely her self

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I flatter myself, you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a Misfortune my self and several others of my Sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent Conduct, or expect You should. No! I am sensible how severely, in some of your former Papers, you have reproved Persons guilty of the like Mismanagements. I was scarce sixteen, and, I may say without Vanity, Handsome, when courted by a false perjured Man, who, upon Promise of Marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of Women. After he had deluded me from my Parents, who were People of very good Fashion, in less than three Months he left me. My Parents would not see, nor hear from me and had it not been for a Servant, who had lived in our Family, I must certainly have perished for want of Bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable Condition. A Gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My Parents were reconciled and I might be as happy in the Change of my Condition, as I was before miserable but for some things, that you shall know, which are unsupportable to me and I am sure you have so much Honour and Compassion as to let those Persons know, in some of your Papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five Years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my Husband's Leave and Approbation. I am obliged, through the Importunities of several of my Relations, to go abroad oftner than suits my Temper. Then it is,

'I labour under insupportable Agonies That Man, or rather Monster, haunts every Place I go to Base Villain! By reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked Visits and Appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me He left me destitute of Friend or Money, nor ever thought me worth enquiring after, till he unfortunately happened to see me in a Front Box, sparkling with Jewels Then his Passion returned Then the Hypocrite pretended to be a Penitent Then he practised all those Arts that helped before to undo me I am not to be deceived a second time by him I hate and abhor his odious Passion, and, as he plainly perceives it, either out of Spight or Diversion, he makes it his Business to expose me I never fail seeing him in all publick Company, where he is always most industriously spiteful He hath, in short, told all his Acquaintance of my unhappy Affair, they tell theirs, so that it is no Secret among his Companions, which are numerous. They, to whom he tells it, think they have a Title to be very familiar If they bow to me, and I out of good Manners return it, then I am pester'd with Freedoms that are no ways agreeable to my self or Company If I turn my Eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sower upon it, and whisper the next Person, he his next, 'till I have at last the Eyes of the whole Company upon me Nay, they report abominable Falshoods, under that mistaken Notion, *She that will grant Favour to one Man, will to a hundred* I beg you will let those who are guilty, know, how ungenerous this way of Proceeding is I am sure he will know himself the Person aim'd at, and perhaps put a stop to the Insolence of others Cursed is the Fate of unhappy Women! that Men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with Shame and Horror! You have the Art of making such odious Customs appear detestable For my Sake, and I am sure, for the Sake of several others, who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under the same Misfortunes, make it as infamous for a Man to boast of Favour or expose our Sex, as it is to take the Lie or a Box on the Ear, and not resent it.

*Your Constant Reader,  
and Admirer,  
LESBIA*

P S 'I am the more Impatient under this Misfortune, having receiv'd fresh Provocation, last Wednesday, in the Abbey

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate *LESBIA*, that an Insult upon a Woman in her Circumstances, is as infamous in a Man, as a tame Behaviour when the Lie or a Buffet is given, which Truth, I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following Observation

It is a Mark of Cowardise passively to forbear resenting an Affront, the Resenting of which would lead a Man into Danger, it is no less a Sign of Cowardise to affront a Creature, that hath not Power to avenge it self Whatever Name therefore this ungenerous Man may bestow on the helpless Lady he hath injur'd, I shall not scruple to give him in return for it, the Appellation of *Coward*

A Man, that can so far descend from his Dignity, as to strike a Lady, can never recover his Reputation with either Sex, because no Provocation is thought strong enough to justify such Treatment from the Powerful towards the Weak. In the Circumstances, in which poor *LESBIA* is situated, she can appeal to no Man whatsoever to avenge an Insult, more grievous than a Blow If she could open her Mouth, the base Man knows, that a Husband, a Brother, a generous Friend would die to see her righted

A generous Mind, however enrag'd against an Enemy, feels its Resentments sink and vanish away, when the Object of its Wrath falls into its Power An estranged Friend, filled with Jealousie and Discontent towards a Bosom-Acquaintance, is apt to overflow with Tenderness and Remorse, when a Creature that was once dear to him, undergoes any Misfortune What Name then shall we give to his Ingratitude, (who forgetting the Favours he solicited with Fagerness, and receiv'd with Rapture) can insult the Miseries that he himself caused, and make Sport with the Pain to which he owes his greatest Pleasure? There is but one Being in the Creation whose Province it is to practise upon the Imbecillities of frail Creatures, and triumph in the Woes which his own Artifices brought about, and we well know, those who follow his Example, will receive his Reward

Leaving my fair Correspondent to the Direction of her own Wisdom and Modesty, and her Enemy, and his mean Accomplies, to the Compunction of their own Hearts I shall conclude this Paper with a memorable Instance of Revenge, taken by a Spanish Lady upon a guilty Lover, which may serve to show what violent Effects are wrought by the most tender Passion, when sower'd into Hatred, and may deter the Young and unwary from unlawful Love The Story, however Romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a Truth.

Not many Years ago an English Gentleman, who in a Rencounter by Night in the Streets of Madrid had the Misfortune to kill his Man, fled into a Church-Porch for Sanctuary Learning against the Door, he was surprized to find it open, and a glimmering Light in the Church He had the Courage to advance towards the Light, but was terribly startled at the sight of a Woman in White who ascended from a Grave with a bloody Knife in her Hand The Phantom marched up to him, and asked him what he did there He told her the Truth, without reserve, believing that he had met a Ghost Upon which, she spoke to him in the following Manner 'Stranger, thou art in my Power I am a Murderer as thou art Know then, that I am a Nun of a noble Family A base perjur'd Man undid me, and boasted of it I soon had him dispatched, but not content with the Murder, I have brib'd the Sexton to let me enter his Grave, and have now pluck'd out his False Heart from his Body, and thus I use a Traitor's Heart. At these Words she tore it in Pieces, and trampled it under her Feet



No 612 ] WEDNESDAY, Oct 27, 1714 [

*Marrum hic atavoset acorum antiqua sonantem*

*Nomina ferre etque actum genus emittit Latios, Præcipue in scopulo, atque v'gentis turbine saxi Excultis, effusi atque solo — Virg*

IT is highly laudable to pay Respect to Men who are descended from worthy Ancestors, not only out of Gratitude to those who have done Good to Mankind, but as it is an Encouragement to others to follow their Example. But this is an Honour to be received not demanded, by the Descendants of great Men and they who are apt to remind us of their Ancestors, only put us upon making Comparisons to their own Disadvantage. There is some Pretence for boasting of Wit, Beauty, Strength or Wealth, because the Communication of them may give Pleasure or Profit to others but we can have no Merit, nor ought we to claim any Respect because our Fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following Letter ridicules the Folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable Light.

MR SPECTATOR,

'Were the Genealogy of every Family preserved, there would probably be no Man valued or despised on Account of his Birth. There is scarce a Beggar in the Streets who would not find himself lineally descended from some great Man nor any one of the highest Title who would not discover several base and indigent Persons among his Ancestors. It would be a pleasant Entertainment to see one Pedigree of Men appear together, under the same Characters they bore when they acted their respective Parts among the Living. Suppose therefore a Gentleman, full of his illustrious Family, should, in the same manner as *Vergil* makes *Aeneas* look over his Descendants, see the whole Line of his Progenitors pass in a Review before his Eyes, and with how many varying Passions would he behold Shepherds and Soldiers, Statesmen and Artificers, Princes and Beggars, walk in the Procession of five thousand Years! How would his Heart sink or flutter at the several Sports of Fortune in a Scene so diversified with Rags and Purple, Handicraft Tools and Scepters, Ensigs of Dignity and Emblems of Disgrace and how would his Fears and Apprehensions, his Transports and Mortifications, succeed one another, as the Line of his Genealogy appeared bright or obscure?

'In most of the Pedigrees hung up in old Mansion Houses, you are sure to find the first in the Catalogue a great Statesman, or a Soldier with an honourable Commission. The Honest Artificer that begot him, and all his frugal Ancestors before him, are torn off from the Top of the Register and you are not left to imagine, that the noble Founder of the Family ever had a Father. Were we to trace many boasted Lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a Mob of Tradesmen or a Crowd of Rusticks, without

'hope of seeing them emerge again. Not unlike the old *Appian Way*, which after having run many Miles in Length, loses it self in a Bog.

'I lately made a Visit to an old Country Gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of *Fauity Madness*. I found him in his Study perusing an old Register of his Family, which he had just then discovered, as it was branched out in the Form of a Tree, upon a Skin of Parchment. Having the Honour to have some of his Blood in my Veins, he permitted me to cast my Eye over the Boughs of this venerable Plant and asked my Advice in the Reforming of some of the superfluous Branches.

'We pressed slightly over three or four of our immediate Fore-fathers, whom we knew by Tradition, but were soon stopped by an Alderman of *London*, who, I perceived, made my Kinsman's Heart go pit-a-pit. His Confusion increased when he found the Alderman's Father to be a Graser, but he recovered his Fright upon seeing *Justice of the Quorum* at the end of his Titles. Things went on pretty well, as we threw our Eyes occasionally over the Tree, when unfortunately he perceived a Merchant Tailor perched on a Bough, who was said greatly to have encroached the Estate he was just going to cut him off, if he had not seen *Grise*! after the Name of his Son, who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the Manors his honest Father had purchased. A Weaver, who was burnt for his Religion in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, was pruned away without Mercy, as was likewise a Yeoman, who died of a Fall from his own Cart. But great was our Triumph in one of the Blood who was beheaded for High Treason, which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our Ancestors, who was hanged for stealing Sheep. The Expectations of my good Cousin were wonderfully raised by a Match into the Family of a Knight but unfortunately for us this Branch proved Barren. On the other hand *Margery* the Milk-maid being twined round a Bough, it flourished out into so many Shoots, and bent with so much Fruit that the old Gentleman was quite out of Countenance. To comfort me, under this Disgrace, he singled out a Branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which, he told me, he valued more than any in the Tree, and bade me be of good Comfort. This enormous Bough was a Grist out of a *Welsh* Heiress, with so many *Ap's* upon it that it might have made a little Grove by it self. From the Trunk of the Pedigree, which was chiefly composed of Labourers and Shepherds, arose a huge Sprout of Farmers, this was branched out into Yeomen, and ended in a Sheriff of the County, who was knighted for his good Service to the Crown, in bringing up an Address. Several of the Names that seemed to disparage the Family, being looked upon as Mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered, as, on the contrary, no small Number appearing without any Titles, my Cousin, to supply the Defects of the Manuscript, added *Esq.* at the End of each of them.

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No 612 ] WEDNESDAY, Oct 27, 1714 [

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'This Tree so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within few Days, transplanted into a large

'Sheet of Vellum and pleed in the great Hall,  
'where it attracts the Veneration of his Tenants  
'every *Sunday* Morning, while they wait till his  
'Work-up is ready to go to Church, wondering  
'that a Man who had so many Fathers before  
'him should not be made a [Knight,] or at least a  
'Justice of the Peace

No 613 ] FRIDAY, October 29, 1714 [

— *Studius florentior ignobilis est* — Virg

IT is reckoned a Piece of Ill breeding for one  
Man to engross the whole Talk to himself  
For this Reason, since I keep three Visiting-Days  
in the Week, I am content now and then to let my  
Friends put in a Word. There are several Advan-  
tages hereby accruing both to my Readers and  
my self. As first, Young and modest Writers  
have an Opportunity of getting into Print. Again,  
The Town enjoys the Pleasure of Variety, and  
Posterity will see the Humour of the present Age,  
by the help of these little Lights into private and  
domestick Life. The Benefits I receive from  
thence, are such as these. I gain more Time for  
future Speculations, pick up Hints which I im-  
prove for the publick Good, give Advice redress  
Grievances, and, by leaving commodious Spaces  
between the several Letters that I print, furnish  
out a *Spectator* with little Labour and great Os-  
tentation.

MR SPECTATOR,

'I was mightily pleased with your Speculation  
'of *Friday*. Your Sentiments are Noble, and the  
'whole worked up in such a manner, as cannot  
'but strike upon every Reader. But give me  
'leave to make this Remark. That while you  
'write so Pathetically on Contentment, and a re-  
'tured Life, you soothe the Passion of Melancholy,  
'and depress the Mind from Actions truly Glorious.  
'Titles and Honours are the Reward of Virtue.  
'We therefore ought to be affected with them.  
'And tho' light Minds are too much puffed up with  
'exterior Pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as  
'truly Philosophical to admire the glowing Ruby,  
'or the sparkling Green of an Emerald, as the  
'fainter and less permanent Beauties of a Rose or  
'a Myrtle. If there are Men of extraordinary  
'Capacities who lie concealed from the World, I  
'should impute it to them as a blot in their Chari-  
acter, did not I believe it owing to the Meanness  
of their Fortune rather than of their Spirit. *Cove-  
ley*, who tells the Story of *Aglaia* with so much  
Pleasure, was no Stranger to Courts, nor insens-  
ible of Praise.

What is all I do to be for ever known,  
As I wake the Age to come my own?

'was the Result of a laudable Ambition. It was  
'not till after frequent Disappointments, that he  
'termed himself the Melancholy *Coveley*, and he  
'praised Solitude, when he despaired of shining in  
'a Court. The Soul of Man is an active Principle.  
'If therefore, who withdraws himself from the  
'Scene before he has play'd his Part, ought to be

2 [Lord,]

'hissed off the Stage, and cannot be deemed Vir-  
'tuous, because he refuses to answer his End. I  
'must own I am fired with an honest Ambition to  
'imitate every illustrious Example. The *Little-  
of Blenheim* and *Ramilles* have more than once  
'made me wish my self a Soldier. And when I  
'have seen those Actions so nobly celebrated by  
'our Poets, I have secretly aspir'd to be one of  
'that distinguished Class. But in vain I wish, in  
'vain I pant with the Desire of Action. I am  
'chained down in Obscurity, and the only Pleasure  
'I can take is in seeing so many brighter Genius's  
'join their friendly Lights, to add to the Splendor  
'of the Throne. Farewel then dear *Spec*, and  
'believe me to be with great Emulation, and no  
'Envy.

Your profess'd Admirer,

Will Hopeless

SIR, Middle-Temple, October 26, 1714.

'Tho' you have formerly made *Eloquence* the  
'Subject of one or more of your Papers, I do not  
'remember that you ever consider'd it as possessed  
'by a Set of People, who are so far from im-  
'itating *Quintilian's* Rules their Practice, that I dare  
'say for them, they never heard of such an Author,  
'and yet are no less Masters of it than *Tully* or  
'*Demosthenes* among the Ancients, or whom you  
'please amongst the Moderns. The Persons I am  
'speaking of are our common Beggars about this  
'Town, and that what I say is true, I appeal to  
'any Man who has a Heart one Degree softer  
'than a Stone. As for my part, who don't pre-  
tend to more Humanity than my Neighbours, I  
have oftentimes gone from my Chambers with  
Money in my Pocket, and returned to them not  
only Pennyless, but destitute of a Farthing, with-  
out bestowing of it any other way than on these  
seeming Objects of Pity. In short, I have seen  
more Eloquence in a Look from one of these  
despicable Creatures, than in the Eye of the  
fairest *She* I ever saw, yet no one is a greater  
Admirer of that Sex than my self. What I have  
to desire of you is, to lay down some Directions  
in order to guard against these powerful Orators,  
or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must  
my self be forced to leave the Profession of the  
Law, and endeavour to get the Qualifications  
necessary to that more profitable one of Beggary.  
But in which soever of these two Capricies I  
shine, I shall always desire to be your constant  
Reader, and ever will be.

Your most humble Servant

J B

SIR,

'Upon Reading a *Spectator* last Week, where  
'Mrs *Fanny Fickle* submitted the Choice of a  
'Lover for Life to your decisive Determination,  
'and imagining I might claim the Favour of your  
'Advice in an Affair of the like, but much more  
'difficult Nature, I called for Pen and Ink, in  
'order to draw the Characters of Seven Humble  
'Servants, whom I have equally encouraged for  
'some time. But this while I was reflecting on  
'the agreeable Subject, and contriving an advan-  
'tageous Description of the dear Person I was  
'most inclined to favour, I happened to look into  
'my Glass. The sight of the Small Pox, out of

Women, we find, according to the different Characters or Circumstances wherein they are left, that Widows may be divided into those who rouse Love, and those who rouse Compassion.

But not to ramble from this Subject, there are two Things in which consists chiefly the Glory of a Widow. The Love of her deceased Husband, and the Care of her Children. To which may be added a third arising out of the former, Such a prudent Conduct as may do Honour to both.

A Widow possessed of all these three Qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a sublime Character.

There is something so great and so generous in this State of Life, when it is recompanied with all its Virtues, that it is the Subject of one of the finest among our modern Tragedies in the Person of *Audrounache*, and hath met with an universal and deserved Applause, when introduced upon our English Stage by Mr *Philips*.

The most memorable Widow in History is Queen *Artemisia*, who not only erected the famous *Mausoleum*, but drank up the Ashes of her dead Lord, thereby enclosing them in a nobler Monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the Wonders of Architecture.

This last Lady seems to have had a better Title to a second Husband than any I have read of, since not one Dust of her First was returning. Our modern Heroines might think a Husband a very bitter Draught and would have good Reason to complain, if they might not receive of a second Partner, till they had taken such a troublesome Method of losing the Memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious Examples out of ancient Story, a remarkable Instance of the Delicacy of our Ancestors in Relation to the State of Widowhood, as I find it recorded in *Cowell's Interpreter*. At East and West-Laborne, in the County of Berks, if a Customary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what the Law calls her Free Bench in all his Copyhold Lands, dum sola & casta fuerit that is, while she lives single and chaste but if she commit Incontinency she forfeits her Estate. Yet if she will come into the Court riding backward upon a black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and say the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Custom to re-admit her to her Free-Bench.

Here I am,  
Riding upon a Black Ram,  
Like a Whore as I am,  
And, for my Crancum Crancum,  
Have lost my Buncum Bancum,  
And, for my Tail's Game,  
Have done this worldly Shame,  
Therefore, I pray you Mr Steward, let me have my Land again.

The like Custom there is in the Manor of *Torre* in *Devonshire*, and other Parts of the *West*.

It is not impossible but I may in a little Time present you with a Register of *Berkshire* Ladies and other Western Dames, who rode publicly

upon this Occasion and I hope the Town will be entertained with a Cavalcade of Widows.

No 615 ] WEDNESDAY, Nov 3, 1714 [

Qui Decorum  
Mun eribus sapienter uti,  
Duraque callet pauperiem pati,  
Pejusque letho flagitium timet  
Non ille pro caris amicis  
Aut patris timendus ferire —Hor

It must be owned that Fear is a very powerful Passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of Virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our Preservation, it is no Wonder it sticks close to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as Life, and all its Enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual Dread of losing them, it is the Business of Religion and Philosophy to free us from all unnecessary Anxieties, and direct our Fear to its proper Object.

If we consider the Painfulness of this Passion, and the violent Effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight Occasions. Some have frightened themselves into Madness, others have given up their Lives to these Apprehensions. The Story of a Man who grew grey in the Space of one Night's Anxiety is very famous,

O! Nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una Senem

These Apprehensions, if they proceed from a Consciousness of Guilt are the sad Warnings of Reason and may excite our Pity, but admit of no Remedy. When the Hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the Impious, the Heart of mortal Man cannot withstand him. We have this Passion sublimely represented in the Punishment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the Plague of Darkness, in the *Apoecryphal* Book of *Wisdom* ascribed to *Solomon*.

For when unrighteous Men thought to oppress the holy Nation, they being shut up in their Houses, the Prisoners of Darkness, and fetter'd with the Bonds of a long Night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lye hid in their secret Sins, they were scattered under a dark Veil of Forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange Apparitions. For Wickedness, condemned by her own Witness, is very timorous and being oppressed with Conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For Fear is nothing else but a betraying of the Succours which Reason offereth. For the whole World shined with clear Light, and none were hindered in their Labour. Over them only was spread a heavy Night, an Image of that Darkness which should afterwards receive them but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the Darkness.

To Fear, so justly grounded, no Remedy can

<sup>1</sup> Frank Bunk or Free bench are copyhold lands which the wife, being married a spinster, had after her husband's death for dower.

<sup>2</sup> *Wisd. xxi. passim*

'Myrmidons about a Sneaker of Five Gallons  
'The whole Magistracy was pretty well disguised  
'before I gave 'em the Slip Our Friend the  
'Alderman was half Seas over before the Bonfire  
'was out We had with us the Attorney, and two  
'or three other bright Fellows The Doctor plays  
'least in Sight

'At Nine a Clock in the Evening we set Fire to  
'the Whore of *Babylon* The Devil acted his  
'Part to a Miracle He has made his Fortune by  
'it We equip'd the young Dog with a Tester  
'a piece Honest old *Brown* of *England* was  
'very drunk, and showed his Loyalty to the Tune  
'of a hundred Rockets The Mob drank the  
'King's Health, on their Marrow bones in Mother  
'*Day's* Double They whip'd us half a dozen  
'Hogsheads Poor *Tom Tyler* had like to have  
'been demolished with the End of a Sky-Rocket,  
'that fell upon the Bridge of his Nose as he was  
'drinking the King's Health, and spoiled his Lip  
'The Mob were very loyal 'till about Midnight,  
'when they grew a little mutinous for more Liquor  
'They had like to have dumfounded the Justice  
'but his Clerk came in to his Assistance and took  
'them all down in Black and White

'When I had been huzza'd out of my Seven  
'Senses, I made a Visit to the Women, who were  
'guzzling very comfortably Mrs Mayoress  
'clip'd the King's *English* Clack was the  
'Word

'I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the  
'Posse had his Hat cocked with a Distich The  
'Senators sent us down a Cargo of Ribbon and  
'Metre for the Occasion

'Sir *Richard* to shew his Zeal for the Protest-  
'ant Religion, is at the Expence of a Tar-Barrel  
'and a Ball I peeped into the Knight's great  
'Hall, and saw a very pretty Bevy of Spinsters  
'My dear Reliet was amongst them, and ambled  
'in a Country-Dance as notably as the best of  
'em

'May all his Majesty's liege Subjects love him  
'as well as his good People of this his ancient  
'Borough Adieu

No 617 ] MONDAY, November 8, 1714 [

*Torva Minalloneis implevunt cornua bonbis,  
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo  
Bassaris, et lyncem Maenas flexura corymbis,  
Evium ingemmat reparabilis adsonat Echo*

Persius

THERE are two Extrems in the Stile of  
Humour, one of which consists in the Use of  
that little pert Phraseology which I took Notice  
of in my last Paper the other in the Affectation  
of strained and pompous Expressions, fetched  
from the learned Languages The first savours  
too much of the Town, the other of the College

As nothing illustrates better than Example, I  
shall here present my Reader with a Letter of  
Pedantic Humour, which was written by a young  
Gentleman of the University to his Friend, on  
the same Occasion, and from the same Place, as  
the lively Epistle published in my last *Spectator*

Dear Chum,

'It is now the third Watch of the Night, the  
'greatest Part of which I have spent round a  
'capacious Bowl of *China*, filled with the choicest  
'Products of both the *Indies* I was placed at a  
'quadrangular Table, diametrically opposite to the  
'Mace-bearer The Visage of that venerable  
'Herald was, according to Custom, most gloriously  
'illuminated on this joyful occasion The  
'Mayor and Aldermen, those Pillars of our Con-  
'stitution, began to totter, and if any one at the  
'Board could have so far articulated, as to have  
'demanded intelligibly a Reinforcement of Liquor,  
'the whole Assembly had been by this time ex-  
'tended under the Table

'The Celebration of this Night's Solemnity was  
'opened by the Obstruperous Joy of Drummers,  
'who, with their Parchment Thunder, gave a  
'signal for the Appearance of the Mob under their  
'several Classes and Denominations They were  
'quickly joined by the melodious Clank of Mar-  
'row bone and Cleaver, whilst a Chorus of Bells  
'filled up the Consort A Pyramid of Stack-  
'Taggots cheered the Hearts of the Populace with  
'the Promise of a Blaze The Guns had no sooner  
'uttered the Prologue, but the Heavens were  
'brightened with artificial Meteors, and Stars of  
'our own making and all the *High-street* lighted  
'up from one End to another, with a Galaxy of  
'Candles We collected a Largess for the Multi-  
'tude, who toppled Eleemosynary till they grew  
'exceeding Vociferous I there was a Paste board  
'Pontiff with a little swarthy Dæmon at his Elbow,  
'who, by his diabolical Whispers and Insinuations  
'tempted his Holiness into the Fire, and then left  
'him to shift for himself The Mobile were very  
'scurvick with their Clubs, and gave the old  
'Gentleman several Thumps upon his triple Head-  
'piece *Tom Tyler's* Phiz is something damaged  
'by the Fall of a Rocket, which hath almost  
'spoiled the Gnomon of his Countenance The  
'Mirth of the Commons grew so very outrageous,  
'that it found Work for our Friend of the *Quorum*,  
'who, by the help of his *Amanuensis*, took down  
'all their Names and their Crimes, with a Design  
'to produce his Manuscript at the next Quarter-  
'Sessions, &c &c &c

I shall subjoin to the foregoing Piece of a Let-  
ter, the following Copy of Verses translated from  
an *Italian* Poet who was the *Cleveland* of his  
Age and had Multitudes of Admirers The Sub-  
ject is an Accident that happened under the Reign  
of Pope *Leo*, when a Firework, that had been  
prepared upon the Castle of *St Angelo*, begun to  
play before its Time, being kindled by a Flash of  
Lightning The Author hath written his Poem  
in the same kind of Style, as that I have already  
exemplified in Prose Every Line in it is a Riddle,  
and the Reader must be forced to consider it twice  
or three, before he will know that the *Cynick's*  
Tenement is a *Tub*, and *Bacchus* his Cast coat a  
*Hogs head*, &c

'Twas Night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops, all the  
Day,  
An Argus now did countless Eyes display,

<sup>2</sup> Translated from the Latin in Strada's Pro-  
lusions

In ev'ry Winder Rome her Joy declares,  
All brigh', and studd'd with terrestrial Stars  
A blazing Chain of Lights her Roofs entwines,  
And round her Neck the mingled Lustre shines,  
The Cymbels' revolving Tenement conspires,  
With Illeus his Cast court, to feed the Fires

The Pile, still big with undiscover'd Stores,  
The Tuscan Pile did last its Freight disclose,  
Where the proud Tops of Rome's rev' Amur rise,  
Once Giants sally, and invade the Skies

Whilst so far Multitude expect the Tim',  
As if their tur'd Eyes the lofty Mountain climb,  
A thousand Iron Mouths their Voices try,  
And underneath it a dreadful Harmony,  
In treble Notes the small Artillery plays,  
The deep-mouth'd Cannon bellows in the Pass  
The lab'ring Pile now heaves and having giv'n  
Proofs of its Triumphant's in Flames to Heaven

The Clouds envelop'd Heaven from Human Sight,

Quench'd ev'ry Star, and put out ev'ry Light,  
As if Real Thunder crumbles in the Skies,  
And in disdainful Murmurs Rome defies,  
Nor doth its unprov'd Challenge Rome decline,  
But whilst both Parties in full Consort join,  
While Heaven and Earth in Rival Peals re-  
sound,

The doubtful Cracks the Hearer's Sense con-  
found,

Whether the Claps of Thunderbolts they hear,  
Or else the Burst of Cannon rounds their Ear,  
Whether Claps rag'd by struggling Metals rent,  
Or struggling Clouds in Roman Metals rent  
But O, my Muse, the whole Adventure tell,  
As ev'ry Accident in order fell

Full Groves of Trees the Hadrian Tor's sur-  
round,

Fetters is Trees with Paper Garland crown'd,  
These know no Spruce, but when their Bodies  
sprout

In Fire, as if shoo' their gilded Blossom out,  
When blazing Leaves appear above their Head,  
And into branching flames their Bodies spread  
Whilst real Thunder splits the firmament,  
As if Heaven's whole Roof in one vast Cleft is rent,  
The three-fold Tongue amidst the Rufture  
tolls,

Then drops and on the Avry Parret falls  
The Trees now kindle, and the Garland burns,  
And thousand Thunderbolts for one returns  
Brigades of burning Archers upward fly,  
Bright Spears and shining Spear-men mount  
on high,

Flash in the Clouds, and glitter in the Sky  
A seven fold Shield of Spheres doth Heaven de-  
fend,

And back again the blunted Weapons send,  
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,  
Pour out their Souls, their sulphurous Souls,  
and groan

With Joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous  
Show,  
While Heaven, that sate Spectator still 'till  
now,  
Itself turn'd Actor proud to Pleasure you  
And so 'tis fit, when Leo's Fires appear,

That Heaven it self should turn an Engineer,  
That Heaven it self should all its Wonders show,  
And Orbs above consent with Orbs below

No 618] WEDNESDAY, Nov 10, 1714 [

—Neque enim concludere verum  
Dixeris esse satis neque signis scribat, nisi nos,  
Sermone propiora, pntes hunc esse Poetam —Hor

MR SPECTATOR,  
YOU having, in your two last Spectators,  
given the Town a couple of Remarkable  
Letters, in very different Styles I take this  
Opportunity to offer to you some Remarks upon  
the Epistolary way of writing in Verse. This  
is a Species of Poetry by itself, and has not so  
much as been hinted at in any of the Arts of  
Poetry, that have ever fallen into my Hands  
Neither has it in any Age, or any Nation been  
so much cultivated, as the other several kinds  
of Poetic. A Man of Genius may, if he pleases,  
write Letters in Verse upon all manner of Sub-  
jects, that are capable of being embellish'd with  
Wit and Language, and may render them new  
and agreeable by giving the proper Turn to  
them. But in speaking at present, of Episto-  
lary Poetry, I would be understood to mean  
only such Writings in this Kind, as have been  
in Use amongst the Ancients and have been  
copied from them by some Moderns. These  
may be reduced into two Classes. In the one I  
shall range Love Letters, Letters of Friendship,  
and Letters upon mournful Occasions. In the  
other I shall place such Epistles in Verse, as may  
properly be called Familiar, Critical, and Moral  
to which may be added Letters of Mirth and  
Humour. Omit for the first, and I leave for  
the latter, are the best Originals we have left.

He that is ambitious of succeeding in the  
Ovidian way, should first examine his Heart  
well, and feel whether his Passions (especially  
those of the gentler kind) play easie since it is  
not his Wit, but the Delicacy and tenderness  
of his Sentiments, that will affect his Readers.  
His Versification likewise should be soft, and all  
his Numbers flowing and querulous.

The Qualifications requisite for writing Epis-  
tles, after the Model given us by Horace, are of  
a quite different Nature. He that would excel  
in this kind must have a good Fund of strong  
Masculine Sense. To this there must be joined  
a thorough knowledge of Mankind, together  
with an Insight into the Business, and the pre-  
vailing Humours of the Age. Our Author must  
have his Mind well seasoned with the finest Pre-  
cepts of Morality, and be filled with nice Re-  
flections upon the bright and the dark sides of  
human Life. He must be a Master of refined  
Raillery, and understand the Delicacies, as well  
as the Absurdities of Conversation. He must  
have a lively Turn of Wit, with an easie and  
concise manner of Expression. Every thing he  
says, must be in a free and disengag'd manner.  
He must be guilty of nothing that betrays the



'Air of a Recluse, but appear a Man of the World throughout His Illustrations, his Comparisons, and the greatest part of his Images must be drawn from common Life Strokes of Satyr and Criticism, as well as Panegyrick, judiciously thrown in (and as it were by the by) give a wonderful Life and Ornament to Compositions of this kind But let our Poet, while he writes Epistles, though never so familiar, still remember that he writes in Verse, and must for that reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into Prose, and a vulgar Diction, excepting where the Nature and Humour of the Thing does necessarily require it. In this Point *Horace* hath been thought by some Critics to be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent of his Versification, of which he seems to have been sensible himself

'All I have to add is, that both these Manners of Writing may be made as entertaining, in their Way, as any other Species of Poetry, if undertaken by Persons duly qualify'd, and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner instructive *I am, &c*

I shall add an Observation or two to the Remarks of my ingenious Correspondent, and, in the first place, take Notice, that Subjects of the most sublime Nature are often treated in the Epistolary way with Advantage, as in the famous Epistle of *Horace* to *Augustus* The Poet surprises us with his Pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his Subject, than to have aimed at it by Design He appears like the Visit of a King *Incognito*, with a mixture of Familiarity, and Grandeur In Works of this kind when the Dignity of the Subject hurries the Poet into Descriptions and Sentiments, seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of Inspiration, it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural Style of a Letter

I might here mention an Epistolary Poem, just published by Mr *Eusden* on the King's Accession to the Throne Wherein, amongst many other noble and beautiful Strokes of Poetry, his Reader may see this Rule very happily observed

No 619] FRIDAY, Nov 12, 1714 [

—dura—  
*Exerce imperia, et ramos confesse sistentes*  
Virg

I HAVE often thought, that if the several Letters, which are written to me under the Character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made use of, were published in a Volume, they would not be an unentertaining Collection The Variety of the Subjects, Styles, Sentiments, and Informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle Reader, insensibly along, through a great many Pages I know some Authors, who would pick up a *Secret History* out of such Materials, and make a Book-seller an Alderman by the Copy I shall there-

<sup>1</sup> Charles Lillie published, in 1725, 'Original and Genuine Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*

fore carefully preserve the Original Papers in a Room set apart for that Purpose, to the end that they may be of Service to Posterity, but shall at present content my self with owning the Receipt of several Letters, lately come to my Hands, the Authors whereof are impatient for an Answer

*CHARISSA*, whose Letter is dated from *Corinth*, desires to be eased in some Scruples relating to the Skill of Astrologers Referred to the *Dumb Man for an Answer*

*J C* who proposes a Love-Case, as he calls it, to the Love Casuist, is hereby desir'd to speak of it to the Minister of the Parish, it being a Case of Conscience

The poor young Lady, whose Letter is dated *October 26*, who complains of a harsh Guardian, and an unkind Brother, can only have my good Wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular

The Petition of a certain Gentleman, whose Name I have forgot, famous for renewing the Curls of decayed Periwigs, is referred to the *Censor of small Wares*

The Remonstrance of *T C* against the Profanation of the Sabbath by Barbers, Shoe cleaners, &c had better be offer'd to the *Society of Reformers*

A learned and laborious Treatise upon the Art of Fencing, returned to the Author

To the Gentleman of *Oxford*, who desires me to insert a Copy of *Latin Verses* which were denied a Place in the University Book Answer *Nominis te prestat ut autumn*

To my learned Correspondent who writes against Master's Gowns, and Pole Sleeves, with a Word in Defence of large Scarves Answer *I resolve not to raise Amosities amongst the Clergy*

To the Lady, who writes with Rage against one of her own Sex, upon the Account of Party Warmth Answer *Is not the Lady she writes against reckoned Handsome?*

I desire *Toni Truelove*, (who sends me a Sonnet upon his Mistress, with a desire to print it immediately) to consider, that it is long since I was in Love

I shall answer a very profound Letter from my old Friend the Upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the King of *Sweden* be living or dead, by whispering him in the Ear, *That I believe he is alive*

Let Mr *Dapperunt* consider *What is that long Story of the Cuckoldom to me?*

At the earnest Desire of *Monsieur's* Lover, who declares himself very penitent he is recorded in my Paper by the Name of *The Faithful Castalio*

The Petition of *Charles Cochrane*, which the Petitioner styles *very reasonable*—*Rejected*

The Memorial of *Phulander*, which he desires may be dispatched out of Hand, *Postponed*

I desire *S R* not to repeat the Expression under the *Sun* so often in his next Letter

The Letter of *P S* who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the Flames *Not to be printed entire*

'during the time those Works were publishing, 'none of which have been before printed'





*Bright were the Suns, and gently swell'd the Seas*

*Thy Presence did each doth if Heart corroze,  
And Faction's concord that they, once were Foes,  
That joyful Day they lost each Hostile Name,  
The same their Aspee, and their Voice the same*

*So two fair Twins, whose Features were design'd*

*At one soft Moment in the Mother's Mind,  
Show each the other with reflected Grace,  
And the same Beauties bloom in either Face,  
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire,  
Delusion grateful to the smiling Sire*

*From th' at fair Hill, where hoary Sages boast  
To name the Stars, and count the heavenly Host,  
By the next Dawn doth great Augusta rise,  
Proud Town! the noblest Scene beneath the Skies  
O'er Thames her thousand Spires their Lustre shed,*

*And a vast Navy hides his ample Bed,  
A floating Forest From the distant Strand  
A Line of Golden Carrs strikes o'er the Land  
Britannia's Peers in Pomp and rich Arra,  
Before their King, triump'lant, lead the Way,  
Far as the Eye can reach, the gaudy Train,  
A bright Procession, shines along the Plain*

*So haply, through the Heaven's wide pathless Ways*

*A Comet draws a long-extended Blaze,  
From East to West (burns th' rough) the ethereal Frame,  
And half Heaven's Convex glitters with the Flame*

*Now to the Regal Towers securely brought,  
He pla is Britannia's Glories in his Thought;  
Resumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,  
Rewards the Faithful and restores the Brave  
Whom shall the Muse from out the slinging Throng*

*Select to lighten and adorn her Song?  
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious Mind,  
O Mai approv'd, is Britain's Wealth consign'd,  
Her Coin (a rule Nassau sought) debas'd and rude,*

*By Thee in Beauty, and in Truth renew'd,  
An Ardour's Work' again thy Charge we see,  
As thy own Care once more returns to Thee  
O' form'd in every Scene to awe and please,  
Mix'd with Pomp, and Dignity, with Ease  
Who call'd to sit we aloft, thou wilt not scorn  
To smile on Arts th', self did once adorn  
For this thy Name succeeding Time shall praise,  
And ever, less th', Garter, than thy Bays*

*The Muse, if fr'd with th', elevening Beams,  
Perhaps shall an' at more exalted Themes,  
Record o' th' Mai arch. in a nobler Strain,  
And sing the opening V'nders of his Reign,  
Bright CAROLINA's heavenly Beauties trace,  
Her valiant Consort, and his blooming Race  
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love supplies,  
A glorious Scene to Albion's ravish'd Eyes,  
Who sees by BRITANNIA'S Hand her Sceptre sway'd,*

*And through l is Love from Age to Age conveys d.*

<sup>1</sup> [he burns]

No 621 ] WEDNESDAY, November 17, 1714. [

*postquam se lumine puro  
Irripit, stellasque vagas nrat'ur et Astra  
Fixa Polus, audit quas ita sub nocte jaceret  
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria* — L. can.

THE following Letter having in it some Observations out of the common Road, I shall make it the Entertainment of this Day

MR SPECTATOR,

'The common Topics against the Pride of Man which are labour'd by florid and declamatory Writers, are taken from the Baseness of his Original, the Imperfections of his Nature, or the short Duration of those Goods in which he makes his Boast. Though it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought to raise our Vanity, yet a Consciousness of our own Merit may be sometimes laudable. The Folly therefore lies here. We are apt to pride our selves in worthless, or perhaps shameful Things and, on the other hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest Glory.

'Hence it is, that the Lovers of Praise take wrong Measures to attain it. Would a vain Man consult his own Heart, he would find that if others knew his Weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could not have the Impudence to expect the publick Esteem. Pride therefore flows from want of Reflection, and Ignorance of our selves. Knowledge and Humility come upon us together. The proper way to make an Estimate of our selves, is to consider seriously what it is we value, or despise in others. A Man who boasts of the Goods of Fortune, a gay Dress or a new Title, is generally the Mark of Ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in our selves, what we are so ready to laugh at in other Men.

'Much less can we with Reason pride ourselves in those things, which at some time of our Life we shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give our selves the Trouble of looking back ward and forward on the several Changes, which we have already undergone and hereafter must try, we shall find that the greater Degrees of our Knowledge and Wisdom, serve only to shew us our own Imperfections.

'As we rise from Childhood to Youth, we look with Contempt on the Toys and Trifles which our Hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we advance to Manhood, we are held wise in proportion to our Shame and Regret for the Rashness and Extravagance of Youth. Old Age fills us with mortifying Reflections upon a Life, mis-spent in the Pursuit of anxious Wealth or uncertain Honour. Agreeable to this Gradation of Thought in this Life, it may be reasonably supposed, that in a future State, the Wisdom, the Experience, and the Maxims of old Age, will be looked upon by a separate Spirit in much the same Light, as an ancient Man now sees the little Follies and Toyings of Infants. The Pomps, the Honours, the Policies, and Arts of mortal Men, will be thought as trifling as Hobby-Horses, Mock Battles, or any other Sports that now em-

play all the Cunning, and Strength, and Ambition of rational Beings from four Years old to nine or ten

"If the Notion of a gradual Rise in Beings, from the innermost to the most High be not a vain Imagination, it is not improbable that an Angel looks down upon a Man as a Man doth upon a Creature which approaches the nearest to the rational Nature. By the same Rule (if I may indulge my Fancy in this Particular) a superior Brute looks with a kind of Pride on one of an inferior Species. If they could reflect, we might imagine from the Gestures of some of them that they think themselves the Sovereigns of the World, and that all things were made for them. Such a Thought would not be more absurd in Brute Creatures, than one which Men are apt to entertain, namely, That all the Stars in the Firmament were created only to please their Eyes and amuse their Imaginations. Mr Dryden, in his *Table of the Cock and the Fox*, makes a Speech for his Hero the Cock, which is a pretty Instance for this Purpose,

*Turn turning, said to Partlet, See, my Dear,  
How late at Nature late adorn'd the Year,  
How the pale Primrose and the Violet spring,  
And hark! ere their Frights, afraid to stir,  
All these are eyes, and I! Oh Pleasure see  
Man strutting with two Legs, and I with six*

"What I would observe from the Whole is this, That we ought to value our selves upon those Things only which superior Beings think valuable, since that is the only way for us not to sink in our own Esteem hereafter

No 622 ] FRIDAY, November 19, 1724 [

—*Fallerus Servus Vile*—Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

"IN a former Speculation you have observed, That true Greatness doth not consist in that Pomp and Noise wherein the Generality of Mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken Notice, that Virtue in Obscurity often appears more illustrious in the Eye of superior Beings, than all that passes for Grandeur and Magnificence among Men

"When we look back upon the History of those who have born the Parts of Kings, Statesmen, or Commanders they appear to us stripped of those outside Ornaments that dazzled their Contemporaries, and we regard their Persons as great or little, in Proportion to the Linenness of their Virtues or Vices. The wise Sayings, generous Sentiments, or disinterested Conduct of a Philosopher under many Circumstances of Life, set him higher in our Esteem than the mighty Potentates of the Earth, when we view them both through the long Prospect of many Ages. Were the Memoirs of an obscure Man, who lived up to the Dignity of his Nature, and according to the Rules of Virtue, to be read before us, we should find nothing in such a Character which

might not set him on a Level with Men of the highest Station. The following Extract out of the private Papers of an honest Country Gentleman will set this Matter in a clear Light. Your Reader will perhaps conceive a greater Idea of him from these Actions done in Secret, and without a Witness, than of those which have drawn upon them the Admiration of Multitudes

### MEMOIRS

"In my 22d Year I found a violent Affection for my Cousin Charles's Wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of succeeding if I had not upon that Account begun my Travels into foreign Countries.

"A little after my Return into England, at a private Meeting with my Uncle James, I received the Offer of his Estate, and prevailed upon him not to disinherit his Son Me.

"*Mem* Never to tell this to *Nez*, lest he should think hardly of his deceased Father though he continues to speak ill of me for this very Reason

"Prevented a cardous Law-suit between my Nephew Harry and his Mother, by allowing her under-hand, out of my own Pocket, so much Money yearly as the Dispute was about

"Procured a Penance for a young Divine, who is Sister's Son to the good Man who was my Tutor, and hath been dead Twenty Years

"Gave ten Pounds to poor Mrs —, my Friend H—'s Widow

"*Mem* To retrench one Dish at my Table, till I have fetched it up again

"*Mem* To repair my House and finish my Gardens in order to employ poor People after Harvest time

"Ordered *John* to let out Goodman N—'s Sheep that were poisoned, by Night but not to let his fellow-Servants know it

"Prevailed upon *M T Esq*, not to take the Law of the Farmer's Son for shooting a Partridge, and to give him his Gun again

"Paid the Apothecary for curing an old Woman that confessed her self a Witch

"Gave away my favourite Dog for biting a Beggar

"Made the Minister of the Parish and a *White* Justice of one Mind by putting them upon examining their Notions to one another

"*Mem* To turn off *Peter* for shooting a Doe while she was eating Acorns out of his Hand

"When my Neighbour *Jed*, who hath often injured me, comes to make his Request to Morrow

"*Mem* I have forgiven him

"Laid up my Chariot and sold my Horses, to relieve the Poor in a Scarcity of Corn

"In the same Year remitted to my Tenants a Fifth Part of their Rents

"As I was going to bed, I fell into a Thought that worried my Heart and shrill, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live

"*Mem* To charge my Son in private to erect no Monument for me, but not to put this in my last Will

No 623 ] MONDAY, Nov 22, 1714 [Addison<sup>1</sup>

*Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius una deluscat,  
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad-  
bras,*

*Pallentes nubras Erebi noctemque profun dam,  
Ante, p' idor, qua & te violen' aut tua jura re  
solvam*

*Ille meos, primos qui me sibi junx' t, an oies  
Abstulit ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro*  
Virg

I AM obliged to my Friend, the *Love-Casnist*,<sup>2</sup>  
for the following Curious Piece of Antiquity,  
which I shall communicate to the Publick in his  
own Words.

MR SPECTATOR,

'You may remember, that I lately transmitted  
'to you an Account of an ancient Custom, in the  
'Manors of East and West-Enborne, in the  
'County of Berks, and elsewhere *If a Custom-  
'ary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what  
'the Law calls her Free-Bench in all his Copy-  
'hold Lands, dum sola et casta fuerit, that is,*  
'while she lives single and chaste, *but if she  
'commits Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate,*  
'Yet if she will come into the Court and go back  
'ward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her  
'Hand and say the Words following, the Steward  
'is bound by the Custom to re-adjust her to her  
'Free Bench

*Here I am,  
Riding upon a Black Ram,  
Like a Whore as I am,  
And, for my Crimeum Crancum  
Have lost my Bineum Baneum,  
And, for my Tail's Game,  
Have done this worldly Shan e,  
Therefore I pray you Mr Steward, let  
me have my Land again*

'After having informed you that my Lord Coke  
observes, that this is the most frail and slippery  
'Tumour of any in England, I shall tell you, since  
'the Writing of that Letter, I have, according to  
'my Promise, been at great Pains in searching  
'out the Records of the Black Ram, and have  
'at last met with the Proceedings of the Court-  
'Baron, held in that Behalf, for the Space of a  
'whole Day The Record saith, that a strict In-  
'quisition having been made into the Right of the  
'Tenants to their several Estates, by a crafty old  
'Steward, he found that many of the Lords of  
'the Manor were, by default of the several  
'Widows, forfeited to the Lord, and accordingly  
'would have enter'd on the Premises Upon  
'which the good Women demanded the *Beiefit*  
'of the Ram The Steward, after having perused  
'their several Pleas, adjourn'd the Court to Bar-  
'naby bright,<sup>3</sup> that they might live Day enough  
'before them

<sup>1</sup> See note to No 608

<sup>2</sup> See Nos 591, 602, 605, 614, and 625

<sup>3</sup> Then the 11th, now the 22nd of June, longest  
day of the year

'The Court being set, and filled with a great  
'Concourse of People, who came from all Parts  
'to see the Solemnity, the first who entered was  
'the Widow *Frontly*, who had made her Appearance  
'in the last Year's Cavalcade The Register  
'observes, that finding it an easy Pad-Ram, and  
'foreseeing she might have further Occasion for  
'it, she purchased it of the Steward

'Mrs Sarah Danty, Relief of Mr John  
'Dau ty, (who was the greatest Prude in the  
'Parish) came next in the Procession. She at  
'first made some Difficulty of taking the Tail in  
'her Hand, and was observed in pronouncing  
'the Form of Penance, to soften the two most  
'emphatical Words into *Cinecum Clancius* But  
'the Steward took care to make her speak plain  
'English before he would let her have her Land  
'again

'The third Widow that was brought to this  
'worldly Shame, being mounted upon a vicious  
'Ram, had the Misfortune to be thrown by him,  
'upon which she hoped to be excused from going  
'thro' the rest of the Ceremony But the Steward  
'being well versed in the Law, observed very  
'wisely upon this Occasion, that the breaking of  
'the Rope does not hinder the Execution of the  
'Criminal

'The fourth Lady upon Record was the Widow  
'Ogle, a famous Coquette, who had kept half a  
'Score young Fellows off and on for the Space of  
'two Years but having been more kind to her  
'Carter John, she was introduced with the Huzzar's  
'of all her Lovers about her

'Mrs Sable appearing in her Weeds, which  
'were very new and fresh, and of the same Colour  
'with her whimsical *Palfrey*, made a very decent  
'Figure in the Solemnity

'Another, who had been summoned to make  
'her Appearance, was excused by the Steward,  
'as well knowing in his Heart, that the good  
'Squire himself had qualified her for the Ram

'Mrs Quack having nothing to object against  
'the Indictment, pleaded her Belly But it was  
'remembered that she made the same Excuse the  
'Year before Upon which the Steward observ'd,  
'that she might so contrive it, as never to do the  
'Service of the Manor

'The Widow *Idget* being cited into Court,  
'insisted that she had done no more since the  
'Death of her Husband, than what she used to  
'do in his Life-time, and withal desir'd Mr  
'Steward to consider his own Wife's Case, if he  
'should chance to die before her

'The next in order was a Dowager of a very  
'corpulent Make, who would have been excused  
'as not finding any Ram that was able to carry  
'her upon which the Steward commuted her  
'Punishment, and ordered her to make her Entry  
'upon a black Ox

'The Widow *Maskwell*, a Woman who had  
'long lived with a most unblemished Character,  
'having turned off her old Chamber-maid in a  
'Pet, was by that revengeful Creature brought in  
'upon the black Ram Nine times the same Day

Several Widows of the Neighbourhood, being  
'brought upon their Trial, they shew'd that they  
'did not hold of the Manor, and were discharged  
'accordingly

A pretty young Creature who closed the Procession, came unbing in, with so bewitching an Air, that the Steward was oblig'd to cast a Sheep's Eye upon her, and married her within a Month after the Death of his Wife.

A B Mrs Teuchow appeared, according to Summons, but had nothing laid to her Charge having liv'd irreproachably since the Decree of her Husband who left her a Widow in the Sixty ninth Year of her Age

*I am, SIR, &c.*

No 624 ] WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24, 1714 [

*Audire, a'que legam jubes componere quibus  
An hic re mala, aut argenti flet amor  
Quisquis futura—* Hor

MANKIND is divided into two Parts, the Wise and the Idle. The Wise World may be divided into the Virtuous and the Vicious. The Vicious again into the Covetous, the Ambitious, and the Sensual. The idle Part of Mankind are in a State inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness, though often mispleeced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such Means, as shall be proposed to them for that End. The Idle, who are neither wise for this World nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr Tillotson, *Fools at large*. They propose to themselves no End, but run adrift with every Wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them since they would scarce take the Pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless Tribe with a long Harangue but will leave them with this short Saying of *Plato*, that *Labour is preferable to Idleness, as Bricks to a Nest*.

The Pursuits of the Active Part of Mankind, are either in the Paths of Religion and Virtue, or, on the other Hand, in the Roads to Wealth, Honours or Pleasure. I shall therefore compare the Pursuits of Avarice, Ambition and sensual Delight, with their opposite Virtues and shall consider which of these Principles engages Men in a Course of the greatest Labour, Suffering and Assiduity. Most Men, in their cool Reasonures, are willing to allow that a Course of Virtue will in the End be rewarded the most amply but represent the Way in it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that Men struggle through as many Troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy, my Readers may perhaps be persuaded to be Good, when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

*I first, for Avarice.* The Miser is more Industrious than the Saint. The Pains of getting, the Fears of losing, and the Inability of enjoying his Wealth have been the Mark of Styr in all Ages. Were his Repentance upon his Neglect of a good Bargain, his Sorrow for being over-reached his Hope of improving a Sum, and his Fear of falling into Want, directed to their proper Objects they would make so many different *Christian Graces* and Virtues. He may apply to himself a great Part of St Paul's Catalogue of Sufferings. In

journeying after in Perils of Water, in Perils of Robbers, in Perils among false Brethren. In Weary and Painful Labours, in Watchings often, in Hunger and Thirst, in Fastings of course. At him much less Expence might he lay up to himself Treasures in Heaven, or if I may in this Place, be allowed to add the Sizing of a great Philosopher he may *possess such Possessions, as fear neither Arms, nor Men, nor Jove himself*.

In the second Place if we look upon the Toils of Ambition, in the same Light as we have considered those of Avarice, we shall readily own that far less Trouble is requisite to gain lasting Glory, than the Power and Reputation of a few Years or in other Words, we may with more Ease deserve Honour, than obtain it. The Ambitious Man should remember Cardinal *Wolsey's* Complaint 'Had I served God with the same Application, wherewith I served my King, he would not have forsaken me in my old Age.' The Cardinal here softens his Ambition by the spurious Pretence of serving *His King*. Whereas his Wards in the proper Construction, imply, that if instead of being seduced by Ambition, he had been seduced by Religion, he should have now felt the Comforts of it, when the whole World turned its Back upon him.

*Thirdly,* Let us compare the Pains of the Sensual, with those of the Virtuous and see which are heavier in the Balance. It may seem strange, at the first View, that the Men of Pleasure should be desired to change their Course, because they lead a painful Life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of Delight under so many Disquiets, and the Sport of such various Passions let them answer, as they can, if the Pains they undergo, do not outweigh their Enjoyments. The Infideliities on the one Part between the two Sexes, and the Cruelties on the other the Debauchment of Reason, the Pangs of Expectation the Disappointments in Possession, the Stings of Remorse, the Vanities and Vexations attending even the most refined Delights that make up this Business of Life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no Man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared him self from it.

The Sum of all is this. Man is made an active Being. Whether he wall in the Paths of Virtue or Vice, he is sure to meet with many Difficulties to prove his Patience, and excite his Industry. The same if not greater Labour, is required in the Service of Vice and Folly, as of Virtue and Wisdom. And he hath this easy Choice left him, whether with the Strength he is Master of, he will purchase Happiness or Repentance.

No 625 ] FRIDAY, Nov. 26, 1714 [

*—amores  
A te re inditatur Uir—* Hor

THE *Learned Casuist* hath referred to me the following Letter of Queries, with his Answers to each Question, for my Approbation. I

have accordingly consider'd the several Matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratifie his Answers, and require the gentle Querist to conform her self thereunto

SIR,

'I was Thirteen the Ninth of November last, and must now begin to think of settling my self in the World, and so I would humbly beg your Advice, what I must do with Mr *Fondle*, who makes his Addresses to me. He is a very pretty Man, and hath the blackest Eyes and whitest Teeth you ever saw. Though he is but a younger Brother, he dresses like a Man of Quality, and no Body comes into a Room like him. I know he hath refused great Offers, and if he cannot Marry me, he will never have any Body else. But my Father hath forbid him the House, because he sent me a Copy of Verses, for he is one of the greatest Wits in Town. My eldest Sister, who, with her good Will, would call me *Miss* as long as I live, must be married before me, they say. She tells them, that Mr *Fondle* makes a Fool of me, and will spoil the Child, as she calls me, like a confident thing as she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr *Fondle*, if it be but to spite her. But because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your Answers to some Questions I will write down, and desire you to get them printed in the SPECTATOR, and I do not doubt but you will give such Advice, as, I am sure, I shall follow.

'When Mr *Fondle* looks upon me for half an Hour together, and calls me *Angel*, is he not in Love?

Answer, No

'May not I be certain he will be a kind Husband, that has promised me half my Portion in Pin money, and to keep me a Coach and Six in the Bargain.

No

'Whether I, who have been acquainted with him this whole Year almost, am not a better Judge of his Merit, than my Father and Mother, who never heard him talk, but at Table?

No

'Whether I am not old enough to chuse for my self?

No

'Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a Lock of his Hair?

No

'Shou'd not I be a very barbarous Creature if I did not pity a Man that is always Sighing for my Sake?

No

'Whether you would not advise me to run away with the poor Man?

No

'Whether you do not think, that if I won't have him, he won't drown himself?

No

'What shall I say to him the next time he asks me if I will marry him?

No

The following Letter requires neither Introduction, nor Answer

MR SPECTATOR,

'I wonder that in the present Situation of Affairs, you can take Pleasure in writing any thing but News for in a Word, who minds any thing else? The Pleasure of increasing in Knowledge, and learning something new every Hour of Life, is the noblest Entertainment of a Rational Creature. I have a very good Ear for a Secret, and am naturally of a communicative Temper, by which Means I am capable of doing you great Services in this way. In order to make my self useful, I am early in the Anti-chamber, where I thrust my Head into the thick of the Press, and catch the News, at the opening of the Door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the Beef-Eaters, and take the Buz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my Ear close to the Wall, and suck in many a valuable Whisper, as it runs in a straight Line from Corner to Corner. When I am weary with strutting, I repair to one of the neighbouring Coffee-houses where I sit sometimes for a whole Day, and have the News as it comes from Court fresh and fresh. In short, Sir, I spare no Pains to know how the World goes. A Piece of News loses its Flavour when it hath been an Hour in the Air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the Tree, and to convey it to my Friends before it is faded. Accordingly my Expences in Coach-hire make no small Article which you may believe, when I assure you, that I post away from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, and forestall the *Evening Post* by two Hours. There is a certain Gentleman who hath given me the slip twice or three, and hath been beforehand with me at *Child's*. But I have play'd him a Trick. I have purchas'd a pair of the best Coach horses I could buy for Money, and now let him out strip me if he can. Once more, Mr SPECTATOR, let me advise you to deal in News. You may depend upon my Assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty Letters to write.

Yours in haste,  
Tho Quid nunc

No 626 ] MONDAY, Nov 29, 1714 [Henry Grove.

—Dulcique animos novitate tenebo  
Ov Met l x

I HAVE seen a little Work of a learned Man, consisting of extemporary Speculations, which owed their Birth to the most trifling Occurrences of Life. His usual Method was, to write down any sudden Start of Thought which arose in his

2 Meditations, &c, by the Hon Robert Boyle

'Soul, sunk into the State of Sloth and Indolence, it is also necessary that there be an uncommon Pleasure annexed to the first Appearance of Truth in the Mind. This Pleasure being exquisite for the Time it lasts, but transient, it thereby comes to pass that the Mind grows into an Indifference to its former Notions, and passes on after new Discoveries, in hope of repeating the Delight. It is with Knowledge as with Wealth, the Pleasure of which lies more in making endless Additions, than in having a Review of our old Store. There are some Inconveniences that follow this Temper, if not guarded against particularly this, that through a too great Eagerness of something new we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a Question that requires some time to resolve it, or, which is worse, persuade our selves that we are Masters of the Subject before we are so, only to be at the Liberty of going upon a fresh Subject in Mr. Lock's Words, *We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the Conclusion*.

'A further Advantage of our Inclination for Novelty, as it present circumstances, is, that it annihilates all the boasted Distinctions among Mankind. Look not up with Envy to those above thee Sounding Titles, stately Buildings, fine Gardens, gilded Chariots, rich Equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the Possessor. So him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless things. They supply him not with brighter Images or more sublime Satisfaction than the plain Man may have, whose small Estate will just enable him to support the Charge of a simple unnumbered Life. He enters heedless into his Rooms of State, as you or I do under our poor Sheds. The noble Paintings and costly Furniture are lost on him he sees them not. As how can it be otherwise, when by Custom, a Familiar infinitely more grand and finish'd, that of the Universe stands unobserved by the Inhabitants, and the everlasting Lamps of Heaven are lighted up in vain, for any Notice that Mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only placed her Children originally upon a Level, but still, by the Strength of this Principle, in a great Measure preserves it, in spite of all the Care of a Man, to introduce artificial Distinctions.

'To add no more, Is not this Fondness for Novelty, which makes us out of Conceit with all we already have, a convincing Proof of a future State? Either Man was made in vain, or this is not the only World he was made for. For there cannot be a greater Instance of Vanity, than that to which Man is liable to be deluded from the Cradle to the Grave with fleeting Shadows of Happiness. His Pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the Possession, and fresh Enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his Life with Satisfaction. When I see Persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of Force to chain down the present Thought when I see them hurry from Country to Town, and then from the Town back again into the Country, continually shifting Postures, and placing Life in all the different Lights they can think of,

*'Surely, say I to my self, Life is vain, and the Man beyond Expression stupid or prejudic'd, who from the Variety of Life cannot gather, He is designed for Immortality*

No 627 ] WEDNESDAY, December 1, 1714 [

*Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumine fages  
Assidue rei lebat, ibi hac inco dita solus  
Montibus et Sylvis studio jactabat inani* —Virg.

THE following Account, which came to my Hands some time ago, may be no disagreeable Entertainment to such of my Readers, as have tender Hearts and nothing to do

#### MR SPECTATOR,

'A Friend of mine died of a Fever last Week, which he caught by calling too late in a dewy Evening amongst his Reapers. I must inform you that his greatest Pleasure was in Husbandry and Gardening. He had some Humours which seem'd inconsistent with that good Sense he was otherwise Master of. His Uneasiness in the Company of Women was very remarkable in a Man of such perfect Good breeding, and his avoiding one particular Walk in his Garden, where he had used to pass the greatest Part of his Time, rais'd abundance of idle Conjectures in the Village where he lived. Upon looking over his Papers we found out the Reason, which he never intimated to his nearest Friends. He was, it seems, a passionate Lover in his Youth, of which a large Parcel of Letters he left behind him are a Witness. I send you a Copy of the last he ever wrote upon that Subject, by which you will find that he concealed the true Name of his Mistress under that of Zehinda.

*A long Mr. M's Absence would be unsupportable to me if the Business I am employed in were not for the Service of my Zelmida, and of such a Nature as to place her every Moment in my Mind. I have often when the House exactly according to your Fancy, or, if you please, my own, for I have long since learnt to do nothing but what you do. The Apartment I designed for your Use is so exact a Copy of that which you live in, that I often sit in my self in your House as if I step into it, I sit when I find it without its proper Inhabitants. You will have the next delicious Prospect from your Closet when you sit at England as I do. I am sure I should mark it so, if the Land that shows such Variety did not at the same time suggest to me the Greatness of the Space that lies between us.*

*The Gardens are laid out very beautifully, I have dressed up every Hedge in Woodbine, sprinkled Bowers and Arbours in every Corner, and made a little Paradise round me. Yet I am still like the first Man in his Solitude, but half blest without a Partner in my Happiness. I have directed one Walk to be made for two Persons, where I promise ten thousand Satisfaction to my self in your Conversation. I already take my Evening's Turn in it, and have now a Path upon the Edge of this little Alley, while I soothed*

'Eternal Duration which I *ath* *beer*, or, if I may use the Philosophical Term, we may apprehend a *Potential* though not an *Actual* Eternity.

'This Notion of a future Eternity, which is natural to the Mind of Man, is an unanswerable Argument that he is a Being designed for it, especially if we consider that he is capable of being Virtuous or Vicious here, that he hath Faculties improvable to all Eternity, and by a proper or wrong Employment of them, may be happy or miserable thro' out that infinite Duration. Our Idea indeed of this Eternity is not of an adequate or fixed Nature, but it is perpetually growing, and extending itself toward the Object, which is too big for human Comprehension. As we are now in the Beginnings of Providence, so still we always appear to our selves as if we were for ever entering upon it. After a Million or two of Centuries, so we considerable Time, already past, may slip out of our Memory, which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful Manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a Sun or Planets. And yet, notwithstanding the long Race that we shall then have run we shall still imagine ourselves just starting from the Goal and find no Proportion between that Space which we know had a Beginning, and what we are sure will never have an End.

'But I shall leave this Subject to your Management, and question not but you will throw it into such Light as shall at once improve and entertain your Reader.

'I have enclosed you a Translation of the Speech of *Cato* on this Occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my Hands, and which for Correctness, Purity, and Elegance of Phrase, cannot be sufficiently admired.

I am, &c

No 6-E] FRIDAY, Decem<sup>r</sup> 3. 1714 [

*Lat tui et label iratum nemo'k hinc in* —Hor

MR SPECTATOR,

'Till I am aware none of your Speculations which please me more than those upon Infinity and Eternity. You have already considered that Part of Eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your Thoughts upon that which is to come.

'Your Readers will perhaps receive greater Pleasure from this View of Eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a Concern in that which is to come. Whereas a Speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

'Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for success and Duration never to have an End though as you have justly observed that Eternity which never had a Beginning is altogether incomprehensible. That is, we can conceive an Eternal Duration which may be, though we cannot see.

No. 565, 571, 580, and 590

# ACT V SCEN I

CATO solus, &c

*Sic, s c se habere rem necesse prorens est,*  
*Katione n eis, do hulus n amis, Plato*  
*Quid enim edidisset, Quic de dit frustra n' il,*  
*Et terni'alis irsilon eip' tmeia*  
*Na'um' Quers: rre dulus Expectatio,*  
*Vit eque noi exph'ia n cloris s i s'*  
*Quia n ill s ali id ste redem: in nihil*  
*Hora: sub uis quon que a nus p'cordi s i*  
*Eur terra in se r' lucit n in n, cur t'ram*  
*Attenu: q' o'ies n or'e e fereat, fin et i*  
*Particula i eu fe est cuip e: as ei ti urdi'a*  
*D' mior, que corpus molei s agit,*  
*Homin, ne succinit, Tria est A'ter itas,*  
*E'ternitas! O lubricum nimis aspic,*  
*Maxim que dulcis Gaudium fern idine?*

*Q' or den igratitur alia hui e n corpora?*  
*Que Terra n'ox inregi'ia? Quis orbis o'nis*  
*Ala ut n colet d'us? Quanta erit i'itatio?*  
*Hic n tuer ti spatia mihi quaquid patet*  
*Immer sa Sed caten' o'ra noa p'ren it,*  
*Nec luce claud vult uideri in g'ula*  
*I scendus h'it f'is, cetera sui t'be haet: us*

'By Mr. afterwards Dr. Hland, who became Provost of Lton and Dean of Durham



*Si quod gubernet Nuncium Humanum genus,  
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)  
Virtute non gaudere certè non potest  
Nec esse non Beata, quæ gaudet, potest  
Sed quæ Beata sede? Quove in tempore?  
Hæc quanta quantæ terra, tota est Cæsaris  
Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevis  
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet Ardua en in-  
duor*

Ensi numerum admovens,

*In utraque partem facta, quæque non inferant,  
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem,  
Vulnus sinistra Vulnus hæc dabit manus,  
Altera medellam vulneris Hic ad exitum  
Deducet, ictu simplici, hæc velant ictu  
Secura videt anima rinceris immas,  
Ensesque strictos, inferre nescia.  
Extinguet alas sidera durtuor  
Ætate languens ipse Sol, obscurus  
Emittit Orbi consenscenti iubar  
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices  
Ætatis, annis ipsa deficiet gravis  
At tibi juvenitas, at tibi immortalitas,  
Tibi paria Divinæ est vita Perment immus  
Elementa sese, et interibunt ictibus  
Tu perennabis sola semper integra,  
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,  
Tam fortu in ipso tuta, contemplabere  
Compagne rupta, corruent in se ruinas,  
Orbesque fractis ingeret tur orbibus,  
Illæsa in sedibus extra Fragmæ a*

# ACT V SCENE I

CATO alone, &c

It must be so — *Plato*, thou reason'st well —  
Else whence thus pleasing Hope, thus fond Desire,  
Thus Longing after Immortality?  
Or whence thus secret Dread, and inward Horror,  
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul  
Back on her self, and starts at Destruction?  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us  
'Tis Heaven it self, that points out an Here-after,  
And intimates Eternity to Man  
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!  
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,  
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we  
pass!

The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lies before me.  
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold! If there's a Pow'r above us,  
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue  
And that which he delights in, must be happy  
But when! or where! — This World was made  
for *Cæsar*

I'm weary of Conjectures — This must end 'em  
[Laying his Hand on his Sword]

Thus am I doubly arm'd my Death and Life,  
My Bane and Antidote are both before me  
This in a Moment brings me to an End  
But This informs me I shall never die  
The Soul, secur'd in her Existence smiles  
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point  
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself  
Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years

But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,  
Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,  
The Wrecks of Matter and the Crush of Worlds

No 629] MONDAY, December 6, 1714 [

Experiar quid concedatur in illos,  
Quorum Flammula legitur cinis atque Latina Jun

NEXT to the People who want a Place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for one. A plain Answer, with a Denial in it, is look'd upon as Pride, and a civil Answer as a Promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the Pretensions of People upon these Occasions. Every thing a Man hath suffered, whilst his Enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the Malice of the opposite Party. A bad Cause would not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the Bench, nor a profligate Youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every Night by toasting an outed Ministry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a Court of Justice for a Præsumptuousness, desired upon the Merit of it to be made a Justice of Peace when his Friends came into Power and shall never forget a Whig Criminal, who, upon being indicted for a Rape, told his Friends, *You see what a Man suffers for sticking to his Principles*.

The Truth of it is, the Sufferings of a Man in a Party are of a very doubtful Nature. When they are such as have promoted a good Cause, and fallen upon a Man undeserv'dly, they have a Right to be heard and recompens'd beyond any other Pretensions. But when they rise out of Rashness or Indiscretion, and the Pursuit of such Measures as have rather ruin'd, than promoted the Interest they aim at, (which hath always been the Case of many great Sufferers) they only serve to recommend them to the Children of Violence or Folly.

I have by me a Bundle of Memorials presented by several Cavaliers upon the Restauration of *King Charles II* which may serve as so many Instances, to our present Purpose.

Among several Persons and Pretensions recorded by my Author, he mentions one of a very great Estate, who, for having roasted an Ox whole, and distributed a Hog'shead upon *King Charles's* Birth-day, desired to be provided for, as his Majesty in his great Wisdom shall think fit. Another put in to be *Prince Henry's* Governor, for having dared to drink his Health in the worst of Times.

A Third petitioned for a Colonel's Commission, for having Curs'd *Oliver Cromwell*, the Day before his Death, on a publick Bowling Green.

But the most whimsical Petition I have met with is that of *B. B. Esq.* who desired the Honour of Knighthood, for having Cuel'd old Sir *T. W.* a notorious Roundhead.

There is likewise the Petition of one, who having let his Beard grow from the Martyrdom of *King Charles the First*, till the Restauration of *King*

*Of* the Second, desired, in Consideration thereof to be made a Privy Counsellor.

I must not omit a Memorial setting forth, that the Memorialist had, with great dispatch carried a Letter from a certain Lord to a certain Lord, wherein as it afterwards appeared Messieurs were concerted for the Restoration, and without which he verily believes that happy Revolution had never been effected who thereupon humbly prays to be made Post Master General.

A certain Gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of Spirit and uses the Words *Gallantry and Gentlen*. He very often in his Petition, begs that in Consideration of his having worn his Hat for ten Years past in the Royal Cavalier-Cock, to his great Danger and Detriment he may be made a Captain of the Grunds. I shall close my Account of this Collection of Memorials with the Copy of one Petition at length, which I recommend to my Reader as a very valuable Piece.

*The Letter of J. H. Esq., Junr. to Sheweth,*

"THAT your Petitioner Father's Brother's Uncle, Colonel H. lost the third Finger of his Left Hand at *Id est* Fight.

"That your Petitioner, notwithstanding the Smallness of his Fortune (he being a younger Brother) always kept Hospitality and drank Consequence to the Knights in half a Score. Humpers every *Swag* in the Year, as several honest Gentlemen (whose Names are underwritten) are ready to testify.

"That your Petitioner is remarkable in his Country for being, dared to treat Sir P. P. a "cruel Requestrator, and three Members of the "Embly of Divines with drawn and Minced "Pies upon *New Years Day*.

"That your said humble Petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several County Gaols, for having been a Ring leader in five different Riots into which his Zeal for the Royal Cause hurried him when men of greater Estates had not the Courage to rise.

"That he the said J. H. hath had six Duels and four and twenty Boxing Matches in Defence of his Majesty's Title and that he received such a Blow upon the Head at a house in *Stratford* upon *Avon* as he hath been never the better for from that Day to this.

"That your Petitioner hath been so far from improving his Fortune, in the late damnable Times that he verily believes, and hath good Reason to imagine, that if he had been Master of an Estate, he had infallibly been plundered and sequestered.

"Your Petitioner in Consideration of his said Merits and Sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the Place of Receiver of the Taxes, Collector of the Customs, Clerk of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for.

*And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.*

No 630 ] WEDNESDAY, Dec 8, 1714 [

*Far ete in gnu*— Hor

HAVING no spare Time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following Letters.

*SIR,*

*Oxford, Novemb 22*

"If you would be so kind to me, as to suspend that Satisfaction, which the Learned World must receive in reading one of your Speculations, by publishing this Ladventure, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the Boldness to hope, that he may be admitted into the number of your Correspondents.

"I have often wondered to hear Men of good Sense and good Nature profess a Dislike to Music, when, at the same time, they do not scruple to own, that it has the most agreeable and improving Influences over their Mind. It seems to me an unhappy Contradiction, that those Persons should have an Indifference for an Art, which rises in them such a Variety of sublime Measures.

"However though some few, by their own or the unreasonable Prejudices of others, may be led into a Distaste for those Musical Societies which are erected merely for Entertainment, yet sure I may venture to say that no one can have the least Reason for Disaffection to that solemn kind of Melody which consists of the Prises of our Creator.

"You have, I presume, already prevented me in an Argument upon this Occasion (which some Divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater) that Musical Sacrifice and Adoration has claimed a Place in the Laws and Customs of the most different Nations As the *Greeks* and *Romans* of the Prophane, the *Jews* and *Christians* of the Sacred World did so unanimously agree in this as they disagreed in all other Parts of their Oeconomy.

"I know there are not wanting some who are of Opinion that the pompous kind of Music which is in Use in foreign Churches is the most excellent, as it most affects our Senses. But I am swayed by my Judgment to the Modesty which is observed in the musical Part of our Devotions. Methinks there is something very admirable in the Custom of a *Voluntary* before the first Lesson, by this we are supposed to be prepared for the Admission of those Divine Truths, which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly Regards from off our Hearts, all tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the Soul but Peace and Tranquillity. So that in this short Office of Praise the Man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the Joys of Futurity.

"I have heard some nice Observers frequently commend the Policy of our Church in this Particular, that it leads us on by such easy and regular Methods, that we are perfectly deceived into Piety. When the Spirits begin to languish

'(as they too often do) with a constant Series of Petitions, she takes care to allow them a pious Respite, and relieves them with the Raptures of an Anthem Nor can we doubt that the sublimest Poetry softened in the most moving Strains of Musick, can ever fail of humbling or exalting the Soul to any Pitch of Devotion Who can hear the Terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the most expressive Melody, without being awed into a Veneration? or who can hear the kind and endearing Attributes of a merciful Father, and not be softened into Love towards him!

'As the rising and sinking of the Passions, the casting soft or noble Hints into the Soul, is the natural Privilege of Musick in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the Altar Those Impressions which it leaves upon the Spirits are more deep and lasting, as the Grounds from which it receives its Authority are founded more upon Reason It diffuses a Calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest Thoughts which would be an hindrance to us in the Performance of that great Duty of Thanksgiving, which as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable Return which can be made for those infinite Stores of Blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his Creatures When we make Use of this pathetic Method of addressing our selves to him, we can scarce contain from Raptures! The Heart is wined with a Sublimity of Goodness We are all Piety and all Love!

'How do the Blessed Spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking Man prostrating his Soul to his dread Sovereign in such a Warmth of Piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

'I shall close these Reflections with a Passage taken out of the Third Book of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, where those harmonious Beings are thus nobly described

*Then Crown'd again, their Gold'n Harps they took,*

*Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
Like Quivers I ung, and with Peanble sweet  
Of Charming Symphony they introduce  
The Sacred Song, and waken Raptures high,  
No one exempt, no Voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such Concord as in Heav'n*

MR SPECTATOR,

'The Town cannot be unacquainted, that in divers Parts of it there are vociferous Setts of Men who are called *Rattling Clubs*, but what shocks me most is, they have now the Front to invade the Church and institute these Societies there, as a Clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of Insolence, as has given the Parition where they reside in a Church near one of the City Gates, the Denomination of the *Rattling Pew* These gay Fellows, from humble Lay Professions, set up for Criticks without

'any Tincture of Letters or Reading, and have the Vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the Parson, which may be formed into Ridicule

'It is needless to observe, that the Gentlemen who every Sunday have the hard Province of instructing these Wretches in a way they are in no present Disposition to take have a fixt Character for Learning and Eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak Efforts of this contemptible Part of their Audiences Whether the Pulpit is taken by these Gentlemen, or any Strangers their Friends, the way of the Club is this If any Sentiments are delivered too Sublime for their Conception if any uncommon Topic is entered on, or one in use new modified with the finest Judgment and Dexterity, or any controverted Point be never so elegantly handled, in short whatever surpasses the narrow Limits of their Theology, or is not suited to their Taste, they are all immediately upon their Watch, fixing their Eyes upon each other, with as much Warmth as our Gladiators of *Hockley in the Hole*, and waiting like them for a Hit if one touches, all take Fire, and their Noddles instantly meet in the Centre of the Pew, then, as by beat of Drum, with exact Discipline, they rear up into a full length of Stature, and with odd Looks and Gesticulations confer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the Discourse, and during the After-Prism, as is not to be silenced but by the Bells Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their Noise through all the Church, by Signals given to the adjoining Seats, where others designed for this Fraternity are sometimes placed upon Tryal to receive them

'The Folly as well as Rudeness of this Practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the Sermon is lost for whenever our Sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so Tumultuous that no After Explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an Account thereof If any thing really Novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of Duty, Men of less Levity than these would be led by a natural Curiosity to hear the whole

'Laughter, where things Sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than Whining at a Conventicle, the last has at least a Semblance of Grace, and where the Affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome Lessons on the Sincere but the first has no Excuse, breaking through all the Rules of Order and Decency, and manifesting a Remissness of Mind in those important Matters, which require the strictest Composure and Steadiness of Thought, A Proof of the greatest Folly in the World

'I shall not here enter upon the Veneration due to the Sanctity of the Place, the Reverence owing the Minister, or the Respect that so great an Assembly as a whole Parish may justly claim I shall only tell them, that as the *Spanish Cobar*, to reclaim a profligate Son, bid him *have some regard to the Dignity of his Family*, so they as Gentlemen (for we Citizens assume to

<sup>1</sup> A Proclamation appeared the day before this Paper, ordaining a Thanksgiving for King George's Accession to be observed on the 20th of January

Where can unpolish'd Nature boast a Piece,  
In all her Mossie Cells exact as This?  
At the gay parts color'd Scene we start,  
Her Chance too regular, too rude for Art

Ci arm'd with the sight, my polish'd Breast is  
fr'd  
With Hints like those which ancient Bards in-  
spird,  
All the feign'd Tal's by Superstition told,  
All the bright Train of sacred Nymphs of Old,  
Th' ent'ringst of Musicians are true,  
Thanks be to Spots sacred, and its Genius You  
Lost in such Rap'are, you'd not have said disclose,  
How by degrees the pleasing Wonder rose  
In dustrio is in a faithful Verse to trace  
The various beauties of the lovely Place  
And while she keeps the glowing Work in View,  
Thro' every Mass thy Artful Hand pursue

Oh were I equal to the bold Design,  
Or could I boast such happy Art as This I  
I could ride Shells in such sweet Order place,  
Give common Objects such uncommon Grace!  
Like them my well-chosen Words in every Line,  
As sweetly temper'd should as sweetly shine  
So just a Fancy should my Numbers warn,  
Like the gay Piece should the Description charm  
Then with superior Strength my Voice I'd  
raise  
The echoing Grotto should approve my Lay,  
Pleased to reflect the well-sung Founder's  
Praise

No 633 ] WEDNESDAY, Dec 15, 1714 [Z Pearce

*Omnia profecto, cum a caelestibus rebus referret  
ad humanas, excelsum magnificumque et  
direct et sentiet — Cicero*

THE following Discourse is printed, as it came  
to my Hands, without Variation

Cambridge, Dec 12  
'Twas a very common Enquiry among the  
'Ancients why the Number of excellent Orators,  
'under all the Encouragements the most flourish-  
'ing States could give them, fell so far short of  
'the Number of those who excelled in all other  
'Sciences. A Friend of mine used merrily to  
'apply to this Case an Observation of *Herodotus*,  
'who says, That the most useful Animals are the  
'most fruitful in their Generation whereas the  
'Species of those Beasts that are fierce and mis-  
'chievous to Mankind are but scarcely continued.  
'The Historian instances in a Hare, which always  
'either breeds or brings forth and a Lioness  
'which brings forth but once, and then loses all  
'Power of Conception. But, leaving my Friend  
'to his Mirth, I am of Opinion, that in these latter  
'Ages we have greater Cause of Complaint than  
'the Ancients had. And since that solemn Festival  
'is approaching which calls for all the Power of  
'Oratory and which affords as noble a Subject  
'for the Pulpit as any Revelation has taught us,  
'the Design of this Paper shall be to show, that  
'our Moderns have greater Advantages towards

'true and solid Eloquence, than any which the  
'celebrated Speakers of Antiquity enjoy'd

'The first great and substantial Difference is,  
'that their Common Places, in which almost the  
'whole Force of Amplification consists were drawn  
'from the Profit or Honesty of the Action as they  
'regarded only this present State of Duration  
'But Christianity, as it exalts Morality to a  
'greater Perfection, as it brings the Considera-  
'tion of another Life into the Question as it pro-  
'poses Rewards and Punishments of a higher  
'Nature, and a longer Continuance, is more  
'adapted to affect the Minds of the Audience,  
'naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines  
'its greatest Interest and Concern. If *Pericles*,  
'as Historians report, could shake the firmest  
'Resolutions of his Hearers, and set the Passions  
'of all Greece in a Ferment, when the present  
'Welfare of his Country, or the Fear of hostile  
'Invasions, was the Subject. What may be ex-  
'pected from that Orator, who warns his Audi-  
'ence against those Evils which have no Remedy,  
'when once undergones, either from Prudence or  
'Time. As much greater is the Evils in a future  
'State are than these at present so much are  
'the Motives to Persuasion under Christianity  
'greater than in those which meer moral Consider-  
'ations could supply us with. But what I now  
'mention relates only to the Power of moving  
'the Affections. There is another Part of Elo-  
'quence, which is indeed its Master-piece. I  
'mean the Marvellous or Sublime. In this the  
'Christian Orator has the Advantage beyond Con-  
'tradiction. Our Ideas are so infinitely enlarged  
'by Revelation, the Eye of Reason has so wide  
'a Prospect into Eternity, the Notions of a Deity  
'are so worthy and refined, and the Accounts we  
'have of a State of Happiness or Misery so clear  
'and evident that the Contemplation of such  
'Objects will give our Discourse a noble Vigour,  
'an invincible Force, beyond the Power of any  
'human Consideration. Truly requires in his  
'Perfect Orator some Skill in the Nature of  
'Heavenly Bodies, because, says he, his Mind  
'will become more extensive and unconfined,  
'and when he descends to treat of human Affairs,  
'he will both think and write in a more exalted  
'and magnificent Manner. For the same Reason  
'that excellent Master would have recommended  
'the Study of those great and glorious Myste-  
'ries which Revelation has discovered to us, to  
'which the noblest Parts of this System of the  
'World are so much inferior, is the Creature is  
'less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and  
'most knowing among the Heathens had very  
'poor and imperfect Notions of a future State  
'They had indeed some uncertain Hopes, either  
'received by Tradition, or gathered by Reason,  
'that the Existence of virtuous Men would not be  
'determined by the Separation of Soul and Body.  
'But they either disbelieved a future State of  
'Punishment and Misery, or upon the same Ac-  
'count that *Apelles* painted *Antigonus* with one  
'Side only towards the Spectator, that the Loss  
'of his Eye might not cast a Blemish upon the  
'whole Piece so these represented the Condition  
'of Man in its fairest View, and endeavour'd to  
'conceal what they thought was a Deformity to

'human Nature I have often observed, that whenever the abovementioned Orator in his Philosophical Discourses is led by his Argument to the Mention of Immortality, he seems like one awaked out of Sleep, rous'd and alarm'd with the Dignity of the Subject, he stretches his Imagination to conceive something uncommon, and with the greatness of his Thoughts, casts as it were, a Glory round the Sentence Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with the Contemplation of it. And nothing but such a Glorious Prospect could have forced so great a Lover of Truth, as he was, to declare his Resolution never to part with his Persuasion of Immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all that Christianity has brought to Light, how would he have lavished out all the Force of Eloquence in those noblest Contemplations which humane Nature is capable of, the Resurrection and the Judgment that follows it? How had his Breast glow'd with Pleasure, when the whole Compass of Futurity lay open and expos'd to his View? How would his Imagination have hurried him on in the Pursuit of the Mysteries of the Incarnation? How would he have enter'd, with the Force of Lightning, into the Affections of his Hearers, and fixed their Attention, in spite of all the Opposition of corrupt Nature, upon those glorious Themes which his Eloquence hath painted in such lively and lasting Colours?

This Advantage Christians have, and it was with no small Pleasure I lately met with a Fragment of *Longinus*, which is preserv'd, as a Testimony of that Critic's Judgment, at the Beginning of a Manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican Library. After that Author has number'd up the most celebrated Orators among the *Grecians*, he says, *Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the Patron of an Opinion not yet fully proved*. As a Heathen, he condemns the Christian Religion and, as an impartial Critic, he judges in Favour of the Promoter and Preacher of it. To me it seems, that the latter Part of his Judgment adds great Weight to his Opinion of St. Paul's Abilities, since, under all the Prejudice of Opinions directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the Merit of that Apostle. And, no doubt, such as *Longinus* describes St. Paul, such he appeared to the Inhabitants of those Countries which he visited and blessed with those Doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred Story gives us, in one Circumstance, a convincing Proof of his Eloquence, when the Men of *Lysia* called him *Mercury*, because he was the chief Speaker, and would have paid Divine Worship to him, as to the God who invented and presided over Eloquence. This one Account of our Apostle sets his Character, consider'd as an Orator only, above all the celebrated Relations of the Skill and Influence of *Demosthenes* and his Contemporaries. Their Power in Speaking was admir'd, but still it was thought human. Their Eloquence warn'd and ravish'd the Hearers, but still it was thought the Voice of Man, not the Voice of God. What Advantage then had St. Paul above those of *Græce*, or *Rome*? I con-

less I can ascribe this Excellence to nothing but the Power of the Doctrines he deliver'd, which may have still the same Influence on the Hearers, which have still the Power, when preached by a skilful Orator, to make us break out in the same Expressions, as the Disciples who met our Saviour in their Way to *Emmaus*, made use of, *Did not our Hearts burn within us, when he talked to us by the Way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?* I may be thought bold in my Judgment by some, but I must affirm That no one Orator has left us so visible Marks and Footsteps of his Eloquence as our Apostle. It may perhaps be wonder'd at, that in his Reasonings upon Idolatry at *Athens*, where Eloquence was born and flourish'd, he confines himself to strict Argument only, but my Reader may remember what many Authors of the best Credit have assured us, That all Attempts upon the Affections and Strokes of Oratory were expressly forbidden, by the Laws of that Country, in Courts of Judicature. His want of Eloquence therefore here, was the Effect of his exact Conformity to the Laws. But his Discourse on the Resurrection to the *Corinthians*, his Harangue before *Agrippa* upon his own Conversion and the Necessity of that of others, are truly Great, and may serve as full Examples to those excellent Rules for the Sublime, which the best of Critics has left us. The Sum of all this Discourse is, That our Clergy have no farther to look for an Example of the Perfection they may arrive at, than to St. Paul's Harangues that when he, under the Want of several Advantages of Nature (as he himself tells us) was heard, admir'd, and made a Standard to succeeding Ages by the best Judge of a different Persuasion in Religion, I say our Clergy may learn, That, however instructive their Sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great Addition which St. Paul has given them a noble Example of, and the Christian Religion has furnished them with certain Means of attaining to

No 634.] FRIDAY, December 27, 1714 [

Ὁ ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἐγγίστα Σεῶν  
Socrates apud Xen

IT was the common Boast of the Heathen Philosophers, that by the Efficacy of their several Doctrines, they made Humane Nature resemble the Divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several Means they proposed for this End, it must be owned that the Design was great and glorious. The finest Works of Invention and Imagination are of very little Weight, when put in the Balance with what refines and exalts the rational Mind. *Longinus* excuses *Homer* very handsomely, when he says the Poet made his Gods like Men, that he might make his Men appear like the Gods. But it must be allowed that several of the ancient Philosophers acted, as *Cicero* wishes *Homer* had done they endeavour'd rather to make Men like Gods, than Gods like Men.

According to this general Maxim in Philosophy, some of them have endeavour'd to please Men in such a State of Pleasure, or Indolence at least, as they vainly imagin'd the Happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other Hand, the most virtuous Sect of Philosophers have created a chimerical wise Man, whom they made exempt from Passion and Pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him All-sufficient.

His last Character, when divested of the Glare of Human Philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more, than that a Good and Wise Man should so arm himself with Patience, as not to yield tamely to the Violence of Passion and Pain, that he should learn so to suppress and contract his Desires, as to have few Wants, and that he should cherish so many Virtues in his Soul, as to have a perpetual Source of Pleasure in himself.

The Christian Religion requires, that, after having framed the last Idea, we are able, of the Divine Nature, it should be our next Care to conform ourselves to it, as far as our Imperfections will permit. I might mention several Passages in the sacred Writings on this Head, to which I might add many Maxims and wise Sayings of Moral Authors among the *Greeks and Romans*.

I shall only instance a remarkable Passage, to this Purpose, out of *Julius Caesar's* Life. The Emperor having represented all the *Roman* Emperors, with *Alexander the Great*, as passing in Review before the Gods, and striving for the Supremacy, lets them all drop excepting *Alexander, Julius Caesar, Augustus Caesar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius*, and *Constantine*. Each of these great Heroes of Antiquity lays in his Claim for the upper Place, and, in Order to it, sets forth his Actions after the most advantageous Manner. But the Gods instead of being dazzled with the Lustre of their Actions, enquire, by *Mercury*, into the proper Motive and governing Principle that influenced them throughout the whole Series of their Lives and Exploits. *Alexander* tells them, That his Aim was to conquer. *Julius Caesar*, that his was to gain the highest Post in his Country. *Augustus*, to govern well. *Trajan*, That his was the same as that of *Alexander*, namely, To conquer. The Question, at length, was put to *Marcus Aurelius*, who replied, with great Modesty, That if *I had always been his Care to imitate the Gods*. This Conduct seems to have gained him the most Votes and best Place in the whole Assembly. *Marcus Aurelius* being afterwards asked to explain himself declares, That, by imitating the Gods, he endeavour'd to imitate them in the Use of his Understanding, and of all other Faculties, and, in particular, That it was always his Study to have as few Wants as possible in himself, and to do all the Good he could to others.

Among the many Methods by which Revealed Religion has advanced Morality, this is one, That it has given us a more just and perfect Idea of that Being whom every reasonable Creature ought to imitate. The young Man, in a Heathen Comedy, might justify his Lewdness by the Example of *Jupiter*, as, indeed, there was scarce any Crime that might not be countenanced by those Notions of the Duty which prevailed among the common

People in the Heathen World. Revealed Religion sets forth a proper Object for Imitation, in that Being who is the Pattern, as well as the Source, of all spiritual Perfection.

While we remain in this Life, we are subject to innumerable Temptations, which, if listen'd to, will make us deviate from Reason and Goodness, the only Things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next Life we meet with nothing to excite our Inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my Reader with this Maxim, viz. *Our Happiness in this World proceeds from the Suppression of our Desires, but in the next World from the Gratification of them*.

No 635 ] MONDAY, Dec 20, 1714 [Henry Grove

*Sentio Te sedem Hominum ac Domum contemplarique si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc celestia semper Spectato, illa humana contentis nilo* — Cicero Somn. Scip.

THE following Essay comes from the ingenious Author of the Letter upon *Notion*, printed in a late *Spectator*. The Notions are drawn from the *Platonick* way of Thinking, but as they contribute to raise the Mind, and may inspire noble Sentiments of our own future Grandeur and Happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the Publick.

If the Universe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make Trial of his Omnipotence, to be inform'd what Effects were within its Reach. The World as existing in his eternal Idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being, and in the immense Abyss of his Essence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever set forth to View, it being impossible that the great Author of Nature should bound his own Power by giving Existence to a System of Creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will. Between finite and Infinite there is an unmeasured Interval, not to be filled up in endless Ages, for which Reason, the most excellent of all God's Works must be equally short of what his Power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same Ease.

This I thought hath made some imagine, (what, it must be confess'd, is not impossible) that the unfathom'd Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger still inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my present View, I shall content my self with taking Notice, that the Consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the Ideal Worlds in the Divine Understanding yield a Prospect incomparably more ample, various and delightful than any Created World can do. And that therefore as it is not to be supposed that God should make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diversified, or inhabited only by Creatures

of no higher in Order than Brutes, so the End for which he designed his reasonable Offspring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy, having, to this Purpose, endowed them with correspondent Faculties and Desires. He can have no greater Pleasure from a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas, but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of it, and, for whose Entertainment, he hath erected this immense Theatre. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when considered as on his Probation for a happy Existence hereafter is the most remarkable Instance of Divine Wisdom if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable Composition in the whole Creation. He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Master of, and an unsatisfied Curiosity to tread the secret Paths of Nature and Providence. But, with this, his Organs, in their present Structure, are rather fitted to serve the Necessities of a vile Body, than to minister to his Understanding and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Guesses concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompass him, which, tho' in themselves of a prodigious Bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote Spices of the Heavens and, when with a great deal of Time and Pains he hath laboured a little way up the steep Ascent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment, his Foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in Justice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man shall be better situated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World and be accommodated with Senses, and other Helps for making the quickest and most amazing Discoveries. How doth such a Genius as Sir Isaac Newton, from amidst the Darkness that involves human Understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species? The vast Machine, we inhabit, lies open to him, he seems not unacquainted with the general Laws that govern it, and while with the Transport of a Philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of prying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the Prospect even of such a Mind? and how obscure to the Compass that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel, or of a Soul but newly escaped from its Imprisonment in the Body! For my Part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur, it pleases me to think that I who know so small a portion of the Works of the Creator, and with slow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, shall ere long shoot away with the Swiftiness of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Career, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and Moral Worlds, visit the several Apartments of the Crea-

tion, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the Order, and measure the Magnitudes, and Distances of those Orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular Design, and set all in the same Circle, observe the Dependence of the Parts of each System, and (if our Minds are big enough to grasp the Theory) of the several Systems upon one another, from whence results the Harmony of the Universe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous Ambition for besides the secret Refreshment it diffuses through my Soul, it engages me in an Endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reasonable Beings, and the Hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station.

The other, and that the Ultimate End of Man, is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wish. Dim it best are the Conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suspence, neither discovering, nor hiding himself by which Means, the Libertine hath a Handle to dispute his Existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not a Time come, when the Free thinker shall see his impious Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates, when deluded Mortals shall be convinced of the Folly of their Pursuits, and the few Wise who followed the Guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the Blandishments of Sense and the sordid Bribery of the World, aspired to a celestial Abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost Wish in the Vision of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient Glances of his Presence. When, in the Instant it thinks it self to have the fastest hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the Ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of Mutual Intelligence, unless immersed in Bodies, or by their Intervention? Must superior Natures depend on inferior for the main Privilege of sociable Beings, that of conversing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had Matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Substances are of a nobler Order, so be sure, their manner of Intercourse is answerably more expeditious and intimate. This method of Communication, we call Intellectual Vision, as somewhat Analogous to the Sense of Seeing, which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this visible World. And in some such way can God make himself the Object of immediate Intuition to the Blessed and as he can, 'tis not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the Circumstances of doing it, to the Weakness and Proportion of finite Minds. His Works but faintly reflect the Image of his Perfections 'tis a Second-hand Knowledge. To have a just Idea of him, it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? 'Tis something, that never entered

into the Heart of Man to conceive yet what we can easily conceive, will be a Fountain of Unspeakable, of Everlasting Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Presence. Perhaps it will be my Happiness to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the Divine Mind, perhaps, to view the original Plan of

those wise Designs that have been executing in a long Succession of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Work, and contemplating their Author! how shall I fall prostrate and adoring my body swallowed up in the Immensity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinitude of his Perfections.

### ADDITIONAL NOTES

To No 123.—The following letter, dated July 21, 1777, was sent by Addison to his friend Mr Worley Montagu, with No 123 of the *Spectator*

'Dear Sir,

'Being very well pleased with this day's *Spectator* I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of £200 per ann, an estate in the Indies of £14,000, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my last piece from me too to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk in evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you if I knew where. Lady Belasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you

I am, Dear Sir,  
Yours eternally

To Nos 453 461, and 465.—The *Retrospective Review*, vol xi for 1825, in a cordially appreciative review of the writings of Marvell, says, 'Captain Thompson was a very incorrect and injudicious editor of Marvell's works. A very contemptible charge of plagiarism is also preferred by the editor against Addison for the insertion of three hymns in the *Spectator*, Nos 453, 461, and 465, no proof whatever is vouchsafed that they belong to Marvell, and the hymn inserted in the *Spectator*, No 461, "When Israel freed

'from Pharaoh's land" is now known to be the noble composition of Dr Watts.' Captain Edward Thompson's edition of Marvell in 3 volumes quarto was printed for the editor in 1776. His great blunder was immediately discovered in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1776, and February, 1777 where it was shown for example that Dr Watts had chanted and transferred his version of the 114th Psalm (which Captain Thompson supposed to have been chanted by 'Uchiel') to his volume of *Dr Watts Psalms and Hymns*, published in 1739. In the preface to that volume Dr Watts wrote, 'Where I have used three or four lines together of any author I have acknowledged it in the notes.' He did make frequent acknowledgment of lines or thoughts taken from other poets in *Psalms* 6, 21 63 104 139. But in a note to Ps 114 he absolutely spoke of the work as his own. Now the ground upon which Thompson ascribed this piece to Marvell is precisely that on which he also ascribed to Marvell Addison's poems in Nos 453 and 465 of the *Spectator*. He found them all in the latter part of a book of extracts of which he said that the first part was in Marvell's handwriting and the rest copied by his order. It is very doubtful whether even the first part of the MS book, containing verse of Marvell's, was really in Marvell's handwriting and that the part written later was copied by his order is an unfounded assumption. Captain Thompson said of the MS book that it was many years in the care of Mr Nettleton and communicated to the editor by Mr Thomas Raikes.—Probably it was Mr Nettleton who in his youth had added to the book copies of Addison's and Dr Watts's verses from the *Spectator*, and Millet's version of the old ballad of William and Margaret all of which pieces Captain Edward Thompson therefore supposed to have been written by Marvell.



# TRANSLATIONS OF THE MOTTOS

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| <p>No<br/>1 HOR Ars Poet ver 143.<br/>One with a flash begins and ends in smoke,<br/>Another out of smoke brings glorious light,<br/>And (without raising expectation high)<br/>Surprises us with dazzling miracles —<i>Roscommon</i></p> <p>2 JUV Sat vii 167<br/>Six more at least join their consenting voice</p> <p>3 LUCR 1 iv 959<br/>—What studies please what most delight,<br/>And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at<br/>night.—<i>Creech</i></p> <p>4 HOR 2 Sat vi 58<br/>One of uncommon silence and reserve</p> <p>5 HOR Ars Poet. ver 5<br/>Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?</p> <p>6 JUV Sat. xiii 54<br/>Twas impious then (so much was age revered)<br/>For youth to keep their seats when an old man<br/>appeared</p> <p>7 HOR 2 Ep ii 208.<br/>Visions and magic spells can you despise<br/>And laugh at witches ghosts and prodigies?</p> <p>8 VIRG AEn I 415.<br/>They march obscure for Venus kindly shrouds<br/>With mists their persons and involves in clouds<br/><i>Dryden</i></p> <p>9 JUV Sat. xv 163<br/>Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find<br/>In leagues offensive and defensive join'd —<i>Tate</i></p> <p>10. VIRG Georg I 201<br/>So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,<br/>And, slow advancing struggle with the stream<br/>But if they slack their hands or cease to strive<br/>Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive<br/><i>Dryden</i></p> <p>11 JUV Sat II 63<br/>The doves are censured while the crows are spared</p> <p>12 PERS Sat. v 92<br/>I root thy old woman from thy trembling heart.</p> <p>13. MART<br/>Were you a lion how would you behave?</p> <p>14 OVID Met. iv 590<br/>Wretch that thou art I put off this monstrous shape</p> <p>15. OVID Ars Am I 159<br/>Light minds are pleased with trifles</p> <p>16 HOR 1 Ep i 11<br/>What right what true what fit we justly call,<br/>Let this be all my care—for this is all.—<i>Pope</i></p> <p>17 JUV x 195<br/>—A visage rough<br/>Deform'd unfac'd</p> <p>18. HOR 2 Ep I. 187<br/>But now our nobles too are fops and vain,<br/>Neglect the sense but love the painted scene<br/><i>Creech</i></p> <p>19 HOR 1 Sat iv 17<br/>Thank Heaven that made me of an humble mind,<br/>To action little less to words inclined</p> <p>20 HOM<br/>Thou dog in forehead.—<i>Pope</i>.</p> <p>21 HOR. 1 Ep v 28.<br/>There room enough and each may bring his friend<br/><i>Creech</i>.</p> | <p>No<br/>22 HOR Ars Poet ver 5.<br/>—Whatever contradicts my sense<br/>I hate to see and never can believe —<i>Roscommon</i></p> <p>23 VIRG AEn ix 420<br/>Fierce Volseus foams with rage and gazing round<br/>Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,<br/>Nor knew to fix revenge — <i>Dryden</i></p> <p>24. HOR 1 Sat. ix 3<br/>Comes up a fop (I knew him but by fame),<br/>And seized my hand and call'd me by name—<br/>—My dear!—how dost?</p> <p>25 VIRG AEn xii 46<br/>And sickens by the very means of health.</p> <p>26 HOR. 1 Od iv 13.<br/>With equal foot, rich friend impartial fate<br/>Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate:<br/>Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,<br/>And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years<br/>Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go<br/>To storied ghosts and Pluto's house below —<i>Creech</i></p> <p>27 HOR. 1 Ep I 20. <i>Imitated</i><br/>Long as to him who works for debt, the day,<br/>Long as the night to her, whose love's away,<br/>Long as the year's dull circle seems to run<br/>When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one<br/>So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,<br/>That lock up all the functions of my soul,<br/>That keep me from myself and still delay<br/>Life's instant business to a future day<br/>Thy task, which as we follow or despise,<br/>The eldest is a fool the youngest wise<br/>Which done, the poorest can no wants endure<br/>And which not done the richest must be poor —<i>Pope</i></p> <p>28 HOR 2 Od. x. 19<br/>Nor does Apollo always bend his bow</p> <p>29. HOR. 1 Sat. x 23<br/>Both tongues united sweeter sounds produce,<br/>Like Chian mix'd with Falernian juice</p> <p>30 HOR 1 Ep vi 65<br/>If nothing as Minnermus strives to prove<br/>Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,<br/>Then live in mirth and love thy sports pursue<br/><i>Creech</i>.</p> <p>31 VIRG AEn vi 266.<br/>What I have heard, permit me to relate</p> <p>32 HOR. 1 Sat v 64.<br/>He wants no tragic vizor to increase<br/>His natural deformity of face.</p> <p>33. HOR 1 Od xxx. 5.<br/>The graces with their zones unloosed,<br/>The nymphs with beauties all exposed<br/>From every spring and every plun,<br/>Thy powerful, hot, and winged boy,<br/>And youth that's dull without thy joy<br/>And Mercury compose thy train —<i>Creech</i></p> <p>34 JUV Sat. xv 159<br/>From spotted skins the leopard does refrain —<i>Tate</i></p> <p>35 CATULL. Carm 39 in Enat<br/>Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.</p> <p>36. VIRG AEn III. 583<br/>Things the most out of nature we endure</p> <p>37 VIRG AEn vii 805<br/>Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.—<i>Dryden</i></p> |
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- No 39 MART  
One would not please too much
- 39 HOR. 2 Ep. 11. 102. *In istis*  
Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace  
Thus jealous, wasteful, wrong-headed my mind
- 40 HOR. 2 Ep. 1. 108. *Imitatus*  
Yet lest you think I rally more than teach  
Or praise arrogant acts I cannot reach  
I let me for once presume to instruct the times,  
To know the poet from the man of rhymes,  
Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains  
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,  
Laryx compose with more than music in,  
With pity and with terror tear my heart,  
And switch me over the earth or through the air  
To Thetis to Athens when he will and where.
- 41 OVID Met. 1. 651.  
So found is worse than lost — Addison
- 42 HOR. 2 Ep. 1. 102. *Imitatus*  
I loud as the wolves on Otus's stony steep,  
Howl to the storm, & of the north cry deep;  
Such is the shout the lion's appalling note,  
At Outh's high plume or Oldfield's peal  
Or when from court a birth-day cult bestow'd  
Sinks the lost valor in the tawdry loud  
Booth enters — hark! the universal peal —  
But has he spoken? — Not a syllable —  
What shook the state, and made the people stare?  
Cato's long wig flower'd down and hick'd chair
- 43 VIRG. Aen. vi. 854  
Be these thy arts to bid contention cease  
Chain up stern wars and give the nations peace,  
Or subject lands extend thy gentle sway  
And teach with iron rod the hugger to obey
- 44 HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 323.  
Now hear whatever auditor expects — Roscommon
- 45 JUV. Sat. 11. 100  
The nation is a company of players.
- 46 OVID Met. 1. 1. ver. 9  
The jarring, seeds of ill-concerted things.
- 47 MART  
Laugh if you are wise
- 48 OVID Met. 2. 652  
Through various shapes he often finds access.
- 49 MART  
Men and manners I describe
- 50 JUV. Sat. 2. 321  
Good taste and nature always speak the same
- 51 HOR. 2 Ep. 11. 127  
Hefrom the rustic obscene reclams our youth — Pope
- 52 VIRG. Aen. 1. 78  
To crown thy worth she shall be ever thine,  
And make thee father of a virtuous line
- 53 HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 357  
Homer himself hath been observed to nod
- 54 HOR. 1 Ep. 21. 28  
Laborious idleness our powers employs
- 55 PERS. Sat. 1. 179  
Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts
- 56 LUCAN. 1. 451  
Happy in their mistake
- 57 JUV. Sat. vi. 257  
What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie  
Inured to arms, and her own sex to fly?
- 58 HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 361  
Poems like pictures are
- 59 SPENCA.  
Busy about nothing
- 60 PERS. Sat. 1. 85.  
Is it for thus you gain those meagre looks,  
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?
- No 61 PERS. Sat. 1. 19.  
Tis not indeed my talent to engage  
In lofty trifles or to swell my page,  
With wind and noise — Dryden
- 62 HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 390.  
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.  
Roscommon
- 63 HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 1  
If in a picture too, you should see  
A handsome woman with a fish's tail  
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,  
Or limbs of beasts of the most different kinds,  
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds  
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?  
Trust me that book is as ridiculous,  
Whose incoherent style like sick men's dreams  
Varies all shapes and mixes all extremes.
- 64 JUV. Sat. 11. 181  
The face of wealth in poverty we wear
- 65 HOR. 2 Sat. 1. 92.  
Demetrius and Tigellius know your place;  
Go hence, and whine among the school-boy race
- 66 HOR. 1 Od. vi. 21  
Behold a ripe and melting mild  
Bountiful pretence to the winter trade  
Ionian artists at a night's price,  
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice  
Whom poets to spread where all the balls to fly,  
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay
- 67 SATURUS  
Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman.
- 68 OVID Met. 1. 355.  
We two are a multitude.
- 69 VIRG. Georg. 1. 51  
This ground with Præceus, that with Ceres suits  
That other loads the trees with fragrant fruits,  
A fourth with grass, unbidden decks the ground;  
Thus Tmolus is with yellow eastern crown'd,  
Indi's black ebony and white ivory bears  
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears  
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far  
And naked Symmaris tempest steel for war;  
Pyrus for the Lean chariot breeds  
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.  
This is the original contract, these the laws  
Imposed by nature and by nature cause. — Dryden
- 70 HOR. 1 Ep. 11. 63  
Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.
- 71 OVID Epist. 1. 10.  
Love bade me write
- 72 VIRG. Georg. 1. 208.  
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,  
The fortune of the family remains,  
And grandfathers' grandsons the long list contains
- 73 VIRG. Aen. 1. 328.  
O Goddess! for no less you seem
- 74 VIRG. Aen. 1. 82.  
The works unfinished and neglected lie
- 75 HOR. 2 Ep. xvii. 23  
All fortune fitted Aristippus well. — Creech
- 76 HOR. 2 Ep. viii. 17  
As you your fortune bear, we will bear you — Creech.
- 77 MART. Epig. 1. 87  
What correspondence can I hold with you,  
Who are so near, and yet so distant too?
- 78  
Could we but call so great a genius ours!
- 79 HOR. 2 Ep. xvi. 57  
The good for virtue's sake abhor to sin — Creech
- 80 HOR. 2 Ep. ix. 27  
Those that beyond seas go, will sadly find  
They change their climate only not their mind.

Creech.

- No 81. **STAT** Theb. II. 128.  
As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,  
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin.
82. **JUV** Sat. II. 33.  
His fortunes ruin'd, and himself a slave.
83. **VIRG** Æn. I. 464.  
And with the shadowy picture feeds his mind.
84. **VIRG** Æn. I. 6.  
Who can such woes relate without a tear  
As stern Ulysses must have wept to hear?
85. **HOR** Ars Poet. ver. 319.  
—When the sentiments and manners please,  
And all the characters are wrought with ease,  
Your tale though void of beauty, force and art,  
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart,  
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,  
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears. —*Francis*
86. **OVID** Met. II. 447.  
How in the looks does conscious guilt appear!  
*Addison*
87. **VIRG** Ecl. II. 17.  
Trust not too much to an enchanting face. —*Dryden*
88. **VIRG** Ecl. II. 16.  
What will not masters do when servants thus presume?
89. **PERS** Sat. v. 61.  
**PERS.** From thee both old and young with profit  
The bounds of good and evil to discern. *[Learn]*  
**CORN.** Unhappy he, who does this work adjoin  
And to-morrow would the search delay  
His lazy morning will be like to-day  
**PERS.** But is one day of ease too much to borrow?  
**CORN.** Yes sure, for yesterday was once to-morrow  
This yesterday is gone and nothing run d  
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain d  
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask  
And wilt be ever to begin thy task,  
Who like the hindmost chariot wheels, are curst  
Still to be near but not to reach the first. —*Dryden*
90. **VIRG** Georg. III. 99.  
In all the rage of impotent desire  
They feel a quenchless flame a fruitless fire.
91. **VIRG** Georg. III. 244.  
—They rush into the flame  
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.  
*Dryden*
92. **HOR.** 2 Ep. II. 61. *Imitated*  
—What would you have me do,  
When out of twenty I can please not two?—  
One likes the pheasant's wing and one the leg,  
The vulgar boyl the learned roasts an egg  
Hard task, to hit the palate of such guests. —*Pope*
93. **HOR.** 1 Od. II. 6.  
Thy lengthen'd hopes with prudence bound  
Proportion'd to the flying hour  
While thus we talk in careless ease,  
The envious moments wing their flight,  
Instant the fleeting pleasure seize  
Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light. —*Francis*
94. **MART** Epig. XXII. 10.  
The present joys of life we doubly taste  
By looking back with pleasure to the past.
95. **SENeca**, Trag.  
Light sorrows loose the tongue but great enchain  
*P*
96. **HOR.** 2 Sat. VII. 2.  
—The faithful servant, and the true. —*Cryche*
97. **VIRG** Æn. VI. 436.  
They prodigally threw their lives away
98. **JUV** Sat. VI. 500.  
So studiously their persons they adorn.
99. **HOR.** 1 Sat. VI. 63.  
You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong
100. **HOR.** 1 Sat. V. 44.  
The greatest blessing is a pleasant friend.
- No 101. **HOR.** 2 Ep. I. 5. *Imitated*  
Edward and Henry now the boast of fame  
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,  
After a life of generous toils endured  
The Gail subdued, or property secured  
Ambition humbled mighty cities stor'd  
Or laws establish'd and the world reform'd  
Closed their long glories with a sigh to find  
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind. —*Pope*
102. **PH** FDR Tab. XIV. 3.  
The mind ought sometimes to be diverted that it may  
return the better to thinking
103. **HOR** Ars Poet. v. 210.  
Suen all might hope to imitate with ease  
Yet while they strive the same success to gain  
Should find their labour and their hopes are vain  
*Francis*
104. **VIRG** Æn. I. 316.  
With such array Harpalyce bestrode  
Her Thracian courser. —*Dryden*
105. **TER.** Andr. Act. I. Sc. 2.  
I take to be a principal rule of life not to be too much  
addicted to any one thing  
Too much of anything is good for nothing. —*Eng. Prov.*
106. **HOR.** 1 Od. XVII. 14.  
Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour  
Of fruits for thee a copious show,  
Rich honours of the quiet plain.
107. **PH** ADR. Epilog. 1. 2.  
The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop and  
placed him though a slave on a lasting pedestal  
to show that the way to honour lies open indifferently to all
108. **PH** ADR. Fab. v. 2.  
Out of breath to no purpose and very busy about no thing
109. **HOR.** 2 Sat. II. 3.  
Of plain good sense unto ord in the schools.
110. **VIRG** Æn. II. 755.  
All things are full of horror and affright,  
And dreadful even the silence of the night. —*Dryden*
111. **HOR.** 2 Ep. II. 45.  
To search for truth in academie groves.
112. **PYTHAG.**  
First, in obedience to thy country's rites,  
Worship th' immortal gods.
113. **VIRG** Æn. IV. 4.  
Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.
114. **HOR.** 1 Ep. XVII. 24.  
—The dread of nothing more  
Than to be thought necessitous and poor. —*Pooley*
115. **JUV** Sat. x. 350.  
Pray for a sound mind in a sound body
116. **VIRG** Georg. III. 43.  
The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.
117. **VIRG** Ecl. VIII. 108.  
With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.
118. **VIRG** Æn. IV. 73.  
—The fatal dart  
Sucks in his side and rankles in his heart. —*Dryden*
119. **VIRG** Ecl. I. 23.  
The city men call Rome unskilful clown  
I thought resembled this our humble town.  
*1. Martin*
120. **VIRG** Georg. I. 415.  
—I deem their breasts inspired  
With a divine sagacity
121. **VIRG** Ecl. II. 66.  
—All things are full of Jove
122. **PUBL.** SYR. Frag.  
An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a  
coach
123. **HOR.** 4 Od. IV. 33.  
Yet the best blood by learning is refined,  
And virtue arms the solid mind,  
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,  
And the paternal stamp efface. —*Oldsworth.*

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**Bungay, Suffolk**

- teen images burnt on Queen Elizabeth's birthday, 262 "  
 Way of the World, Congreve's, 204  
 Wealth, 469, 506, 601  
 Weaver on dancing, 466  
 Wedlock, 525  
 Weed, Ephraim, 450  
 Weights showing true values, 463  
 Wenham, Jane, the last condemned witch, 117 "  
 West Enborne in Berkshire, custom of, 614  
 Westminster Abbey, 26, 329  
 Westminster boy and colours taken at Blenheim, 139  
 Wharton, Thomas, Earl of, p 467  
 Whichenovre in Staffordshire, custom of, 607  
 Whigs, 50, 58 "  
 Whims, 371  
 Whuing, 630  
 Whisperers, 148, 168, 457  
 Whispering place of Dionysius, 439  
 Whistling match, 179  
 White, Moll, a witch, 117, 268  
 Whittington and his Cat v Rinaldo and Armida, 14 " , 31 "  
 Who and Which, petition of, 78  
 Widow, the perverse, Sir Roger's love for, 113, 115, 118  
 Widows, 311, 561, 573, 606, 614, 623 male, 520  
 Wife, 199, 479, 490, 525  
 Wigs, 319, 631 " , the lawyer's, 407  
 Wildfire, widow, of the Widows' Club, 561  
 Wilks the comedian, 370  
 William III, 468 " , 516  
 William, Sir Roger's huntsman, 118  
 Willow Kate, Sir Roger's character of, 118  
 Willis' Coffee-house, 1 "  
 Wimbic, Will, 108, 109, 126, 131, 268  
 Wine, 140, 147, 181, 362 "  
 Wings, verse in the form of, 58  
 Winstanley's Water Theatre, 168  
 Winter Gardens, 477  
 Wunter piece by Ambrose Philips, 393  
 Wisdom, 225  
 Wit Addison's Essays on, 58—  
     63 6, 23, 35 " , 38, 140, 151, 169, 179, 220, 270, 416, 422, 514, 522  
 Wits, 404, 509  
 Witchcraft, 61, 117 " , 268, 419  
 Wolsey, 624  
 Woman's Man, the, 57, 156  
 Women, 4, 10, 15, 33, 53, 57, 79, 81, 92, 95, 98, 104, 128, 151, 155, 156, 158, 159, 182, 208, 209, 243, 247, 252, 261, 265, 274, 320, 342, 343, 365, 390, 433, 486, 506, 510, 511, 606, 625 1 republic of, 434  
 Words, 373, 416  
 Works of art, 414  
 World, the, 27, 111, 387, 519  
 Worriers, 304  
 Wortley, Hon E, 71 "  
 Writers, 166, 379, 409, 417, 422, 568, 582  
 Wycherley's Plain Dealer, 354 "  
 Xenophon, 169, 337, 354 " , 537, 564  
 Ximena, Colley Cibber's, 546  
 Yaratilda and Maraton, story of, 56  
 Yaneo, Inkle and, story of, 11  
 Yawning, a Christmas game, 179  
 Year, the, described, 425  
 Youth, 153  
 Zeal, 57, 185, 399  
 Zelinda, perfidious 627  
 Zemboade, Queen, story of, 578  
 Zuuri, Dryden's character of, 162  
 Zolus, 279 "

- Sudden, Thomas, Esq., from the  
 Infirmary, 429  
 Sukey's adventure with Sir  
 Roger and Will Honeycomb,  
 410  
 Syllabisms, 239  
 Syrius of Iphocentus, the, 58  
 Summer in England, 393  
 Sun, the, 250, 412  
 Sunday in the country, 112  
 Superiority, 6, 202, 219  
 Supersaturation, 7, 201, 213  
 Surgeon, Italian, advertisement  
 of an, 27  
 Surprise 62, 338  
 Susanah, puppet show of, 14  
 Swallow, Lady Catherine, of the  
 Widows' Club, 561  
 Swearing, 231, 332, 371, 448, 531  
 Swift, 23, 50, 226, 265, 353, 445, 504  
 Swimmers at Tunbridge Wells,  
 492  
 Sydenham, Dr Thomas, 25  
 Sylvester, Joshua, 58  
 Sylva, in choice of husband  
 hesitates between riches and  
 merit, 149  
 Symmetry, 411, 631  
 Syneopsists modern, 567  
 Syneopsus the passionate, 432  
 Syriusian prince, the jealous, 579  
  
 The bearers, 29, 439  
 The debts, 172  
 The lady, a conceit of the, 126  
 Taste, 29, 140, 208, 379, 409, 447  
 Late Nahum, 488  
 Lattle, Letitia, her trained birds,  
 36  
 Tavern lights, 503  
 Tax on eminence, 101  
 Tears, 95  
 Temper, 181, 424, 598  
 Temperance, 193  
 Temptation, the, 134  
 Temple, Sir W., 21, 37, 195  
 Ten, 21  
 Terence, 170, 502  
 Terror, 118  
 Terat Harry, and his lady,  
 indolent, 100  
 Tetractys, 221  
 Thales quoted, 594  
 Thamus described, 454  
 That remonstrance of, 80  
 Theatre, 36, 40, 42, 44, 51, 65,  
 121, 602  
 Thematia, a confidant, 118  
 The mostacles, 311  
 Theocritus, 58  
 Theodosius and Constantine, 164  
 Theognis quoted, 464  
 Theon, Pindar's saying of, 467  
 Theory of the Earth, Burnet's,  
 quoted, 146  
  
 The sites, 17  
 Thimbleton, Ralph, his calamity,  
 432  
 Thinking aloud, 211  
 Thirst, 22  
 Thornhill Mr., his duel, 84  
 Thrash, Will, and his wife, in  
 spirit, 522  
 Throne of God, 580, 600  
 Thunders, stage, 36, 44  
 Tickell, 523, 532  
 Tillotson, 103, 106, 293, 352,  
 417, 600  
 Tilt Yard, Whitehall, 109  
 Tunc, 83, 93, 316  
 Titan, 292  
 Title page, Antony, stationer,  
 301  
 Titles, 204, 219, 480  
 Tofts, Mrs., 18, 22  
 Toleration Act of, 3  
 Tom Touchy, 122  
 Tom Trusty, 479  
 Tom the Tyrant, at the coffee  
 house, 49  
 Tombs in Westminster Abbey,  
 26  
 Tomits in the Opera, 5  
 Tonson, Jacob, 9  
 Tories, 50, 58  
 Torture, 239, 418  
 Townly, Frank letter of, 560  
 Trade, 2, 69, 109, 283, 443  
 Tragedy, 39, 40, 42, 44, 279  
 Tranquillity, 156, 425  
 Transmigration of souls, 211,  
 343, 403  
 Trap, Mr., letter to Mr Stunt,  
 448  
 Travel 45, 91, 364, 474  
 Trees, 411, 589  
 Triflers, 432  
 Trifling, modern, 239, 245  
 Trophonius, cave of, 598, 599  
 Frost, Nell, water on the Ugly  
 Club, 17  
 Truby, Widow, writer, 329  
 Trucepenny, Jack, the good-  
 natured, 82  
 Trunkmaker at the ply, 235  
 Trust in God, 441  
 Trusty, Tom, a servant, account  
 of, 96  
 Truth 83, 103, 352, 507  
 Tryphiodorus, 59  
 Tumbler, 121  
 Tunbridge Wells, 492, 496  
 Turpety Mrs., 111, 202  
 Turner, Sir William, 509  
 Tyrants, 500  
  
 Uninvolved family, the, 454  
 Unlucine, Basil, Curruis Trium-  
 phalis, 94, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126  
 Valerio resolves to be a poet, 404  
 Valentinianus, 100, 243, 395  
 Vanity, 389  
  
 Vanity, 16, 255, 380, 460, 514  
 Vapours in woman, 115  
 Variety, 408, 600  
 Vanilla, the cheerful, 100  
 Venice Preserved, Otway's, 59  
 Venus, 127, 417, 425  
 Verbal delight, 393  
 Versifying, artificial, 220  
 Vertot the Abbot, 349  
 Ugly Club, 17, 32, 48, 52, 78  
 Vice 137, 151, 243, 624  
 Victor, a genteel politician,  
 150  
 Villacerse, death of Madame  
 de, 368  
 Villars, Abbé de 379  
 Vinci Leonardo da, 554  
 Vincir, Sir Robert familiar with  
 Charles II., 462  
 Virgil 70, 90, 273, 351, 404, 417,  
 514, 610  
 Virtue, 93, 101, 219, 240, 243,  
 248, 266, 394, 399, 520  
 Virtuoso, a female 212  
 Vision of Calamities, 558, 559  
 of Credit, 3, of Love, 81,  
 Hearts, 563, Mirza, 159  
 Misery, 604, Mountain of the  
 Muses, 514, Painters, 83  
 Scales, 403, Seasons, 425  
 Vanity, 460, Wit, true and  
 false, 63  
 Visits, 24, 45, 208  
 Understanding, 6, 420, 438  
 Uniformity Act of, 3  
 Universe, the, 420  
 Unlearned, proposal for publish-  
 ing works of the 457  
 Vocifer, how he passed for a fire  
 gentleman, 75  
 Volumes dignity of, 124  
 Volunteers at church, 630  
 Voivars, 79  
 Vowels, 135  
 Urinus his composure of soul,  
 143  
 Usurpers, eleven, 508  
 Utrecht, the Peace Negotiation  
 at, 481  
 Vulcan's dogs, 579  
  
 Waddle, Lady, of the Widows'  
 Club, 561  
 Wagers, 145, 521  
 Wake, Colonel, 313  
 Wakes country, 161  
 Wall of Church, 415  
 Waller, 118, 158, 224  
 Wall's lustful Baptism, 92  
 Want, fear of 114  
 War, the, in Queen Anne's reign,  
 26, 43, 45, 64, 353, 521  
 War news, greed for, 452  
 Wars in public, 500  
 Witchman and goose, 376  
 Witts, Dr Isaac, 461  
 Wax work, Mrs Salmon's, 61

- Saunter, Mrs. snuff taker, 344  
 Scale of being, 519  
 Scaliger, 562  
 Scandal, 426, 427, 562  
 Scaramionich, 283  
 Scarecrow the Beggar, 6  
 Scarron, Paul, 17 "  
 Scarves, vanity of, in clergy, 609  
 Scawen, Sir William, 546 "  
 Scheffer's Northern odes, 366, 406  
 Scholar's egg, 58  
 Schoolmasters, 157, 168, 313  
 Schoolmen's case of the ass, 191  
 Scipio, 157  
 Scolds, 479, 482  
 Scornful Lady, Comedy of the, 270  
 Scott, Dr., on the Christian Life, 447 "  
 Scribblers, 445, 582  
 Scudery, 37 "  
 Scurlbeck, Miss, letters to, adapted to the praise of marriage, 142  
 Sea, 489 "  
 Seasons, dream of the, 425  
 Second sight in Scotland, 604  
 Segrais, his threefold distinction of readers, 62 "  
 Self conceit, 460  
 Self-denial, 206, 248  
 Self examination, 399, 586  
 Self love, 17, 192, 238, 426, 588  
 Self murder, 231  
 Self-tormentor of Terence, 521  
 Scamthe, who paints well, 404  
 Semiramis, 415  
 Sempronius, who admires the French, 45, match maker, 437  
 Seneca, 39 "  
 Sense, 6, 172, 259, 519  
 Sentry, Captain, 2 "  
 September described, 425  
 Serle's Coffee house, 49 "  
 Sermons, 613  
 Servants, 88, 96, 107, 137, 202  
 Settlement, Act of, 3 "  
 Seven, 632  
 Severity in schools, 408  
 Seves, 43, 156, 400  
 Servant, 428 "  
 Sextus V., Pope, 23  
 Shadows and realities, 5  
 Shadowell, 35 "  
 Shakespeare, 49, 54, 141, 168, 419, 562  
 Shalun and Hilpa, story of, 584  
 Sheepishness, 184  
 She-Machavels, 561  
 Sheffield, John, Duke of Buckingham, 253 "  
 Shepherd, Mrs., 92 "  
 Shepherd, eminent for tossing eggs, 160  
 Shepherd's pipe, poem in shape of a 58  
 Sherlock on Death, 17 "  
 She would if she could, a comedy, 51  
 Ship in storm, 489  
 Shoeing horns, men used as, 536  
 Shoe strings, 150  
 Short face, the Spectator's, 17, 48  
 Shovel, Sir Cloudesley, monument of, 26 "  
 Shows, 193, 235, 271  
 Sickness, a thought in, 513  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 70, 400  
 Sight, 411, 472 second, 604  
 Sighers' Club, 30  
 Signs of houses, 28 "  
 Silence, 514, the Spectator's, 4, 12  
 Silk-worms, what women arc, 454  
 Similes, 160, 421, 455  
 Simonides, 209 "  
 Sincerity, 103, 352  
 Singing, verses on a lady's, 433  
 Singularity, 576  
 Sippit, Jack, who breaks appointments, 448  
 Sir Martin Mar all, Dryden's, 5 "  
 Skiomachia, 115 "  
 Slavery, 287  
 Sleep, 586, 593, 597  
 Sleeper, the annual, 184  
 Slovens, 150  
 Sly, haberdasher, 187 "  
 Smithfield bargain in marriage, 304  
 Snip, Mrs., of the Widows' Club, 561  
 Snape, Dr., charity sermon by, 291  
 Snarlers, 438  
 Snuff, 344 "  
 Snuff box, 138  
 Society, 422  
 Socrates, 23, 54, 67, 86, 133, 146, 183, 195, 207, 213, 239, 247, 408, 479, 480, 500, 558  
 Soho Square, 2 "  
 Soldiers, 152, 544, 566  
 Solitude, 4, 158, 264, 406, 425, 514  
 Solomon's Song, paraphrase of part of, 388  
 Somers, Sir John, ded to vol I and note  
 Song with notes, 470  
 Songs of Sion, 405  
 Sophocles, Electra of, 44  
 Sortes in logic, 239  
 Sorrow, 95, 312, 397  
 Soul, the, 56, 111, 116, 237, 413, 487, 600, 602  
 Sounds, 416  
 Southerne, 30 "  
 Space, infinite, 564  
 Spanish Friar, Dryden's, 267 "  
 Spanish Succession, War of the, 43 "  
 Sparkes, John, of Coventry, 436 "  
 Sparkish, Will, a modern husband, 479  
 Sparrows for the opera, 5  
 Spartans, 6, 307, 564  
 Speakers, loud, 148  
 Spectator, the, 1 "  
 Speech, organs of, 231  
 Spenser, 390, 419, 540  
 Spices, 202, 439  
 Spiritism on duels, 84  
 Spirits, 12, 110, 479  
 Spite in a beauty, 156  
 Spleen, 53, 588  
 Sprat, Dr Thomas, 114 "  
 Spring, 393, 423  
 Spring-Garden, 383  
 Squeezing the band, 119  
 Squire's Coffee-house, 39 "  
 Squires, 529  
 Staffordshire, Dr Plot's Natural History of, 447 "  
 Stage, the, 370, 440, 446  
 Stage coach, in a, 131, 242, 513, -men, 474  
 Staincoat Hole, at Cambridge, 397  
 Strump Act, 445 "  
 Starch, political, 305  
 Starers, 20, 250  
 Stars, the, 420, 565  
 Stationers, 304, 579  
 Statute, a pattern for women, 41  
 Statuary, 416  
 Steele, censures a passage in his 'Funeral,' 51 love-letters, 142, his paper omitted in the reprint, No 328 "  
 Cibber on his literary relation to Addison, 516 "  
 Stupency, epitaphs at, 518  
 Sturmhoid, Thomas, 205 "  
 Stunt, Jack, and Will Trap, 448  
 Stock's Market, 462 "  
 Stones, 243, 307  
 Stonefield the Roman pavement at, 358 "  
 Storm at sea, 489  
 Strada, 241, 617  
 Stratonice, 229  
 Strife, 197  
 Stripes for perverse wives, 479  
 Strolling players, 48  
 Stubbs, Rev Philip, 147 "  
 Style, New and Old, 21 "  
 Subjects, value of, to a prince, 200  
 Sublime in writing, 117, 152, 592, 633

- Polycarpus, beloved by all, 280  
 Pompey, 293  
 Pontignon, M., 90  
 Poor, the, 200, 232 n., 430  
 Pope, Alexander, his Essay on Criticism, 65 n. an idea from, 210 n. commended, 253 n. his Pastoral, 223 n. his Messiah, 378 Letter and Verses, 527 on Adrian's dying words, 532 his Miscellany, 523 n.  
 Popular applause, 183  
 Porta, Baptista della, on Physiognomy, 86 n.  
 Pottery, 107, 583  
 Postman, newspaper, 1 n.  
 Pottiere, Dominic, a French privateer, 330  
 Poverty, 150, 464  
 Powell, junior, his Puppet show, 14 n., 31 n., 372  
 Powell, George, the actor, 31 n., 40  
 Power, despotic, 287  
 Praise, 38, 73, 188, 238, 349, 467, 551  
 Prayer, 207, 236, 312, 391  
 Precedence, 119, 529  
 Precieuses, the, 45 n.  
 Prediction, vulgar arts of, 505  
 Preface to the Bp of St Asaph's Sermons, 384  
 Prejudice, 101, 263, 432  
 Prepossession, 117  
 Prerogative, 430  
 Presumption, 187  
 Pride, 33, 201, 394, 462  
 Prince, Mr., dances of, 466  
 Princes, good and bad, 139  
 Printing, 166, 367, 582  
 Prior, 141  
 Procrastination, 151  
 Procrustes, bed of, 58  
 Produs, 183  
 Professions, the three learned, 21  
 Projector of town entertainments, 2, 31  
 Promisers, 448  
 Pronunciation, 451  
 Prospects, 411, 412, 418  
 Prosperity, 237  
 Proper, Will, 19, 20  
 Proverbs of Solomon, in verse, 410  
 Providence, 120, 237, 293, 441, 543  
 Prudence, 293  
 Prudes at the play, 208  
 Psalm xxiii translated, 441  
 cxiv, 461 cxvix, 399 singing in church, 205  
 Psalmanazar, George, 14 n.  
 Pugg the Monkey, Adventures of, 343  
 Pulchrius, 63 n.  
 Punchinello, 14  
 Punishments in school, 157  
 Puns, 61, 396, 454, 504  
 Puppet show, Powells, 14 n.  
 Purcell, Henry, 29 n.  
 Puzzle Tom, in argument 476  
 Pyramids of Egypt, 415  
 Pyrrhus, King, 180  
 Pythagoras, 477, 586  
 Quakers, 444 547 n., 572  
 Quakers, 396  
 Quality, 34, 219  
 Queries in love, 625  
 Quick, Mrs., of the Widow's Club, 561  
 Quidnunc, Tom, 625  
 Quillet Claude, 23 n.  
 Quantilian, 168  
 Quir, Peter de, on Puns, 196  
 Quixote, Don patron of Sighers Club, 30  
 Rabelais, 283  
 Racine, 397  
 Rack, 239  
 Radcliffe, Dr John, 468  
 Railery 422  
 Rainbow, 415 coffee-house, 167  
 Rakes, 335, 570  
 Raleigh Sir W., 510  
 Ramble from Richmond to the Exchange 454  
 Ramsey, Will, the astrologer, describes night, 582  
 Rant, 40  
 Rape of Proserpine, a French opera, 29  
 Raphael, 226, 244, 457  
 Rapin René, 44 n., 291 n.  
 Rattling Club at church, 630  
 Read, Sir Wm., oculist, 472, 547 n.  
 Readers, 1, 62, 93, 94, 179  
 Reason, 6, 120, 408, 447  
 Rebus, 59  
 Rechteren, Count, and M. Menager, 481 n.  
 Recitative, 29  
 Reciter, 521  
 Recluse, the, 282  
 Recommendations, letters of, generally unjust and absurd, 493  
 Recreations, 258  
 Rehearsal, Buckingham's, 37  
 Religion, 201, 213, 292, 350, 477, 459, 471, 483, 494, 574  
 Renatus Valentinus, story of, 420  
 Rentfree Sibma, letter on green-sickness, 431  
 Repository for fashions, 487  
 Reproach, 594  
 Reproof, 382  
 Reputation, 218, 467  
 Retirement, 4, 27, 249, 425, 467, 549, 613  
 Revolution, 600  
 Reversion, 107  
 Revenge of a Spanish lady 611  
 Rhubarb John, Esq., from the Infirmary, 229  
 Rhyme, the Æneid in, 60  
 Rhysault story of, 491  
 Rich, Christopher, 258 n.  
 Riches, 140 145, 150, 280, 282, 283, 294, 456, 404, 574  
 Richelieu, Cardinal, 305  
 Ridicule, 150, 249 445 446  
 Riding, 115 dress of ladies, 435  
 Rinaldo and Armida, opera of, 5 n., 14  
 Riot 180  
 Rival Mother, story of the, 91  
 Rivers, Colonel, 204 n.  
 Roarers 474  
 Robin the Porter at Will's Coffee-house, 398  
 Rochester, John Wilmot, Earl of, 2 n.  
 Roman ladies, 81 education, 313, understanding 502  
 Rope-dancing 441  
 Rosalinda, a Whig paragon, 81  
 reformation of 87 the handsome, to the Ugly Club 87  
 Rosamond, Clayton's opera of, 18 n.  
 Rosamond's Bones, 231  
 Roscommon, Earl of, 44 n., 253 n.  
 Rose Tavern the, 2 n.  
 Roscius, story of sepulchre of 379  
 Royal Exchange neglected, 509  
 Royal Progress, Tickell's poem of the, 620  
 Royal Society, 121, 202 n.  
 Runnet, Mrs., of the Widows Club 561  
 Runcola, his son and daughter, 192  
 Rusticity, 400  
 Rusty Scabbard, on the fighters at the Bear garden, 449  
 Rycaut, Sir Paul, 3, 3  
 Rymer, 267 n.  
 Sabine ladies, 81  
 St Evrmond, Sieur de 33  
 St James's Park, 109 n. Coffee-house 1 n.  
 Sacheverell, Henry, 58 n.  
 Saltmanders, an Order of Ladies, 198  
 Sailst, 409  
 Salmon, Mrs., her waxwork, 28 n., 31 n.  
 Salutations, 259 270, 460  
 Sanctuaries, the chair of, 25 n.  
 Santer, Betty, letter from, 140  
 Sapper, Thomas, his epitaph, 518  
 Sappho, 223, 229, 233  
 Sarasin, I F., 60 n.  
 Sattres, 209, 266, 451, 473, 568  
 Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter, story from the, 11 n.  
 Saudades, 204  
 Saul, David, his epitaph, 518



Nero's nurse, 246  
 Nettletop, Rebecca, 190  
 New, the, in art, 411, 412, 413, 415  
 Newberry, Mr, his rebus, 59  
 New River, 5  
 New Style, 21 n.  
 News, 425, 457, 625  
 Newton, Sir Isaac, 37 n., 543, 554, 565  
 Nicholas Hart, the sleeper, 184  
 Nicodemuncio to Olivia, on being made an April fool, 432  
 Nioolini, the singer, 5, 13 n., 235, 493  
 Night, 425, 565, 582  
 Nightingale, 383  
 Nigralia, a party lady, forced to patch on the wrong side, 81  
 No, a word useful to women, 625  
 Nobility, 537  
 Northern hive, Sir W Temple's, 21 n.  
 Nose-pullers, 268  
 Notable men, 150  
 Novell, Lydia, complaints of a rich lover, 140  
 Novels, 365  
 Novelty, 412, 413, 626  
 November described, 425  
 Numbering of houses, 28 n.  
 Nutmeg of Delight, the, 160

Oates, Titus, 58 n.  
 Obedience to parents, 189, 449  
 Obscurity, 101, 406, 622  
 Obsquiousness, 386  
 Ocean, 489  
 October Club, 9 n.  
 Ogilby, John, 37 n.  
 Ogler, the Complete, 46  
 Oldfield, Mrs, 546  
 Oldham's Loyola, 17 n.  
 Omens, superstitious dread of, 7  
 Old Style, 21 n.  
 Olenius, travels of, 426 n.  
 Omnimanta, 144  
 Omnipotence, 565  
 Omnipresence, 571, 580  
 Oneroitic, 505  
 Opera, Italian, 1 n., 5 n., 13 n., 18, 29, 314, French, 29 n.  
 Opinion, popular, 460  
 Oratory, 484, 633, female, 247, 252  
 Orbicilla, 390  
 Order, 219  
 Orestill, the great fortune, 118  
 Oroondates, Staura to, 199  
 Osborn's Advice to his Son, 150  
 Ostentation, 460  
 Otway, 39 n., 117, 456  
 Overdo, Justice, Ben Jonson's, 48  
 Ovid, 417, 439, 618  
 Oxford scholar at a coffee house, 46

Padlocks for the mouth, 533  
 Pages in gentlemen's houses, 214 n.  
 Painter's part in a tragedy, 42  
 Painting, the art of, 83, 129, 226, 555, of the face, 41  
 Palmquist, Monsieur, 43  
 Pamphilo, a good master, 137  
 Pamphlets, defamatory, 541  
 Pantheon, Penkethman's, 31 n., at Rome, 415  
 Paradin, Guillaume, 98 n.  
 Paradise of Fools, 460  
 Paradise Lost, Addison's papers on, 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 325, 327, 333, 339, 345, 354, 357, 363, 369  
 Parents, 21, 150, 181, 189, 192, 235, 263, 313, 330, 449, 532, 539  
 Parish clerks, advice to, 372  
 Parker, Richard, 474 n.  
 Parmassus, Vision of, 514  
 Parnell, Thomas, 460 n.  
 Parricide, how punished in China, 189  
 Parthena letter of, upon the ladies' library, 140  
 Party, 57, 125, 126, 243, 399, 432, 507 patches, 81  
 Particles, English, 18  
 Pascal, 116 n.  
 Pasquinades, 23 n.  
 Passion, 202, 438, 528, of the Fan, 102  
 Passions, the, 31, 71, 215, 224, 255, 408, 418, 564  
 Pastorals, Philips's, 523  
 Patches, 50, party use of, 81  
 Patience, 312, 501, 539  
 Patrons, 214  
 Paul Lorrain, 338  
 Paul, Saint, 633  
 Paul's Cathedral, St., Indian kings on, 50  
 Peace, 45, negotiations, 45 n.  
 Pearce, Zachary, 572  
 Pedants, 105, 286, 617  
 Pedigrees, vanity of, 612  
 Peepers, 53  
 Peevish fellow, a, 438  
 Penkethman, W, 31 n., 370 n.  
 Penruddock's rising in the West, 313 n.  
 Penserose, Il, 425  
 Pentathlum, 161  
 People, the wealth of a country, 200  
 Pericles, 81, 633  
 Perrault, Charles, 279 n., 303 n.  
 Perry, Mrs, 92 n.  
 Persecution, religious, 459  
 Persian education, 99, 189, 337, soldier reproved, 427  
 Persius, 379  
 Peter the Great, 43 n., compared with Louis XIV, 139  
 Petronius his story of the Ephe-

sian lady, 11 n., mood of, at death, 349  
 Petticoat, 109, 127, 140 politicians 305  
 Petty, Sir William, 200  
 Phædra and Hippolitus, a tragedy, 18 n.  
 Pharmond, 76 n., 84 n. his edict against duelling, 97 letter to, 480  
 Phidias, 415  
 Philanthropy, 177  
 Philantia, a votary, 79  
 Philips, Ambrose, 223 n., 229, 289 n., 338 n., 400, 523 578  
 Philopater on his daughter's dancing, 466  
 Philosophers, 195, 634  
 Philosophy, 7, 10, 22, 175, 201, 393, 420  
 Phocion, 133, 188, 448  
 Phœbe and Colin, a poem, 603  
 Physic, 195  
 Physicians, 16, 21, 25, 234  
 Physiognomy, 86, 206, 518  
 Pictures, 67, 83, 107, 109, 226, 244, 248, 416, 418  
 Picts, what women are, 41  
 Piety, 201  
 Pindar, 160, 467  
 Pindarc writing, 58 n.  
 Pin money, 295  
 Piper of Hamelin, the, 5  
 Pissurtus, 527  
 Pitchpipe, 228  
 Pittacus, a saying of, 574  
 Pity, 208, 397, 418, 442, 588  
 Pix, Mary, 51 n.  
 Places of trust, 469, 629  
 Plain dealing, 460  
 Planets, 420  
 Plating, 583, 589  
 Plato, 23 n., 80 n., 90, 183, 211 n., 237, 507, 624  
 Platonic love, 400  
 Players, 141, 370, 502, 529  
 Plays, modern, 22, 592  
 Pleaders, 197  
 Pleasant fellows, 462  
 Pleasure, 146, 151, 152, 183, 312, 424, 600, 624  
 Pleasures of Imagination, Es-says on, 411-421  
 Pliny, 230, 467 n., 484 n., 527, 554  
 Plot, Robert, 447 n.  
 Plutarch, 123 n., 180, 188, 229, 483, 494, 507  
 Poacher, request from a, 168  
 Poetry, 39, 40, 44, 51, 58, 220, 253, 314, 405, 417, 418, 419, 421  
 Poetical justice, 40, 548  
 Polite imaginations, 411  
 Politeness, 119  
 Political arithmetic, 200  
 Politicians, 43, 305, 403, 556, 567, 568  
 Poil, a way of arguing, 239

- Ligon's History of Barbadoes, 11 "
- Lillie, Charles, 16, 46 " , 173 "
- 344 " , 358 "
- Lilly's Latin Grammar, 221 "
- Lindumira allowed to paint, 41
- Lion, the, in the Haymarket, 13 "
- 14 "
- Lipogrammatists, 58 "
- Liszyński, a Polish atheist, 389
- Livy, 409, 420
- Lloyd's coffee house, 46 "
- Locke, John, 37 " , 62, 94, 121, 313, 373, 519, 557
- Logic of kings, 239
- Loiterers, 155
- Loller, Lady, from the country infirmary, 429
- London, 69, 200, 403 cries of, 251
- London and Wise, gardeners, 5 "
- 477 "
- Longings of women, 326
- Longinus, 229, 279 " , 326, 339 " , 489 " , 633
- Longitude, 428 "
- Looking glasses, 325
- Lorrain, Paul, 339 "
- Lottery, 191, 199
- Love, 4, 30, 47, 71, 118, 120, 142, 149, 161, 163, 199, 206, 241, 274, 304, 324, 325, 362, 366, 367, 376, 377, 397, 400, 475, 479, 506, 525, 561, 591, 596, 605, 607, casual, the, 591, 607, 614, 625
- Love for Love, the comedy, 189
- Loveless, Biddy, 196
- Lovemore, Jeremy, 596
- Lovers Leaps, the, 225, 233
- Louagers, the, at Cambridge, 54
- Loyal, Oldham's, 17 "
- Luceius, character of, 206
- Lucian, 67, 283
- Ludgate, 82 "
- Lulli, Jean Baptiste, 29 "
- Lute string, advanced price of, 21
- Luxury, 55, 195
- Lying, party, 507
- Lysander, character of, 522
- Macbeth, incantation in, 141
- Machiavel, 406 the she, 561
- Mademoiselle, the French Puppet, 277
- Magna Charta 2 "
- Mahomet's night journey, 94 "
- Mahometan's, 85, 460, 631
- Maids, inquisition on, 320
- Mile jilts, 288, widows, 520 birds, 128
- Malbranche, 37 " , 94 "
- Malvolio, a mixed character, 238
- Man, 9, 115, 156, 162, 237, 238, 408, 441, 494, 519, 537, 564, 588, 624
- Man of Mode, Etherege's, 65
- Manilius, in retirement, 467
- Mankind, 444, 598
- Manley, Mrs 37 "
- Manner, 292
- Manuscript Note Book of Addison's 411 "
- Maple, Will, 203
- Marton and Yrualdr, 56
- March, month of, described, 425
- Marcus's prayer in Cato, 593
- Marcus, son of Cicero, 307
- Mariamne, 466 story of, 171
- Marius, Scipio's judgment of young, 157
- Marlborough, Duke of, 26 " , 139, p 358 " , 353, "
- Marriage, 89, 113, 149, 181, 236, 254, 261, 268, 303, 322, 130, 479, 482, 490, 506, 522, 525, 533, 607
- Martial, 52, 446
- Martyn, Henry, 180 " , 200, 232
- Masquerades, 8, 14 "
- Masques, 185
- Mastur, a good, 107. a bad, 136, 201, 202
- Mathematics, 307
- Mathew, Charles, toyman, 570
- Matter, 420, 519
- Matter of fact man, 521
- Murdrall's Journey to Jerusalem, 303 "
- Mary, 425, dangerous to India, 305, 395
- Mazurine Cardinal, and Quillet 23
- Medals on the Spanish Armada, 293
- Mede's Clavis Apocalyptica, 92 "
- Medicina Gymnastica, Fuller's, 115 "
- Medlar, Mrs, of the Widows' Club, 561
- Memory, 417, 471
- Men, 97, 145, 196, 264, 505, 510
- Menagiana, 60 "
- Meiniger and Count Rechteren at Utrecht, 481
- Merib, with too much beauty and wit, 144
- Merchants, 69, 174, 218, 428
- Mercurius, Hieronymus, 115 "
- Mercy, 456
- Mert, 223, 340
- Merry men 70
- Messiah, Pope's, 378
- Metamorphoses, Ovid's, 417
- Metaphor, 417, 421, 595
- Methuen, Paul, p 677 treaty, 43 " , 140, 240 417, 421, 425
- Milton, Addison's papers on, 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 345, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, 369, 417, 425, 463
- Mimicry, 416
- Mind, 455, 554
- Minister of state, a watchful, 439
- Mint, arguments of the, 239
- Mirth, 196, 358, 381
- Murza, Visions of, 159
- Mischief, 564
- Misers, 624
- Miseries, 169, the mountain of, 558, 559
- Misfortune, a good man's struggle with, Seneca on, 39 "
- Misfortunes, not to be called judgments, 483
- Mixt wit, 62
- Mode, 6, 129, 145
- Moderation, 372
- Modern writers, 61, 249
- Modest assurance, 373
- Modesty, 6, 52, 154, 206 231, 242, 296, 350, 354, 373, 390, 400, 435, 458, 484
- Mohocks, 324, 347
- Moles, 123
- Mohère, 70
- Moll Pettley, a dance 67 "
- Money, 3, 422, 450, 456, 509
- Monks, 60
- Monmouth, Duke of, 2 "
- Monosyllables, English liking for, 135
- Monsters, 412, 413, 418
- Montague, Charles, Earl of Hali fax, 3 " , p 130
- Montgomery, Mr, 524 "
- Monuments in Westminster Abbey, 26
- Montaigne, 562
- Moorfields, 593
- Moralists, 196
- Morality, 446, 459, 465
- More, Henry, 86, 90 " , 121 Sir Thomas 349
- Morton, Mr John, 546 "
- Mortality, 289, bill of, 377
- Mosaic pavement, 358 "
- Moses, tradition of, 237
- Mother, 246, story of the Rival, 91
- Motion in gods and mortals, 369
- Motteux, Peter, 14 " , 552
- Motto, 221
- Mountainbank, 572
- Mourning, 64, 65, 575
- Mouth, a padlock for the, 533
- Much cry but little wool, 251
- Vulberry Garden, the, 66
- Muley Moluc, first moments of, 349
- Muses, the mountain of the, 514
- Mus, 18, 29, 258, 278, 405, 416, 570, 630
- Naked shouldered females, 437
- Names of authors to their works, 451
- Natural History, 22
- Nature, 153, 404, 408, 414, 568
- Needlework, 606, 609
- Negroes, 215
- Nightboroughs, 49
- Nemesius, in old and who dis covers judgments, 483

Letters

Absence of lovers, 241  
Academy of Painting, from the, 555  
Ambassador of Bantam 557  
Apology for a man of wit and pleasure, 154  
Author turned dealer, 288  
Bankrupt, from a, and answer, 456  
Bashfulness, 231  
Beauty, from a, 87  
Beauty destroyed by the small-pox 306  
Behaviour at church, 236  
Belinda to the shades, 204  
Benefactor 546  
Blank, from a, 563  
Bowing and curtsying at church, 460  
Brook and Hellier's wine, 362  
Butt, 175  
Captain Sentry on the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, and on his own situation, 544  
Castle builder, from a, 167  
Cat calls, 361  
Censuring Spectator, 158  
Character of jilts, 187  
Chloe from her lover, with an account of his dreams, 301  
Choleric gentleman, 563  
Clergyman, to a, 27  
Coquette, from a, 79  
Coquette, and answer, 254  
515  
Cotqueut, 482  
Country winners and conversation, 474  
Countryman to his mistress, 324  
Coverley, from Sir Roger de, 264  
Crazy man, from a supposed, 577  
Cries of London, 251  
Cruel husbands, 236  
Dancing 334  
Decay of the club, 542  
Demonstrations of grief, 95  
Distraction, 348  
Devotion, formal, 79  
Dumb Doctor, 560  
Education, 330 337 353  
Emperor of China to the Pope, 545  
Envil, Sir John, from, married to a lady of quality, 299  
Epilogues against comic, to a tragedy, 338, 341  
Epitaphs, on, 518  
Escourt, from Dick, 264  
Eye, on the 232  
Fur sex, 298

Letters

Fan exercise, 134  
Fashion, 66, 319  
Father to his son, 189  
Female equestrians, 104  
Fortune hunters, 326  
Fortune-stealers, 311  
Freeport, Sir Andrew, his retiring, 549  
Gardening, 477  
Greek mottoes, 271, 296  
shopkeeper on his wife's Greek, 278  
Hecattissa, 48  
Hen pecked husband, determined to be free, 212  
Hen-pecked husbands, 486  
Hoop petticoat, 127  
Horace to Claudius Nero, 493  
• Husband, to a, 204  
Husband likely to be ruined by his wife's accomplishments, 328  
Idler, from an, 320  
Idols, 87  
Impertinents, 163  
Jealous husband, 527  
• Kissing, 272  
• Lady insulted by her seducer—reflections on the subject, 611  
• Languihing lover, from a, 527  
Law, 480, 551  
Leonora, 163  
Lillie, Chas, from, 16  
Lion, from a, 136  
Lottery ticket, 242  
• Lover, from a, 208  
• Lover's leap, on the, 227  
Mary Tuesday from, 24  
Masquerades, 8  
Mercenary practice of men in the choice of wives, 159  
Modesty, on, 484  
Money, love of, 450  
Monkey, from a, 343  
Mother and son, 263  
Mottos, 296  
Naked shoulders, 437  
Natural son, from a, 203  
• New married couple, from a, 364  
Nose pulling, 268  
Octavia complains of the ingratitude of her husband, 322  
Oxford correspondents, 553  
Parish clerk on evergreens, 284  
Parthena, from, 140  
Patching, 268  
Pert baggage, from a, 560  
Playhouse 36  
Play to Hispulla, 525  
Poachers, 168  
Poetical justice, 548

Letters

Poor and proud Jezebel, 292  
Powell, the Puppet-show man, commendation of, 372  
Prayers of clergymen before sermon, 312  
Prude, from a, 364  
Punning, 396  
Quaker, 276  
Rudeness, 443  
Rustic amusements, 161  
• Scholar in love, from a, 362  
Seduction 208  
Servants, 202  
Seventy of schoolmasters, 168  
Sexton of St Paul's, Covent Garden 14  
Short face, Sophia in love with a, 290  
• Silent lover, from a, 304  
Sly, Mr, on hats 532  
Smallpox, lady marked with, 613  
Soldiers, from several, 566  
Spenser, merits of, 540  
Splenetic cured, 131  
Stage-coach, behaviour in a, 242  
Steele, from, 274  
Swinging, 496  
Talebearers, 310  
Templars turned Hackney coachmen, 498  
Theatre, on the—on a musical scheme, 255  
Thrice thrifty ladies, 332  
Travelling, 364  
Ugly Club, 524  
Unhappy condition of women of the town, 190  
Untoward wife, 194  
Voleturnarian 25  
Visiting, 208  
Wagerers and whistlers, 145  
Widow with two lovers, and answer, 149  
Widows' Club, 573  
Will Honeycomb, 131  
Women's Men, 158  
Women taking snuff, 344  
Zelinda from her lover—his death, 627  
Letters, show tempers of writers, 283  
Levees, 193  
Levity, 234, 253  
Liar, 103, 167, 234  
Labels, 35, 451  
Liberality, 292, 346  
Liberty, 287  
Library, female, 37, 79, 92, 140  
Liddy, Miss, reasons for suffering in temper from her sister, 396  
Life (domestic), 455, (human), 27, 93, 94, 143, 159, 202, 219, 222, 289, 317, 574, 575  
Light, 413

- 41, 67, 77, 105, 131, 156, 265, 311, 325, 332, 359, 420, 475, 490, 511, 530, p. 793  
 Honeycomb, Simon, 154  
 Honour, 99, 219  
 Horace, 493  
 Howard, Hon. E., The British Prince, 43 n  
 Huarte, Juan 307 n  
 Hudibras, 17, 54, 59, 145  
 Hughes, John, 66 n, 104, 141, 220, 231, 232, 252, 300  
 Humours, the, 347 n  
 Hunting, 116 n, 533  
 Hunt the squirrel, a country dance, 67  
 Husbandman, funeral oration for 2, 583  
 Hu-bands, 149, 178, 179, 236, 500, 501, 607  
 Hush note 228  
 Hush, Peter, the whisperer, 457  
 Hyena and spider, 187  
 Hydaspes, the opera of, 13 n  
 Hy-men, revengeful, 530  
 Hy-mni, to the Virgin, a book in eight words, 60 to Venus by Sappho, 232, David's, on Providence, 441 on gratitude, 453, on the glories of heaven and earth, 465  
 Hypocrisis, 119, 243, 399, 458  
 Iambic verse, 39  
 James a country footman polished by love 71  
 Jane, Mrs., a peckthank, 372  
 Jany's care of Jeneas, 372  
 Ibrahim XII, trapped by 51 n  
 Ichneumon fly, 120  
 Ideas, association of, 126  
 Identity, 578  
 Idols, 47, 474  
 Idleness, 316, 411, 624  
 Idollry, 211  
 Idols, 73, 79, 87, 155, 534  
 Jealousy, 170, 171, 173  
 Jem, 136, 616  
 Jesuits, 17 n, 307, 545  
 Jews, 213, 495, 531  
 Jeebels, 175  
 Ignatus, a fine gentleman, 25 opposed to in atheist, 75  
 Ignorance when amiable, 324  
 Jilt, a penitent, 401  
 Jilt, 187  
 Illad, effect of reading the, 417  
 Ill nature, 23, 163, 185  
 Imaginary beings in poetry, 357 n, 419  
 Immigration, Essay on, 411-421  
 Imitators, 140  
 Imma, daughter of Charlemagne story of, 181  
 Immortality, 111, 210, 537, 600, 633  
 Impertinent persons, 148, 168, 432  
 Implex faoles, 297 n  
 Impudence, 2, 20, 231, 373, 390, 443  
 Incantations in Macbeth, 141  
 Inc. Richard 555  
 Inclination and reason, 447  
 Inconsistency 162, 564  
 Indian kings, the, 50  
 Indifference in marriage, 322  
 Indigo the merchant, 136  
 Indiscretion, 23  
 Indisposition, 143  
 Indolence, 100, 316, 320  
 Industry, 116  
 Infidelity, 186  
 Infirmary for establishing good humour, 439, 437, 440, 474  
 Ingratitude, 491  
 Ingoltsion, Charles, quack doctor, 444  
 Initial letters, 2 n, 567, 568  
 Inble and Yanco, 11  
 Innocence 34, 742  
 Inns of Court, 49  
 Inquisition on munda and bach-lors, 120  
 Inquisitiveness, 288  
 Insipid couple, an, 52  
 Insolence, 294  
 Instinct, 120, 122, 181, 201, 519  
 Insults, 150  
 Intecity, 448, 557  
 Intemperance, 195  
 Intentions, 213, 257  
 Interest, worldly, 105, 394  
 Invention, 457  
 John a Noker and John a Sules, petition of, 577  
 Johnson, the player, 370  
 Jolly Frank memorial from the Infirmary, 479  
 Jonathan's Coffee house, 2 n  
 Jonson, Ben 28 n, 33, 70  
 Joseph I. Emperor, 43, 45 n, 353 n  
 Josephus, 110, 121  
 Journal, use of keeping 2, 317 of a deceased citizen for a week, 317 of a lady 323, of three country mads, 332, of the country Infirmary, 440  
 Jran the witty, 404  
 Irish wido v hunters, 561  
 Irony, 4, 48  
 Iroquois chiefs in London, 50  
 Irresolution, 151, 162  
 Iru the rike, 64  
 Isadas the Spartan, 564  
 Italian writer, 9 opera and singer 2 n, 5 n, 53 n, 18, 20, 28  
 Itch of writing, 532  
 Judgment the offspring of time, 514  
 Judgment's, 483, 548  
 Julian, Emperor, 634  
 July and June described, 425  
 Jupiter's distribution of calum-  
 ities, 558, 559  
 Justice, 479, 564, poetical, 40, 548  
 Juvenal, 150, 309 Dryden's, 37 n  
 Kennet, Dr., on the origin of country wakes, 161 n  
 Kensington Gardens, 477  
 Kumbow, Tom, 24  
 King Lear 40  
 King's, logic of, 239  
 Kissing dances, 67  
 Kiteat Club, 9 n  
 Kitchen music, 570  
 Kitty, a jilt, 187  
 Knaves, 601  
 Knottin, as an employment for beaux, 536  
 Knowledge, 287, 379, self, 399  
 Koran, 94 n  
 Labour, 115, 161, 624  
 Laced emonians, 67, 188, 207  
 Lackey's, The, of McNa, er and Rechteren, 481 n  
 Ladies, 143, 435, 437, 607  
 Laertes, prodigal through shame of poverty, 114  
 La Ferte, the dancing master 37 n  
 Letitia and Daphne, beauty and worth 33  
 Lainpoons, 16, 23, 35, 224  
 Lancashire Witches, the comed-  
 dy, 141  
 Lap, mace, English, effect of the war on the, 165 European 405 brutal 400  
 Lapidus, generosity of, 248  
 Lapland oves, 566, 406  
 Larvati, 32 n  
 Lath, Spinn, would give an estate for better leas, 32  
 Latimer, 465  
 Latin effect of on a country audience, 221  
 Latinus, King, pressed for a soldier, 22 n, 53  
 Laughers at public places, 168  
 Laughter, 47, 52, 249, 424, 533, 630  
 Lawyers, 21, 49, 456, 551  
 Lazy Club, the, 323  
 Leaf, population of, 4, 420  
 Learned, precedence among the, 529  
 Learning 6, 105, 350, 353, 367, 469, 506  
 Leiber, jilt, for furniture, 609  
 Le Cont, Father, 183 n  
 Lee, Nathaniel, 29 n  
 Leo, 497  
 Leonora's library, 37, 163  
 Leontine and Eudorus, 123  
 Leopold I., Emperor, 353  
 Leti, Gregorio, 632

Freart, M., on architecture, 415  
 Freeman, Antony, his stratagem to escape from his wife's rule, 213  
 Freeport, Sir Andrew, 2, 34, 82, 126, 174, 232, 549  
 Free-thinkers, 3, 9, 27, 39, 55, 62, 70, 77, 234, 509  
 Frécher, Marquard, 181 n.  
 French, 102, 104, 435, 481 poets, 45 privateer, cruelty of a, 350  
 Fribbles, 288  
 Friends, 68, 346, 385, 399, 400, 499  
 Fringe glove Club, 30  
 Frutilla, dreams at church, 597  
 Frogs and Boys, fable of the, 23 n.  
 Frolic, 358  
 Froth, Mr., on public affairs, 43 n.  
 Frugality, 107, 346, 467  
 Fuller's English worthies, 221 n.  
 Funeral, the, Steele's comedy, 51 n.  
 Funnel, Will, a toper, 569  
 Futurity, man's weak desire to know, 604  
 Galen, 543  
 Gallantry, 71, 142, 318  
 Gamblers, 41  
 Game, Female, 326  
 Gaining, 93, 140, 428, 447  
 Gaper, the, a Dutch sign, 47  
 Gardens, 5 n., 414, 455, 477  
 Garth, Sir Samuel, 249 n., 273 n.  
 Gazers, 268  
 Generalozy, a letter on, 612  
 Generosity, 107, 248, 346  
 Genius, 160  
 Gentleman, 75, 82  
 Geography of a year, 138  
 George I., 3 n., coronation, 609, 630  
 Georgics, Virgil's, 417  
 Germanicus, 238  
 Germany, politics of, 43 n., 45 n.  
 Gesture in oratory, 407  
 Ghosts, 12, 419, on the stage, 36, 44  
 Giggles in church, 158  
 Gildon, Charles, 267 n.  
 Gipsies, Sir Roger de Coverley and the, 130  
 Giving and forgiving, 189  
 Gladiators, 436  
 Gladio's dream of knight errantry, 597  
 Gladness, 494  
 Glyphyri, story of, 110  
 Globe, Burnet's funeral oration on the, 146  
 Globes, proposal for a new pair of, 552  
 Gloriana, advice concerning a design on, 423

Glory 139, 172, 218, 238  
 Gluttony, 195, 344  
 Goat's milk, 408  
 God, 7, 257, 381, 421, 441, 465, 489, 531, 543, 565, 571, 580, 634, 635  
 Gold clears understanding, 239  
 Good breeding, 119  
 Goodfellow, Robin, on rule of drinking, 205  
 Good Friday paper, a, 356  
 Good humour, 100, infirmity for establishing, 429, 437, 440  
 Good nature, 23, 76, 169, 177, 196, 243, 607  
 Good sense, 437  
 Goodwin, Dr Thomas, 494 n.  
 Goose and Witchin, 376  
 Goosequill, William, clerk to Lawyers' Club, 372  
 Gosling, George, advertises for lottery ticket, 191  
 Gospel gossip, 46  
 Gossiping, 310  
 Gothic, in poetry, 62, in taste, 409  
 Government, forms of, 287  
 Græchus's pitch-pipe, 541  
 Grace at meals, 458  
 Gracefulness in action, 292  
 Graham, Mr., his picture sale, 67  
 Grammar schools, 353  
 Grand Cyrus, Scudery's, 37 n.  
 Grandeur and minuteness, 420  
 Grandmother, Sir Roger de Coverley's great, great, great, had the best receipts for a hasty pudding and a white pot, 109  
 Grant, Dr., the oculist, 472, 547 n.  
 Grauan, Balthazar, 293 n., 397 n., 409  
 Gratification, 454  
 Gratitude, 453, 588  
 Gravitation, 121  
 Great and good not alike in meaning, 109  
 Great men, 101, 196  
 Greatness of mind, 312, of objects, 412, 413  
 Greaves, John, 1 n.  
 Grecian Coffee house, 1 n.  
 Greeks, 189, 313, modern, who so called, 239, 215  
 Green, why the earth is covered with, 287  
 Green-sickness, 431  
 Grif, the grotto of, 501  
 Grinning match, 137  
 Grotto verses on, 632  
 Grove, Rev Henry, 588 n.  
 Guardian the, 532 n., 550 n.  
 Gumley, Mr., a diligent tradesman, 509  
 Gyges and Aglaüs, tale of, 610  
 Gymnosophists, 337  
 Habits, 197

Hadley, John, 428 n.  
 Halifax, Charles Montagu, Earl of, 3 n., p. 130  
 George Sa vile, Marquis of, 170 n.  
 Hamdryds, 589  
 Hamlet, 404  
 Handel, 5 n.  
 Handkerchief in tragedy, 44  
 Handsome people, 144  
 Hangings, the men in the, 22  
 Hanover succession, 384  
 Happiness, 15, 167, 575, 610  
 Hardness in parents, 181  
 Hard words should be mispronounced by well bred ladies, 45  
 Harbours, 116 n.  
 Harper, Robert, 481 n.  
 Harrington's Oceana, 176 n.  
 Harris, Mr., proposes an organ for St. Paul's, 552  
 Harrison, John, 428 n.  
 Hart, Nicholas, the annual sleep, 184 n.  
 Hated 125  
 Hats, 187, 219  
 Hryn, Nicolino, 258 n.  
 Haymarket Theatre, 1 n.  
 Head-dress, 98, 319  
 Health, 411  
 Hearts, a vision of, 587  
 Heathen philosophy, 150, no tions of a future state, 633  
 Heaven, 447, 465, 580, 590, 600  
 Hebrew idiom in English, 405  
 Heccatassa and the Ugly Club, 48  
 Heidegger, J. J., 14 n., 31  
 Heirs and elder brothers, 123  
 Hell, the Platonic, 90  
 Henley, Anthony, 494, 518 n.  
 Henpecked husbands, 170, 179, 479 bachelors, 486  
 Herbert, George, 58 n.  
 Heretics, 185  
 Hermit, saying of a, 575  
 Hero, what makes a, 240, 312  
 601, in tragedy, 40  
 Herod and Marianne, story of, 171  
 Herodotus, 483  
 Hesiod, 200, 447  
 Heteropticks, 250  
 Heywood, James, 268 n.  
 Hilpa, an antediluvian princess, story of, 584, 585  
 Hirst, James, his love letter, 71 n.  
 Historians, 420, 483, in conversation, 136  
 History, 133, 289, 420, 428, a study recommended to news-mongers, 452, a secret, 619  
 Hobbes, 47 n., 52, 249, 588  
 Hobson's choice, 509  
 Hockley in the Hole, 31 n., 436 n.  
 Homer, 70, 273, 357, 411, 417  
 Honest men, association of, 126  
 Honestus, the trader, 443  
 Honeycomb, Will, 2 n., 4, 34,

Dullness, goddess of 63  
 Dumb conjurer, the, 560  
 Dunces, 17 *n*  
 Dunlop, Alexander, 524 *n*  
 Duration, the idea of, 94  
 D'Urfe, Thomas, 37 *n*  
 Dutch monuments for the dead, 26  
 Dyer's News letter, 43 *n*, 127  
 Earl of Essex, in a Tragedy, 48 *n*  
 Earth, why covered with green, 387, why called a mother, 246  
 East, 196  
 East Endorne, custom for widows, 614, 623  
 Eating, drinking, and sleeping, 317  
 Echo, false wit, 59  
 Edgar, King, amour of, 605  
 Editors of the classics, 470  
 Education, 53, 66, 103, 123, 157, 215, 224, 230, 313, 314, 337, 353, 376, 431, 445  
 Eggs, the scholar's, 58  
 Egmont and the daughter of Charlemagne, 181 *n*  
 Egotism, 563  
 Egyptian darkness, 615  
 Electra of Sophocles, 44  
 Elihu's speech to Job, 316  
 Elizabeth, Queen 293  
 Eloquence of St. Paul, 633 of beggars, 613  
 Embellishers, 521  
 Emblematical persons, 419  
 Emilia, 302  
 Eminence, the tax on 101  
 Emperor of the Moon, Mrs. Behu's farce of the, 22 *n*  
 Emulation, 432  
 Endorne, the custom for widows, 614, 623  
 Enemies 125, 399  
 England, advantages of being born in, 135  
 English, the people, 135, 148, 397, 407, 419, 432, 435, 557 the language, 135, 103, 230, 405  
 Envy, 19, 253  
 Epaminondas, 133  
 Ephraim lady, the, 11 *n*, 193  
 Ephrum, the Quaker, and the officer, in a stage coach, 131 *n*  
 Epic poem, construction of an, 207, 273, 291, 297, 315  
 Epictetus, 53 *n*, 219, 355, 397, 524  
 Epigram of Heccatus, 52  
 Epilogues, 338 *n*, 341  
 Epistles, poetical, 618, recommended 493  
 Epitaph by Ben Jonson 33 *n* on Countess of Pembroke, 393, on a charitable man, 177 *n*, extravagant and mo-

dest epitaphs, 26, 538, 539  
 Equanimity, 137, 143, 196  
 Equestrian order of ladies, 435, 437  
 Equipage, 15, 144, 428  
 Equity, schools of, 337  
 Erasmus, 59, 239  
 Erratum in an edition of the Bible, 579  
 Error, 117, 460  
 Escalus, an old beau, 318  
 Esqures, 5-9  
 Essays, 123, 476  
 Estates, acquisition of, 222, 353  
 Estcourt, Richard, 264 *n* 353, 370, 463  
 Eternity, 159, 575, 590, 628  
 Ether, the fields of, 420  
 Ethers, Sir George, 2 *n*, 44 *n*, 51, 65 *n*, 127  
 Eubolus at the coffee house, 49  
 Eucrate, the friend of King Pharamond, 76, 84  
 Eucratia, 144  
 Eudoxus, 7, 144  
 Eudoxus and Leonine, their friendship, and education of their children, 123  
 Eugene, Prince, 209 *n*, 340 *n*  
 Eugenus, his charity, 177  
 Euphrates, the, 415  
 Eusden, Lawrence, 54, 78 *n*, 87  
 Evergreens, feminine, 395  
 Everlasting Club, the, 72  
 Evermont, M. de St., 273, 349  
 Example, 337  
 Excess, 150  
 Exchange, the Royal, 69, 454 the new, 60 *n*  
 Exchange bills, Montagu's, 3 *n*  
 Exercise 115, 116, 161, 195  
 Extravagance, 161, 222, 243  
 Eye, formation of the, 472  
 Eyes, a dissertation on, 250 their influence, 19, 252  
 Fable use of, 183 of the Lion and Man, 11, of the Children and Lions, 23, of Jupiter and the Countryman 25, of Pleasure and Pain, 183 of a Drop of Water, 293 of the Persian Glassman, 535  
 Face, the epitome of man, 511 a good one a letter of recommendation, 221 each should be pleased with his own, 559  
 Fadlallah, story of, 578  
 Fairs, Persian, for selling women, 511  
 Fairy writing, 419  
 Faith, 459, 465  
 False wit, 25, 58, 60  
 Falsehood, 63, 103, 156, 352  
 Falstaff, 47  
 Fame, 73, 139, 213, 255, 256, 257, 420, 439

Familiarities in society, 429, 430  
 Family madness in pedigrees, 612  
 Famine in France, 180  
 Fan exercise, 102  
 Fancy, 411, 514, 558  
 Fashion 6, 64, 157, 175, 460, 478, 490  
 Father's love, 449  
 Faults secret, discovered 259  
 Faustina, empress, 128  
 Fawcett, 304  
 Fear, 25, 114, 152, 224, 471, 613  
 Feasts, 195  
 Feeling, the sense of 412  
 Female library proposed, 37, 247, oratory, 247, 252 rakes, 337, virtues, 81, domestic rule, 3-0, game, preserving, 326  
 Fendou, 95  
 Festau, the surgeon 363  
 Festivity of spirit, 353  
 Feuille mort, 265  
 Fiction, 479  
 Fidelity, a good daughter, 449  
 Fido transformed into a look-in, glass, 392  
 Final uses, 413  
 Fireworks at Rome, a poem on, 617  
 Flattery, 49, 238, 460, 621  
 Flavia and Cynthia, 308  
 Flavia, rival to her mother, 91  
 Flavia, spoiled by marriage, 437  
 Fleetwood, Dr. William, 384 *n*  
 Flesh painter out of place, 41  
 Fletcher's Pilgrim, on a scene in, 22 *n*, humorous lieutenant, 266  
 Flora, 425  
 Flo niles, Chevalier de, 152 *n*  
 Flutter, Sir Fopling, comedy of, 65  
 Flying, letter on, 462  
 Fumble, Sir Gooltre, 190  
 Follies, our own, mistaken for worth, 400  
 Fondness, 449  
 Fontenelle, 291 *n*, 519, 576  
 Fools, 47, 148, 485  
 Footman, a too sober, 493  
 Fop, 280  
 Fopling Flutter, Sir, Ethers, 65  
 Foppington, Clobber's Lord, 43  
 Forehead, an orator, 231  
 Fortis, whose faults are overlooked, 422  
 Fortunatus, the trader, 433  
 Fortune, 282, 291, 294, 312 stealers, 211, hunters, 3-0 comedy of the, 22 *n*  
 Fox hunters, 474  
 Frincham, Mr. of North, 520  
 Francis, St., 245  
 Frankair, Charles, an envious and impudent speaker, 434

Conformity, occasional, 269  
 Congreve, 40 *n*, 189, 204, 443, 530  
 Conquest, Deborah, of the Widows' Club, 561  
 Conquests, the vanity of, 180  
 Conscience, 188  
 Constancy in sufferings, 237  
 Contemplation, 514  
 Contempt, 150  
 Content, 163, 574  
 Conversation, 53, 68, 100, 103, 119, 143, 409, 574  
 Copennagen, 393  
 Coquets, 66, 172, 208, 390, heart of one dissected, 281  
 Cordeliers, story of St. Francis, 245  
 Cornaro, Lewis, 195  
 Corneille, 39 *n*  
 Cornelu, family of the, 192  
 Corruption, 469  
 Coqueans, 482  
 Cottius, his equanimity, 143  
 Country dances, 67, the Sir Roger de Coverley, 106 *n*  
 Country life, 151, 161, 414, 424, 474, 583, 622  
 Country Wake, the, a farce, 502  
 Country wakes described, 161  
 Courage, 99, 152, 161, 350, 422  
 Court life, 64, 76, 394, 403  
 Courtship, 261  
 Coverley, Sir Roger de, 2, 6, 34, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 113, 115, 116, 118, 122, 125, 126, 130, 131, 174, 269, 295, 329, 331, 335, 359, 383, 410, 424, *n* 517  
 Covetousness, 316  
 Cowardice, 231, 611  
 Cowley, 41, 62, 67, 81, 114, 123, 339, 551, 590, 610, 613  
 Cowper, Lord, 38, 467  
 Coxcombs, 128, 406  
 Crab, chaplain to the Ugly Club, 78  
 Crambo, 63  
 Crastin, Dick, challenges Tom Tulip, 91  
 Crazy, a man thought so for reading Milton aloud, 577  
 Creation, contemplation of, 393  
 Milton's account of, 339, Blackmore's poem on, 339 *n* 543  
 Credit, 3, 218, 320  
 Credulity in women, 190  
 Cries of London, 251  
 Critics, 87, 201, 409, 592  
 Cross, Miss, half a tun less hand-some than Madam Van Brisket, 32  
 Cully-Mully-Puff, 362  
 Cultismo, 379 *n*, 409  
 Cunning, 225  
 Curiosity, 237, 439  
 Custom, 437, 455, 474

Cymon and Iphigenia, 71  
 Cynæas reproves Pyrrhus, 180  
 Cynthia and Flavia, broken courtship of, 399  
 Cyrus, 564  
 Czár Peter, 43 *n*, compared with Louis XIV, 139  
 Dacier, André and Auna, 291 *n*, 297 *n*  
 Dacinctus, a pleasant fellow, 462  
 Damon, Plato's, 215 *n*  
 Daintry, Captain, 570 *n*  
 Dainty Mrs. Mary, writes from the Infirmary, 425  
 Dalton's Country Justice, 92 *n*  
 Damon, Strephon, and Gloriana, 423  
 Dampier's Voyages, 121 *n*  
 Dancing, 66, 67, 296, 334, 370, 376, 466  
 Dangers past, 418  
 Daphne's Chance Medley, 33  
 Dapperwit, 104, 482, 530  
 Darkness, Egyptian, 615  
 Day, several times of, in London life, 454  
 Day dreams, 167  
 Death, 7, 25, 133, 152, 153, 289, 349  
 Debt, 82  
 Dedications, 188, of Spectator to Lord Semers, p 1 to Lord Halifax, p 130 to Henry Boyle p 247 to the Duke of Marlborough, p 358, to Thomas Earl of Wharrou, p 467 to Earl of Sunderland, p 573 to Paul Methuen, p 677, to Will Honeycomb, p 793  
 Defamation, 348, 427, 451  
 Definitions, 373  
 Deformity, 17, 87  
 Delicacy, 104, 286, 292  
 Delight, essential to wit, 62, vernal, 393  
 Deluge, Whiston's Theory of the, 396  
 Demetrius, a saying of 237  
 Demurrers, what woman to be so called, 89  
 Denham, Sir John, 82 *n*  
 Dennis, John, 47 *n*, 273 *n*, 548 *n*  
 Denying, sometimes a virtue, 458  
 Dependence, 181, 214, 282  
 Dervise Fadhallah, story of the, 631  
 Descriptions, source of pleasure in, 416, 418  
 Desire, 191, 400  
 D'Estrades, negotiations of Count, 92 *n*  
 Detraction, 256, 348, 355  
 Devotee described, 354  
 Devotion, 93, 163, 201, 207, 415  
 Diogenes, the atheist, in a storm, 483 *n*

Dial plate for absent lovers, 241  
 Diana, 453  
 Diet, 195  
 Dieupart, Charles, 258 *n*  
 Diffidence, 87  
 Dignitaries of the law, 21  
 Dilatoriness, 469  
 Diligence, 514  
 Dionysius a Club tyrant, 508  
 Dionysius's ear, 439  
 Disappointed love, 163  
 Discontent, 214  
 Discretion, 225, 607  
 Dispensary, Garth's, 476  
 Dissection of a beau's head, 275  
 of a coquette's heart, 281  
 Dissenters, 147, 259  
 Dissimulation, 193  
 Distempers, each does best with his own, 599  
 Distinction, desire of, 219, 224  
 Distrest Mother, a tragedy, commended, 290, 335, 338 *n*  
 Diversions, over-indulgence in, 447  
 Divorce, 41  
 Doctor in Moorfields, contrivance of a, 193  
 Dogget the comedian, 235 *n*, 370, 446, 502 *n*  
 Doggrel, 60  
 Dogs, 116 *n*, 474, 579  
 Dolly stuffs cheap and genteel, 283, 320  
 Domestic life 320, 455  
 Donne, his description of Eliz Drury, 41 *n*  
 Donguy's engravings of the Cartoons, 226 *n*  
 Doris, Congreve's character of, 422  
 Dorset, Lord, collected old ballads, 85  
 Doves in company, 300  
 Drama, its original a worship, 465  
 Drawcansir, 16 *n*  
 Dreams, 167, 487, 595, 524, 586, 593, 597, of retirement, 425  
 golden seasons, 403  
 425 Trophonius's Cave, 599  
 Dress, 69, 150, 360, 435  
 Drinking, 189, 195, 205, 458, 474, 569  
 Drums in a marriage concert, 364  
 Drury Lane Theatre, 1 *n*  
 Dry, Will, of clear head and few words, 470  
 Dryden, 5 *n*, 32 *n*, 33, 37 *n*, 40 *n*, 55, 58, 62, 71, 77, 85, 102 *n*, 116, 141, 162, 177, 222, 267 *n*, 297 *n*, 341, 365, 512, 572, 589, 621  
 Du Bartas, 58 *n*  
 Duelling, 84, 97, 99  
 Dugdale, 21 *n*  
 Dull fellows, 43

- Callipædia, Claude Quillet, 23 n  
 Callisthenes, 422  
 Calprenède's romances, 37 n  
 Calvary, 451, 594  
 Canbray, Fencelon, Archbishop of, 99, 95  
 Cambridge Upl. Club, 78  
 Camilla, Virgil's, 15  
 Camilla, the opera of, 18 n, 22 n, 443  
 Camillus, behaviour of, to his son, 203  
 Camurus, the, 160  
 Camp, wherein a good school, 500  
 Campbell, the dumb fortune-teller, 327 n, 474  
 Canilour, 332  
 Canidia, an old beauty, 301  
 Cant, 147  
 Capacities of children to be considered in their education, 307  
 Caprice, 191  
 Carbuncle, Dr., his dye, 52  
 Care, who his most, 374 inauspicious, 122  
 Carcass, 337  
 Caracædes, his definition of Beauty, 144  
 Cartesian theory of ideas, 417  
 Cartoons, Raphael's, 226, 244  
 Cases in love answered, 591, 607, 614  
 Casimir, Lescinski, a Polish monarch, punishment of, 359  
 Cassandra, romance of, 37 n  
 Cassius Cæsar, temper of, 157  
 Castle builders, 167  
 Cat, a contributor to harmony, 302  
 Cat, old and young, speculations on, 626  
 Catall, a dissertation on the, 301  
 Catiline, 386  
 Cato, 243, 255, 446, 557  
 Catullus, his lampoon of Cæsar, 23 n  
 Cave of Trophæus, 558, 559  
 Celibacy, 528  
 Celsinda on female jealousy, 178  
 Censor of small wares, 16 of marriage, 308  
 Censorship of the press, 445 n  
 Censure, 101, 610  
 Cereimony, 119  
 Chair, the mathematical, 35  
 Chambermaids, 368  
 Chancery, 564  
 Chaplains to persons of quality, 609 Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, 106  
 Chapman, George, 467 n  
 Chardin, Sir John, 289 n  
 Charity schools, 294, 430  
 Charlemon and his secretary, story of, 181  
 Charles I., book of Pearls in a picture of, 58  
 Charles II., his similitudes, 78, 462  
 Charles II. of Spain, 62 n  
 Charles VI. of Germany, 353 n  
 Charles XII. of Sweden, his march to the Ukraine, 43 n  
 Chastity, 591, 579  
 Chaucer, 73  
 Cheerfulness, 143, 381, 387  
 Chemists jargon, 426  
 Cherubim and Seraphim, 600  
 Chervy Chase criticized, 70, 74  
 Chizlus Jeru, excused to Pharaon his absence from court, 480  
 Children, 157, 246, 307, 420, 500  
 Children in the Wood, on the Pillad of the, 85  
 Child & Coffee house, 1 n  
 China women and the vapours, 336  
 Chinese, 60, 139, 414  
 Chin-chat Club, 560  
 Chocolate, 395  
 Chocolate-house, Cocoon tree, 1 n, White, 88 n  
 Chremylus, story of, from Anisophanes, 404  
 Christian religion, 186, 213, 574, 614  
 Christian hero, Steele's, 37, 356 n, 516  
 Christ, 128  
 Chronograms, 60 n  
 Church and puppet show, 14  
 behaviour of, 53, 242, 259, 460, 630 music, 335 work, 363  
 Churchyard, the country, on Sunday, 112  
 Cibber, Colley, 48 n, 370, 546  
 Cicero, 61, 68, 212, 404, 427, 456, 467 n, 505, 531, 541, 554  
 Citizens, the opportunity of, 346  
 City lovers, 155  
 Clarendon, Earl of, 349, 485  
 Clarinda in Idol, 73  
 Clark, Mrs. Margaret, remnant of a love letter to, 34  
 Clarke, Dr. Samuel, 363  
 Classics, editors of the, 470  
 Clavius, Christopher, 307 n  
 Clay, Stephen, 173 n  
 Clayton, Thomas, the composer, 18 n, 258 n  
 Cleanliness, 631  
 Cleanthe, a French lady, novel of, 15  
 Cleuthes misapplies his talents, 404  
 Clelia, Scuderi's, 37 n  
 Cleopatra, 400  
 romance of, 37 n  
 Clergyman of the Spectator's Club, 2, 34  
 Clergymen, 21, 106, 609, 633  
 Clerks, parish, advice to, 372  
 Cleveland, John, 237 n  
 Cliff, Nat., advertises for a lottery ticket, 191  
 Clinch of Barmy, 24 n, 31  
 Clodpate, Justice, Cibber's, 48  
 Cloe the idiot, 460  
 Club Law, 239  
 Clubs, 9, 474, 508, the Amorous, 30 Beef steak, 9 n, Chat chat, 560, Everlasting, 72 Fox hunters, 374 Fringe-glove, 30 Hebdomad, 43 Hen pecked, 474, Kite it, 9 n Lazy, 320 Lawyers, 372 Mohock, 324 Moving, 372, October, 9 n, Rattling, 630 She Romp, 217 Sighing, 30 Spectator's, 1, 2, 34 Club at Oxford for reading the Spectator, 553 Street Clubs, 0, 1, 2, 3, 9 Ugly, 17, 78 White, 88 n Widows, 561  
 Coachmen, Hackney, 200 men, 25, 515, 526  
 Coat, fine, when a livery, 168  
 Cocoa tree Chocolate house, 1 n  
 Coffee house, debates, 197, 470  
 idols, 153 imperiments, 87, 145, 146, 188 laws, 521 po-  
 tates at different hours, 49  
 Childs, 1 n Grecian, 1 n  
 Innathan's, 1 n, Lloyd's, 46 n  
 Rindow, 16 n St James's, 1 n, 24 Sic's, 49 n  
 Quire's, 49 n Will's, 1 n, 49 n  
 Collier, Jeremy, 361 n  
 Colours, 412, 413, 410  
 Colours taken at Blenheim, 139  
 Coined, 249, 446  
 Con et, Newton on the, 101  
 Comfort, 196, 501  
 Commode, the, 98 n  
 Commendation, 348, 467  
 Commemories, Cæsar's, Clarke's edition of, 367  
 Commerce, 21, 69  
 Commercial friendship, 346  
 Commies, Philip de, 431  
 Commodus, Emperor, 127  
 Common Prayer, the Book of, 147  
 Commonwealth of Amazons, 433  
 Companions, 424  
 Comparisons in Homer and Milton, 303  
 Compassion, 169, 397  
 Complacency in courts, 394  
 Compliments, 103, 155  
 Conus, god of revels, 425  
 Concave figure, its advantage in architecture, 415  
 Condé, Prince of, 46  
 Conecte, Thomas his preaching, against women's commodes, 98 n  
 Confidants, 118  
 Confidence dangerous to ladies, 395



- Artillery, Milton's, 333  
 Artist and author compared, 166  
 Asaph (B shop of St.), preface to sermons, 384  
 Aspasia, an excellent woman, 128  
 Ass, schoolman's case of the, applied, 191, 196, 201  
 Assizes, county described, 122  
 Association of honest men proposed, 126  
 Assurance, modest, 75, 166, 185, 373  
 Astraea, D'Urfe's, 37  
 Astrop Spa, 154  
 Atheists, 237, 381, 389, 483  
 Atlantis, the New, 37  
 Attention, the true posture of, 521  
 Atticus, his genius, 150, as a friend, 385  
 Audience at a play, 13, 290, 502  
 August described, 425  
 Augustus Cæsar, 528, 585  
 Aurelia, a happy wife, 15  
 Author and readers, 1, and artist, 166, and author, 124 on himself, 4, 9, for what to be admired, 355, inconvenience of his signing his name to his works, 451 of folios takes precedence, 529 for the stage, 51  
 Avance, 55, 224, 624  
 Axe, poem in the shape of an, 58  
 Babblers, 218  
 Babies in the Wood, 85  
 Babylon, 415  
 Bachelors, an inquisition on, 320  
 Bacon flitch at Whichenovre, 607  
 Bacon, Lord, 554 quoted, 10, 19, 411, 447  
 Bags of money transformed, 3  
 Balance, Jupiter's, in Homer and Virgil, 463  
 Baldness, 497  
 Ballads (old), admiration of, 502  
 Chevy Chase, 70, 74  
 Babies in the Wood, 85  
 Balloon, 45  
 Balzac, 355  
 Bamboo, Benjamin, his philosophical use of a shrew, 482  
 Bank of England, 2  
 Bankruptcy, 428, 456  
 Bantam, the ambassador from, describes the English, 557  
 Bantry Bay, 383  
 Barbadoes, Ligon's History of, 11, appeals from, 394  
 Barbarity, 139  
 Bareface, his success with the ladies, 156  
 Barn Elms, 91  
 Barnes, Joshua, 245  
 Bar, oratory of the English, 407  
 Barnaby-bright, 623  
 Barr, Mr., 388  
 Barreux, Jacques Vallée, Seigneur des, 513  
 Barrow, Isaac, 106  
 Bashfulness natural to the English, 148  
 Basil Valentine and his son, history of, 426  
 Bastards, 203  
 Bastile, a prisoner in the, 116  
 Battles, descriptions of, 428  
 Bawlers, 148  
 Baxter, 84, 445, 498  
 Bayle, on libels, 451 his dictionary, 92, 121, 198  
 Beagles, 116  
 Bear garden, visited, 436, 449, how to improve the, 141  
 Beards, 321, 331  
 Beau and Quaker, 631, Beau's head dissected, 255  
 Beaufort, Cardinal, Shakespeare's death of, 210  
 Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, 270  
 Beauties, 4, 33, 87, 144, 155  
 Beauty, 33, 144, 302, 406, 412, 510  
 Beaver, the haberdasher and coffee-house politician, 49  
 Beefsteak Club, 9  
 Beggars, 430, 613, Sir A. Freeport on, 232  
 Behn, Aphra, 22, 51  
 Beings, scale of, considered, 519, imaginary, 419  
 Bel and the Dragon, 28  
 Bell Savage, etymology of, 28  
 Belvidera, song upon, criticized, 470  
 Beneficence, 292, 588, 601  
 Bentley Richard, 165  
 Biblis every woman's rival, 187  
 Bill, for preserving female fame, 326, of mortality, 289  
 Bion, saying of, on search for happiness, 574  
 Birch, Dr Thomas, 364  
 Birds for the opera, 5 better education of, by L. Tattle, 36, 121 how affected by colours, 412  
 Birthday, Queen Anne's, 294  
 Bitters, 47, 504  
 Biton and Cleobis, 483  
 Blackmore, Sir R., 6, 339  
 Bland, Dr., 628  
 Blank, a letter from, 563  
 Blank verse, 39  
 Blast, Lady, her character, 457  
 Blumantle, Lady, 427  
 Bluslung, 300  
 Boar killed by Mrs Tofts in Armada, 22  
 Board-wages, 88  
 Boccacini, Trajan, 291, 355, 514  
 Bodily exercises, 161  
 Body, human, transcendent wisdom in construction of the, 543  
 Boevey, Mrs. Catherine, 113  
 Boileau, 47, 209, 291  
 Boleyn, Anne, her letter to Henry VIII., 397  
 Bond, John, 286  
 Bonosus, a drunken Briton, 569  
 Books, 37, 93, 123, 124, 163, 166  
 Bossu, René le, 279, 291  
 Routhours, Dominique, 62  
 Boul, Mr., sale of his pictures, 226  
 Bouts Rimes, 60  
 Bow, English use of the, 161  
 Boyle, Hon. Robert, 94, 121, 531, 554  
 Bracton's law of Scolds, 479  
 Brady, Nicholas, 168  
 Breeding (good), 66, 119, 169  
 Bribery, 239, 394  
 British Ladies and Priests, 41  
 Princes, Hon. E. Howard's, 43  
 Brome, Dr., 302  
 Brooke and Hellier, 362  
 Brown, Tom, his new method of wringing, 576  
 Brunetta and Phillis, 80  
 Bruno, Giordano, 389  
 Bruyère's character of an absent man, 77  
 Buck, Timothy, answers the challenge of James Miller, 430  
 Buckingham, Duke of, invention in glass, 509  
 Sheffield, Duke of, 253, 462, Villiers, Duke of, 371  
 Budge, Eustace, 67, 517, Gilbert, 591  
 Buffoonery, 443  
 Bullock, the Comedian, 36, 44  
 Bullock, Gabriel, love letter of, 324, 328  
 Bully Dawson, 2  
 Bumpers in drinking, 474  
 Burlesque, 249, 616, 625  
 Burnet's Theory of the Earth, 38, 143, 146, Travels, 46, 531  
 Bury Fair, 154  
 Business the man of, 27, learned men most fit for, 469  
 Bussy d'Amboise, 467  
 Busy world, virtuous and vicious, 624  
 Button-makers' petition, 175  
 Butts, 47, 175  
 Byrom, John, 586, 603  
 Cæoethes serbendi, 582  
 Cælia, the pretty, advised to hold her tongue, 404  
 Cæsar, Julius, 23, 147, 169, 231, 224, 256, 374, 395, edition of his Commentaries, 367  
 Cairo Spectator at, 1, 69  
 Calamities, 312, 483, 558, 559  
 Calamy, Edward, 106  
 Calhula, 16, 246

# INDEX.

[The figures refer to Numbers of Papers, *n* adds references to Notes

- Abbey, Westminster, 26, 329  
 Abel Druggier, Ben Jonson's, 28 *n*  
 Abigails (male) for ladies, 45  
 Abracadabra, 221 *n*  
 Absence, in love, 24, 241, 245. of mind, 77  
 Abstinence, 174, 195  
 Academy for Politics, 305  
 Acasto, the agreeable man, 386  
 Accounts, keeping, 174  
 Acetur's raillery, 422  
 Acosta's defence of Jewish ceremonies, 213  
 Acrostics, 60 *n*  
 Act of Deformity for the Ugly Club, 17, Uniformity, Toleration, Settlement, 3 *n*, Stamp, 445 *n*  
 Action, 116, 292, 541, 588, the, in an Epic poem, 267  
 Actions, 174, 257  
 Admiration, 73, 237, 256, 340, 413  
 Adrian, Emperor, Pope on his last lines, 532  
 Adversity, 237  
 Advertisements, 2 *n*, 31 *n*, 46 *n*, 65 *n*, 141 *n*, 156, 291 *n*, 294 *n*, 332 *n*, 358 *n*, 370 *n*, 462 *n*, 489 *n*, 514 *n*, 533 *n*, 547 *n*  
 Advice, 34, 385, 475, 512 to a daughter, George Savile, Lord Halifax's, 170  
 Ænoid in rhyme, 60  
 Æschylus, Prometheus Bound of, 357 *n*  
 Æsop, 17 *n*  
 Affliction, 35, 38, 150, 205, 284, 404, 408, 460, 515. of vice, outlives the practice, 318  
 Affection, 449  
 Affliction, 95, 163, 164, 501. not uncharitably to be called a judgment, 483  
 Aganippe, the fountain, 514  
 Age, 6, 153, 260, 336  
 Aglaüs, the happy man, 610  
 Agreeable, in conversation, the art of being, 386, man, 280, 386, woman, 21  
 Alabaster, Dr., 221  
 Albaında, the too fair and witty, 144  
 Albertus Magnus, 56 *n*  
 Alexander the Great, 32, 127, 337, 379, project of an opera upon him, 14. William, Earl of Surling, 300 *n*  
 Allegories, 55, 421, 501. in Epics, 357  
 Allusion, 421  
 Almanza, battle of, 7 *n*  
 Alms, 232  
 Alnaschar, the Persian glassman, 535  
 Altar, poem in shape of an, 58  
 Amanda rewarded, 375  
 Amarihus improved by good breeding, 144  
 Amazons, the commonwealth of, 433, 434  
 Ambition, 27, 125, 156, 180, 183, 200, 219, 224, 255, 257, 570, 613, 624  
 Americans, who used painting for writing, 416 their opinion of departed souls, in a vision, 56  
 Amoret the jilt reclaimed, 401  
 Amorous Club, 30  
 Amusements, 93  
 Anacharsis, the Corinthian drunkard, a saying of, 569  
 Anagram, 53 *n*, 60  
 Anatomy, speculations on, 543  
 Ancestry, 612  
 Ancestors, the, 61, 249, 358  
 Andromache, 57  
 Angels, 610  
 Anger, 438  
 Animals, structure and instincts of, 120, 121  
 Anna Bella on the conversation between men and women, 53  
 Anne Boleyn's last letter to Henry VIII., 397  
 Anne, Queen, 384 *n*, mourning for, 606  
 Annihilation, 210  
 Anthony, Mark, his witty mirth, 386  
 Antigonus painted by Apelles, 633  
 Antimony, Basil Valentine on 94 *n*  
 Antiochus in love with his mother-in-law, 229  
 Antipathies, 538, 609  
 Anti-staters appointed, 20  
 Anxietus, unnecessary, 615  
 Apes, some women considered as, 244  
 Apollo, his temple on the top of Leucate, 223, his throne, 514  
 Apollodorus, a fragment of, 203  
 Apostle spoons, 250  
 Apothecaries, 195  
 Apparitions, 12, 110 Plato's opinion of, 60  
 Appearances, 86, 87, 360  
 Appetites, 120, 208, 260  
 Applause, 188, 442, 610  
 April, described, 425, the first of, 47  
 Arabian Nights, 195, 535  
 Arable, Mrs., in a stage coach, 132  
 Arandr, Countess of, displeased with Gratian, 379  
 Araspas and Panthea, story of, 564  
 Arcadia, Sidney's, 37 *n*  
 Archduke Charles, 45 *n*  
 Architecture, 415  
 Aretino, 23 *n*  
 Arguments, management of, 197, 239  
 Argus, 250  
 Arietta, the agreeable 11  
 Aristas and Aspasia, the happy couple, 128  
 Aristænetus, letters of, 238  
 Aristippus, saying of, on contentment, 574  
 Aristophanes, 23 *n*  
 Aristotle, 39, 40, 42, 86 *n*, 160, 239, 267, 273 *n*, 286 *n*, 291 *n*, 297 *n*, 315 *n*  
 Arithmetic, political, 200  
 Arm, the orator's weapon, 541  
 Army, losses in a campaign, 180. when in a good school, 566  
 Arsinoë, the opera, 18 *n*  
 Art, general design of, 541 and taste, 29, works of, 414 of Criticism, Pope's 253

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'at the Angel and Crown in St Paul's Churchyard, near Cheapside, at 2s 6d a Bottle  
'with Directions

'In Dean Street, Soho, is a very good House to be Lett, with a very good  
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'Inquire at Robin's Coffeehouses near St Anne's Church

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'A Representation of the Present State of Religion, with regard to the late  
'Excessive growth of Infidelity, Heresy, and Prophaneness Unanimously agreed upon by  
'a Committee of both Houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, and afterwards  
'pass'd in the lower House, but rejected by the upper House Members of the Com-  
'mittee The Bps of Peterborough Landaff, Bangor, St Asaph, St David's, Dr Atter-  
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'The famous Bavarian Red Liquor

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'White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor per-  
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'but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly It renders the Face delightfully hand-  
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'covered by the nearest friend It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World

'with Directions Sold only at Mr Payn's Toyshop at the Angel and Crown in St Paul's Church-yard near Cheapside.'

'For Sale by the Candle,

'On Friday next, the 25th Instant, at Lloya's Coffee-house in Lombard Street at 4 a Clock in the Afternoon, only 1 Cask in a Lot, viz 74 Buts, 22 Hogsheds and 3 quarter Casks of new Blue-Carlos Barcelona Wine very deep, bright and strong, extraordinary good and ordinary, at 10s per But, 5s per Hogsherd and 25s per Quarter Cask, next, an entire Parcel, lately landed, now in Cellars on Gilly Key (fronting the Thames) between the Coffeehouse and Tower Dock To be tasted this Day the 23rd, and to Morrow the 24th Instant, from 7 a Clock to 1, and from 2 to 7, and all Friday till the Time of Sale To be sold by Tho Tomkins Broker in Seething-lane in Fower-street'

'Loss of Memory or Forgetfulness, certainly Cured, By a grateful Electuary, peculiarly adapted for that End, it strikes at the Prime Cause (which few apprehend) of Forgetfulness, makes the Head clear and easy, the Spirits free, active and undisturbed, corroborates and revives all the noble Faculties of the Soul, such as Thought, Judgment, Apprehension Reason and Memory, which last in particular it so strengthens, as to render that Faculty exceeding quick and good beyond Imagination, thereby enabling those whose Memory was before almost totally lost, to remember the minutest Circumstances of their Affairs, &c to a wonder Price 2s 6d a Pot Sold only at Mr Frym's at the Angel and Crown in St Paul's Church Yard near Cheapside with Directions'

An Entertainment of Musick, consisting of a Poem called The Passion of Sappho Written by Mr Harrison And the Feast of Alexander Written by Mr Dryden, as they are set to Musick by Mr Thomas Clayton (Author of Arsinoe) will be performed at his House in York-Buildings to Morrow the 29th Instant Beginning at 8 in the Evening Tickets at 5s each, may be had at Mr Charles Lillies, the Corner of Beauford-Buildings, and at Mr Elliott's, at St James's Coffee-house No Money received, or tickets given out at the House

'This Poem is sold by Jacob Tonson, at Shakspeare's Head over against Catherine-street in the Strand'

'Any Master or Composer, who has any Piece of Musick which he desires to bring in Publick, may have the same perform'd at Mr Clayton's by his Performers, and be rewarded in the Manner as the Authors of Plays have Benefit Nights at the Play-house  
'The Letter subscribed A A May the 25, is received' (No 76)

'To be Disposed of at a very reasonable Rate, a Compleat Riding Suit for a Lady, of Blue Crinlet, well lined with Silver, being a Coat, Wastecoa, Petticoat, Hatt and Feather, never worn but twice, to be seen at Mr Harford's at the Acorn in York-street, Covent-garden

'The Delightful Chymical Liquor, for the Breath, Teeth and Gums, which in a Moment makes the most Nauseous Breth smell delicately Fine and Charming, and in very little Time infallibly Cures, so than an offensive Breath will not return. It certainly makes the blackest and most foul Teeth perfectly White, Clean and Beautiful to a Miracle, Cures the Seurvy in the Gums, tho never so inveterate making the Flesh grow again, when almost Laten away, and infallibly fastens loose Teeth to Admiration, even in Old People, who too often falsely think their Age to be the Occasion In short, for delightful Perfuming, and quickly Curing an ill scented Breath, for presently making the blackest Teeth most excellently White, certainly fastening them when Loose, effectually preserving them from Rotting or Decaying, and assuredly Curing the Seurvy in the Gums, It has not its Equal in the Universe, as Abundance of the Nobility and

\* So also after the Drury Lane advertisement of the play of the night, is usually advertised 'This Play is sold by Jacob Tonson,' &c.

'Ninth Edition, adorn'd with Sculptures Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's  
'Head over against Catherine Street in the Strand'

'Right German Spaw-Waters at 13s a dozen. Bohee 16, 20 and 24s All  
'Sorts of Green, the lowest at 10s Chocolate all Nut 2s 6d and 3s with sugar 1s 8d  
'and 2s The finest of Brazil Snuff at 35s a Pound, another sort at 20s Barcelona,  
'Havana and Old Spanish Snuff, Sold by Wholesale with Encouragement to Retailers,  
'by Robert Tate, at the Star in Bedford Court, Covent Garden'

'This Day is Published,

'A Poem to the Right Honourable Mr Harley, wounded by Guiscard.  
'Printed for Jacob Tonson, &c' (No 35)

The first advertisement of the performance at Drury Lane appeared in No 40 with an  
appendix 'N B Advertisements for Plays will be continued, from time to time, in this  
'Paper'

'A large Collection of Manuscript Sermons preach'd by several of the most  
'Eminent Divines, for some Years last past, are to be sold at the Bookseller's Warehouse  
'in Exeter Change in the Strand

'This Day is publish'd,

'AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM Printed for W Lewis in Russell-street Covent  
'Garden, and Sold by W Taylor, at the Ship in Pater Noster Row, T Osborn, in  
'Grays-Inn near the Walks, J Graves in St James's-street, and J Morphey near  
'Stationers Hall Price 1s'

'Concerning the Small-Pox

'R Stroughton, Apothecary, at the Unicorn in Southwark, having about  
'Christmas last Published in the *Postman, Tatler* and *Courant*, a long Advertisement of his  
'large Experience and great Success in curing the Small-Pox, even of the worst Kind and  
'Circumstances, having had a Reputation for it almost 30 years, and can say than not 3  
'in 20 miscarry under his hands, doth now contract it, and only repeats, that he thinks  
'he has attain'd to as great a Certainty therein (and the Measles which are near of Kin)  
'as has been acquir'd in curing any one disease (an Intermitting Fever with the Bark  
'only excepted) which he conceives may at this time, when the Small-Pox so prevails, and  
'is so mortal, justify his Publications, being pressed by several so to do, and hopes it may  
'be for the Good of many He has had many Patients since his last Publication and but  
'One of all dy'd He hath also Certificates from above 20 in a small time Cured, and  
'of the worst sort What is here offered is Truth and Matter of Fact, and he will, if  
'desired, go with any one to the Persons themselves who have been Cured, many of whom  
'are People of Value and Figure 'Tis by a correct Management, more than a great deal  
'of Physick, by which also the Face and Eyes are much secured, tho' one Secret he has  
'(obtained only by Experience and which few or none know besides) that when they sud-  
'denly strike in very rarely fails of raising them again in a few Hours, when many other  
'things, and proper too, have not answered He does not desire, nor aim at the supplant-  
'ing of any Physician or Apothecary concerned, but gives his assisting Advice if desired,  
'and in such a way not Dishonourable or Injurious to either'

'Angelick Snuff The most noble Composition in the World, removing all  
'manner of Disorders of the Head and all Swimming or Giddiness proceeding from  
'Vapours, &c, also Drowsiness, Sleepiness and other lethargick Effects, perfectly curing  
'Deafness to Admiration, and all Humours or Soreness in the Eyes, &c, strengthening them  
'when weak perfectly cures Catarrhs, or Defluxions of Rheum, and remedies the Tooth-ach  
'instantly, is excellently beneficial in Apoplectick Fits and Falling-Sickness, and assuredly  
'prevents those Distempers, corroborates the Brain, comforts the Nerves, and revives  
'the Spirits Its admirable Efficacy in all the above mention'd Diseases has been ex-  
'perient'd above a Thousand times, and very justly causes it to be esteem'd the most  
'beneficial Snuff in the World, being good for all sorts of Persons Price 1s a Paper

## SOME ADVERTISEMENTS

FROM THE ORIGINAL NUMBERS OF THE SPECTATOR

In No. 1 Books only were advertised, and they were, Dr James Dikes 'Antropologia Nova, or, a New System of Anatomy', Sir William Petty's 'Political Arithmetic, a translation of Bernard Lamy's 'Perspective made Easy', 'The Compleat Geographer', an Essay towards the Probable Solution of this Question 'Where those birds do probably make their abode which are absent from our Climate at some certain Times and Seasons of the Year' By a Person of Learning' The second edition of 'The Origin and Institution of Civil Government Discus'd, by the Rev Benjamin Hoadly, M A, Rector of St. Peter's, poor (who did not become a Bishop until 1715) a third edition of 'The Works of the Right Rev Ezekiel Hopkins late Lord Bishop of Londonderry, and newly published, a Collection of Debates, Reports, Orders and Resolutions of the House of Commons, touching the right of Licensing Members to serve in Parliament.

No. 2 was without advertisements. Nos. 3 to 9 still advertised only Books. No. 10 placed five miscellaneous advertisements before the books, one of 'The Number of Silk Gowns that are weekly sold at Mrs Rogers's, in Lathurgen Alley, one of a House to let at 5000 l. one of Spanish Snuff, and two of Church and Synagogue (Villa Nova, Barcelona and Galicia) Wines. The book advertisements predominating still — such at first only one or at most two general advertisements, as of Plain Spanish Snuff, Yew and Holly Plants for sale, the dancing glasses and decanters at the Fifth Glass-House in Whitechapel, a large House to let with a large House stables and all other conveniences, the sale of a deceased Gentleman's Furniture, or a Lieutenant's Commission lost or mislaid — we come to the first of the quick and earnest notices in No. 25. They are from a private house, one of a 'Chrysos-Cosmetical', the other 'A new and incomparable Paste for the Hands far exceeding anything ever yet in Print. It makes the skin white, sleek and plump, fortifies it against the scorching heat of the Sun and sharpness of the Wind. A Hand cannot be so spoiled but the use of it will recover them.'

In No. 27 the first advertisement is of a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music by the best Masters, which would be performed for the benefit of Mrs. Moore at the Desire of several Persons of Quality. It was to be given 'at the Five Golden Balls, in Fleet Street, the Upper End of Bow Street, Covent Garden.'

The first advertisement in the following number is of a boarding school for young gentlewomen, 'near the Windmill in Humpstead.' 'The famous Water Theatre of the ingenious Mr Winstanly' was to be opened on the ensuing Easter Monday, and

'There is a Parcel of extraordinary fine Bohee Tea to be sold at 26s per Pound, at the Sign of the Barber's Pole next door to the Brewer's Shop in Southampton Street in the Strand. N B The same is to be sold from 10 to 12 in the Morning and from 2 to 4 in the Afternoon

Next day we have

'Just Published, and Printed very Correctly, with a neat Elsevier Letter, in 2mo for the Poet,

'Paradise Lost, a Poem in twelve Books, written by Mr. John Milton. The

- No  
623. VIRG *Æn* iv 24.  
But first let yawning earth a passage lend,  
And let me thro' the dark abyss descend  
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,  
Drive down this body to the nether sky,  
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,  
Before I break the plight'd fath I give,  
No he who had my vows shall ever have,  
For whom I loved on earth, I worship in the grave.  
*Dryden*
624. HOR *2 Sat* iii 77  
Sit still, and hear, those whom proud thoughts do  
swell,  
Those that look pale by loving coin too well,  
Whom luxury corrupts — *Creech*
625. HOR *3 Od* vi 23  
Love, from her tender years her thoughts employ'd
626. OVID *Met* l. 1  
—With sweet novelty your taste I'll please.  
*Eusden*
627. VIRG *Ecl* li 3  
He underneath the beechen shade, alone  
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.  
*Dryden*
628. HOR *1 Ep* ii 43.  
It rolls, and rolls, and will for ever roll.
- No  
629. JUV *Sat* i 170.  
—Since none the living dare implead  
Arraign them in the persons of the dead. — *Dryden*
630. HOR *3 Od* i 2.  
With mute attention wait.
631. HOR *1 Od* v 5.  
Elegant by cleanliness —
632. VIRG *Æn* vi 545.  
—the number I'll complete  
Then to obscurity well pleased retreat.
633. CICERO.  
The contemplation of celestial things will make a man  
both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently  
when he descends to human affairs.
634. SOCRATES *apud* *ÆN*  
The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the  
gods
635. CICERO *Somn Scip*  
I perceive you contemplate the seat and habitation of  
men, which if it appears as little to you as it really is fix  
your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and despise  
earthly

- No 539 OVID Met. vii. 774.  
The impious axe, he plies, loud strokes resound  
Till dragg'd with ropes and fell'd with rusty a  
wound  
The loosen'd tree comes rushing to the ground.
590. OVID, Met. xv. 279.  
E'en times ore in perpetual flux and run  
Like rivers from their fountains rolling on.  
For time no more than streams, is at a stay,  
The flying hour is ever on her way  
And as the fountains still supply their store,  
The wave behind impels the wave before,  
Thus in successive course the minutes run,  
And urge their predecessor minutes on.  
Still moving ever new, for former things  
Are laid aside like abdicated kings,  
And every moment alters what is done,  
And innovates some act, till then unknown  
Dryden
591. OVID, Trist. 3 El. II. 73.  
Love the soft subject of his sportive Muse.
592. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 409.  
Art without a vein.—*Rascommon*.
593. VIRG. Æn. vi. 270.  
Thus under travellers in woods by night,  
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.  
Dryden.
594. HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 8.  
He that shall rail against his absent friends,  
Or hears them scandalized, and not defends,  
Sports with their face, and speaks what'er he can,  
And only to be thought a witty man  
Tells tales, and brims his friends in disesteem,  
That man's a knave,—be sure beware of him  
Creech.
595. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 12.  
—Nature and the common laws of sense  
Forbidden to reconcile antipathies  
Or make a snake encounter with a dove,  
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.  
Rascommon
596. OVID, Ep. xv. 79.  
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move.—*Pope*
597. PETR.  
The mind uncumber'd plays.
598. JUV. Sat. x. 23.  
Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,  
Who the same and pursued by several ways?  
One pity'd one condemn'd, the woful knave,  
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.  
Dryden
599. VIRG. Æn. II. 369.  
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears  
Dryden
600. VIRG. Æn. vi. 641.  
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know  
Dryden
601. ANTONIN. lib. 2.  
Man is naturally a beneficent creature.
602. JUV. Sat. vi. 370.  
This makes those hyacinths.
603. VIRG. Ecl. vii. 62.  
—Restore, my charms,  
My lingering Daphnis to my longum arms.—*Dryden*
604. HOR. 1 Od. xl. 1.  
Ah do not strive too much to know,  
My dear Leuconoe  
What the kind gods design to do  
With me and thee —*Creech*
605. VIRG. Georg. II. 51.  
—They change their savage mind,  
Their wildness lose and quitting nature's part,  
Obey the rules and discipline of art.—*Dryden*
606. VIRG. Georg. I. 293.  
—mean time at home  
The good wife, slinging piles the various loom.
- No 607 OVID Ars Amor I. 1.  
Now lo Paan sing, now wreaths prepare,  
And with repeated 10s all the air  
The prey is fallen to my successful toils.—*Anon*.
608. OVID Ars Amor I. 633.  
—Forgiving with a smile  
The perjuries that easy maids beguile —*Dryden*
609. JUV. Sat. I. 86.  
The miscellaneous subjects of my book.
610. SENECA.  
Thus when my fleeting days at last,  
Unheeded silently are past  
Calmly I shall resign my breath,  
In life unknown, forgot in death  
While he o'eraken unprepared,  
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,  
Who dies, to others too much known,  
A stranger to himself alone.
611. VIRG. Æo. IV. 356.  
Perfidious man! thy parent was a rock,  
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.
612. VIRG. Æo. xii. 559.  
Muranus boasting of his blood, that springs  
From a long royal race of Latian kings  
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown  
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone  
Dryden
613. VIRG. Georg. IV. 564.  
Affecting studies of less noisy praise —*Dryden*
614. VIRG. Æn. IV. 15.  
—Were I not resolved against the yoke  
Of hapless marriage, never to be curs'd  
With second love, so fatal was the first  
To this one error I might yield again —*Dryden*
615. HOR. 4 Od. IV. 47.  
Who spread their treasure freely 'as 'twas given  
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven  
Who in a next unalterable state  
Souls at the doubtful tide of fate  
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate  
Who poison less than falsehood fear  
Loath to purchase life so dear,  
But kindly for their friend embarras'd cold death,  
And seal their country's love with their departing  
breath —*Stepney*
616. MART. Epig. I. 10.  
A pretty fellow is but half a man.
617. PER. Sat. I. 99.  
Their crooked horns the Mimasian crew  
With blast inspire, and Bassaris, who slew  
The scornful elf, with sword advanced on high,  
Made from his neck his head advanced on high  
And Menas, when, with his bridles bound  
She led the spotted hinx theo Elyon rang around  
Lylon from woods and floods repeating, Echo's  
sound.—*Dryden*.
618. HOR. 1 Sat. IV. 40.  
'Tis not enough the measured feet to close  
Nor will you live a poet's name to those  
Whose humble verse, like mine, approaches prose.
619. VIRG. Georg. II. 369.  
—Lert in rigorous sway,  
And lop the too luxuriant boughs away
620. VIRG. Æn. VI. 791.  
Behold the promised chief!
621. LUCAN. lx. 11.  
Now to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,  
The sun and moving planets he beheld  
Then looking down on the sun's feeble ray,  
Survey'd our dusky faint, imperfect day  
And under what a cloud of night we lay —*Rowe*
622. HOR. 1 Ep. xiii. 103.  
—A safe private quiet which betrays  
Itself to ease, and heats away the days.—*Pooley*



554. VIRG Georg. lib. 9.  
New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name  
To raise aloft and wing, my flight to fame.—*Dryden*
555. PHRS. Sat. iv. 51.  
Lay the seditious character aside.
556. VIRG Æn. ii. 471.  
So shines, renew'd in youth the crested snake,  
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,  
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,  
Now looks aloft and with new glory burns.  
Restrained with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides  
Reflect the sun and raised on spires he rides,  
High o'er the grass hissing he rolls along,  
And brandishes by fits his forked tongue.—*Dryden*
557. VIRG Æn. i. 665.  
He fears the ambiguous race, and Tynans double  
torqued.
558. HOR. i. Sat. i. 1.  
Whence is it, Mæcenas, that so few approve  
The state they're plac'd in and incline to rove,  
What they against their will by fate imposed  
Or by consent and prudent choice espoused?  
Happy the merchant! the old soldier cries,  
Broke with fatigues and warlike enprise  
The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane  
Tosses his wealthy cargo on the main,  
Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign  
There an engagement soon decides your doom,  
Bravely to die or come victor o'er home  
The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best,  
When at the dawn the clowns break his rest.  
The farmer having put in his toil to appear  
And forced to turn cries they're happiest there  
With thousands more of this inconsistent race,  
Would were I able to relate each case  
Not to detain you long, or to end  
The issue of all this, but would Jove descend,  
And grant to every man his wish demand,  
To run his length with a neglectful hand,  
First, grant the hurried warrior a release  
From him to trade and try the faithless seas,  
Next call the pleader from his learned rise,  
To the calm bliss of a country life  
And with these separate demands discuss  
Each suppliant to enjoy the promised bliss  
Would you beleave they'd run? A one will move  
That he is suffer'd to be happy from above  
*Horneck*
559. HOR. i. Sat. i. 20.  
Were it not Jove that Jove provoked to heat,  
Should drive the criers from the hallow'd seat,  
And unrelenting stand when they entreat?  
*Horneck*
560. OVID, Met. l. 747.  
He tries his to argue his silence softly breaks.  
*Dryden*
561. VIRG Æn. l. 724.  
Works in the plain bosom of the fur,  
And moulds her heart a new and bids her former  
give.  
The deal is to the love resign'd  
And all kneasens in her mind.—*Dryden*
562. TER. Fun. Act I. Sc. 2.  
Be present as if absent.
563. LUCAN, l. 115.  
The shadow of a mighty name.
564. HOR. i. Sat. lib. 117.  
Let rules be fix'd that may our rage contain,  
And punish faults with a proportion of pain,  
And do not say him who deserves alone  
A whipping for the fault that he hath done.—*Creech*
565. VIRG Georg. iv. 271.  
For God the whole created mass inspires,  
Thro' heaven and earth, and ocean's depths it hies  
His influence round, and kindles as he goes  
*Dryden*
- No. 566. OVID Ars Am. II. 233.  
Love is a kind of warfare
567. VIRG Æn. vi. 493.  
—The weak voice deceives their gasping throats.  
*Dryden*
568. MART. Epig. l. 39.  
Recting makes it thine,
569. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 434.  
Wise were the kings who never chose a friend,  
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,  
And seen the bottom of his deepest thought.  
*Roscommon*
570. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 322.  
Chiming trides.—*Roscommon*
571. LUC.  
What seek we beyond heaven?
572. HOR. i. Ep. II. 215.  
Physicians only boast the healing art
573. JUV. Sat. ii. 35.  
Chastised, the accusation they retort.
574. HOR. i. Od. ix. 45.  
Believe not those that lands possess,  
And shining heaps of useless ore,  
The only lords of happiness,  
But rather those that know  
For what kind fates bestow,  
And have the heart to use the store  
That have the generous skill to bear  
The hated weight of poverty.—*Creech*
575. VIRG Georg. iv. 223.  
No roo n is left for death.—*Dryden*
576. OVID Met. II. 72.  
I steer against their motions, nor am I  
Borne back by all the current of the sky.—*Adison*
577. JUV. Sat. vi. 613.  
Thus might be borne with, if you did not rave.
578. OVID, Met. xv. 167.  
Th' unbodied spirit flies—  
And lodges where't lights in man or beast.—*Dryden*
579. VIRG Æn. iv. 132.  
Sons, zealous humans.
580. OVID Met. l. 175.  
This place the highest mansion of the sky,  
I'll call the palace of the Deity.—*Dryden*
581. MART. Epig. l. 17.  
Some good, more bad, some neither one nor t' other
582. JUV. Sat. vii. 51.  
The curse of writing is an endless itch.—*Cri Dryden*
583. VIRG Georg. iv. 112.  
With his own hand the guardian of the bees  
I or slips of pines may search the mountain trees,  
And with wild thyme and savory plant the plain,  
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain,  
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,  
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.  
*Dryden*
584. VIRG Ecl. x. 42.  
Come see what pleasures in our plains abound,  
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground:  
Here I could live, and love, and die with only you  
*Dryden*
585. VIRG Ecl. v. 68.  
The mountain tops unshorn the rocks rejoice,  
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.—*Dryden*
586. CIC. de Div.  
The things which employ men's waking thoughts and  
visions recur to their imaginations in sleep.
587. PHRS. Sat. iii. 30.  
I know thee to thy bottom, from within  
Thy shallow centre to the utmost skin.—*Dryden*
588. CICERO  
You pretend that all kindness and beneficence is found  
ed in weakness.

- No  
510. T. R. Eun. Act I Sc 1  
If you're wise, add not to the troubles which attend  
the passion of love, and bear patiently those which are  
inseparable from it.
511. OVID, Ars Am. l. 175  
Who could fail to find  
In such a crowd a mistress to his mind?
512. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 344.  
Mixing together profit and delight,
513. VIRG. Æn. vi. 50.  
When all the gods came rushing on her soul.—*Drayden*
514. VIRG. Georg. iii. 291  
But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,  
Which o'er the dubious ill securely rides  
And pleased I am no beaten road to take,  
But first the way to new discoveries make.—*Drayden*
515. TER. Hæc. Act II Sc 3.  
I am ashamed and grieved that I neglected his advice,  
who give me the character of these creatures.
516. JUV. Sat. xv. 34.  
—A grutch time out of mind, begun,  
And mutually bequeathed from sire to son  
Religious spite and pious spleen bred first,  
The quarrel which so long the bigots nursed  
Each calls the other's god a senseless stock in  
His own divine.—*Tate*
517. VIRG. L'n. vi. 878.  
Mirror of ancient truth!  
Undaunted worth! Unfalsifiable truth!—*Drayden*
518. JUV. Sat. vii. 76  
'Tis poor relying on another's favour  
For take the pillars but away and all  
The superstructure must in ruins fall.—*Stepney*
519. VIRG. Æn. vi. 728.  
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,  
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.—*Drayden*
520. HOR. 1 Od. xlv. 1  
And who can grieve too much? What time shall end  
Our mourning, for so dear a friend?—*Creech*
521. P. ARB.  
The real free returns, the counterfeit is lost.
522. TER. Andr. Act II Sc. 2.  
I swear never to forsake her, no though I were sure  
to make all men my enemies. Her I desired, her I have  
owned, our humours agree. Perish all those who would  
separate us! Death alone shall deprive me of her!
523. VIRG. Æn. ii. 376.  
Now Lycaon lots and now the Delian god  
Non Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode  
To warn him hence, as if the peaceful state  
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!—*Drayden*
524. S. V.  
As the world leads we follow
525. EURIP.  
That love alone which virtue's loves control,  
Deserves reception in the human soul.
526. OVID. Met. ii. 127  
Keep a stiff rem.—*Addison*
527. PLAUTUS in Suchor  
You will easily find a worse woman, a better the sun  
never shows upon.
528. OVID. Met. ix. 165.  
With wonted fortitude she bore the smart,  
And not a groan confess'd her burning heart.—*Gay*
529. HOR. Ars Poet. 92.  
Let everything have its due place.—*Rascommen.*
530. HOR. 1 Od. xxxii. 10.  
Thus Venus sports, the rich the base,  
Unlike in fortune and in face,  
To disagreeing love provokes,  
When cruelly jocose  
She ties the fatal noose,  
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.—*Creech*
- No  
531. HOR. 1 Od. xii. 15.  
Who guides below, and rules above  
The great Disposer and the mighty King  
Than he none greater, like him none  
That can be is or was  
Supreme he singly fills the throne.—*Creech*
532. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 304.  
I play the whetstone, useless, and unfit  
To cut myself, I sharpen others a wit.—*Creech*
533. PLAUT.  
Nix, says he, if one is too little, I will give you two  
And if two will not satisfy you, I will add two more.
534. JUV. Sat. vii. 73.  
We seldom find  
Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd.—*Stepney*
535. HOR. 1 Od. xi. 7  
Cut short is a hope
536. VIRG. Æn. ix. 617  
O' less than women in the shapes of men.—*Drayden*
537. For we are his offspring.—*Acts xvii. 28.*
538. HOR. 2 Sat. i. 1  
To launch beyond all bounds.
539. QU. B. GRÆVUS  
Be they heteroclites.
540. VIRG. Æn. vi. 143.  
A second is not wanting
541. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 103.  
I of nature forms and softens us within,  
And writes our fortune's changes in our face  
Pleasure enchains, impetuous rage transports  
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortured soul  
And these are all interpreted by speech—*Addison*
542. OVID. Met. ii. 420.  
He heard  
Well pleased himself before himself preferred.—*Addison*
543. OVID. Met. ii. 12  
Similar, though not the same —
544. TER. Adelph. Act v. Sc. 4.  
No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct  
of life, as not to receive new information from age and  
experience, inasmuch that we find ourselves really, not  
out of what we thought, but understood and see cause to  
rejoice what we fancied our truest interest.
545. VIRG. Æn. ii. 99  
Let us in bonds of lasting peace unite,  
And celebrate the hymeneal rite
546. TULL.  
Everything should be fully told that the buyer may  
not be ignorant of anything which the seller knows.
547. HOR. 2 Ep. li. 149.  
Suppose you had a wound, and one that show'd  
An herb, which you apply'd, but found no good,  
Would you be fond of this increase, your pain,  
And use the fruitless remedy again?—*Creech*
548. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 68.  
There's none but has some fault, and he's the best,  
Most virtuous he, that's spotted with the least.—*Creech*
549. JUV. Sat. iii. 1  
The grieved at the departure of my friend,  
His purpose of returning, I commend
550. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 173.  
In what will all this ostentation end?—*Rascommen.*
551. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 400.  
So ancient is the pedigree of verse  
And so divine a poet's function.—*Rascommen*
552. HOR. 2 Ep. li. 13.  
I or those are fated that excel the rest  
Although, when dead, they are beloved and blest.—*Creech*
553. HOR. 1 Ep. xv. 35.  
Once to be wud is no such foul disgrace,  
But 'tis so still to run the frantic race.—*Creech*

No  
463. PLIN. Epist.

He was an ingenious pleasant fellow and one who had a great deal of wit and satire with an equal share of good humour

464. TULL.

To detract anything from another and for one man to multiply his own conveniences by the inconveniences of another is more against nature than death than poverty than pain and the other things which can befall the body, or external circumstances.

470. MART. 2 Epig. lxxvii.

'Tis folly ooly and defect of sense,  
Turns trifles into things of consequence.

471. EURIPID

The wise with hope support the pains of life.

472. VIRG. Æn. iii. 66a.

This only solace his hard fortune sends.—*Dryden*.

473. HOR. 1 Ep. xix. 72.

Suppose a man the coarsest gown should wear  
No shoes his forehead rough his look severe  
And ape great Cæo in his form and dress  
Must he his virtues and his mind express?—*Creech*.

474. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 6.

Rude rustic, and inelegant.

475. THR. Euc. Act. i. Sc. 1

The thing that in itself has neither measure nor consideration, counsel cannot rise.

476. HOR. Ars Poet. 41

Method gives light.

477. HOR. 3 Od. iv. 5.

—Does any fancy cheat  
My mind well pleased with the deceit?  
I seem to hear I seem to move  
And wander through the happy grove  
Where smooth spring flows and murmuring breeze,  
Wanton through the waving reeds.—*Creech*.

478. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 72

Fashion sole arbitress of dress.

479. HOR. Ars Poet. 373

To regulate the matrimonial life.

480. HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 85.

He Sir is proof to grandeur, pride or pelf  
And great or still, he's master of himself  
Not so and free by fears and factions hurt  
But loose to all the interests of the world,  
And while the world turns round enure and whole  
He sleeps the sacred tear of his soul.—*Pitt*

481. HOR. Sat. I. iii. 19

Who shall decide when doctors disagree  
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?  
*Pope*

482. LUCR. iii. 11

As from the sweetest flower the labring bee  
Extracts her precious sweets.—*Creech*.

483. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191

Never presume to make a god appear  
But for a business worthy of a god.—*Roxmum*.

484. PLIN. Epist.

For has any one so bright a genius as to become illustrious unintentionally unless it fortunately meets with occasions and employment, with patronage too, and commendation.

485. QUI. CURT. I. vii. c. 8.

The surest things are not so well established as to be out of danger from the weakest.

486. HOR. 1 Sat. ii. 37

Imitated  
All you who think the city ne'er can thrive,  
Till every cuckold maker's day d'live,  
Attend—*Pope*

487. PETR.

While sleep oppresses the tired limbs, the mind  
Plays without weight and wantons uncoined.

488. HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 156.

What doth it cost? Not much, upon my word.  
How much pray? Why, Two-pence. Two-pence,  
O Lord!—*Creech*

No  
489. HOM

The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

490. HOR. 2 Od. xiv. 21

Thy house and pleasing wife—*Creech*.

491. VIRG. Æn. iii. 378.

A just reverse of fortune on him waits.

492. SENECA.

Levy of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

493. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 76.

Commend not, till a man is thoroughly known  
A rascal praised, you make his faults your own.  
*Anon*

494. CICERO

What kind of philosophy is it to extol melancholy, the most detestable thlog in nature?

495. HOR. 4 Od. iv. 57

—Like an oak on some cold mountain brow,  
At every wound they sprout and grow  
The axe and sword new vigour give,  
And by their runs they revive.—*Anon*.

496. TERENT. Heaut. Act. I. Sc. 1.

Your son ought to have shared in these things, because youth is best suited to the enjoyment of them.

497. MENANDER.

A cunning old fox this!

498. VIRG. Georg. i. 514.

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries the horses fear,  
But force alone the trembling charioteer.—*Dryden*

499. PERS. Sat. i. 40

—You drive the jest too far.—*Dryden*.

500. OVID. Met. vi. 182.

Seven are my daughters of a form divine  
With seven fair sons, an ineffective line,  
Go fools, consider this, and ask the cause  
From which my pride its strong presumption draws.  
*Coxal*.

501. HOR. 1 Od. xiv. 19.

'Tis hard but when we needs must bear,  
Enduring patience makes the burden light.—*Creech*

502. TER. Heaut. Act. iv. Sc. 1

Better or worse, profitable or disadvantageous, they see nothing, but what they list.

503. TER. Eun. Act. ii. Sc. 3.

From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of womankind.

504. TER. Eun. Act. iii. Sc. 1.

You are a hare yourself, and want dainties, forsooth.

505. ENVIUS

Augurs and soothsayers astrologers,  
Diviners and interpreters of dreams  
I ne'er consult, and heartily despise  
Vain their pretence to more than human skill  
For vain, imaginary schemes they draw,  
Wand'ers themselves, they guide another's steps,  
And for poor sumpence promise countless wealth.  
Let them if they expect to be believed,  
Deduct the sixpence and bestow the rest.

506. MART. 4 Epig. xiii. 7

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,  
And Venus still the well match'd pair befriend!  
May she when time has sunk him into years,  
Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs,  
Nor he perceive her charms through age decay,  
But think each happy sun his bride day!

507. JUV. Sat. ii. 46.

Preserved from shame by numbers on our side.

508. CORN. NEPOS in Milt. c. 8.

For all those are accounted and denominated tyrants,  
who exercise a perpetual power in that state which was before free.

509. TER. Heaut. Act. iii. Sc. 3.

Discharging the part of a good economist.

- No. 427. TULL.  
We should be as careful of our words as our actions,  
and as far from speaking as from doing ill.
428. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 417.  
The devil take the hindmost.—*English Proverb*
429. HOR. 2 Od. 14. 39.  
From cheats of words the crowd she brings  
To real estimates of things.—*Greek*
430. HOR. 2 Ep. xvii. 62.  
The crowd replies,  
Go seek a stranger to believe thy lies.—*Greek*
431. TULL.  
What is there in nature so dear to man as his own  
children?
432. VIRG. Ecl. ix. 36.  
He gabbles like a goose amidst the swan like quire  
*Dryden*
433. MART. Epig. xiv. 183.  
To banish anxious thought and quiet pain  
Read Homer's frogs, or my more trilling strain.
434. VIRG. Aen. vi. 651.  
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old  
When Themidon with bloody billows roll'd,  
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,  
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen,  
Such to the field Penthesilea led  
From the heroic virgin when the Grecians fled.  
With such return'd triumphant from the war,  
Her maidens with cries attend the lofty car  
They dash with mudy force their mudy shields,  
With female shouts around the Phrygian aid.  
*Dryden*
435. OVID. Met. iv. 378.  
Both bodies in a single body mix,  
A single body with a double sex.—*Addison*
436. JUV. Sat. iii. 36.  
With thumbs bent brick, they popularly kill.  
*Dryden*
437. TLR. And. Act v. Sc. 4.  
Shall you escape with impunity you who by stings  
for young men of a liberal education but unacquainted  
with the world, and by force of importunity and promises  
draw them in to insatiable harlots?
438. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 62.  
Curb thy soul,  
And check thy rage, which must be ruled or rule.  
*Greek*
439. OVID. Met. vi. 57.  
Some tell what they have heard or tales devise;  
Each action still improved with added lies.
440. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 213.  
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.—*Pope*
441. HOR. 2 Od. iii. 7.  
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack  
And stand secure amidst a falling world.—*Keats*
442. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 117.  
Those who cannot write, and those who can,  
All rhyme, and scribble to a man.—*Pope*
443. HOR. 2 Od. xxiv. 32.  
Snatch'd from our sight we eagerly pursue,  
And fondly would recall her to our view.
444. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 139.  
The mountain labourer.
445. MART. Epig. i. 218.  
I say I surpass what I write  
It's worth so much you're in the right.
446. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 308.  
What art, what not, what excellent or ill  
*Roscommon*
447. Long exercise, my friend inures the mind,  
And what we once disliked we pleasing find.
448. JUV. Sat. ii. 82.  
In time to greater baseness you proceed
- No. 449. MART. iii. 68.  
A book the chrestest miron may peruse.
450. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 33.  
Get money money still,  
And then let virtue follow if she will.—*Pope*
451. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 149.  
Times corrupt and nature ill inclined  
Produced the point that left the sun behind,  
Till friend with friend and families at strife,  
Triumphant malice rag'd thy private life.  
*Pope*
452. PLIN. apud Liliam.  
Human nature is fond of novelty.
453. HOR. 2 Od. xx. 1.  
No weak, no common wing shall bear  
My rain, body through the air.—*Greek*
454. TER. Hec. Act i. Sc. 1.  
Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.
455. HOR. 2 Od. ii. 37.  
My timorous Muse  
Unambitious tracts pursues,  
Does with weak unballast wings  
About the mossy brooks and springs,  
Like the laborious bee  
For little drops of honey fly  
And there with humble sweets content her industry.  
*Keats*
456. TULL.  
The man whose conduct is publicly arraigned, is not  
suffered even to be undone quickly.
457. HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 9.  
Seeming to promise something wondrous great.
458. HOR.  
False modesty.
459. HOR. 1 Ep. iv. 5.  
Waste or blights the wise and good.—*Greek*
460. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 35.  
Deluded by a seeming excellence.—*Roscommon*
461. VIRG. Ecl. ix. 34.  
But I discern their fault from their praise.  
*Dryden*
462. HOR. 1 Sat. v. 44.  
Nothing so grateful as a pleasant friend.
463. CLAUD.  
In sleep when fancy is let loose to play,  
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day  
Though farther toll his ureal bands release,  
The dreamer, but too still the ether pursues,  
The judicious dispenses still the cause,  
And sleeps again on the unfinish'd cause.  
The dawning race hears his chariot roll  
Starts at the Muse's, in the silent night  
Me too the Muses, in the silent night  
With wooded climes of Juno, long verse delight.
464. HOR. 2 Od. x. 5.  
The golden man, as she too prone to dwell  
Among the rurs of a hilly cell,  
So in her modesty withal as great  
To baulk the love of a princely seat.—*Norris*
465. HOR. 1 Ep. xiii. 97.  
How you may glide with gentle ease  
Adown the current of your days,  
Not vex'd by morn and low distress,  
Nor warn'd by wild ambitious fires,  
By hope alarm'd the press'd by fear  
For things but little worth your care.—*Francis*
466. VIRG. Aen. i. 402.  
And by her great soul talk the queen of love is known  
*Dryden*
467. TULL. ad Mersalim, 2 Elog. iv. 24.  
While or my Muse adventurous dries incite,  
Whether the necessity of thy pleading, say, hi  
Applaud my lays or censure what I write,  
To thee I sin, and hope to borrow fame,  
By adding to my praise Mersalim's name.

385. OVID, i Trist. li 66  
Breasts that with sympathizing ardour glow'd,  
And holy friendship such as Theseus vow'd.
387. HOR. i Ep xviii. 102.  
What calms the breast and makes the mind serene.
388. VIRG Georg. ii 774.  
For thee I dare unlock the sacred spring,  
And arts disclosed by ancient sages sing
389. HOR.  
Their pious sires a better lesson taught.
390. TULL.  
It is not by blushing but by not doing what is unbecoming that we ought to guard against the imputation of impudence.
391. PERS. Sat. ii v 3.  
Thou know'st to join  
No bribe unhallow'd to a prayer of thine,  
Thine, which can ev'ry ear's full test abide,  
Nor need be mutter'd to the gods aside!  
No thou aloud may'st thy petitions trust!  
Thou need'st not whisper, other great ones must,  
For few my friend few dare like thee be plain,  
And prayer's low artifice at shrines disdain  
Few from their pious mumblogs dare depart,  
And make profession of their inmost heart.  
Keep me, indulgent Heaven, through life sincere,  
Keep my mind sound my reputation clear  
These wishes they can speak and we can bear  
Thus far their wants are audibly express'd,  
Thou smok'st the voice and muttering groans the rest  
Hear hear it length, good Hercules my vow!  
O chink some pot of gold beneath my plough!  
Could I O could I to my ravish'd eyes,  
See my rich uncle's pompous funeral rise,  
Or could I once my ward's cold corpse attend,  
Then all were mine!
392. PETRON  
By fables and ungovern'd fancy soars,  
And claims the numismy of heavenly powers.
393. VIRG Georg. i 412  
Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.
394. TULL.  
It is obvious to see that these things are very acceptable to children young women, and servants and to such as most resemble servants, but they can by no means meet with the approbation of people of thought and consideration.
395. OVID Rem. Amor 10  
'Tis reason now 'twas appetite before.
397. OVID Metam. xiii 228.  
Her grief inspired her then with eloquence.
398. HOR. 2 Sat. iii 271.  
You'd be a fool  
With art and wisdom, and be mad by rule.—*Creech*
399. PERS. Sat. iv 73.  
None come descends into himself to find  
The secret imperfections of his mind.—*Dryden*.
400. VIRG Ecl. iii 93.  
There's a snake in the grass.—*English Proverbs*
401. TER. Eun. Act. i Sc. 1  
It is the capricious state of love to be attended with  
injuries suspicions, enmities, truces quarrelling, and reconciliation.
402. HOR. Ars Poet. 18r  
Seot by the Spectator to himself
403. HOR. Ars Poet. v 1, 2  
Of many men he saw the manners.
404. VIRG Ecl. viii 62.  
With different talcots form'd, we variously excel.
405. HOM  
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,  
The poems lengthen'd till the sun descends  
The Greeks restored, the grateful notes prolong,  
Apollo listens, and approves the song.—*Pope*
- No  
406. TULL.  
These studies counsell youth, delight old age are the  
ornament of prosperity the solacement and the refuge  
of adversity, they are delectable at home and not bur-  
densome abroad, they gladden us at nights, and on our  
journeys, and in the country
407. OVID Met. xlii. 127  
Eloquent words a graceful manner want.
408. TULL. de Fimibus  
The affections of the heart ought not to be too much  
indulged nor servilely depressed.
409. LUCR. i 933.  
To grace each subject with enlivening wit.
410. TER. Eun. Act v Sc. 4.  
When they are abroad nothing so clean and nicely  
dressed, and when at supper with a gallant, they do but  
piddle, and pick the choicest bits but to see their nasti-  
ness and poverty at home, their gluttony and how they  
devour black crusts dipped in yesterday's broth, is a per-  
fect antidote against wenching
411. LUCR. i 925.  
In wild wood clear'd, to Muses a retreat,  
O'er ground untrod before I devious roam,  
And deep enamour'd into latent springs  
Presume to peep at coy virgin Naiads
412. MART. Ep. iv 83  
The work, divided aptly, shorter grows.
413. OVID Met. ix. 207  
The cause is secret, but the effect is known.  
*Addison*
414. HOR. Ars Poet. v 410.  
But mutually they need each other's help  
*Roscommon*
415. VIRG Georg. ii 155.  
Witness our cities of illustrious name,  
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame  
*Dryden*
416. LUCR. ix. 751.  
So far as what we see with our minds, bears similitude  
to what we see with our eyes.
417. HOR. 4 Od. iii. 1  
He on whose birth the lyric queen  
Of numbers smiled, shall never grace  
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen  
First in the famed Olympic race.  
But him the streams that warbling flow  
Rich Tibur's fertile meads along  
And shady groves, his haunts shall know  
The master of the Aeolian song.—*Atterbury*
418. VIRG. Ecl. iii. 89  
The rugged thorn shall bear the fragrant rose.
419. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 140.  
The sweet delusioo of a raptur'd mind.
420. HOR. Ars Poet. v 100.  
And ruse men's passions to what height they will  
*Roscommon*
421. OVID Met. vi. 294.  
He sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil,  
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.—*Addison*.
422. TULL. Epist.  
I have written this, not out of the abundance of leisure,  
but of my affection towards you.
423. HOR. 3 Od. xxvi. 1.  
Once fit myself
424. HOR. i Ep. xi 30  
'Tis not the place disgust or pleasure brings:  
From our own mind our satisfaction springs.
425. HOR. 4 Od. vii. 9.  
The cold grows soft with western gales,  
The summer over spring pertrails,  
But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,  
As this to winter storms and hails,  
Each loss the lasting moon repairs again.  
*Sir W. Temple*
426. VIRG. Aen. ii 64.  
O cursed huoger of pernicious gold!  
What bands of faith can implous lucre bold.  
*Dryden*.

- No. 345. OVID Met. l. 76.  
A creature of a more exalted kind  
Was wanting yet and then was man design'd,  
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,  
For empire form'd and fit to rule the rest.—*Drayton*
346. TULL.  
I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons, the latter belongs to flatterers of the people who tickle the levity of the multitude with a kind of pleasure.
347. LUCAN, lib. 1. 2.  
What blind, detested fury, could afford  
Such horrid licence to the barbarous sword!
348. HOR. 2 Sat. li. 13.  
To shun detraction, would'st thou virtue fly?
349. LUCAN, l. 454.  
Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,  
Who that worst fear the fear of death despise!  
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,  
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel!  
Provoke approaching fate and bravely scorn  
To spare that life which must so soon return.—*Ross*
350. TULL.  
That elevation of mind which is displayed in dangers if it wins justice and fights for its own convenience, is vicious.
351. VIRG. Æn. xii. 59.  
On thee the fortunes of our house depend
352. TULL.  
If we be made for honesty, either it is solely to be sought or certainly to be estimated much more highly than all other things.
353. VIRG. Georg. iv. 6.  
Though low the subject, it deserves our pains.
354. JUV. Sat. vi. 163.  
Their signal virtues hardly can be borne,  
Dash'd as they are with supercilious scorn.
355. OVID. Trist. ii. 563.  
I ne'er in gall clipp'd my enemy's pen  
Nor brand'd the bold front of shameless men.
356. JUV. Sat. x. 349.  
—The gods will grant  
What their unerring wisdom sees they want,  
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel,  
All that we loved ourselves but half as well.—*Drayton*
357. VIRG. Æn. ii. 6.  
Who can relieve such woes without a tear?
358. HOR. 4 Od. xii. 1 ult.  
'Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.—*Francis*
359. VIRG. Ecl. ii. 63.  
Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,  
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.—*Harton*
360. HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 42.  
The man who all his wants conceals,  
Gains more than he who all his wants reveals.—*Duncombe*
361. VIRG. Æn. vi. 574.  
The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around,  
The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.
362. HOR. 1 Ep. xli. 6.  
He praises wine, and we conclude from thence,  
He liked his glass on his own evidence
363. VIRG. L'n. ii. 368.  
All parts resound with tumults, plaints and fears,  
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.—*Drayton*
364. HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 29.  
Anxious thro' seas and land to search for rest,  
Is but laborious idleness at best.—*Francis*
365. VIRG. Georg. iii. 772.  
But most in spring! the kindly spring inspires  
Reviving her, and kindles genial fires.
- No. 366. HOR. 1 Od. xxii. 17.  
Set me where on some pathless plain  
The swiftest African complain,  
To see the chariot of the sun  
So near the scorching country run  
The burning zone the frozen riles,  
Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles,  
All cold but in her breast I will despise  
And dare all heat but that of Celia's eyes.—*Racine*
367. JUV. Sat. i. 12.  
In mercy spare us, when we do our best  
To make as much waste paper as the rest.
368. CURT. apud TULL.  
When first an infant draws the vital air  
Omniscious grief should welcome him to care  
But joy should life's concluding scene attend,  
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.
369. HOR. Ars Poet. 126.  
What we hear moves less than what we see.—*Racine*
370. ——— All the world's a stage  
And all the men and women merely players.—*Shakespeare*
371. JUV. Sat. x. 23.  
And shall the sage's our approbation win  
Whose laughing features wore a constant grin?
372. OVID. Met. l. 759.  
To hear an open slander is a curse,  
But not to find an answer is a worse.—*Drayton*
373. JUV. Sat. xli. 109.  
Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise  
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.
374. LUCAN, l. 57.  
He reckon'd not the past while ought remain'd  
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.—*Keene*
375. HOR. 4 Od. 12. 45.  
We barbarously call them blest  
Who are of largest lunatics possess'd,  
While swelling coifers break their waders rest  
More truly happy those who can  
Govern that little empire, man,  
Who spend their treasure freely at twice given  
By the large bounty of indulgent heaven,  
Who in a hazardous state  
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,  
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate.  
Who poison less than falsehood fear  
Loath to purchase life so dear.—*Stepney*
376. PERS. Sat. vi. 11.  
From the Paphlagonian peacock.
377. HOR. 2 Od. xii. 13.  
What each should fly is seldom known,  
We unprovided are undone.—*Creech*
378. VIRG. Ecl. ix. 48. 1.  
Nature in years, to ready honours move.—*Drayton*
379. PERS. Sat. i. 27.  
—Science is not science till reveal'd.—*Drayton*
380. OVID. Ars Am. ii. 532.  
With patience bear a rival in thy love.
381. HOR. 2 Od. iii. 1.  
He calm my Delius, and serene,  
However fortune change the scene,  
In thy most dejected state  
Sink not underneath the weight,  
Nor yet, when happy days begin,  
And the full tide comes rolling in  
Let a fierce, unruly joy,  
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy.—*Anon*
382. TULL.  
The accused confesses his guilt.
383. JUV. Sat. i. 75.  
A veracious garden, but by vice maintain'd

- No 307 HOR Ars Poet ver 39  
 —Often try what weight you can support  
 And what your shoulders are too weak to bear  
*Roscommon.*
- 308 HOR Od 5 lib ii ver 25  
 —Lalage will soon proclaim  
 Her love nor blush to own her flame.—*Creech*
- 309 VIRG AEn vi ver 264  
 Ye realms yet unreach'd to human sight  
 Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,  
 Ye sliding ghosts permit me to relate  
 The mysic wonders of your silent state.—*Dryden*
- 310 VIRG AEn i 77  
 I'll tie the indissoluble marriage knot.
- 311 JUV Sat vi 137  
 He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour  
 Who would not do as much for such a dower?  
*Dryden*
- 312 TULL  
 What duty what praise or what honour will he think  
 worth enduring bodily pain for who has persued him  
 self that pain is the chief evil? Nay to what ignominy, to  
 what baseness will he not stoop to avoid pain, if he has  
 determin'd to be the chief evil?
- 313 JUV Sat vii 227  
 Bid him besides his daily pains employ  
 To form the tender joancons of the boy  
 And work him like a waven babe with art  
 To perfect symmetry in ev'ry part.—*Ch Dryden*
- 314 HOR i Od xxiii 11  
 Attend thy mother's heels no more  
 Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy.—*Creech*
- 315 HOR Ars Poet ver 191  
 Never presume to make a god appear  
 But for a business worthy of a god.—*Roscommon.*
- 316 VIRG Ecl i 28  
 Freedom, which came at length though slow to come  
*Dryden*
- 317 HOR i Ep ii 27  
 —Born to drink, and eat.—*Creech.*
- 318 VIRG Ecl viii 63.  
 With different talents form'd we variously excel.
- 319 HOR i Ep i 90  
 Say while they chinge on thus, what chains can bind  
 These varying forms, this Proteus of the mind?  
*Francis*
- 320 OVID Met vi 428  
 Nor Hymen nor the Graces here preside  
 Nor Juno to befriend the blooming bride,  
 But funds with funeral brands the process led,  
 And funes waited at the genial bed.—*Croxal*
- 321 HOR Ars Poet ver 99  
 'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ,  
 It must affect and captivate the soul.
- 322 HOR Ars Poet v 110  
 Grief wrings her soul, and beads it down to earth.  
*Francis*
- 323 VIRG  
 Sometimes a man sometimes a woman
- 324 PERS Sat ii 62.  
 O souls in whom no heavenly fire is found,  
 Flat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground!  
*Dryden*
- 325 OVID Metam iii 432  
 (From the fable of NARCISSUS)  
 What could blind youth thus helpless passion move?  
 What knuk'd in thee this unspitied love?  
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,  
 With thee the colour'd shadow cooies and goes,  
 Its empty being on thyself relies,  
 Step thou aside and the frail charmer dies  
*Addison*
- 326 HOR Lib iii Od xvi 1  
 Of watchful dogs an odious ward  
 Rul'd well one hapless virgin guard  
 When in a tower of brass immur'd,  
 Py nightly bars of steel secured
- No Although by mortal rake hell's lewd  
 With all their midnight arts pursued,  
 Had not—*Francis, vol. ii p 77*  
*Adapted*  
 Be to her faults a little blind,  
 Be to her virtues very kind  
 And clap your padlock on her mind.—*Padlock*
- 327 VIRG AEn vii 48.  
 A larger scene of action is display'd.—*Dryden*
- 328\* PETRON ARB  
 Delighted with unaffected plainness
- 328 HOR Epod. xvii 24.  
 Day chases night and night the day,  
 But no relief to me convey.—*Duncombe*
- 329 HOR i Ep vi 27  
 With Ancus and with Numa kings of Rome,  
 We must descend into the silent tomb
- 330 JUV Sat. xiv 48  
 To youth the greatest reverence is due.
- 331 PERS Sat ii 28  
 Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.
- 332 HOR i Sat iii 29  
 He cannot bear the railery of the age.—*Creech*
- 333 VIRG  
 He calls embattled deities to arms
- 334 CIC. de Gestu  
 You would have each of us be a kind of Roscius in his  
 way, and you have said that fastidious men are not so  
 much pleas'd with what is right as disgust'd at what is  
 wrong
- 335 HOR Ars Poet 327  
 Keep Nature's great original in view  
 And thence the living images pursue.—*Francis*
- 336 HOR i Ep i 80. *Imitated*  
 One tragic sentence if I dare deride  
 Which Betterton's grave action dignified,  
 Or well mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims  
 (Tho' but perhaps a mister roll of names),  
 How will our fathers rise up in a rage  
 And swear 'all shame is lost in George's age!  
 You'd think too fools disgraced the former reign  
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,  
 Who seem a lad should teach his father skill  
 And having once been wrong will be so still.—*Pope*
- 337 HOR i Ep ii 62.  
 The jockey trains the young and tender horse  
 While yet soft mouth'd and breeds him to the course  
*Creech*
- 338 HOR i Sat iii 18.  
 Made up of nought but inconsistencies.
- 339 VIRG Ecl vi 33  
 He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame,  
 How seas and earth and air, and active flame,  
 Fell through the mighty void and in their fall,  
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball  
 The tender soil then stiffning by degrees,  
 Shut from the bound'd earth the bounding seas,  
 The earth and ocean various forms disclose  
 And a new sun to the new world arose.—*Dryden*
- 340 VIRG AEn iv 10.  
 What chief is this that visits us from far  
 Whose gallant rulen bespeaks him train'd to war?
- 341 VIRG AEn i 206  
 Resume your courage and dismiss your fear  
*Dryden*
- 342 TULL  
 Justice consists in doing no injury to men, decency, in  
 giving them no offence
- 343 OVID Metam xv 165.  
 —All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
 And here and there the unbody'd spirit flies,  
 By time, or force or sickness dispos'd of  
 And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast.  
*Dryden*
- 344 JUV Sat. xl 11  
 Such whose sole bliss is eating, who can live  
 But that one brutish reason why they live?—*Congreve*

- No  
262. OVID, *Trist.* ii. 566 *Adapted*  
My paper flows from no satiric vein  
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain.
263. TARDIVUS ipud JULI.  
I am glad that he whom I must have loved from duty,  
Whatever he had been, is such a one as I can love from inclination.
264. HOR. *1 Ep.* xviii. 103 *Adapted*  
In public walks let who will sit or stray  
I'll silent sit through life in my own way
265. OVID, *de Art.* Am. iii. 7  
But some exclaim: What frenzy rules your mind?  
Would you increase the craft of woman-kind?  
Teach them new wiles and stratagems, as well you may  
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey — *Longfellow*
266. TER. *Ann.* Act. v. Sc. 1  
This I conceive to be my master's piece that I have discovered  
How unexperienced youth may detect the tricks of  
Of bad women, and by knowing them early, detect them  
for ever
267. PROPERT. *El.* 34, lib. 2, ver. 95  
Give place, ye Roman and ye Grecian wits,
268. HOR. *1 Sat.* iii. 29.  
For lively sallies of corporeal wit — *Creech*.
269. OVID *Ar.* Am. i. 241  
Most rare is now our old simplicity — *Dryden*
270. HOR. *1 Ep.* ii. 62.  
For what's denuded by the censoring crowd,  
Is thought on more than what is just and good — *Dryden*  
There is a lust in man no power can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame,  
On eagle's wings insidious scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die — *J. of Cooke*  
Sooner we learn and seldomer forget  
What critics scorn than what they highly prize  
*Hughes's Letters* vol. ii. p. 222.
271. VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 701  
Drawing a thousand colours from the life, *Dryden*
272. VIRG. *Æn.* i. 145.  
Great is the injury, and long the tale
273. HOR. *Ar.* Poet. ver. 154.  
Note well the manners
274. HOR. *1 Sat.* ii. 37.  
All you who think the city ne'er can thrive  
Till every cuckold maker's ray d' alive  
Attend — *Pope*
275. HOR. *Ar.* Poet. ver. 300  
A head, no heliobon can cure
276. HOR. *1 Sat.* iii. 42.  
Misconduct screen'd behind a specious name
277. OVID, *Met.* lib. ii. ver. 43  
Receive his ruction from an enemy
278. HOR. *1 Ep.* ii. 23.  
I rather choose a low and creeping style
279. HOR. *Ar.* Poet. ver. 310.  
He knows what best befits each character
280. HOR. *1 Ep.* xvi. 35.  
To please the great is not the smallest prize — *Creech*.
281. VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 61  
Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.
282. VIRG. *Æn.* vii. 520  
Hopes and fears in equal balance laid — *Dryden*
283. PERS. *Prolog.* ver. 10.  
Necessity is the mother of invention — *English Proverbs*
284. VIRG. *Æl.* vii. 17.  
Their wealth to share, I bid my business wait.
285. HOR. *Ar.* Poet. ver. 227  
But then they did not wrong themselves so much,  
To make a god, a hero, or a king
- No.  
(Strip of his golden crown, and purple robe)  
Descend to a mechanic dialect,  
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high  
With empty sound, and airy notions fly — *Roscommon*.
286. TACIT. *Ann.* l. xiv. c. 21  
Specious names are lent to cover lies.
287. VERNAND  
Dear native land how do the good and wise  
Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize!
288. HOR. *1 Ep.* vi. 10  
Both fear alike.
289. HOR. *1 Od.* ii. 15.  
Life's span forbids us to extend our cares  
And stretch our hopes beyond our years — *Creech*
290. HOR. *Ar.* Poet. ver. 97  
Forgets his swelling and gigantic words. — *Roscommon*
291. HOR. *Ar.* Poet. ver. 351  
But in a poem elegantly writ  
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,  
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse — *Roscommon* iii.
292. TIBUL. *4 Eleg.* ii. 8.  
Whatever she does, where'er her steps she sends,  
Grace on each action silently attends.
293. FRIG. *Vet.* Poet.  
The prudent still have fortune on their side
294. TULL. *ad Mterennium*.  
The man who is always fortunate cannot easily have  
much reverence for virtue.
295. JUV. *Sat.* vi. 361  
But woman-kind, that never knows a mean  
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain  
Hourly they give, and spend and waste and wear,  
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear — *Dryden*
296. HOR. *1 Ep.* xiv. 42.  
Add well to his tribe.
297. HOR. *1 Sat.* vi. 66.  
As perfect beauties somewhere have a mode — *Creech*
298. VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 373.  
Honour is nowhere safe.
299. JUV. *Sat.* vi. 166.  
Some count thy girl scarce to a curst breed,  
Would I much rather than Cornelia's weed,  
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain  
She brought her father's triumphs in her train  
Away with all your Carthage, maud state,  
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,  
Too busy and too big to pass thy narrow gate. — *Dryden*
300. HOR. *1 Ep.* xviii. 5.  
In what fulfiling of the mind,  
Greater than thus, of quite a different kind — *Forley*
301. HOR. *4 Od.* xii. 6.  
That all may laugh to see thy living light,  
Which I may have so far as my light  
End in a stink at last, and vanish to naught — *Macaulay*
302. VIRG. *Æn.* v. 343  
Becoming, sorrow and a virtuous mind  
More lovely in a virtuous form enshroued
303. HOR. *Ar.* Poet. ver. 357.  
Some choose the clearest light,  
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye — *Roscommon*
304. VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 2  
A latent fire preys on his feverish veins.
305. VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 521  
These tunes want other aids. — *Dryden*
306. JUV. *Sat.* vi. 177  
What beauty, or what chastity can bear  
So great a price, if stately and severe  
She still insults — *Dryden*



- No 214. JUV Sat. iii. 24.  
A long dependence in an hour is lost.—*Dryden*
215. OVID de Ponto II. ix. 47.  
Ingenuous arts where they an entrance find,  
Softens the manners, and subdues the mind.
216. TER. Eun. Act I. Sc. I.  
Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!  
But if you try, and can't go through with spirit  
And finding you can't hear it, uninvited  
Your peace unmade all of your own accord  
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it,  
Good night! all's over! ruin'd! and undone!  
She'll jilt you, when she sees you in her power  
*Colman*
217. JUV Sat. vi. 326.  
Then unrestrain'd by rules of decency,  
Th' assembled females raise a general cry
218. HOR. Ep. xvii. 68.  
————— Have a care  
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where  
*Pooley*
219. OVID, Met. xli. 147.  
These I scarce call our own.
220. VIRG. Æn. xii. 228.  
A thousand rumours spreads.
221. HOR. 3 Sat. I. r. v. 6.  
From eggs, which first are set upon the board,  
To apples ripe, with which it last is stored.
222. HOR. 2 Ep. u. 183.  
Why of two brothers one his pleasure loves  
Prefers his sports to Herod's fragrant groves.  
*Crech*
223. PHÆDR. iii. 5.  
O sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore,  
When your remains are so delicious!
224. HO. 1 Sat. vi. 23.  
Chain'd to her shining car Fame draws along  
With equal whirl the great and vulgar throng
225. JUV Sat. x. 365.  
Prudence supplies the want of every good.
226. HOR.  
A picture is a poem without words
227. THEOCRITUS  
Wrath that I am! ah, whither shall I go!  
Will you not hear me, nor regard my woe!  
I'll strip and throw me from yon rock so high  
Where Opis sits to watch the scaly fry  
Should I be drown'd, or scape with life away,  
If cured of love, you, tyrant, would be gay
228. HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 69.  
Th' inquisitive will blab, from such refrain  
Their leaky ears no secret can retain.—*Shard*
229. HOR. 4 Od. lx. 4.  
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay,  
Her living songs preserve their charming art,  
Her verse still breathes the passions of her heart  
*Francis*
230. TULL.  
Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing  
good to their fellow creatures.
231. MART. viii. 78.  
O modesty! O piety!
232. SAT. LUST, Bel. Cat.  
By bestowing nothing he acquired glory
233. VIRG. Ecl. x. v. 60.  
As if by these my sufferings I could ease,  
Or by joy pains the god of love appease.—*Dryden*
234. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 47.  
I wish this error in your friendship reign'd.—*Crech*
235. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 87.  
Awe the tumultuous noises of the pit.—*Roscommon*
236. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 398.  
With laws connubial tyrants to restrain
237. SENECA in CEdip.  
They that are dim of sight see truth by halves.
- No 238. PERSIUS, Sat. iv. 50.  
No more to flattering crowds thine ear incline  
Eager to drink the praise which is not thine.  
*breas'er*
239. VIRG. Æn. vi. 86.  
————— Wars, horrid wars!—*Dryden*
240. MART. Ep. I. 17.  
Of such materials, Sir, are books composed.
241. VIRG. Æn. iv. 466.  
All sad she seems, forsaken, and alone,  
And left to wander wide through paths unknown.—*P*
242. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 168.  
To write on vulgar themes, is thought an easy task.
243. TULL. Offic.  
You see, my son Marcus, virtue as if it were embodied  
which if it could be made the object of sight would (as  
Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom
244. HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 101.  
A judge of painting you a connoisseur
245. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 338.  
Fictions, to please should wear the face of truth
246. No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,  
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth  
Some rugged rocks hard entrails gave thee form  
And raging seas produced thee in a storm  
A soul well suited, thy tempestuous kind  
So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind.—*Pope*
247. HESIOD  
Their untired lips a wordy torrent pour
248. TULL. Off. I. 16.  
It is a principal point of duty to assist another most  
when he stands most in need of assistance
249. Frag. Vet. Poet.  
Mirth out of season is a grievous ill
250. HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 3.  
Yet hear what an unskilful friend can say  
As if a blind man should direct your way,  
So I myself though wanting to be taught  
May yet impart a hint that's worth your thought.
251. VIRG. Æn. vi. 625.  
————— A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,  
And throats of brass inspired with iron lungs  
*Dryden*
252. VIRG. Æn. ii. 570.  
Exploring every place with curious eyes.
253. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 76.  
I feel my honest indignation rise,  
When with affected air a coxcomb cries,  
The work I own has elegance and ease,  
But sure no modern should presume to please  
*Francis*
254. Frag. Vet. Poet.  
Virtuous love is honourable, but lust increaseth  
sorrow
255. HOR. 1 Ep. lib. r. ver. 36. *Imitated*  
Know there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh  
apply'd)  
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.—*Pope*
256. HESIOD  
Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain  
A sad oppression, to be borne with pain
257. STOBÆUS  
No slumber seals the eye of Providence,  
Present to every action we commence
258. Divide and rule
259. TULL.  
What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming
260. HOR. 3 Ep. ii. 55.  
Years following years steal something every day,  
At last they steal us from ourselves away.—*Pope*
261. Frag. Vet. Poet.  
Wedlock, s an ill men eagerly embrace.

- No  
Him the damn'd doctor and his friends immured,  
They bled, they cupp'd, they purged in short they cured  
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—  
'My friends!' he cry'd, 'pox take you for your  
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note, [care]  
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.—*Pope*
168. HOR. 2 Ep. I. 128.  
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art.—*Pope*
169. TER. Andr. Act I. Sc. 1  
His manner of life was this, to bear with everybody's  
humours, to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of  
those he conversed with, to contrail nobody, never to  
assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way  
to gain applause without exciting envy
170. TER. Eun. Act I. Sc. 1  
In love are all these distasteful suspicions, quarrels,  
Wrongs, reconciliations, war, and peace again.  
*Colman*
171. OVID. Met. vii. 826.  
Love is a credulous passion.
172. PLATO and TULL.  
As knowledge, without justice ought to be called cunning  
rather than wisdom, so a mind prepared to meet  
danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public  
good, deserves the name of audacity, rather than that  
of fortitude.
173. OVID. Met. v. 215.  
Hence with those monstrous features and O spare  
That Gorgon's look and petrifying stare.—*P*
174. VIRG. Eccl. vii. 69.  
The whole debate in memory I retain  
When Thyrsis urged warily but in vain.—*P*
175. OVID. Rem. Am. v. 625.  
To save your house from neighbouring fire is hard.  
*Tate*
176. LUCR. iv. 1135.  
A little, pretty, witty, charming she!
177. JUV. Sat. xv. 120.  
Who can discern of others ill escape  
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.—*Tate*
178. HOR. 2 Ep. II. 113.  
Civil to his wife.—*Pope*
179. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 314.  
Old age is only fond of moral truth,  
Lectures too grave disgust a pliant youth,  
But he who blends instruction with delight  
Wins every reader nor in vain shall write.—*P*
180. HOR. 1 Ep. II. 14.  
The monarch's folly makes the people rue.—*P*
181. VIRG. Aen. II. 145.  
Moved by these tears, we pity and protect.
182. JUV. Sat. vi. 182.  
The bitter overbalances the sweet.
183. HOR. 1 Ep. I. 128.  
Some times fair truth in fiction we disguise,  
Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes.—*Pope*
184. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 360.  
Who labours long, may be allowed sleep
185. VIRG. Aen. I. 15.  
And dwells such fury in celestial breasts?
186. HOR. 3 Od. I. 13.  
High Heaven itself our impious rage assails.—*P*
187. HOR. 1 Od. v. 2.  
Ah wretched they! whom Phrygian smile  
And unsuspected arts beguile.—*Duncombe*
188. TULL.  
It gives me pleasure to be praised by you, whom all  
men praise
189. VIRG. Aen. x. 824.  
An image of paternal tenderness.
190. HOR. 2 Od. vii. 18.  
A slavery to former times unknown.
191. —Deluding vision of the night.—*Pope*
- No  
192. TER. Andr. Act I. Sc. 1  
All the world  
With one accord said all good things, and praised  
My happy fortunes who possess a son  
So good, so liberally disposed.—*Colman*
193. VIRG. Georg. I. 458.  
His lordship's palace view, whose portals proud  
Lach morning vomit forth a cringing crowd  
*Warren, &c*
194. HOR. 1 Od. xiii. 4.  
With jealous pangs my bosom swells.
195. HESIOD  
Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole  
How blest the sparing, meal and temperate bowl!
196. HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 30.  
True happiness is to no place confined,  
But still is found in a contented mind.
197. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 15.  
On trifles some are earnestly absurd,  
You'll think the world depends on every word.  
What! is not every mortal free to speak?  
I'll give my reasons though I break my neck!  
And what's the question? If it shines or rains  
Whether twelve or fifteen miles to Sioones.—*Pitt*
198. HOR. 4 Od. iv. 50.  
We like weak birds, the branded wolf provoke  
And when retreat is victory,  
Rush on though sure to die.—*Oldsworth*
199. OVID. Ep. iv. 10.  
Love bids me write.
200. VIRG. Aen. vi. 823.  
The noblest motive is the public good.
201. Incerd. Autoris apud AUL. GELL.  
A man should be religious, not superstitious.
202. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 25.  
Who themselves worse than themselves, you'll frequent view  
Those who with keenest rage will censure you.—*P*
203. OVID. Met. II. 38.  
Illustrious parent! if I yet may claim  
The name of son, O rescue me from shame  
My mother's truth confirm all doubt remove  
By tender pledges of a father's love.
204. HOR. 1 Od. xix. 7.  
Her face too dazzling for the sight,  
Her winning coyne, fires my soul,  
I feel a strange delight
205. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 22.  
Deluded by a seeming excellence.—*Roscommon*
206. HOR. 3 Od. xvi. 21.  
They that do much themselves deny,  
Receive more blessings from the sky.—*Creech*
207. JUV. Sat. x. 1.  
Look round the habitable world how few  
Know their own good, or knowing, it pursue?  
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice  
Prompts the fond wish, or lifts the suppliant voice  
*Dryden, Johnson &c*
208. OVID. Ars Am. I. l. 99.  
To be themselves a spectacle they come
209. SINOVINES.  
Of earthly goods the best is a good wife,  
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.
210. CIC. Tus. Quest.  
There is, I know not how, in minds a certain presage  
as it were, of a future existence, this has the deepest  
root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses  
and most exalted souls.
211. PLINII. l. 1. Prolog.  
Let it be remembered that we sport in fabled stories.
212. HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 92.  
—Loose thy neck from this ignoble chain,  
And boldly say thou art free.—*Creech*
213. VIRG. Aen. I. 608.  
A good men ion

- No  
124. A gear book is a gear evil.  
125. VIRG *Æn* vi 832.  
This thirst of kindred blood my sons detest,  
Nor turn your force against your country's breast.  
*Dryden*  
126. VIRG *Æn* x 308  
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.—*Dryden*  
127. PERS Sat I 1  
How much of emptiness we find in things!  
128. LUCAN I 98.  
—Harmonious discord.  
129. PERS Sat v 71  
Thou, like the hindmost chariot wheels art curst,  
Still to be rear but ne'er to be the first.—*Dryden*  
130. VIRG *Æn* vii 748  
A plundering race, still eager to invade,  
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.  
131. VIRG *Ecl* x 63.  
Once more, ye woods, adieu.  
132. TULL.  
That man may be called imperfect, who considers not  
the circumstances of time or engrosses the conversation  
or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no  
regard to the company he is in.  
133. HOR. 1 Od. xiv 1  
Such was his worth, our loss is such  
We cannot love too well or grieve too much  
*Oldsworth*  
134. OVID *Met* I 521  
And an the great physician call'd below.—*Dryden*  
135. HOR. 1 Sat. x 9  
Let brevity dispatch the rapid thought.  
136. HOR. 2 Ep 1 112  
A greater star Parthus never bred.  
137. TULL. *Epist*.  
Even slaves were always at liberty to fear rejoice and  
grieve at their own, rather than another's pleasure  
138. TULL.  
He uses unnecessary proofs in an indisputable point.  
139. TULL.  
True glory takes root and even spreads, all false pre-  
tences like flowers, fall to the ground, nor can any  
counterfeit last long  
140. VIRG *Æn* iv 285.  
This way and that the anxious mind is torn.  
141. HOR. 1 Ep ii 187  
Taste, that eternal wanderer that flies  
From head to ears and now from ears to eyes.—*Pope*  
142. HOR. 1 Od. xii 12  
Whom love's unbroken bond unites.  
143. MARTIAL. *Epig* lxx 6.  
For life is only life, when blest with health  
144. TER *Eun* Act iii Sc. 5  
You shall see how nice a judge of beauty I am.  
145. HOR. 1 Ep xviii 29  
Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth  
146. TULL.  
No man was ever great without some degree of in-  
spiration  
147. TULL.  
Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice,  
countenance, and gesture.  
148. HOR. 2 Ep ii 212  
Better one thorn pluck'd out than all remain  
149. CÆCIL. apud TULL.  
Who has it in her power to make men mad,  
Or wise or sick or well and who can choose  
The object of her appetite at pleasure.  
150. JUV Sat iii 152  
Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool  
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.—*Dryden*  
151. TULL. *de Fin*.  
Where pleasure prevails, all the greatest virtues will  
lose their power
- No  
152. HON. II. 6, v 146.  
Like leaves on trees the race of man is folowd.—*Pope*  
153. TULL. *de Senect*.  
Life, as well as all other things, hath its bounds as-  
signed by nature and its conclusion like the last act of  
a play is old age, the fatigue of which we ought to shun  
especially when our appetites are fully satisfied.  
154. JUV Sat. ii 83.  
No man ever reach'd the heights of vice at first  
*Tate*  
155. HOR. *Ars Poet* v 451  
These things which now seem frivolous and slight  
Will prove of serious consequence.—*Roscommon*  
156. HOR. 2 Od. vii 5.  
—But thou,  
When once thou hast broke some tender vow,  
All perjur'd dost more charming grow!  
157. HOR. 2 Ep ii 187 *Imitated*  
—That directing power,  
Who forms the genius in the natal hour  
That God of nature, who, within us still,  
Inclines our action, not constrains our will.—*Pope*  
158. MARTIAL. *xli* 2  
We know these things to be mere trifles.  
159. VIRG *Æn* ii 604.  
The cloud which, intercepting the clear light  
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight  
I will remove—  
160. HOR. 1 Sat. iv 43.  
On him confer the Poet's sacred name,  
Whose lofty voice declares the heavenly flame.  
161. VIRG *Georg* ii 57  
Himself in rustic pomp, on holy days,  
To rural powers a just oblation pays  
Aod on the green his careless limbs displays  
The hearth is in the midst the herdsman round  
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets  
crown'd.  
He calls on Bacchus and propounds the prize,  
The groom his fellow groom at butts defies,  
And beeds his bow, and levels with his eyes  
Or, snpt for wrestling, siocars his limbs with oil  
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.  
Such was the life the frugal Sabine led,  
So Remus and his brother king were bred,  
From whom the austere Etrurian virtue rose,  
And this rude life our hoisely fathers chose,  
Old Rome from such a race derived her birth  
The seat of empire and the cooquer'd earth!  
*Dryden*  
162. HOR. *Ars Poet* v 126.  
Keep one consistor plan from end to end  
163. ENN. apud TULLIUM  
Say will you thank me if I bring you rest  
And ease the torture of your troubled breast?  
164. VIRG *iv Georg* 494.  
Then thus the bride What fury seized on thee,  
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?  
And now farewell! involved in shades of night,  
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sigh  
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join  
In sweet embraces all I no longer thine.—*Dryden*  
165. HOR. *Ars Poet* v 48.  
—If you would unheard-of things express,  
Invent new words we can indulge a use,  
Until the licence rise to an abuse.—*Creech*  
166. OVID *Mt* xi 871  
—Which nor dreads the rage  
Of tempests fire, or war or wasting age.—*Wetsted*  
167. HOR. 2 Ep ii 128. *Imitated*  
There lived in Prius Georgi (they record)  
A worthy member no small fool, a lord  
Who, though the house was up delighted sate,  
Heard noted, answer'd as in full debate,  
In all but this a man of sober life  
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife,  
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fellow,  
Aod much too wise to walk into a well,

